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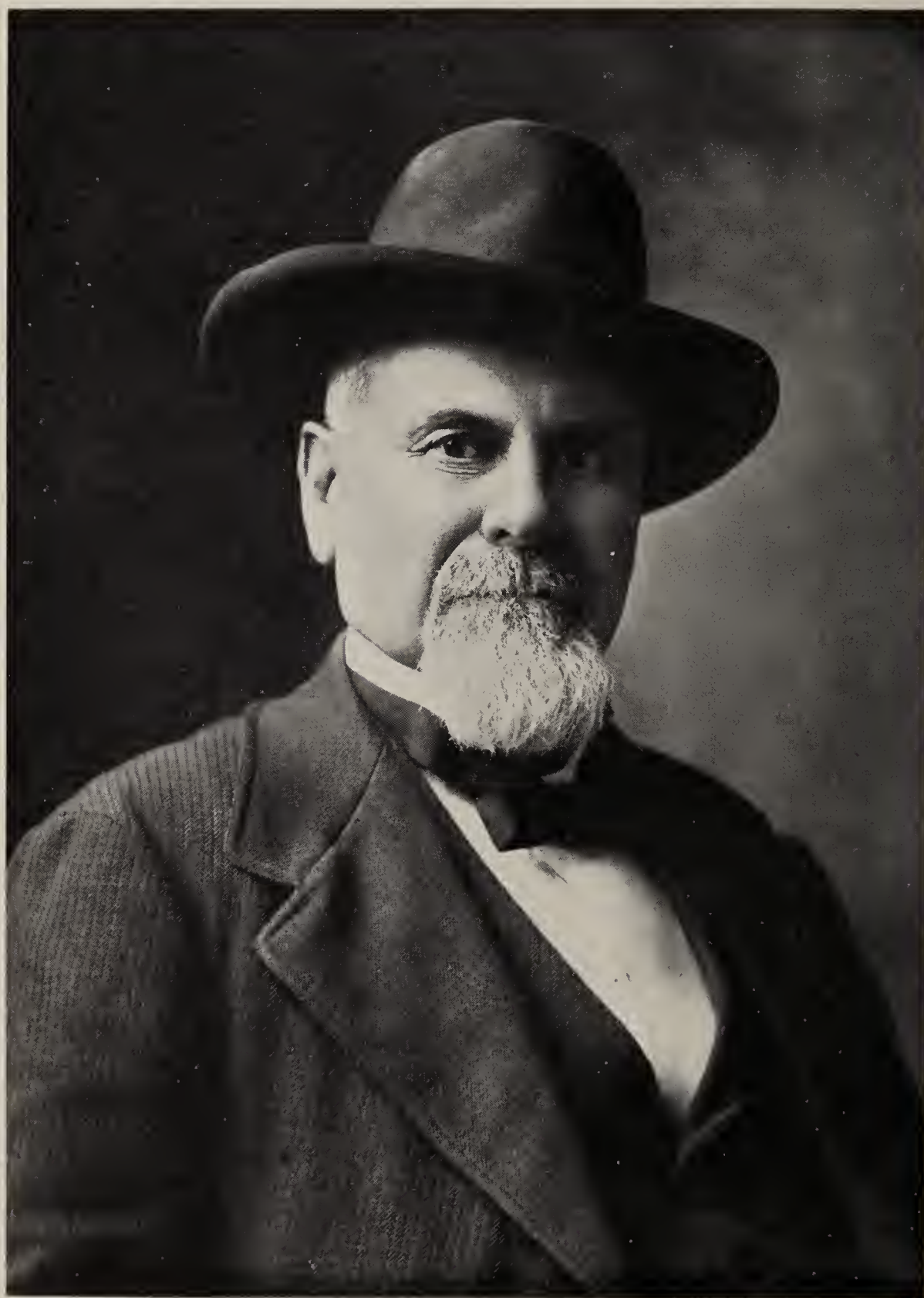


# CAPTAIN HENRY OF GEAUGA









Captain Charles E. Henry (1900)

CAPTAIN HENRY  
OF GEAUGA *c*

*A Family Chronicle*

BY  
FREDERICK A. HENRY



CLEVELAND : THE GATES PRESS

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by  
Frederick A. Henry

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To  
my son Charles  
and to his son  
Charles Eugene Henry  
who carry unto the third and fourth  
generation the name and blood  
of him who is the subject  
of this book



## *Preface*

THE following pages are intended to mirror a life which, though not great, had yet incident enough to have furnished forth a score of sensational romances ; part enough in matters of public moment to enliven and explain not a few of the historian's chapters ; worth enough to attract the intimacy of divers men of note, including a president of the United States ; and personal charm enough to thrill ever and anon with numberless affectionate memories the filial pen that has essayed with diffidence this grateful task.

During the last two years of my father's life, after the partial blindness which finally became total had come upon him, he narrated from time to time at my request, and I forthwith set down as nearly as possible in his own words, the story of much of his early life. As long, too, as he himself by sight and touch could guide pen or pencil, he wrote what he humorously called "feeling" letters and reminiscences of log house days and other periods of his life. He was unable of course to read what he had thus written, and it therefore required correction at the hands of others. In the portions of these writings that I reproduce, such changes as were not made during his lifetime and under his own direction I have sparingly supplied, being careful however to make none that he himself would not certainly have indicated if his sight had not failed.

From these sources and from the autobiographical material to be gleaned here and there from his letters, diaries, official reports, contributions to the press, and other miscellaneous writings, I conceived the idea after his death of piecing together a fairly connected account of his life as told by himself. But upon trial this project proved not to be feasible, for the results were too palpably patchwork, without unity, completeness, or finish. It was with reluctance, however, that I abandoned this plan ; for autobiography, whatever its defects, must be acknowledged, in its use of the first person, to afford a liveliness of style, and in its unconscious revelations, a vividness of portraiture, to which the life of the same person when written by another can not be expected to attain. My father's style, moreover, though not elegant, was both forcible and interesting, and the autobiographical fragments already mentioned are such as to inspire the wish that they formed a continuous whole.

This wish grew even stronger as I came more and more to realize the disadvantages under which a son must labor in writing his father's life. He is confronted at the outset with the petty but awkward dilemma of either writing impersonally as of a stranger or else of obtruding his own personality in every direct reference to that of his subject. The one course is as unnatural as the other is tedious. How greatly do the younger Tennyson's constant though scarcely avoidable repetitions of the phrase "my father" interfere with the liveliness of his excellent biography of the laureate.



Again, the son is always under the suspicion and perhaps the temptation of not discovering "the nakedness of his father" respecting any fault or frailty which might seem, however slightly, to dishonor him. The consciousness as well as the solution of such difficulties is expressed in that greatest of biographies, Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, a work which my father often read and greatly relished. "Wherever narrative is necessary to explain, connect, and supply, I furnish it," says Boswell in his Introduction, "to the best of my abilities;"

but in the chronological series of Johnson's life, which I trace as distinctly as I can, year by year, I produce, wherever it is in my power, his own minutes, letters, or conversation, being convinced that this method is more lively, and will make my readers better acquainted with him, than even most of those who actually knew him, but could know him only partially. . . . And he will be seen as he really was; for I profess to write not his panegyric, which must be all praise, but his Life.

On this point, Boswell quotes from Johnson's *Rambler*:

If the biographer writes from personal knowledge, and makes haste to gratify the public curiosity, there is danger lest his interest, his fear, his gratitude, or his tenderness, overpower his fidelity, and tempt him to conceal, if not to invent.

The greatest of biographers, then, has served as my monitor in these respects, far below its classic model, in the eminence of both author and subject, though my modest work must rank. By what means and with what success I have met the special difficulties of closest kinship between the biographer and his subject I must let the results themselves reveal.

For the privilege, always graciously accorded, of quoting from various books and periodicals things written by, or about, or in some way related to my subject, and incorporated herein with specific credit noted *in loco*, I record here generally, without needless recapitulation, my sincere thanks to those in proprietary control of the sources cited.

Finally I may add, in justification for including homely minutiae of household, farm, and business affairs, and for excursions into ancestral reminiscence and local history, that this book was projected for the family, the friends and associates in various connections, and especially for the succeeding generations of him who is its theme, with no serious thought of its being read or published noticeably further afield. Even so, no other means of honoring the memory of the dead can be so effective or durable as the intimate formal biography, where the worth and interest of the subject warrant such commemoration; for of my father's name and merit it must soon be said, as of all the sons of men,

. . . neque  
si chartae sileant quod bene feceris  
mercedem tuleris.

Geauga Lake, Ohio  
June, 1942



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# CAPTAIN HENRY OF GEAUGA



## I. *Family Tree and Fruitage*

THE Scotch-Irish country in the province of Ulster, whence sprang the Henry line that is herein dealt with, is substantially the Northern Ireland of today. The region so peopled comprised, with some overflow, the coastal counties of Londonderry, Antrim, and Down, and southwest of them the inland counties of Tyrone, Armagh, and Fermanagh. Of these, Tyrone and Londonderry occupy the area encircled by the broadly curving valleys of the Foyle and the Bann, which flow northerly by the ports of Derry and Coleraine, thirty miles apart, through lake or estuary into the sea.

In 1610, under James I, most of this territory became crown land, by confiscation from the rebellious Irish nobility—an exercise of arbitrary power which, whether wise or unwise, has kept the Irish question white-hot in British politics for over three centuries. The famous Plantation of Ulster ensued, under royal favor, and soon repopled the region, chiefly with thrifty and intelligent Scottish Presbyterian colonists, whose descendants became the celebrated Scotch-Irish—a race tall, angular, and sinewy in body; in habit pious, opinionated, and untidy; but, on the whole, fitted both physically and mentally to excel.

A century later, in 1718-1720, a prolonged drouth, a series of epidemics, and a depressed state of the linen export trade, together with the long endured and ever increasing oppression of extortionate rents and compulsory religious conformity, induced wholesale migrations of Ulstermen to America.<sup>1</sup> Though most of the Scotch-Irish landed in Boston, and settled mainly in the frontier towns of Massachusetts and New Hampshire, many were scattered through the colonies from Maine to South Carolina. Viewed by both Puritan and Cavalier with British prejudice against the "Irishmen," they nevertheless became in half a century a most important element of the population in both numbers and influence.<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> The romance of this movement is nowhere more vividly or truthfully portrayed than in the Reverend Elijah Kellogg's *Good Old Times*. It is pleasant to recall that my boyhood copy of this stirring tale, when in 1880 I lent it to "Grandma" Garfield in Mentor, gave her such delight, with its pictures of pioneer struggles very like her own, that for some time afterwards, in token of her grateful regard for the lender, she treasured in her Bible some of his youthful letters to her grandsons.

<sup>2</sup> Says the Reverend Doctor MacIntosh in his "The Making of the Ulsterman" (*The Berea Quarterly*, October, 1908, at page 9): "The plantation of the Scot into Ulster kept for the world the essential and best features of the lowlander. But the vast change gave birth to and trained a somewhat new and distinct man, soon to be needed for a great task which only the Ulsterman could do; and that work—



The patronymic Henry appears in the early eighteenth century town or county records of every colony where the Scotch-Irish settled. The petition of March 26, 1718, signed by over two hundred "Inhabitants of the North of Ireland," to Governor Shute of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, for "suitable encouragement" of "their inclinations to transport" themselves and their families to New England, bears the signatures of Robert and James Henry, Robert Hendre, and William and Robert Hendry. From eight different towns, moreover, in Tyrone, Londonderry, Antrim, and Down, nine commissioners and ruling elders of the name Henry, though none apparently of the name Hendry, figure in the records of presbytery and synod in Ulster between 1691 and 1718. In the next twenty years there appear on this side of the ocean, in the Massachusetts Bay Colony alone, at least nine distinct, though not necessarily unrelated, Henry families, besides one or more of the name Hendry. Like-sounding when uttered with the Celtic burr, the two names are perhaps identical in origin, as indeed, by the common dropping of the "d" in Hendry, they are often indistinguishable today.

Descended from one of these Scotch-Irish Henrys in Massachusetts (for I set aside as incredible, the tradition current in one of the remote female branches of this family,<sup>1</sup> that their progenitor was "the Regicide Whalley, who went by the name of William Henry to evade recognition by the officers of Charles II"), CHARLES EUGENE HENRY, the subject of this narrative, was of the sixth generation of his family in America; the line being: William, Robert, John, Simon, John, Charles. The earliest record bears date an even century before his birth. It discloses that on June 24th, 1735, William Henry, husbandman, of Stow, Massachusetts, purchased from Nathaniel Page, of Lunenburg, one hundred and sixteen acres of land, besides eight acres of meadow, in the northeastern part of the latter town.

A few years later, his eldest son Robert Henry, also of Stow, removed with his wife Eleanor and their first-born child John to that part of the neighboring town of Groton which was later set off as Shirley. Sometime after Robert's death in 1759, John, who became by occupation a mason and builder of chimneys, removed to Columbia, then a part of Lebanon, Connecticut, and known as Lebanon Crank. There he married Mary, youngest daughter of the Reverend William Gager (Yale College, 1721) and of Mary Allen, his third wife. There, too, their first child, Simon Henry, was born on November 27, 1766.

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<sup>1</sup> *Genealogy of the Fuller Families Descending from Robert Fuller*, by Newton Fuller, of New London, Connecticut, 1898; page 11.

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which none save God, the Guide, foresaw—was with Puritan to work the revolution which gave humanity this republic."

Voluminous lists of persons, places, ships, etc., concerned in the movement of Ulstermen to America, appear in Charles K. Bolton's *Scotch Irish Pioneers in Ulster and America* (Boston: Bacon and Brown; 1910), and in Sumner G. Wood's *Ulster Scots and Blandford Scouts* (published by the author, West Medway, Massachusetts: 1928).



At that time Lebanon was distinguished as the site of the Reverend Eleazer Wheelock's Indian Charity School, which Joseph Brant, the Mohawk warrior, then a youth, had recently entered as a pupil, and which, by evolution and transfer to New Hampshire, finally became Dartmouth College. Lebanon gained further renown, a few years later, from the efficient War Office there maintained under the patriotic eye of Connecticut's bluff old Revolutionary governor, Jonathan Trumbull. From this town John Henry had a brief record of service in the Revolution. He then removed successively to Bolton, Andover, and finally to Enfield, Connecticut, where he filled divers minor town offices, and died in 1819, aged seventy-six years. His widowed mother Eleanor had died there in 1807; his wife in 1812.

Simon Henry married in the same town, in 1792, Rhoda Parsons, who, born March 13, 1774, was fourth of the nine children of John and Ann (Osborn) Parsons and came of most respectable ancestry.<sup>1</sup> His mother and wife thus brought into the Henry line of descent two successive strains of fine old Puritan stock, which was henceforth to preponderate over his father's vigorous Scotch-Irish blood. The young couple removed shortly to Middlefield, Massachusetts, and thence to Washington, Berkshire County, where for a quarter-century they cultivated their farm and reared a family of ten children. Here Simon Henry was repeatedly chosen moderator of the town meetings and first of the three selectmen elected annually, besides discharging many other public functions<sup>2</sup> down to the very date of his removal to Ohio. In 1812-1813, a war-time period of especial responsibility, he was sent to the legislature, or General Court, and soon afterwards his three oldest sons served their country in the second war with Great Britain.

Notwithstanding this prosperity amidst the lovely but sterile Berkshire Hills, New Connecticut (as the Western Reserve in Ohio was then often

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<sup>1</sup> She could number among her forefathers Deacon Benjamin Parsons, and Richard Vore, as well as John Keep and John Leonard, both of whom were among the six persons killed at Pecowsick Brook on March 26, 1676, when, as they and others were proceeding peacefully with their families, under a strong but craven armed escort, to church in Springfield, Massachusetts,

Seven Indians, and one without a gun,  
Caused Captain Nixon and forty men to run.

In her veins, moreover, coursed the mingled blood of Robert Pease, William Warriner, Richard Montague, Thomas Marshfield, and of Deacon Samuel Chapin, in whose widely copied statue, as "The Puritan," by St. Gaudens, the city of Springfield publicly and worthily commemorates New England's pioneers. She descended, too, from Robert Goodell, John Adams (not the president), William Vassall, John Osborn, Richard Oldage, Begat Eggleston, John Talcott, John Stiles, and other worthies among the first settlers of New England.

<sup>2</sup> Among other committees to which he was assigned was one to "perambulate Peru"; i.e., to join a representative of that town in walking along the boundary line between it and Washington and in repairing or restoring the monuments or freshening the blazes on the trees which marked its course. Another was to "reseat the meeting-house," meaning thereby not the changing of the pews, but the assigning of the church sittings among the members and parishioners according to the respect due and the tribute received in each case.



called) appealed to their imagination as a land of greater promise. In an obituary notice which Father wrote of one of the earliest pioneers of this region, Rachel McConoughey, the widow of his uncle William Henry, for the Chagrin Falls *Exponent* of September 13, 1888, he said:

During the years . . . 1815, 1816, and 1817, settlers came in great numbers from the East, and the somber forest that covered a score of counties south of Lake Erie was dotted here and there with clearings. The burning brush and log heaps became a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night. In every township one or two churches and half a score of schoolhouses sprang up as if by magic, and social life, together with township and county government, became more marked.

Nearly a quarter of the people of the town of Washington emigrated westward in the decade 1811-1820, and Simon Henry, anxious to provide for the settlement of his sons, procured from Simon Perkins, of Warren, in exchange for the Massachusetts farm, a much larger tract in Bainbridge, Geauga County, Ohio. To Ohio, therefore, with his wife and eight children (two of the older ones, Orrin and John, having been sent ahead the year before) he removed in the autumn of 1817, a year described in Villard's *John Brown* (at page nine) as one not only of extreme scarcity of money "but of the greatest distress for want of provisions known during the Nineteenth Century."

His terse diary of their forty-five days' journey<sup>1</sup> into the heart of the wilderness begins: "We started from home Sept. 18th on Thursday in the afternoon and staid at Wm. Noble's." The next night, at New Lebanon, they put up at Pierce's tavern, where the charge "\$1.57" seems well worth recording. With a daily progress of about fifteen miles, their only long stops en route were a three days' visit at Smyrna with Rhoda's brothers John and Elam Parsons, and four days at Madison, near their journey's end, to await word from their sons at the new location before proceeding farther on the main road west or venturing from it into any doubtful byway. Finally on November 1 the last entry reads, "Saturday night home." From the Berkshire Hills to the Western Reserve they had come nearly six hundred miles, but their pilgrimage began and ended at "home." The advent of the Henrys is thus recounted in the *Pioneer and General History of Geauga County* (page 137):

In Washington they were neighbors of George and Robert Smith and John Fowler, who had preceded them to Ohio by a year or two. George Smith's family were their nearest neighbors, and when they parted with them it was without hope of meeting them again. Two years after the departure of the Smiths, they decided to try their fortunes in the wilds of Ohio, so, bidding good-by to their friends, they started on the wearisome forty days' journey.

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<sup>1</sup> They traveled via New Lebanon, Albany, Union, Sharon, Middlefield, Cooperstown, Sherburne, Smyrna, Nelson, Tully, Skaneateles, Geneva, Canandaigua, Bloomfield, Avon, Batavia, Buffalo, Fredonia, Northeast, Erie, Conneaut, Saybrook, Madison, Painesville, Mentor, Chester.



The last night of the journey they stayed at Hudson's Corners in Chester. Between there and the center of Bainbridge there was but one house, and that without a tenant (built and afterwards occupied by Gideon Russell of Russell township). Orrin, the oldest son, met them in Chester with two fresh teams, and the Smiths and Fowlers came up soon after and kept them company through the day. . . . With George Smith and Simon Henry, especially, was this a glad meeting. They [had] worked together while young men, clearing their rugged mountain farms, and when, after a separation that both thought final, George Smith rode up to them, those men of fifty years could only clasp hands while the starting tears expressed what their tongues refused to tell.

With the help of fresh cattle, their own jaded ones were enabled to be at nightfall within a half mile of their future home. This now smooth meadow was then a black ash swamp, and after struggling over roots and through mud till about halfway across, the wagon settled hopelessly down in the mire, and in spite of all the drivers could do, had to be abandoned for the night. The mother and smaller children were carried to dry land by the grown-up sons; the girls and Calvin (a boy of nine) had been sent off before dark on the horses of their old neighbors, and were already among friends. Packing on their backs the necessary articles for cooking, they went on foot to the cabin which the sons had built, whose ample chimney gave them a view of the tree-tops waving in the November wind. They were the ninth family in the township, and with the three young men and as many young women, made an important accession to the isolated settlement.

The first settlement of Bainbridge township dates from 1811, with the coming of David McConoughey, of Blandford, Massachusetts. He was followed quickly by Jasper Lacy and Gamaliel H. Kent, of Suffield, Connecticut. In 1812 came Alexander Osborn, of Blandford, and two years later George and Robert Smith, of Washington. Enos D. Kingsley emigrated from the adjacent town of Becket, Massachusetts, in 1816, and was joined the next year by his neighbors, Joseph Ely, of Middlefield, and John Fowler and Simon Henry, of Washington. These were followed in 1818 by Deacon Jonas H. Childs, of Becket, Justus Bissell, of Middlefield, and by Daniel McFarland and Philip Haskins, of Adams, Massachusetts.

Surrounded thus by old neighbors, the Henrys for many years dwelt peacefully in their new home, till Simon Henry, often chosen a justice of the peace or a township trustee, died on June 26, 1854, in his eighty-eighth year, having survived his wife by seven years. His grandchildren remembered him as a stoop-shouldered, blue-eyed old man, with horny hands forever gathering highway pebbles into capacious coat pockets and lodging the same in some rut farther along his farm front; or, dim of sight, rising from his chair by the doorstep to accost some passer-by with a commanding, "Well, who are you?" while, with foot or hand on the wheel of the traveler's vehicle, he detained him willy-nilly till the inquirer's curiosity was appeased. His wife Rhoda, black-eyed, keen-minded, and kind-hearted, added her contribution to the strain of vigorous, assertive personality which they handed on.

Their son John Henry, father of the subject of this book, was born in 1796, and had just attained to man's estate on the family's arrival at their new home in Ohio. The lad, it is said, had been selected by Mr. John Parsons, of Enfield, Connecticut, from among his daughter Rhoda's large family, to go back home with him from Berkshire and attend school in the older community; thus lightening the mother's growing burden, while enlarging the opportunity of one by no means the least promising of her children. Afterwards, when his father in 1813 was sitting in the General Court, John, then at Latin School near Boston, witnessed with him the great reception tendered to Commodore Bainbridge, on the latter's arrival there in February, with his flagship *Constitution*, after capturing the British frigate, *Java*. Inspired no doubt by this spectacle of martial glory, and chafing withal beneath fraternal gibes

That one small head could carry all he knew,

the lad ran away at seventeen and enlisted in the Third United States Artillery at Hudson, New York. His mother, however, gave her husband no peace for two or three months till he had procured the boy's discharge by writ of habeas corpus on the ground of his minority. From the initials "L.A." (Light Artillery) on his uniform, his soldier brothers, still teasing the inactive, bookish youth, whose career as a light artillerist was thus ingloriously terminated, sought according to their wont to nickname him the "Lazy Ass." But the name failed to stick; and, showing how they actually rated him, Orrin, the oldest brother, when directed three years later by their father to take one of the boys and go on ahead of the family to Ohio, chose John for comrade and coworker in their lonely and laborious task of home-building far away in the wilderness.

The family had hardly settled in the new country, when the young scholar John Henry was finding welcome relief from the endless toilsome grappling with the forest by "keeping" school in winter. While thus engaged in the older settlement of Canfield, Ohio, some forty miles to the southeast, whither he had been called to teach in a select school for advanced pupils, including some with experience as teachers, he met and on the first of July, 1819, he married one of his teacher-pupils, Polly, the seventh child of Captain Simon and Ruth (Hanchet) Jaqua.

Born in Salisbury, Litchfield County, Connecticut, on May 1, 1800, Polly Jaqua had come with her parents to Johnston, Trumbull County, Ohio, in September, 1804. Her father, said to have been a minute man in the Revolution (though I have never found any record of his service), was the first justice of the peace in that township; and his father, Aaron Jaqua, whose wife was Rebecca House, of Lebanon, had been a Connecticut soldier and "clerk" in the French Wars. The absurd tradition, often repeated by their romantic granddaughter Polly, that her "honored father was descended on



the one side from Lord House, and on the other from Cardinal Jaques," if not always implicitly credited, stood at least unchallenged, until one of her grandnephews, who had taken orders in the Episcopal Church, became curious about his Jaqua ancestry. Thereupon the scandalous cardinal's pretensions were speedily and indignantly shattered on the rock of sacerdotal celibacy. It is perhaps needless to add that neither branch of this family legend derives any support from the actual records of Simon Jaqua's honorable New England lineage.<sup>1</sup>

To some, indeed, Polly's vitality and Gallic impulsiveness lent color to the notion (derived originally, it may be, from the peculiar surname) that she came somehow of French descent, if not from the dubious prelate, then certainly from Huguenot stock. Old Doctor David Shipherd, for example, benignant and oracular, once flattered her prankish boy Edward by descanting upon his "Huguenot birthright of industry, longevity, the moles on your back" (he had seen the boys of both households "in swimming" together in the Chagrin), "your music, persistence of accomplishment, and liberality."

But though the Jaquas came to Connecticut from North Kingston, Rhode Island, where indeed the Tourgées, Ayraults, and other French Huguenots found asylum after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes on October 18, 1685, the family settlement there antedates by some years that crisis in the world's history. At least four of the name Jaques (for so it was originally spelled) fought in King Philip's War, wherein the famous capture of the Narragansetts' fort in the Great Swamp Fight of December 19, 1675, occurred at South Kingston, only a few miles south of the seventeen hundred and forty acres granted on January 1, 1672, to a quartet of coadventurers, including Polly's ancestor, Thomas Jaques, one of the four.<sup>2</sup>

Of Polly Jaqua's grandfather, a curious relic still extant is a small leather-bound book of *Gospel Sonnets or Spiritual Songs* (Glasgow, 1760), much worn, and inscribed in a clerkly hand, "Aaron Jaqua's Book, a Present from his son William Tupper, in the Army of the United States, Jany 5th, 1782." First of these gospel sonnets is an old song entitled "Smoking Spiritualized," to which a second part is newly added. Each part has five pious stanzas, and each stanza ends with the admonitory refrain, "Thus think, and smoke tobacco." In *The Oxford Book of English Verse*, selection Number 390 (a poor variant of Part I) omits the most interesting stanza,

<sup>1</sup> The Jaqua (or Jaques) line, beginning with the immigrant to America, runs: Henry, John, Abraham, Thomas, Ebenezer, Aaron, Simon, Polly. That of Aaron Jaqua's wife: Samuel (son of the Reverend John House, of Eastwill, County Kent, England), Samuel, Jr., Nathaniel, Rebecca. That of Simon Jaqua's wife: Deacon Thomas Hanchett, Deacon John, John, Ebenezer, Amos (Hanchet), Ruth.

<sup>2</sup> Aaron Jaques, uncle of the Aaron Jaqua who married Rebecca House, served in that war under Captain Jonathan Remington, of Cambridge, Massachusetts,—a circumstance corroborative of other evidence that the Rhode Island family descended from Henry Jaques, who emigrated from Wiltshire, England, to Newbury, Massachusetts, in 1640. In Shakespeare's "As You Like It," a Jaques, it will be remembered, attended upon the exiled duke in the Forest of Arden.

which alludes to the old time smoker's habit of burning out his clay pipe in the fire to make it draw :

And when the pipe grows foul within,  
Think on thy soul defil'd with sin ;  
For then the fire  
It does require.  
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

The oddly blended odor of sanctity and nicotine, whereof Aaron Jaqua's memory is thus redolent, comports easily with the quaint fondness of his son Simon for Swedenborg's *Heaven and Hell*, a copy of which, early supplied to the latter's son-in-law, may have infused a deeper mystical flavor into John Henry's sturdy Methodism.

Even more strongly in another particular did Aaron Jaqua influence the lives of his descendants. After the early death, in 1782, of his daughter-in-law, Charity Grinnell, he counseled his widowed son, Simon, to choose for a second wife, Ruth Hanchet, "because," as he prudently observed, "the Hanchets live forever." This young woman, the daughter of Amos and Hannah (Holly) Hanchet, of Salisbury, Connecticut, and seventh in the line of Deacon Thomas, of Wethersfield, did indeed so happily unite in her own person the qualities of piety and longevity, as amply to justify her father-in-law's observation, construed either carnally or spiritually.

In the flesh Ruth Jaqua lived to be ninety-one, and her daughter Polly to be nearly eighty-one; while each, during a long widowhood and almost until death, tended her own dairy throughout the week, and on Sunday journeyed horseback some miles to church. As throwing light on the personalities of these sterling pioneer women, whose scant advantages meant for them no lack of faculty of the non-academic sort, I quote verbatim the following letter, from mother to daughter, written from Crawford County, Pennsylvania, in the former's seventieth year, after she had visited the younger woman's rapidly growing family in Geauga County, Ohio, by horseback journey past their old Trumbull County home, sixty miles each way on the forest-girt roads :

Followfield March 10 1832.

Deare Daughter

Throw the goodness of an all wise  
Being I am in the land of the liveing yet  
And enjoy my health very well Praised be  
The Lord for his goodness to me—  
I yest Receivd your leter dated febury 5 was very  
Glad to here from you it being the first I have  
Heard from you sence i came from your house  
You speake of troubles trust in the Lord he will  
Suport you yes in six and in seven he will  
Not forsake you take courage then his Grace is  
Suficient for you—O my Child I feel for you and  
Yours—But to tel you of my Journey home



When I got to Johnsons ponys back was hurt I  
 Had to stay there 2 weeks A great meting  
 Cauld 4 days meeting began thursday Continued  
 Til monday morning Prayer meeting every night  
 & every morning before sun rise—Wensday evenig  
 Before that meeting Mr Weeb caried me  
 Up to here Elder Eddy preach and  
 Carroline Bates was maried to A Dicson  
 Next day the prispoterion Meeting Began Mr. Johnson's  
 Tow sons one Daughter was Converted to God  
 Welthy hine Hiram hine Lucy ann Dickson  
 Harret Hill and more to the amount of 40  
 Charyty came here the first day of February made me  
 A short viset it was very pleaseing to me  
 I should be very glad to have a viset from you  
 Mr Joseph Leech has lost there oldest Boy he  
 Died happy in the lord, there little girl exsperienced  
 Religion & united with the Church  
 Brother Hitchcock is to preach here today  
 And I must Conclude Wishing you health and prostperity  
 My Respects to your family and all enquierin friends

Ruth Jaqua

The following, written by her daughter seven years later, while both were visiting in Cuyahoga County, Ohio, is probably a mere memorandum rather than a letter :

Orange, May 7th 1839—

At cousin Hanchet's with my dear aged mother and her granddaughter Elen—who is very feeble with liver complaint—we have sent to Cleavland for medicine hope it will have a good effect

Mother will be seventy seven next November she has rode horseback 60 miles to see myself and family—arrived last tuesday—wednesday I was 39 years old—thirsdays we all attended the funeral of Amasa Russ—died of inflamation in head—yesterday Monday we started to visit a son of uncle John H[anchet] M. B. who died April 24th 1837 aged 73—found them well pleasant family—call'd at good B. Fords—had short and good visit b F prayed powerful<sup>1</sup>—had a melting time—with flowing tears. I remembered the happy times when we had met in days of other years—feel if I could enjoy such privileges I could sincerely say fearless of Hell and gastly death I break through every foe—The wings of love and arms of faith would bear me conquer through.

My dear Father Simon Jaqua was born June 11th, 1754 and died June 25th 1825—aged 71.

Polly Henry

Before his death, the early date of which is thus carefully minuted, Simon Jaqua had not only somewhat tintured his son-in-law with Swedenborgianism,

<sup>1</sup> Brother Ford's supplications were indeed "powerful." He would jump as high as the table and shout loud enough to be heard a mile away. "We children," said Aunt Eliza, "were scared when he prayed in the old log house; Father never prayed that way."

as already intimated, but had taught him also the elements of land mensuration and the convenient use of decimals therein. Under such influences the young teacher and surveyor, John Henry, continued in Johnston for a period of nearly four years, during which his wife Polly bore him two sons, christened appropriately Simon Jaqua and John Newton.

From Johnston to Bainbridge, thirty-five miles due west, they removed in March, 1823; and for the rest of their lives made their home on the north half of lot twenty-seven, tract three—a part of Simon Henry's long strip of land, lying remote from his own residence and just west of the Aurora fork of the Chagrin River. Five years later, the father, continuing the partition of his lands among his sons, put this parcel of a hundred acres at John's disposal, conveying it on February 16, 1828, as follows: fifteen acres at the west end, by John's request, to his brother Calvin, in pursuance of some dealings between them; fifty acres at the east end to John himself, for the consideration of one hundred dollars; and the remaining thirty-five acres to the same, for the consideration of love and affection. This ancestral farm of eighty-five acres John eventually conveyed to his sons Simon and Charles. Simon sold his south half to Charles, in whose family accordingly both parcels have since remained.

Besides the two sons in Johnston, seven children were born in Bainbridge in the fifteen years from 1826 to 1841: William Ray Babcock, Mary Maria, Martha Ann, Emma Eliza, Charles Eugene, Harriet Eliza, and Edward Everett. Of these, William (or Babcock, as the child's father has it) and Emma died in infancy. Nearly two years after the former's death, John Henry penned this tribute in the back of his Methodist class-meeting record book:

Monday Dec. 7th 1829.

Happy is that people whose God is the Lord, my soul says amen today for my enjoyment is sweet in my Savior! O the bliss of Heaven! Thrice blessed bliss inspiring hope to cheer me through this gloomy vale. By faith I view those blessed abodes, those sacred realms of eternal day, where the saints of old, Moses, Elijah and Enoch are reaping their great reward. The Apostles and Martyrs of old surrounded by the many thousands who were not ashamed of their bonds here in this world are now joining their voices in songs of Redeeming Love. Yea, from the hoary Patriarch to the sweet smiling Infant, are all joining their acclamations of Praise to him who Died on Calvary. Yes, my sweet little B—k, I trust thou art there and hast forgotten thy last suffering day when thy parent's heart was wrung with anguish on account of thy pain. I dandled thee in fond affection on my knee here in this world. But my Savior hath taken thee to his lovely bosom, there to enjoy the rich provision of Heaven. Sweet babe, thou wert a choice Loan of Heaven bestowed on me for a short time. But the Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the Name of the Lord. The Lord hath taken thee from the evil to come and thou hast no more to suffer, thy ashes sleep in peace and thy immortal spirit is soaring on Cherubic wings through the realms of endless day.





John and Polly (Jaqua) Henry (bottom) and children:  
 Charles (top), Maria Goodsell and Newton (middle), Eliza  
 Brown and Edward (left), Ann Brewster and Simon (right)





The same book records the attendance at eighty class meetings from June 28, 1828, to May 1836.<sup>1</sup> The class comprised twenty-one members much of the time; but by deaths, removals, withdrawals, and one expulsion, it dwindled to a third of that number and finally flickered out. Some of the members came from the adjacent townships of Aurora and Solon, over the county lines. The "State in Grace" of each one is marked "B," perhaps for Baptized; the "State in Life," "M" or "S." Heading the lists of names throughout the record are John and Polly Henry. Then follows Joseph Witter (a Revolutionary soldier and one of the guards at the execution of Major André) with his wife Hannah.<sup>2</sup>

John Henry's worldly condition at this epoch is indicated by a tax receipt of November 30, 1831, which discloses a charge of \$1.464 for that year on his eighty-five acres of land, and \$0.504 on his chattels; making a total of \$1.968, which, less road tax worked, left a balance of \$1.33 paid by him in money. Trivial as this exaction now seems, it was then more burdensome than the far heavier taxes of today; and with the growing public needs of the new community, the burden was bound to increase rapidly. Between 1831 and 1835 the tax valuation of this farm rose from \$163 to \$240, probably implying the erection meanwhile of the split-log house hereinafter described. The tax rate fluctuated from \$9 per thousand in 1831, and \$5.50 in 1835, to \$10.48⅓ in 1837.

The civic side of John Henry's life is further illustrated by a certificate dated April 17, 1830, and signed by Aaron Squire, Simon Henry, and Enos Kingsley, of Bainbridge, as township trustees, appointing him supervisor of highways in District Number 9, a humble but exacting office to which he was probably often called. Teacher's certificates were also issued to him by George Wilber, of Auburn, and O. Henry, on January 21, 1832; by David Shipherd and M. Henry, of Bainbridge, on January 14-19, 1833; and by Nelson Eggleston and S. D. Kelley, of Aurora, on November 8, 1833. For twenty-nine terms, in all, he is said to have taught school, not

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<sup>1</sup> During this period the conference and circuit were thus officered: presiding elders, William Swayze (1828) and Ira Eddy (1830); circuit preachers, Ignatius H. Sackett and Cornelius Jones (1828), John Chandler and John McLean (1829), Caleb Brown and John Ferris (1830), Thomas Carr and Lorenzo D. Prosser (1833); class leaders, John Henry (1828-1831, 1833-1836) and Jarvis McConoughey (1831-1833). John Crawford, circuit preacher, had previously certified at Bainbridge, on March 5, 1828, "that John Henry is an acceptable member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and a Class Leader in Cleveland Circuit, Pittsburgh Conference."

<sup>2</sup> Also Abraham and Laura Witter, Lucius and Hannah Eggleston, Harvey and Catherine Waldo, and James H. (or J. Harvey) and Cornelia Henry. The last named were neighbors of John Henry, but not akin to him. They are marked as having moved away after the meeting of June 12, 1831, but a relative, Reuben Henry, afterwards lived in the vicinity for many years.

Married members, whose consorts apparently had not joined, were Jarvis McConoughey, Fanny Bull, Sally Herrington, Harriet A. Prior, and Lewis Olney. Of the single "State in Life" were William Witter and Elvira Woodward, who, however, were joined in wedlock in 1830; also Amelia M. Bull, Amelia Ann Herrington, and Maria, Sophia, Lucy J., and Eliza Ann Robbins. Abraham and Laura Witter moved



only in his own and surrounding townships, but also, because of the higher pay in older settlements, as far away as Crawford County, Pennsylvania, near the last home of his widowed mother-in-law, Ruth Jaqua, and her daughter Drusilla, of whose husband, David McGranahan, uncle of the hymnist James McGranahan, he was very fond.

A rough plat, made by John Henry, on February 18, 1833, of Bainbridge School District Number 1, where he lived, locates the farms of his neighbors, Graham, Giles, William Henry, Witter, Squire, Eggleston, Mason, Russ, Waldo, Kent, Marshall, and Benjamin Rush, besides his own homestead. This corner of Bainbridge was about as populous then as it has been at any time since; but the great forest, abounding in wolves, occasional bears and deer, and other wild things, loomed omnipresent, with small, slow-spreading clearings surrounding the log houses of the settlers and connected by threading trails that but tardily attained to the dignity of roads. Said Father, in his obituary of Mrs. Rachel Henry, above cited:

The woods were full of game, and the streams and lakes of fish; and when one became sick a ready and curative remedy was found in roots, herbs, or bark.

With scarcely any inequality of fortune among the pioneers, envy's tooth gnawed them not. All alike were poor; all struggling towards better things for their children in the years to come. And the children, at least, found happiness in this environment. Born amidst the forest, they grew up in the glamor of it. Unconscious of the limitations to which it subjected them, they knew only the manifold riches of nature's wilds.

But not a few of their elders, who had tasted of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, suffered vain regrets for what they had found and lost in the life they had left behind them. Many, never acclimatized in the new country, burned and shook their lives away with fever and ague, or sank slowly beneath subtler and yet more fatal visitations. Even the consolations of their religion of otherworldliness served often but to emphasize the gloom of their life in this world. One source of alleviation of their lot was, however, unfailing: neighborliness and hospitality abounded, and the social intercourse of log-rollings, quilting and husking bees, of spelling schools, training days, church and camp meetings, lawsuits, elections, raisings, weddings, and even of

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away after the meeting of February 14, 1830; and Harriet A. Prior after February 21. The Waldos and Lewis Olney withdrew or removed, while Lucy Robbins and Amelia Bull were "dropped." Joseph Witter died in February, 1831, and his widow moved away, to reappear later, however, with a Joseph and Esther Witter.

In the winter of 1834-1835, Jarvis McConoughey, a mighty hunter before the Lord, who brought haunches of venison from time to time as welcome gifts to the Henry household, "removed to Solon," having sold his farm to Gideon Kent; and Sophia Robbins "removed to Streetsborough class." Lucius Eggleston was "expelled for bad conduct to his wife"; and in May, 1836, Fanny Bull "joined the new divinity men." This crowning apostasy appears effectually to have closed a chapter, which is thus minutely reproduced as helping to make clear the surroundings amid which the subject hereof was born, some six months before.

funerals, afforded variety to toilsome lives. Every device to relieve the somberness of existence was eagerly welcomed unless forbidden by their moral code. Many of the pioneer women and most of the men sought and found solace in smoking, and to Polly and Rachel Henry, Deborah McConoughey, and many other of the neighboring housewives, when they forgathered for an afternoon visit, clay pipes and tobacco were no less important adjuncts of the occasion than their knitting.

John and Polly Henry were not ill mated. Both were God-fearing and home-loving, fond of reading and of the society of good people. In most other respects their temperaments were complementary. Her democracy brooked no patronizing, and her effectual foil to such offending was either a plainly feigned surprise at unfounded pretensions, or else a naïve blundering on skeletons in the offender's closet. Her husband, no less sensitive, but more reticent on such occasions, preferred to shun those who gave him offence.

Like the rest of the Henrys he was given to nicknaming. To his children who "peeked" over his shoulder, or otherwise manifested undue interest in business not their own, he would shout, "Lyman Fowler, go and sit down." If any of them talked too much or too freely, "Joel Giles, be still." His son Simon's father-in-law, Mr. Wesley Whipple, was always "Old Crescent" after he had presumed to explain to Schoolmaster John Henry how to spell "Crescent City." Grandfather called his daughter Ann "Skit" from the agility with which in girlhood she eluded Father's playful pursuit by taking a tremendous leap through one of the open windows of the old log house. A little later, Henry Brewster, triumphing over all the rest of her many suitors, was brevetted "The Little Corporal," for his resemblance to Napoleon in frame and stature and in accomplishing whatever he undertook. The name "Captain Jaqua," which Grandfather applied to his son Newton, long remained uninterpreted, despite the other children's searching inquiries, until Uncle Edward came home on furlough from the army, when, said he,

Father was so glad to see me that in the woods I cautiously asked him for the thousandth time why that nickname to Newton. "Why, I don't know, unless it was that Newton was so full of roguery."

Beneath the jest lurked this hint of seriousness: Grandmother always maintained that her father was "more spiritual" than her mother; but Grandfather, having discerned some real or fancied limitations on Captain Jaqua's spirituality, preferred the sound piety of his mother-in-law. Truthful always, and plain-spoken when plain speaking was required, Grandfather Henry impressed one as habitually "Careful in speech, forbearing toward men, and faithful to God." Of this draft of his epitaph, which, after his death in 1869, his son Charles had worded, General Garfield, the friend of both, on its submission to him for criticism, exclaimed, "That is splendid, Charlie; I can suggest but one change: for 'men' read man; it is more comprehensive."



Alike conscientious, John Henry was a moralist; his wife, a casuist. Doctor Shipherd often said, "John and Orrin Henry were the most honest men I ever knew." And Orrin, in his old age, wrote to his nephew Charles, "I always thought my brother John had a call to preach." As postmaster at Pond, for so the local railroad station and post office, now Geauga Lake, was called, John Henry, during this decade of his later years (March 11, 1857, to October 10, 1867), kind-hearted and obliging though he was, could not be induced to violate the Government's regulations by a hair's breadth for the accommodation of anyone. But his wife would take the locked mail pouch from her husband's hands, and, despite his mute protest, slip into it letters brought to the office by anxious patrons too late for regular posting. "It was a queer post office," said Mrs. Mary (Henry) Kennedy:

"Have you any letters for me, Uncle John?" his niece Adelaide inquired. "Letters!" he replied, "why, you don't *write* letters."

Behind curtains in a recess off the living room he would spend thirty minutes over his desk, carefully assorting the day's meager mail to the uttermost piece, while the neighbors waited, as patiently as possible till the end, for their letters and papers which, especially during the War, were always anxiously expected.

So, too, as wife and widow, John Henry's helpmate scrupled not, among even her adult children, to appropriate a Peter's plenty to the relief of a needy Paul. Though never extravagant—how could she be?—credit to her was always as good as cash, especially in aid of her children. To each of her family in turn, even when they stood at cross purposes, the sympathetic mother and loyal wife lent her whole-souled support. The one in trouble at the moment always enlisted her aid.

Ever resolute and aspiring, in contrast to her husband's resigned acceptance of their lot in life, for her it was emphatically not enough that they should "barely live and be content." He, on the other hand, never robust in body nor strenuous in action, implicitly accepted, not as a mere convenient pretext, but as from the divinely inspired word, his Master's injunction: "Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?"

His brother William, thrifty and blunt, complaining of breaches made by cattle and Chagrin floods in John's part of their line, was wont to denounce the latter's "shiftless Jaqua fence"—a double thrust, aimed not only at John's ineffectual poling of the river, but also at the enervating cause thereof, "the filthy tobacco habit." This vice, originating with the Jaquas, had ensnared even his own wife Rachel, whose secret supply of the weed he once slipped angrily into her teakettle, and at another time besprinkled with gunpowder, to the acute discomfort of the smoker and her family. In the following quatrain he frequently proclaimed his antipathy to my Lady Nicotine:

Tobacco is a nasty weed  
And from the devil doth proceed;  
It picks your pocket, burns your clothes,  
And makes a chimney of your nose.

Thus as time went on, the amenities of fraternal intercourse between these brothers devolved more and more upon their wives and children.

John Henry's avocations, as schoolteacher, surveyor, and later as postmaster, interfered necessarily with his efficiency as a farmer. I have the field notes of over forty surveys made by him between 1833 and 1846 in Bainbridge, Russell, Auburn, Troy, Aurora, Solon, and elsewhere; and these are doubtless but a portion of all that he made. On one of them is marked, "Charge \$4.00," a rate of pay that could hardly yield a competence. His son Edward wrote me that John Henry was "commissioned surveyor by the fourteenth governor of Ohio," Wilson Shannon. "This commission," he added, "I let Governor McKinley or Governor Hayes take as a curiosity, and I cannot find it." The record in the governor's office at Columbus discloses that on October 29, 1840, when the division of the county had created vacancies in some of its offices, a commission was issued to John Henry as county surveyor of Geauga County for three years, thus qualifying my father's impression that he "was elected county surveyor one or two terms, and declined to serve any longer, as he lived twenty-one miles from the county seat." But the courts sometimes appointed him to ascertain boundaries, lay out highways, or partition estates.

I have also five of John Henry's neatly kept teacher's records, the earliest of which is marked in his fine hand: "School Journal, Commencing Nov 24th, 1834, in the Southeast corner of Bainbridge; Enos D. Kingsley, Park Brown, Thomas Smith, Directors; Horace Crosby, Treasurer; John Henry, Teacher; compensation 12 Dollars per month." The school was in session six days each week, Christmas and New Year's included, and it closed on February 22, 1835.<sup>1</sup> During the next winter he taught in Solon, beginning on December 10, 1835, eleven days after the birth of his son Charles, and continuing, Saturdays and holidays included, and with only an occasional day missed to attend to surveys or other urgent business, until March 8, 1836.<sup>2</sup> The other three records in my possession cover terms which he taught in Pennsylvania during the winters of 1839-1840, 1840-1841, and 1842-1843. Many other such journals of his have disappeared.

Trusting in Providence no less implicitly than her husband, Polly Henry's optimism was commonly translated into action. Hers was decidedly the more

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<sup>1</sup> The pupils were E. D. Kingsley; George, Robert, and Thomas Smith; G. Smith, Jr. Also, William Russell, Horace Crosby, Park Brown, Samuel Creager, William Burgess, Seymour Dodge, Abner Bingham, David Baird, John Scouten, Alexander, Jr., and Russel Osborn, Cornelius Bowerman, and Susan Barber, the only girl!

<sup>2</sup> His pupils here were E. and John Trowbridge, W. Stannard, G. Mason, A., H., and W. Dunwell, Wid and J. Baldwin, A. and William Witter, Moses Shaw, Festus Merry, Warren Howell, Charles Warren, H. Phelps, J. Bartlett, and Jarvis McConoughey.



intrepid spirit; her temperament more buoyant and volatile. If the tea was out, or they lacked money to pay taxes, his reply to her inquiry as to what they were going to do was apt to be "I don't know any more than the dead." But she would turn to her loom, finish a bolt of rag carpet and, throwing it on the old mare's back, ride with it to Solon, Aurora, or even to distant Warren, returning triumphant in due time, the crisis met. When the wolves followed her through the forest, she would sing in clear, ringing tones a Wesleyan hymn, and the wolves would stop howling and listen, but keep on following more distantly to the clearing in the woods.

Doctor John Hatch, of Aurora, always maintained that his Aunt Polly—he was her nephew by marriage—had a "voice like an angel's, the sweetest he ever heard"; and I myself have heard her sing, when she was over seventy years old, in tones even then so melodious as to confirm the verity of his testimony. In all the Methodist meetings great and small which she attended in the early days, she was commonly the one to be called on or to volunteer to lead the singing. At church, people who did not know she was present would recognize her voice in the congregational chorus of Rock of Ages, Happy Day, the Missionary Hymn, or any of the grand old numbers,—Nettleton, Amsterdam, Ardon, Bethany, and scores of others. "The Aurora folks," said my Aunt Ann Brewster, "often used to get her to sing there."

Her appearance, too, was captivating. Mr. Austin Beecher, a competent if somewhat carnal-minded judge of female beauty, often asserted that in her youth she was one of the handsomest women he ever saw. I can answer for the regularity of her features and the brightness of her black eyes down to the time of her death.

Added to these charms was her lively imagination, which lifted her constantly above the hardships of pioneer life. Though intensely practical in every-day affairs, she was no stranger to the world of dreams and romance. She had the full measure of superstition of those early days. To spill the salt was an omen of misadventure; to drop her dishcloth a sure sign of visitors. Of similar import was the crowing of a rooster on the doorstep or the floating of tea grounds in the cup. During the malaria epidemic of 1846 she, the mainstay of her stricken family, feeling that she at all hazards must be rid of the disease, resorted at last to mild diablerie:

Ague, ague, you have bothered me;  
Now I'll tie you up to this old beech tree.

When her husband asked her where she had been, she replied, half conscience-smitten, that she had been having "a chat with the devil." But not a shake after it did she suffer.

The Bible was to her a book not only of divine revelation but of pious divination as well. Special providences were the constant attendants of family and neighborhood life. Dreams were as plainly significant to her as to Joseph of old. Her vision tales of "The Ox with Great Horns," and "The Two



Balls of Fire," held her children and grandchildren spellbound. Deaths especially were foretokened by dreams of the grim horseman and his pale steed. Thus she suffered double agonies when, as she averred, the dread visitor, so heralded, actually crossed her threshold. Conversely, "Dream of the dead and you'll hear from the living," was a favorite aphorism, its prediction seldom or never failing. The characters of fiction, moreover, in her vivid rehearsal of Scott's and Cooper's tales, donned robes of flesh so real that in after years, as the children came to read the books for themselves, the stories of "Di Vernon," "Harvey the Spy," "Leatherstocking," and all the rest, seemed like biographies of veritable persons.

Her husband, John Henry, often reproving her for minor inaccuracies, could not only repeat from memory every word in Webster's *Spelling Book* when he presided at spelling schools, but he could recite the whole of Scott's "Lady of the Lake," much of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," and all or large parts of divers other poems. She, however, could lift clear of the printed page and marshal in living pageantry "Fitz-James" and "Roderick Dhu" with all their border hosts. "Her account of the great meteoric shower in 1833," declared her son Edward, "was thrilling."

It seemed as though the stars of heaven were all falling, and everyone but her husband, John Henry, thought the world was coming to an end. The effect on some of the neighbors was for good. Two or three wicked swearing fellows became almost converted to God, and behaved themselves for a long time. More meteors would have made them go to the mourners' bench.<sup>1</sup>

In conversation her vivacity was such that her words and thoughts sometimes tripped over one another. On the road to "the Center," according to a story which has certainly not deteriorated in the telling, she one day late in life reined in her pony at Charley Chase's blacksmith shop and, hailing the horseshoer, said, "I want you to set Dolly's shoe. Have you heard that George Shipherd's baby is dead? It has gone clickety-clack, clickety-clack, all the way up."

Calling upon Mrs. Amanda Briggs, who had just finished baking a pound-cake, and whose child stood clinging to her skirts, Grandmother exclaimed, "Oh, what a beautiful cake! And what a beautiful child!" Then inquiringly, "Raised with empt'in's?" At another time, when one of her granddaughters, Cora or Florence Brown, made a new kind of cake at her house, Grandmother extolled it as being "so moist and so dry," meaning doubtless that it was neither crumbly nor heavy.

An inveterate matchmaker and gossip, she was by no means a trouble-breeder; for she said to people's faces, frankly and with impunity, what others would only whisper behind their backs. When one of the same neighbors took his mother's hired girl to the county fair and stayed two or three

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<sup>1</sup> One of the neighboring Henrys, a very intelligent man, unrelated to Father's family, is said to have even got his suit or robe ready to go up in the general ascension.



days, the girl petulantly denied Mistress Polly's suggestion of a runaway marriage; whereat her interlocutor replied spiritedly, "It looks like the game without the name."

The young man's mother, at another time, came weeping and wringing her hands to tell Grandmother that her son was drafted, and cried, "What shall I do?" Grandmother had three sons at the front already. But the oldest, residing nearby with his family, still remained. So she exclaimed cheerily, "Why, maybe Simon can go in his place!"

Those who were in sickness or trouble knew well her neighborly kindness and tender ministrations. It became such a religious habit with her to go to funerals, that in later years she was wont to attend them even when her acquaintance with the households which death had invaded was but slight. Her own death from pneumonia on January 21, 1881, was due to imprudent exposure to inclement weather on such an occasion. She was a persistent letter-writer, and all of the Henry kindred who had moved farther west before the Civil War, including one who sided with the South in that conflict, were long kept in touch with their relatives in Ohio through her unfailing diligence as a correspondent. Her sympathies were so keen as often to engross her mind to the exclusion of all other considerations, however important. This is illustrated by Father's account to his grandchildren of "a little incident of childhood days."

If anything got into the eye and gave great pain, it was believed that a louse put under the eyelid would relieve the intense suffering. Cousin Jehu Brainard and his wife Maria lived in the old round-log house adjacent to ours. Cousin Maria one day began to scream with pain in her eye. Your great-grandmother, full of sympathy, got a little tin box ["her round black snuffbox," said Aunt Ann, "with flowers on the cover"] and sent me up the hill as fast as my young legs could carry me. Brother [a grandchild] could not run faster or talk faster. Almost out of breath, I said to Mrs. G—, "Cousin Maria is in awful pain in her eye. Mamma wants a louse to get it out." With a look of haughty scorn I never forgot, she replied, "Go home and tell your mother to comb her own darn young 'uns heads." I returned with empty tin box, wondering why she had treated me so scornfully, as we had always been the best of neighbors.

Long years afterwards, when "Aunt Polly," as the neighbors called her, lived all alone in her widowhood, declining the invitations of her children to live with them, I recall her smiling face at the door and her cheery greeting, "Oh you deary!" when the clicking gate announced a grandchild's coming. I remember the old-fashioned flowers in her dooryard, with its bachelor's buttons and marigolds, its meetin' seed, its yellow dahlias, larkspurs, and roses, its "pinies," poppies, and pansies, and its wonderful perennial shrubs, the "tree of heaven" and the "tree of life." I can still taste the mellow russets and pippins in her orchard below the house, and the pies and the peppermint drops from her cupboards. I fancy myself again driving

up her cows, Old Star, Little Star, Beauty, Spot,<sup>1</sup> and the rest; or bringing her mail from the post office—letters from children or from cousins in the West, the *Guide to Holiness* which she read alone, and Robert Bonner's New York *Ledger* which, as she sat knitting, sewing carpet rags, or paring apples, I was always glad to read to her, with its thrilling tales by Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., or Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth.

I see her now sitting by her fireside beneath the festoons of boneset and lobelia, wild berries and dried apples, that adorned her ceiling, and reading her worn and dog-eared "Testament and Psalms," all stained with tears and candle grease. I scent the pungent wholesome savor of her sage, catnip, and pennyroyal. I hear the clang of her loom at the head of the stairs, and see the swift-darting shuttles, as with aged but still deft hands and feet she wove into handsome carpet the rags she had patiently cut and dyed and sewn. My dear grandmother! She surely trod the road to heaven, for it was in heaven's environs that her children and their children always found her.

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<sup>1</sup> One cow was curiously yclept "Stonewall Jackson," doubtless by Grandfather.



## 2. *Log House Days*

OF THE nine children born to John and Polly Henry, Charles was the seventh. Writing to me, April 18, 1901, from Cincinnati, about my birth, he thus digressed:

By the way, Dr. Shipherd helped me into the world; also Aunt Maria, Aunt Ann, Aunt Eliza, and Uncle Ed; and I think took his pay in sheep at a dollar a head, sheep and babies,—they were not particular about the count. Your grandpa and grandma had, I think, nine children, who lived to preach and do other things, [save that] two or three died young, probably the best ones. Your three aunts have averaged better than their brothers.

The following note to one of these aunts he appended to a business letter, written in 1890, from Dallas, Texas, to her husband, "Deacon" Henry Brewster; but by an odd balancing of errors elsewhere rectified by him, he has here subtracted one from the number of the years of his age and added the same to the number of pounds he was said to have weighed at birth:

November 29th.

Dear Sister Ann: I believe Mrs. Russ and Aunt Rachel paid me a visit fifty-four years ago today. I do not remember much about the visit; but I no doubt thought it was a cold world, and have found it so ever since, with here and there a spot of sunshine. Tradition gave my weight at five and a half or six pounds. Mother confidentially informed me, years after, that I was "wove to death almost" in the world I came from. At all events I have been weaving and scrabbling about for half a century nearly, always getting ready for a cold winter, to get a chunk of pork for the pot, a little wood for the fire, and a little meal for a johnny-cake. I am getting tired of botheration to get these things, and think I will quit soon and rest. I believe I have earned my living so far. May God bless you.

C. E. Henry

On inspection of the frail mite of humanity whose nativity is thus recounted, the women, skilled in their neighborly office, could not in candor encourage the mother with even the conventional judgment that it was "a likely child." They took the minikin into the outer room, before the blazing fireplace, to wash and dress and weigh it; but could only whisper to one another, as they scanned the steelyard's beam, "They'll never raise it."

Winter was at hand. Soon the husband and father must go away to begin his winter's school. The log house in the clearing on the west flood-bank of the Chagrin already abounded in little mouths to feed and little bodies



to clothe, and the night's baying chorus lurked uncomfortably near its threshold. Prostrate and helpless, with her puny new babe beside her, the mother, stouthearted though she was, saw little occasion "for joy that a man is born into the world." When the women<sup>1</sup> were gone she broke down completely, and amidst sobs besought her husband to "fetch the Book and let it fall open" where it would, for such comfort as Providence might provide in the first text to strike his eye. John Henry, acquainted alike with his Bible and with his wife, obeyed. Providentially the volume fell open at Psalm 128, and with twinkling eye he read the third verse: "Thy wife shall be as a fruitful vine by the sides of thine house: thy children like olive plants round thy table."

"Shut the book," impatiently commanded the mother. But her tears were dried, and with an appreciative grimace at her husband, she nestled the little babe to her bosom and contentedly fell asleep.

"The spirit of her brief rebellion had, however, on one occasion," said my father, "the powerful aid of our maiden aunt, Father's strong-minded sister Mary, who had rejected numerous lovers in former days on account of their non-belief in some religious tenet. She was silenced by the strength of Father's faith, when he replied meekly to her lashing, 'Sister, if the Lord sends us children we'll not murmur.'"

In a holiday greeting to my children, written on New Year's day, 1905, in Cleveland, Father told in the third person (lapsing midway insensibly into the first person), of his own infancy:

Grandpa was only three weeks old his first Christmas and four weeks his first New Year's. He therefore can not remember them. He probably "rampaged" and made much fuss to enforce a "maternal contribution." Grandpa weighed four pounds, some say five pounds, in those days. Your great-grandma did the best she could with a large family of small children. Your Great-uncle Newton was much help to her that cold winter. He was 16 or 17 [really 13 or 14] years old and saved your grandpa's life many times. He relates the story of how he got up nights and waded barefoot, down outside stairs of the log house home, in snow a foot deep, and warmed a quart or so of milk two or three times a night to save the little one's life. It only took the milk of two or three fresh cows that winter to save your dear grandpa's life.

Your great-grandmother cared for her large family quite well. She had them all vaccinated and a little bag of sulphur about each of our necks to keep off the itch at school. She also had one or two good fine-tooth combs that were used daily in our hair. Uncle Newton, however, was the best one of the tribe. He got religion young. His Aunt Mary, your Great-grandaunt Mary, got it for him. The rest of us were not good enough to get it till in after years we could make a record on our merits. Your grandpa was always grateful to your Great-uncle Newton for saving his life so many times that

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<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Russ and Aunt Rachel. When the former's grandson, Joseph Price, was born a year or two later, they blew a horn in the night to wake Grandmother and summon her assistance.



cold winter. Your Great-uncle Newton was told by his Aunt Mary, when he was seventeen years old, that he had a call to preach. He rather thought so also, as it was easier than clearing land in pioneer days. He devoted himself to that toil through life, except for three years as a very good soldier during the Civil War.

Your grandpa spent his second Christmas probably in trying to get his big toe into his mouth, but does not recollect about the details. He remembers one thing, however, about his early childhood Christmas days. He remembers that his two good [older] sisters, Aunt Maria and Aunt Ann, were good sisters and took good care of him as a little boy, and never bragged about it.

All this rollicking is a little hard on Uncle Newton, whose sincerity I have never doubted. Two comments may explain Father's humorous ingratitude. In the first place, though he himself had, on occasion, a naïve, inoffensive manner of boasting, he much disliked this quality in others, especially in a benefactor reminding his beneficiary of favors conferred. Secondly, as their sister Eliza recalled, Father's first earnings, sixteen dollars in silver paid him by James McClintock<sup>1</sup> for work as a farm hand, lay hid in the ground where he had buried it for safekeeping, when his elder brother Newton, who had obeyed the "call to preach," came home on a visit. Learning of the boy's little hoard, he asked him if he did not "want to lend it to the Lord," that is, of course, to the use of the Lord's needy circuit-riding vicar! It required but little persuasion to induce the lad to do as he was desired. He dug up his money and piously "lent it to the Lord," without then anticipating or thereafter delighting in the legitimate use to which, as he afterwards learned, his offering had been applied.

Nevertheless, in after years, whenever Uncle Newton came back to Bainbridge on a visit and preached one of his excellent sermons in the old Methodist church there, Father regularly renewed his contribution, and Uncle Newton always acknowledged it with the phrase (sometimes humorously inverted), "He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord." Thus their fraternal intercourse, while not ardent, was by no means unfriendly. Both of Father's older brothers erred in trifling with the boy's pecuniary rights. How the iron entered his soul they never realized. Twelve or fourteen years later, when he was far away and had not seen them for years, he wrote to his mother from Baton Rouge, Louisiana, on April 25, 1864:

I trust that your memory will recall to mind the fact that years ago I was an industrious boy, working for eight or nine dollars per month, at hard labor, and going to bed each night with my young bones sore from toil, and that the money thus earned was "borrowed" from me by those who could earn ten dollars to my one. I trust that you will forgive me; I mean no reflection on you nor Father.

Three or four dollars to his one would have been accurate; the difference was aggravation.

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<sup>1</sup> Aunt Ann thought it was four dollars and a half, which Father had earned at Carlos Henry's. But Aunt Eliza insisted that, though his first wages were as Aunt Ann said, he paid out that money for shoes, etc.



The following letter, about his infancy and later life, Father addressed to me when I was a senior in Hiram College:

Dallas, Texas, Nov. 29th, 1887, 7 P.M.

Dear Fred: I passed the 52nd milestone about two hours ago. What a change in half a century! I have been trying to remember events in my earliest childhood. The old log house with its stone fireplace and chimney, the kind of chairs, the color of the dishes, the buttery and what we had to eat; the cows, the oxen, and the old mare; of how Simon and Newton looked, and Father and Mother; of the neighbors as they came to talk religion and politics. I well remember a red woolen dress I wore till I was at least four or five years old.

From that early day on till I was fifteen, the time seemed longer, many times longer, than from the time of my enlistment in the army to the present, twenty-six years. I am satisfied that the real growth, the strength of mind, is mainly attained before twenty-five. I have three notable examples in mind: Somers, the great English statesman, Alexander Hamilton, and Garfield. If a boy starts in correct methods of using his mind and does something every day till he is twenty-five, his mental and physical habits will be fixed; the machine will almost run itself after that.

My life has been one of anxiety and toil. I have worked hard enough—too hard, indeed, some years,—and yet I look back over years of miserable failure, over nothing but a pavement of mistakes. I have had a reasonably happy life, yet not so happy because of anxiety that availed me little. I feel that I have been a type of the average American, making each day a day of toil to get money instead of to grow. I quit the district school at sixteen, and didn't go to Hiram till after twenty. Those four years I put into the hardest work with no letup winter or summer. When I first went to Hiram I had saved over \$500 from my work and had quite a little library. I could hold up my head among the students there for I could pay my way. You are far better equipped now than I ever was, and I am glad of it. Do your level best on the last quarter, the home stretch, of school life and I will be content. Mamma joins in love.

C. E. Henry

The red woolen dress, which Father mentions, was of his mother's coloring and weaving. It gave place, on the occasion of his Grandmother Jaqua's visit in May, 1839, when he was three years and a half old, said Aunt Ann, "to a mouse-colored suit, Simon's castoff clothes made over. Ellen McGranahan, her granddaughter, afterwards Mrs. Coulter, came with Grandma Jaqua. Newton 'slied' Charlie into the bedroom and changed his dress for the new suit, and Grandma exclaimed, 'Why, what bright little boy is this?'" Her departure for home marks Father's first remembrance of any event and, I believe, his only memory of her. The mental picture portrayed his grandmother seated on her pony ready to go, and his mother in tears on the ground by her side.

At another time (October 11, 1886, from Dallas) he wrote: "My earliest recollection of the hills and valleys about my birthplace was that the hills were very high and the valleys deep. They looked smaller as I grew older."<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> In fact, as shown by the United States Topographical Map, the entire range of variation in surface levels in Bainbridge is about 320 feet. The Chagrin River, opposite the site of the old log house, lies 940 feet above sea level; Father's birthplace, 960;



The southwestern corner of Bainbridge is indeed a rugged and beautiful region. Much of it, too hilly to cultivate, was best suited to dairy farming and to maple sugar-making. The rock maples of the original forest thus largely escaped the woodman's ax, and with the new ones since allowed to grow, they perpetuate through the revolving years the romance of "sugaring" in spring-time, and in the fall the glorious color symphonies of autumn leaves. The hills abound in springs and spring brooks, whose chill waters, meandering into the Chagrin, afforded here and there, in pioneer days, a natural home of brook trout. The lake, also spring-fed, and teeming with fine fish, has, curiously enough, no connection with the river, a tunnel of only a few hundred yards towards which would drain the deep basin dry.

Of Father's birthplace, thus bounteously environed with nature's charms, I quote his description, which I wrote out, as nearly as possible in his own words, from my notes of a conversation with him at my home in Cleveland on Tuesday evening, March 27, 1906, after he had become blind and unable to write:

Our home was really two houses, each about twenty-five by thirty-six feet. The first stood nearer the river, but faced north, broadside towards the highway. It was built of round straight logs, halved in at the corners, with the cracks filled with mud, and with a broad fireplace. The chimney, constructed of stones or bog ore chunks, was topped off with sticks. A few years after, but before I can remember, the other log house was erected more comfortably of split cucumber, with half logs neatly dovetailed at the corners. Like the cap of a T, it stood at the west end of the first house, separated from it by the great chimney with its fireplaces opening into each.

We lived in the new house, but used both, though I can remember several families living from time to time in the old one: Jehu Brainerd,<sup>1</sup> the son of Mother's older sister, Aunt Chary [Charity Jaqua]; a man named Roberts, [whose wife was a sister of Russell G. McCartey, but] whom I knew as Rell Robber's father; and some others. "Uncle" Ben Williams lived much with us one winter, while he and Carlton McCartey were building, on the hill a quarter of a mile west,<sup>2</sup> the frame house of your Uncle Simon, in which Father and Mother died. I remember well his smooth counterhewing of the timbers with a broadax.

Among other familiar figures at our house were the shoemaker, who came around periodically "whipping the cat," and Harriet Squire, the "tailoress," who turned Mormon, as, long before my day, Sidney Rigdon, the Campbellite preacher and sojourner in Bainbridge, had led in doing.

In the split-log house, two bedrooms were partitioned off at the north end, and a pantry or buttery in the southwest corner, each with a window. About

<sup>1</sup> "Or rather," said Aunt Ann, "his brother-in-law, Lawyer West, a brother of Cousin Maria. Cousin Jehu lived opposite Gideon Kent, though he may have lived in the old log house a little while first." This was about 1841-1842. See the *Brainerd-Brainard Genealogy*, volume 2, page 148.

<sup>2</sup> "It was Mother's building spot," said Aunt Ann, "but she gave it up to Simon."

Geauga Lake, 1007; Father's and Grandfather's homes in later life, 1020; and, on the east side of the Chagrin, the land rises abruptly to about the same height, and then gradually to the level of 1260 feet at a point east of "the Center."



fifteen paces from the south door the spring bubbled up at the foot of the hill, where wild plum trees grew, loaded with plums; and in the opposite direction the outdoor oven, half as far again from the house, was reached through the east or front entrance, which opened near the northeast bedroom.

Father's sisters, Ann and Eliza, recalled more particularly a large brick oven in the old log house, heated with "oven wood" or kindlings until, after raking out the coals, "they could hold their hands in only long enough to count eleven." Then it was ready without further heating to cook rye and Indian bread, pies, etc.

Half a mile northeast of us across the river, the Russ family lived among the rocks on the hills; and east about the same distance, Uncle William's comfortable home overlooked the valley. Farther east, Uncle Orrin's house sheltered another large family; and beyond them, in the old homestead, with Grandfather Simon Henry, on the Chillicothe road two miles away, lived Uncle Calvin's family, and also, until her marriage late in life to Elijah French, our pious, outspoken Aunt Mary. Over in that neighborhood, too, dwelt Aunt Rhoda Root and Father's beloved and early widowed sister, Aunt Anne Lacy, with their numerous children.

On our side of the valley the rye lot on the little bluff above the river, Father's favorite field to work, yielded each year a sure crop of some sort. In the gully and brook between it and our house I used to play a great deal. Up the valley, around the bend of the river, stood Aaron Squire's tannery on the other side of the stream; and on this side, his home, now our "Brewster house." These, with the mill just above, and other buildings, made up quite a hamlet, Cold Spring Mills.<sup>1</sup>

A mile south of us stood the red schoolhouse at the edge of the township. Our nearest neighbors were the McClintocks to the southwest, and Joel Giles's family on the hill near the corners to the northwest; besides Banyor Mason, the Shaker, across the road from us but some distance off. Many other old residents lived in the neighborhood, and Hopkins's Mill, with its little settlement and ague-breeding mill pond, lay a mile down the river.

My notes make mention also of the "buzzing flax-wheel," of the "trundle-bed, which stood against the west wall near the bedroom door," of the odorous dye-pot, and of the outside stairs which descended from a platform next the chimney northwards alongside the east wall of the split-log house to the ground. In loving remembrance of his oldest sister Maria, amidst those scenes of their childhood, Father wrote from Geauga Lake on September 25, 1904, two days after her death in East Cleveland, to her daughters Jennie and Kate:

I wish to give a word of comfort in your deep sorrow for the loss of a dear mother and noble woman. From my early childhood she was always a dear sister to me. I can just remember how she soothed my childish sorrows by

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<sup>1</sup> Also known as Eggleston's Mills; later, as Fuller's Mills, and to the unregenerate as "Hell Holler." There Captain Norton, with his cultured wife from New York city, resided, and above the mill, the Goodsell, Rogers, and Thompson families reared their log houses.



gentle words. Oh, how beautiful her face in those moments! The picture is clear and lovely across the bridge of years. The tender tone of her voice was my sweetest music. Her lullaby songs, sacred with my mother's, still linger in memory, tender and holy. They cheer and comfort me with advancing age. . . .

I love to think of her in the log house, with the bubbling spring, the roses, hollyhocks, morning glories creeping up the logs, the apple blossoms, and sunflowers, nursed and cared for by my oldest sister and my mother in spare moments from the busy spinning wheel and loom.

I recall Grandmother's telling me of their neighbor Mrs. Russ' fondness for Father when he was a child in dresses. She often brought him sweetmeats of her own making, and from her place of playful concealment behind a bush or around the corner of the house she would beckon him to come and get them. The first tidings of her coming would often be the little boy's gleeful prattle to his mother, "Mis' Russie, custard!" From Mrs. Warren, too, the tanner's wife, the child frequently received gifts of cake.

Playing around the house in summer was not without its dangers. Even after they had moved into the home on the hill, Grandmother once saw the boy almost in the act of stepping barefoot on a yellow rattlesnake or copperhead coiled in the front dooryard; and at an earlier time, as Aunt Ann recalled, a great spotted adder appeared before her in the old round-log house. Fortunately the reptiles were seen in time to escape the peril of their fangs. Winter, too, had its drawbacks for the children. Besides Uncle Newton's tale of walking barefoot down the outside stairs in the snow at night, it was a common experience in the loft to wake of a winter's morning and find the bed all spread with a white coverlet of snow that had blown and sifted in through chinks in the log walls. No vestige of those walls remains, though when I was a boy their outlines were traceable in the sod of our pasture. Some weeks after my brother Jim's death Father wrote to me from Geauga Lake, on October 25, 1901:

Today I wandered about the place of the old double log house where I was born. I had just spent three hours looking over Jim's papers. He was a gentleman indeed, from babyhood to the grave.

Only a few apple trees mark the spot of the old double log house. What memories came to me! My noble father and mother, long since gone. How I recalled Grandma's delightful stories, far better than the stories of today. I cuddled at her knee as she sung her beautiful songs and hymns and told her splendid stories more than sixty years ago.

I sat down in the sunlight of an October afternoon. What glorious foliage!

Bowed with age and sorrow, he sought the spot where he was born, to find comfort once again at Mother's knee! The few gnarled old trees, surviving there, grew from apple seeds she long ago had planted in rotten stumps of the clearing to shield the seedling shoots from browsing cattle. Later his father and "Uncle" Ben Williams grafted them, and they bore good fruit

abundantly. Among his mother's old songs that he recalled there under the old apple trees was doubtless "The Wilderness March,"<sup>1</sup> of which he wrote

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<sup>1</sup> The old Israelites knew what it was they must do  
 If fair Canaan they ever possessed,  
 They must still keep in sight of the pillar of light  
 Which led to the promised rest;  
 That the camps on the road could not be their abode,  
 But, as oft as the trumpet should blow,  
 Then all glad of a chance for a further advance  
 They'd take up their baggage and go.

I am thankful indeed for the heavenly head  
 Which before us has hitherto gone,  
 For that pillar of love which onward doth move  
 And gathers our souls into one;  
 While that sin-hating throng is advancing along  
 Into closer communion they flow,  
 So all that would stand in that heavenly land  
 Must take up their crosses and go.

Here the way is all new as it opens to view  
 And behind is a foaming Red Sea,  
 So none needs to speak of the onion or leek  
 Or talk about garlic to me;  
 I'm engaged in pursuit and must have the good fruit  
 That in Canaan's rich valleys doth grow,  
 Though millions of foes should arise to oppose  
 For on I'm resolvèd to go.

Though some in the rear preach terror and fear  
 And complain of the trials they meet,  
 Though the lions before with great fury do roar,  
 I'm resolved I will never retreat;  
 We are little, 'tis true, and our numbers are few  
 And the sons of old Anak are tall,  
 With the resolute few I'm resolved to go through,  
 Keeping on at the risk of my all.

On Jordan's near side I can never abide  
 For no place of repose I can see,  
 I shall come to the spot and inherit the lot  
 Which the Lord God shall give unto me;  
 It is union I seek with the pure and the meek  
 And an end to all discord and strife,  
 I have fixèd my eyes on the heavenly prize  
 And press on at the risk of my life.

My honors and wealth, my pleasures and health,  
 I am willing should now be at stake,  
 And if Christ I obtain I shall think it great gain  
 For the sacrifice which I shall make;  
 All that I forsook like a bubble will look  
 From the midst of that glorified throng,  
 O then let us agree and from bondage be free  
 And to Zion be moving along.

Now the morning doth dawn for the camp to move on  
 And the priests each his trumpet doth blow,  
 At the sound of the trump I am ready to jump  
 And for one I'm resolvèd to go;  
 Though my trials are great I submit to my fate  
 For the storm it will shortly be o'er,  
 I shall thankfully see what a blessing to me  
 Was the cross mortifying I bore.



out for me at different times the first stanza and parts of others. From different sources I have recovered the whole. It was sung, said Uncle Edward, to "music in the Lowell Mason collection, first stanza [four lines] low, fa-sol-la; second stanza high, la-sol-fa, by couplets." Father suggested the swing of the lines by writing drolly, "blow-wo," "Sea-ee," and "grow-wo." In the third and seventh stanzas Uncle Edward emphasized the pronoun in "I'm resolved." He recalled, too, how "Grandfather Henry would sing it in the woods, ringing out the words, 'from bondage be free,' " and how Banyor Mason, the Shaker, would dance and sing it with a "Lo-lo" chorus and a shout at the end.

"The Lavender Girl," another old-time song, and always a favorite with Father, dated back in his recollection (as he wrote to his oldest grandchild, from Grand Rapids, Michigan, on May 9, 1901) to "sixty years ago":

As the sun climbs over the hill  
And the skylark sings so cheerily,  
I my little basket fill  
And trudge along to the village merrily.  
Light my bosom, light my heart!  
I but laugh at Cupid's dart!  
I keep my mother, myself, and brother  
By trudging along to sell my lavender.  
Ladies, try it! come and buy it!  
Come, come, and buy my lavender—come.

Ere the gentry quit their bed  
(Foes to health—I'm wisely keeping it)  
Oft I earn my daily bread  
And sit beneath the wild hedge eating it.  
Light my bosom, etc.

To my children he wrote from Detroit, on June 13, 1901:

Your great-gamma used to lullaby your ganpa to sleep, with sweet voice and loving words:

Where now is good old Elijah?  
Where now is good old Elijah?  
Where now is *good old Elijah*?  
Safe in the Promised Land.

Other lines, with like repetition and refrain, were:

Where now are the children of Israel?

and

They came up through great tribulation.

There might have been, and doubtless were, an endless number of verses—enough, at least, to put babies to sleep. On the margin of a newspaper clipping, reproducing the following old-time favorite "piece" from the

*Columbian Orator*, Father noted: "I 'spoke' this with pride when seven or eight years old."

You'd scarce expect one of my age  
 To speak in public on the stage;  
 And if I chance to fall below  
 Demosthenes or Cicero,  
 Don't view me with a critic's eye  
 But pass my imperfections by.  
 Large streams from little fountains flow,  
 Tall oaks from little acorns grow;  
 . . .  
 These thoughts inspire my youthful mind  
 To be the greatest of mankind;  
 Great not like Caesar, stained with blood,  
 But only great as I am good.

No doubt he also memorized and declaimed, in view of his Berkshire parent's avocation as "Old Master Whackemwell," that other old favorite, "The Smack in School," beginning:

'Mid Berkshire hills not far away  
 A district school, one winter's day,  
 Was humming with the wonted noise  
 Of three score mingled girls and boys.

To children of a soldier of the War of 1812 nothing could be more natural than the use of the following "choosing-in rhyme," which Aunt Eliza recalled their using in her youth.<sup>1</sup>

We are marching forward toward Quebec  
 And the drums are loudly beating;  
 America has gained the day  
 And the British are retreating.

The wars are o'er and we'll turn back  
 Never, nevermore to be parted;  
 We'll open the ring and choose a couple in  
 For we trust they are true-hearted.

From Dallas, Texas, on December 10, 1887, Father wrote to his "Dear Sister Ann":

On the twenty-ninth of November I passed the fifty-second milestone of life. On that day I fell into a retrospect of my early childhood. The great dread of several years of my childhood was the oft-repeated talk of Simon that I must be bound out. Just what "bound out" meant I hardly knew, but it scared me whenever I heard him talk about it.

Men who came to the old log house sometimes gave me pennies, which I took good care to bury in the ground as soon as I could do so without anybody seeing me. I had heard Mother tell about Captain Kidd burying his

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<sup>1</sup> *America* rhymed with day, and *are* was pronounced air.



money, and I thought that was the proper thing to do with it. Of course, I nearly always forgot where I buried it, and I sometimes think I have foolishly gone on burying money in the ground ever since.

You may remember about Mother telling about my saving the house from burning one day when I was quite young. She swept the hearth up, and hung the broom up and went out. Some fire caught from the fireplace in the broom when she was sweeping and she did not see it. She left me alone in the house and went into the other old log house,<sup>1</sup> and soon I ran to her and yelled, "'Moke, Mamma, 'moke!" and pulled her dress till she returned just in time to put out the fire. I remember a great black burnt place remained by the side of the fireplace for years. On calling the occurrence to mind on my birthday, I wrote to my Jimmie some verses about it, and I send you a copy for your own amusement. We are well, and Sophia joins in love to you all.

C. E. Henry

### HOW THE HOUSE WAS SAVED

Little Boy Blue was left all alone  
In the old log house in the valley,  
With no one to love (and no telephone)  
Not even his old Aunt Sally.

All alone was Little Boy Blue  
When he saw the broom on fire!  
His folks all gone and nobody knew  
Where was Simon or Sister "Mariar."

A look of alarm o'erspread the face  
Of Little Boy Blue, and he broke  
For his mamma, who thought him a hard little case  
When he pulled at her dress and yelled "'Moke!"

Little Boy Blue then blew up his horn,  
But nary a word more he spoke  
But to tug at the dress with a look of alarm  
And earnestly yell, "Mamma, 'moke."

Only five years old was Little Boy Blue  
When he showed that he was no "bloke,"  
A bright little boy, as every one knew,  
When he pulled at the dress and yelled "'Moke!"

"Aunt Sally" (mantle of Charity) and "five years old" (what precocity!) must, of course, be set down as figments of poetic license and imagination—humorous concessions to rhyme and reason. Father was always writing doggerel to his children, and affecting to be deeply hurt when reflections were cast on its poetic merit. He had, however, attained to the age mentioned when the following letter, postmarked, "Harts X Roads, Pa., Feb. 9. Paid 10," and addressed, on the outside of the folded foolscap sheet, which an-

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<sup>1</sup> Or rather, said Aunt Ann, "into her bedroom to pray."

swered for both envelope and enclosure, "Mrs. Polly Henry, Bissels P. Office, Bainbridge, Geauga Co., Ohio," was written by her husband while teaching school in Crawford County, Pennsylvania :

North Shenango, 7th Feb., 1841.

Dear Companion: While my mind is often drawn to the scenes around our own fireside at home, and fancy, or the imagination, sketches in strong and lively colors my suffering little children, laboring under a distressing disease, and the anxiety of their mother in watching their disease in its progress, I find myself so affected that it almost unfits me for the discharge of the laborious duties of my station for some minutes perhaps in the course of the day. But I find myself obliged to check my wandering thoughts, as the Herculean labors of every day need the whole energy of both body and mind to attend to the wants of over fifty scholars every day—very many who are backward and some vicious. I have worked hard for many weeks. I have tried to pray and, thank God, I have found some comfort. God in mercy has kept me from distraction, and I have enjoyed tolerable health of body; although sometimes I have thought that my body must give way to the mountain labors of the day-school ranging almost constantly from fifty-two to sixty. Thus much I can say, that no money would tempt me to take such a school again without an assistant; it has made me heartily tired of school-keeping. I now have seventeen days longer to close my contract, which, if I am alive and well, I hope to complete about the 26th of this month. I may possibly visit Newton; but uncertain, as a journey of sixteen miles and back on foot does not suit my limbs at the present age. I have had two letters from him, and have sent him two short ones and the first that you wrote; I have sent him newspapers twice. I have heard from him twice the past week; he has got into a good neighborhood, they all say. He writes me that he has eighteen scholars that are grown to full stature. S. Cotton tells me that they all think much of him, and that Newton told him his time passed pleasantly away. I sent him all the news in your last, which probably he will receive this evening.

I expect by this time [you] wish to know something of David's family, your Mother, etc. Your letter was brought to me from the office one week ago yesterday in the afternoon. I dismissed my school soon after, and went down to David's, which was the first visit (a period of almost five weeks) that I made after the funeral. I found them all in tolerable health; but the solemn deportment and the vacant place told in strong language that Death had been there. The little children more still than common; David carries a countenance strongly marked with sorrow; Ellen tells plainly by her countenance that something has brought a grief on her spirit. Ruth is the same odd, droll, witty being as ever, and bears not so much the complexion of sorrow; but still she is not airy as she was in the fore part of the winter, when she was sharply rebuked by your Mother telling her that her mouth would be stretched open on the laugh if her Mother was dying.

But enough of this. Your Mother enjoys tolerable health, with the exception of a rheumatic pain in the shoulder; but she rode out the day I went down there, and went to meeting the next day. I showed her your letter, spoke to her in regard to her staying there; [she] is undecided yet, but thinks she must stay there, as the girls can not be reconciled to the idea of her leaving them, Ellen having received her in charge from her dying Mother. She likewise thinks that perhaps she may become helpless, and thinks they are



bound to do for her in that case on the score of justice. I told her she need not be uneasy on that account, but feel entirely at home with us. She looks more thin and poor in the face than I ever saw her before. She thinks she may visit us next summer, if well; but says she can not be reconciled to staying out, around home, nights, as she could once; for she thinks much of tending upon her cows, saving all her milk, and making all the butter she can, and living quite independent and upon her own resources. She remarks frequently that in all probability she will not need help much longer. She thinks much of her new saddle and some other things got within the course of the year. I think myself that there is a kind of sympathy existing between her and the girls at this time on account of their mingling their sorrows in the hour of trial.

I think much of your trials that [you] have to go through in taking care of our children. The whooping cough has been in these parts; some children in my school have the remains of it, as they will yet cough and whoop when warmed with running. None have died, and I know of no new cases. The rash has likewise prevailed some, but no new cases and no deaths by it. I have seen a receipt for the whooping cough which I think good, viz., one teaspoonful of molasses and one of castor oil given occasionally.

Methodism is prospering tolerably in these parts; the Holmes fog has died away in a measure, and better feelings have taken [its] place. But the Holmes fray went beyond everything I ever thought of. It almost shattered Hayes's class to pieces.

I have been so much hurried and worn out the week past that I have not had time to answer your letter, and I had some thoughts of not replying at all, as it will take all that remains in my purse to pay the postage. I expect that my school may be near its close before you receive this, or within eight or ten days, as it will not leave H— until Thursday or Saturday. But [I] know my own feelings in regard to hearing from you, and concluded to write, as it is now more than one month since I wrote. If well, I probably may start for home the week after my school closes. Newton will be likely two weeks behind, as he has not kept as steady as I have. Since I began, I have only been out three days, besides Sundays: one day in visiting Drusilla the week before she died; one day at the funeral; and Smith, the union priest, occupied my schoolhouse in the examination of the people.

I have [neither] seen nor heard anything of Charity since her return home. She then said she would return in two or three weeks, but probably has been prevented by the uncertain condition of the sleighing. The winter has been mild, not more than four or five days of snapping cold; some sleighing for about three weeks, but not to be depended upon.

Tell my little Ann, Charley, and Eliza they must mind their Ma and take their medicine. May the Lord bless and protect you all, so prays your absent husband,

John Henry

Feb. 8th, Monday.

Newton was not yet nineteen. School teaching in Western Pennsylvania, was then serious business for a youth, where the older male pupils were wont to demand whiskey as their Christmas treat from the teacher! Grandfather disliked this singular custom, though he was not a teetotaler. So abstemious, however, were his habits, that his son-in-law, Henry Brewster, while helping him in the hayfield in the summer of 1851, was quite amazed at his suggesting and,

on production of the former's demijohn, imbibing "a little liquor." The day was hot and the work was hard. "I declare, Deacon," said Grandfather, "that goes right to the spot." Times have changed since school children and class leaders were justified by public opinion in respect of such potations.<sup>1</sup>

Apparently Grandfather Henry's active church relations suffered no intermission when he was away teaching school, for among his papers I find the following, dated February 28, 1841, and signed by Dillon Prosser: "This may certify that the bearer, John Henry, is an acceptable member of the M. E. church on Williamsfield [circuit], Erie Conference." Abounding thus in the riches of grace, he was sadly lacking in those of this world. His oldest son, Simon, now almost twenty-one, though destined to like impecuniosity, had become of substantial aid in the support of the family, as shown by two receipts to him from Archibald Robbins, a merchant of Solon, for ten dollars paid on May 26, 1840, and five dollars, on January 27, 1841, "to apply on Mr. John Henry's account."

Two years later, John Henry was again nearing the end of a term of school in Pennsylvania. It must have been at this time that he was brought home prostrate in a sleigh, from a severe hemorrhage that threatened his life. My Aunt Eliza told me that this incident marks her earliest recollection, and that she can never forget being held up over his bed with the other children, to say a last farewell to their father when he was thought to be dying. He lived, however, for more than a quarter-century thereafter, though with health and strength somewhat impaired.

The next few years brought many hardships. A promissory note of May 9, 1844, for \$16.50, from John to William Henry, bears endorsements of partial payments: \$1.50 in feathers on September 9, 1845; fifty cents in cash on December 13, 1845; \$4 in oats on July 2, 1847; and as late as June 20, 1853, there was still due thereon a balance of \$5. These transactions throw light on William's characterizations of his brother John. Other small debts accumulated during the disability of the family's head. Some of these originated through his son Simon, who was building and furnishing the house on the hill, in preparation for his first marriage on September 25, 1845, to Prudence Southworth (called "Suthard"). The bride and groom lived together but six months. Assigning the pretext that she had been misled to believe her husband owned the farm, she left him on March 28, 1846, under the enticement of one Nat Bailey. On the same date, at Grandmother's instance, as Aunt Eliza recalled, John Henry and family moved into the house which his daughter-in-law had incontinently vacated. Thus when Father was little more than ten years old, his log-house days were at an end.

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<sup>1</sup> Since the above was written the pendulum appears to be again swinging the other way.



### 3. *Reminiscences of Boyhood*

**D**URING the year 1846 the fever and ague afflicted nearly every family within a radius of a mile from Hopkins' millpond. Some of the aged and infirm died. Father "shook" with the ague all summer, until the recurring chills grew gradually less frequent and the disease at last wore itself out. Deacon Hopkins was finally arrested for maintaining a public nuisance; but after a long delay, during which he attempted to clear his malaria-breeding pond of its moldering flood trash, a freshet put an end to the trouble by carrying away his milldam, and the Deacon was acquitted.

Meanwhile two judgments for debts, aggregating a little over one hundred dollars, were recovered against Grandfather by William Stannard and by D. A. & J. W. McFarland, respectively. To one who earned but a third or a half that amount in teaching a winter's school, such indebtedness, poor health apart, must have loomed large. The neighbors apparently sympathized with him, for they refrained from bidding at three successive attempts to sell on execution his farm chattels that had been levied on. The matter dragged on from April to November, 1845, when the two constables, Orson S. Bush and Pizarro Bissell, who held the rival writs, came into official conflict over the property. Each finally sold portions of it, and Bush then sued Bissell in trespass for seizing from his custody, on November 10, 1845, "one red cow, one red and white cow, one brown steer, one brindle steer, ten bulls, ten cows, ten oxen, ten calves, ten stags of the plaintiff." The tens were, of course, a prudential legal fiction of pioneer pleading; but the ridiculous formula, repeated again and again in Constable Bush's declaration, so impressed Father's childish imagination that, ever after, and sometimes perhaps to his own hurt, he held in contempt all legal verbosity.

A kind Methodist brother named Bosworth had bid in the two cows, and permitted Grandfather to keep and ultimately to redeem them from the forced sale. But this, and other episodes, including the long standing account incurred at Hallock's store in Chagrin Falls when Uncle Simon was building his house, haunted the home like specters for several years, during which Grandfather's convalescence from his hemorrhage was retarded by the ever prevalent malaria. If Grandmother's incautiousness about debt had contributed to their plight, it was her indefatigable energy, resourcefulness, and optimism that finally brought the household safe through this trying period. In a letter to Aunt Ann, Uncle Ed cited a case in point:



A dry season occurred about 1850. Potatoes were scarce and corn for johnnycake was not abundant. Sylvester Squire had an immense crop of white turnips that year. Mr. and Mrs. Squire told Mother, who was always scouting around for food for her big family, . . . "Send up your boys and get all the turnips you want; we have enough to supply the neighborhood." When we children, Charley, Eliza, and myself, came from school in the deep snow, Mother had the joyful news about the flat turnips. Charley and I started with bags and a hand-sled across the hilly lots for Squire's. How I recall every turn of the path, the hills, the wood, the old elm log across the lagoon or old river-bed, [and places where we had] to wallow in the snow like buffalo. Charley said he had "rather be licked than go after turnips." I was tickled. . . .

We dared not ask for the turnips, but I fooled with the dogs and we both eyed Laura, who was the great speller of the school. Finally one of the hired men (Bidlake, maybe) took us to the turnips, buried in the field, and filled our bags. We had a terrible tug to get home. Who could have been the prophet to have told that the boy in the old plush cap, with his proud soul under old clothes, muttering about going after the turnips, as it looked like begging, saying to me, "Ed, when we get big enough we will raise our own turnips," . . . —that Charley owns that identical turnip-patch and that big red house of Mr. Sylvester Squire's, then full of hired men? Although Mr. Squire and his most excellent wife are moldering in the dust, yet that generosity and benevolence to our folks will ever remain in my memory.

To his niece, Mrs. Kate (Goodsell) Augur, Uncle Ed wrote from Chicago, where he was in the employ of the United States Express Company, of another and earlier foraging experience:

A big crate of woodchucks came the other day for a tony feast. I looked at them a long time, lost in sunny memories of the beautiful Chagrin River hills and the murmuring river where woodchucks grow to their full size. Now I'll tell you of a pleasant memory of your mother, sister Maria. . . . Our family was large; johnnycake, mush, hulled corn, the principal diet; and about June meat was scarce, as chickens were not large enough, and the dried veal and pork gone. Your grandmother was wishing for meat. Your Grandfather Henry considered the meat question mathematically, and, without words, took his cane, and the dogs and I "follered" to the river hills.

I knew something big was on hand. I kept teasing Father, "Where are you going?" No reply; and I would skip like the wind away ahead. I saw Father examining all the woodchuck holes. Finally the dogs treed a woodchuck and a few stones brought the "American marmot" down among the mandrakes, bloodroot, and squirrel corn, by the butternut trees. Father laughed and dressed the woodchuck, a young one; took it to the house. Mother praised the meat and made an elegant potpie. I would call out, passing my plate, "More woodchuck." Mother thought it tasted like chicken; but Maria, your mother, was "mortified to death." She said it would be all over the neighborhood that we had eaten woodchuck; that Bub would run and tell Jule Giles and he would tell it at the next party. So I was put under bans.

The family misfortunes, by some not quite fairly ascribed to the men folk's "shiftlessness," profoundly wounded Father's boyish pride. From my notebook, which records, under date of Sunday, January 29, 1905, that "Father has been telling me tonight about his early life," I quote:



When your Uncle Simon Henry had his troubles over his first marriage, your grandfather was very much worried; and, fearing that his own property might be teased or torn away from him in the family difficulties, he deeded his farm [July 19, 1845] to your grandmother's brother-in-law, David McGranahan, whom he knew to be an honest man. Uncle Simon, when he heard of it, was vexed and scolded about it to others. McGranahan held the title for a few years, and then deeded the farm back again [October 19, 1852].

Simon had a curious influence on Father, who seemed to be almost afraid of him. He never licked Simon, so I have been told; but he used to lick Newton and the rest. Simon was much fonder of music than of work. He had the name of being shiftless; but, unlike some of his cousins among the Henrys, Lacys, and Roots, he liked to go to church and to be in the company of the best people. Still, I was so anxious to escape his reputation of shiftlessness and so stung by the taunts our cousins threw at him on this account, that I early concluded work to be my only refuge from disgrace.

Certainly their little brother Ed had a juster appreciation than Father of Uncle Simon's passion for music. Writing long afterwards (August 6, 1900) to their sister, Aunt Maria Goodsell, and her daughter Kate, his recollections of half a century before, he said:

In the July *Century Magazine* is a good article I read to Annie on "Memoires of a Musical Life," by William Mason, son of Lowell Mason. It brought Simon face to face with me, as he had an exact picture of Lowell Mason. How Simon would work and build a barn to get money to attend a musical convention of Lowell Mason's at Cleveland! Dressed with care, silk hat, new shiny rubber shoes; take his singing books, a pound of Aunt Rachel's butter, and a dressed chicken of Mother's—the only things he ever would carry—for Maria Brainerd; foot it to Cleveland, and stay almost a week to drill in music.

Lowell Mason did more for people—in collecting good tunes for religious service—than all the lawyers in Christendom. The old Missionary Hymn, "From Greenland's icy mountains," music composed by Lowell Mason, is sung in every language. How Simon enjoyed Boyleston, to the words, "Our days are as the grass," and Hebron, "Thus far the Lord hath led me on," and Olivet,—all in the old *Jubilee*.

It was a great pleasure and with much pride that I could go with Simon to church. He was the great leader of big choirs. To see rich men's sons come and shake hands with us! And then Nathan Kingsley, or the Kents, and Smiths, glad to see Simon, for the singing would go off well if Simon had command.

He had great confidence; he was a master of music; could read and sing at sight all church music. Newton could not do that, because I tried him after the War and he frankly said that Simon was the musical genius of our family, but that he (Newton) had to "work for Uncle Calvin and earn a yoke of oxen or stags, [so] that Simon could sing." But I know that Simon went to Lowell Mason's conventions and stayed at Jehu Brainerd's when I was a boy, and Newton had been preaching some time and we never saw him at home. Newton's stag story did not go down; Simon worked as hard as Newton, from my personal knowledge, and he devoted time to study and music.



The soul of music resided also in Father's breast, although the reproach of indulging it always deterred him from acquiring any understanding of harmonics or even of musical notation. But Simon, skilled in those doubtful mysteries, would allow nothing to detain him from the annual festival in Cleveland. Whatever his difficulties, he could never forego that foretaste of heaven. But such tuneful sloth Father industriously shunned.

Before entering upon Father's account of his "working out," something should be said of his earliest playmates and school days and of his boyhood diversions. He wrote two papers entitled "My First Circus," one of which was published (January 14, 1905) in the *Ohio Farmer*. The other, written many years earlier and mislaid before its completion, is more detailed and lively as far as it goes. I have therefore pieced the two together to tell the whole story in Father's own words:

On the broad side of Hurd's barn were posted the great bills. After a sweeping glance over the whole, my eye rested on the picture of a man, life-size, looking straight at me, with the happiest smiling countenance I ever saw. Dressed in a tight-fitting suit with broad red and white stripes, he was standing on a globe large as a washtub, rolling it under his feet up an inclined plane.

I liked his face, it was expressive and good-natured. These qualities, however, may have been set off to good advantage by certain streaks of paint on his cheeks and eyebrows. My brother Simon had at divers times related the wonders of a circus. I therefore had little difficulty in identifying the man on the globe as the clown and hero of the sawdust ring.

Pictured there also was the great tent with crowds of people struggling to enter; and I saw here and there, on the side of the barn, wild-looking horses with fierce glaring eyes, their fore feet stretching far in front and their rear feet high in air behind, while, in various attitudes, men, boys, and girls, all dressed in tights, stood tiptoe on the horses' bare backs. The horses looked far stronger and finer than the old mare<sup>1</sup> on which I sat in gaping wonder in the hot sun.

The girls looked pretty enough for schoolma'ams; but I thought their dresses rather too short, as their skirts did not quite reach their knees. I could not believe their mothers and fathers would consent to their wearing such short dresses and so low in the neck. I forgot all moral reflections, however, when I saw the real central attractive figure on the side of the barn. The clown's smiling face had captured me and I wanted to see that circus.

I had been sent on the old mare to Aurora for tea and a pound of loaf sugar; for the presiding elder was coming to hold quarterly meeting and would be a guest at our home. On nearing the village, I had seen the large colored bills on the side of the barn, and halted the old mare. For full ten minutes I remained oblivious of the world except such part as was made up of the circus. The reading was the last to attract my attention. I saw in large letters that it was a "moral show," which gave me much comfort as I could use this to advantage in getting permission to attend.

Last of all I spelled out, "Welch and Delavan's Circus." I repeated the

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<sup>1</sup> "Old Gin," or "Jinn," I supposed was the name of the family steed, till Father later herein called her "Kit." But in his narratives he often altered familiar names.



name of the firm many times, until I almost fancied that I really knew the gentlemen. I gave a prolonged and heavy accent on the second syllable of the latter gentleman's name, until corrected some days afterward by an older boy, who sneeringly imitated my accent and immediately thereafter rolled off the full names of the firm with a tremendous emphasis on the last syllable, "*van.*"

The old mare had stood quietly in the road, whisking the flies off her sides with her tail, and occasionally using a hind foot when a fly executed a flank movement underneath. With a vigorous pull to the bridle, I formed a resolution that I would see that circus. For the moment I had forgotten a darling object of my life, the desired ownership of a set of bright, silver-washed buttons, which I had seen several weeks before in the showcase of the store. They were conceived by a genius, formed by an artist hand. Stamped in bold relief were a greyhound on one, a deer on another, a swan on a third, and so on, with lion, elephant, tiger, eagle, dog—a different animal, or bird, for each of eight buttons. Mother was making me a new Kentucky jean coat, and I wanted those buttons. I had selected a place for each particular one. The price was twenty-five cents. I had picked blackberries enough to buy the cloth, and ridden horse for Jule Giles to plow out corn during a part of several successive days to pay the tailor for cutting. I had also saved pennies and half dimes, the proceeds of odd jobs, until I had enough to pay for the buttons.

But I resolved also to see that circus; though with my limited and uncertain income, it was a serious question how to raise the required amount, "Twenty-five cents admission; children under ten years of age half price." I was ten years and some months old, and considering the state of my exchequer, I was forced to the conclusion that the odd months were my misfortune. No long or short dealer in stocks ever considered his financial bearings more carefully. No general ever planned a campaign more studiously than I did how to get to go to that circus. My parents were strict church members and I must obtain their consent. I felt quite sure of gaining Father's permission by skilfully conducting diplomatic overtures through the maternal channel. I determined therefore to be the best boy that ever lived, for at least two weeks, and then to begin the siege through Mother. I decided to purchase the buttons, and felt hopeful that in the ensuing two weeks the necessary amount could be raised with which to pay my way into the show.

I got the tea and loaf sugar at the store, and also the buttons, which were stuck on a card, and carefully covered with tissue paper. Putting my packages in the ends of the bag, I started for home, a distance of four miles. On the way, I stopped again to take a lingering look at that marvelous clown, and while passing a piece of woods with no houses in sight, I attempted to express my budding enthusiasm in circus life by standing barefoot on the saddle.

The old mare vehemently protested against playing circus. She laid her ears back, switched her tail, zigzagged about, and suddenly raised the rear end of her body a few inches, expressive not only of dissatisfaction but of great indignation. Such protests she made only at rare intervals during her lifetime, to indicate her infirmities of temper and the respect that she felt was due to her age and faithful service. However serviceable Kit might be on the farm, she did not in my opinion possess the requisite qualifications for a circus horse. I saw, at least, that I must educate her after I got home.



I therefore dropped down into the saddle and jogged along, wondering whether the tent was as high as Father's barn and covered as much ground as Giles's milking yard. I recollected that the McCarteys, friends of our family, lived more than half way to Hudson, eleven miles distant, where the circus was to hold forth three weeks thereafter. Mrs. McCarty had asked Mother to let me visit them. I therefore began on that line, and Mother consented. I said nothing about the circus then.

A better boy never lived than I was for two weeks. I did everything in the chore line without a murmur. Did ever a speculator in corner lots watch his opportunities more closely during a time of financial depression? On the fourth day came a tide in my affairs, which I felt would lead on to the circus. I had a new woodchuck-skin whiplash, long and well braided, and Jule Giles had lost his whiplash that day while logging. His old oxen would no more work without a good whip than a locomotive would go without coal during a strike. He must have a lash, and the store was four miles off.

I saw my chance and became a bull in the market. I controlled a corner in whiplashes. Jule was anxious for a trade or swap. He bantered some time to trade his fish-spear, then his skates that his feet had outgrown, and various other articles which in their time had had great charms for me. But I was inexorable. Twenty-five cents in silver was the only price for the lash. Money was money with him, but the logging must go on, for the wheat crop to be sown in season. It was not exactly "Water, water, quench fire; fire won't burn stick," etc., but I recognized the same formula in "Lash, lash, beat ox; ox won't work"—so I could go to the circus. Jule hung off for some time, but at last paid the quarter for the lash. I went to bed that night as proud of my achievement as ever a man felt after consolidating the stock of two railroads. Fortune favored me and I earned, picking berries, almost as much more, to make sure.

Meanwhile the Kentucky jean coat was nearly finished. Only the buttons remained to be sewed on. My sisters, whom a country beau, from a family friendly to our church, had invited to go to the circus also, had noticed what a good boy I was, and suspected that I cared more to see the circus than to visit Brother McCarty's folks. They sewed on the buttons. The afternoon before the day of the show, I started, with new coat on my arm and forty-four cents in my pocket, to travel seven miles to Mr. McCarty's.

By this time it had come out that I wanted to see the circus, so Mother kindly gave her consent if Mrs. McCarty thought it safe and proper. My starting on foot and alone to travel eleven miles to the circus was not without good reason. Simon had passed the successive stages in boy life, of dog fever, circus fever, gun and watch fevers, and had recently rushed like a blazing comet into the singing school and schoolma'am fever. Hence any reference on my part to the great moral show was responded to by him with mingled ridicule and scorn. It was clear that he would not go with me.

The reason I did not go on horseback lay in the fact that old Kit, hitched to a post or tied in a stable away from home, was very unreliable. She would rub off any bridle or halter, no matter how strong and tight the throatlatch, and walk off home in the most serene and heartless manner. I would match that old mare against any medium in getting herself loose from firmly knotted ropes and tight throatlatches. A committee of bald-headed men and a sailor, selected from the largest audience, would fail to tie her head so closely but that she would rub loose and be gone in two minutes.

I traveled the seven miles to McCarty's that afternoon, happy and anxious



for the morrow. Only one thing marred the pleasure of anticipation. My sisters had sewed on those buttons with the animals sideways, or heads down! This grieved me very much when I discovered the fearful blunder. I thought there was some probability of motives of revenge on their part, as a return for my calling one of their beaux "Squinty"<sup>1</sup> on account of a non-coincidence in his optical movements. I had often spoken to them with great confidence of his fitness, from considerations of economy of time, to cut bean poles. And now they had returned a Roland for an Oliver, whatever that meant. My father had used the expression sometimes, and though I had never seen Mr. Roland, Mr. Oliver came often to our neighborhood, and generally quite hungry.

I carried the coat on my arm through the warm afternoon, being careful to keep the buttons exposed in such a manner as would attract the attention of people whom I met. I spent much time in twisting them around so the heads of the birds and animals would be upright; but greatly to my discomfiture, they would revolve back to a condition of chaotic tailoring. I wondered whether the clown would see those buttons and take a fancy to me.

I arrived at McCartey's before dark. He had no boys, but his wife greeted me like a mother, and I slept soundly that night. I awoke the next morning from a dream of seeing that smiling clown on the globe, and wild runaway horses with pretty young ladies on tiptoe on the wild horses' backs. An early breakfast, and a kiss and "God bless you" from Mrs. McCartey, and I started for Hudson four miles away, to see the "greatest show on earth." I arrived before the grand parade. The great tent with flag above it thrilled me. A smaller tent near by bore the pictures of a fat lady, said to weigh seven hundred pounds; of a large snake twenty feet long; of a giant eight feet high, and of other wonderful curiosities—all for ten cents. I decided to let fat lady and big snake go, and make sure of seeing that funny clown and the "greatest show on earth."

The parade was led by a brass band, far better than I had heard on the Fourth of July. There were some spotted horses, a jolly looking clown in a cart drawn by a jackass, a half dozen men in drawers on fat gentle horses, a few ladies in short skirts who did not look exactly like schoolma'ams; also an elephant and a camel, each with a lady on its back dressed as an oriental queen such as I had read about in the *Arabian Nights*. The ticket wagon opened and a great crowd surged around it. I put my precious quarter in my mouth and wedged in. I was pushed on till I could reach the little door. A dozen hands were reaching out with quarters, amid yelling. I got the quarter from my mouth and reached up. A hand grabbed it and a ticket was placed between my fingers. Pressed along in the crowd, I soon got out. Then I crowded through the narrow ropeway to the inside of the great tent and to the sawdust ring.

Talk about World's Fairs, great art galleries, Barnum's Show, and other vast collections of modern times—all are only cheap dime humbugs compared with my first circus. It was the only "greatest show on earth." The tent was perhaps nearly one fifth as large as circus tents of today. The brass band struck up with blaring music; the grand parade marched in and then marched out. The horses were not so wild as I thought they would be and they galloped

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<sup>1</sup> This was Horace Reeves. He took both Aunt Ann and Aunt Maria to this circus, and with great magnanimity, they permitted Father to ride home in the back of their buggy.



easily, with the ladies gracefully tiptoeing on broad level pads instead of bare backs. I watched for the clown. He was a joker indeed! And there was the ringmaster, who had not been advertised on the bills. He was a perfect gentleman, but the clown always got the best of it in their talk.

On taking my grandchildren, fifty years after, to a circus, I heard the same old jokes from the funny clown; but somehow they failed to please me so much as when I saw "the greatest show on earth."

Among Father's cousins, the boys nearest his own age included Nelson Henry, the only son of his Uncle Calvin; Oliver and Jasper, or "Goud" and "Jap," Lacy; Nelson Root; Harrison or "Hack" Henry, one of Uncle William's boys; and Uncle Orrin's son Marvin, known for some inscrutable reason as "Super-blueskin," or briefly as "Supe." All of the cousins bore nicknames; some of them unlovely. Father's was "Shuck," probably deemed a fitting variant of Charles because he had gathered and shucked butternuts, and exchanged them for boots to wear to school in winter.

Like most normal boys the Henry cousins differed but slightly in some respects from a set of young heathen. As their rude ancestors, centuries ago, identified the festivals of Christianity with their own barbarous feast days, so by a sort of atavism these lads, adapting the calendar of the church to that of boyhood, observed Easter, with savage rites, as "Egg Sunday." "For weeks before," said Father, "we boys used to gather all the eggs we could find, and hide them." And Uncle Ed described "the great Easters," "when Supe, Hack, Goud Lacy, and a big lot of boys would go over on Uncle William's side of the river and boil eggs and run naked on the sand. I think it was Supe that broke the record and ate over two dozen of boiled eggs."

Father in his early teens was especially prone to slip away on Sundays after breakfast, and play all day with his cousins over the river. One Sunday morning Uncle Ed watched him narrowly, knowing that he wanted to meet Hack and Supe down in the valley. Father had almost eluded him by some strategy, when, "as I rushed around the house," said Uncle Ed, "I saw Charley disappearing over the fence into the deep gully that soon led to the river."

I hollered to Father and Mother. Father ran after Charley and brought him back with stern orders, "You must either go to meeting with Mam, or stay at home; you are not going Hacking and Suping it today." Charley vowed vengeance on me; but we wondered why Father did not go. Newton said that Uncle Calvin, Joseph Ely, and some others began wearing finer clothes to church, and some style was put on; and another reason was, as Father told them to their face: The presiding elder and Aunt Mary and Uncle Calvin had labored with Father as a backslider. Father had not opened his mouth, but listened to the steady fire at him for an hour, Mother joining in. Father lighted his clay pipe, got his ax that we boys must never touch, then made his speech to Aunt Mary, yelling Methodist fashion, "You may all talk and talk and talk till doomsday, but I am not going to kneel in prayer with men who make leaky sap buckets." Father struck for the woods like Thoreau.



Uncle Henry and Aunt Ann Brewster reasoned that Grandfather could not have urged so pointless an excuse; and I agree that the phrase "leaky sap buckets" must be metonymical for aggravated hypocrisy. Grandfather by no means faltered in the faith; but one of his bodily habit would need but small provocation to cease going three or four miles over rough roads to church and sitting on hard seats through long and often execrable sermons. The incident shows how inevitably young people observe and imitate their parents' ways.

To recur now to Father's cousin playmates—Supe was Shuck's closest crony, though now and again Hack became almost equally congenial. The others of their age lived too far away to enter this inner circle; but all were close friends, and numerous enough to constitute a social community in themselves. Clannish both in consciousness and in repute, though not in any sense exclusive, the neighbors esteemed them a good-natured, fun-loving and fairly well-behaved crew. Of these kindred, and particularly of the family which numbered Supe among its members, Father, near the close of his life, recorded, under the caption, "Log House Days," divers droll incidents; and from his narratives I quote:

Orrin Henry, the oldest son of Simon and Rhoda, was in many respects a remarkable man. He served, with his brothers William and John, in the War of 1812. They all obeyed orders and were good soldiers—so far as is known. Not heroes, they never boasted of killing large numbers of wicked British and scalping scores of wild Indians who were fighting for England. None of Simon Henry's sons was ever known to use profane language. They did not need to. Their plain, blunt rebukes to sinners were far more forcible than a torrent of oaths. It became common report that every Henry carried a club to strike back when attacked. Any wicked sinner who provoked them soon sneaked off in sore discomfiture amid the derisive laughter of bystanders.

Uncle Orrin by common consent carried the biggest club of any Henry for sinners and hypocrites. He was admired and respected by everybody for his sterling integrity. Every day of his life he followed the text, "Provide things honest in the sight of all men." He had fifteen or twenty nephews, all of them full of ridicule and often witty. They named Uncle Orrin at an early date "Uncle Bungtown" and for short "Uncle Bung." It always stuck to him and remained current for many years after he died, a name of endearment and honor. He was so called for a few blunt words of admonition to the younger members of the church. He said in prayer meeting: "You young members must now take hold and pull like a yoke of oxen in making log heaps. Pile up the log and brush heaps for the next harvest of wheat. Burn up the brush heaps of sinners. We old members are too old now to clear the land of sinners and to snatch those fit to be saved as brands from the burning log heaps of sin. We old toilers in the vineyard have done our best. We are now only out-of-date old Bungtown coppers."

His waggish nephews dubbed him thenceforth "Uncle Bung" in ridicule, but the name Uncle Bung goes down to succeeding generations a synonym of sterling worth and a monument of glory to the most honest man in Geauga County.



On the same date, October 15, 1904, Father wrote further of his Uncle Orrin as follows :

All the children of Simon and Rhoda Parsons Henry were God-fearing people and trained their numerous grandchildren to walk in the strait and narrow path and to avoid the eternal torments of John Calvin's burning lake. A queer waggery and love of fun made up the sunshine of their daily life. For everybody they had a nickname that fitted some characteristic. Almost every one of the second and about all of the third generation had such names ; none, however, with the sting of a wasp but always ludicrous and witty. Clergymen of that day admonished sinners, in vigorous and earnest phrase, of the eternal lake. The preacher would warm up to what the brethren called a "powerful sermon."

The Henry boys, who always had their Sunday school, called these zealous men of God "Bible pounders." They would turn over the leaves rapidly and quote a dozen passages without reading, strike an open page with flat of hand, then lift the Holy Book high above the head, slam it down, and hit it a heavy blow with clenched fist, simply to emphasize some doctrinal point. A well-bound Bible in those days generally lasted through one or two revivals and a camp meeting.

The second generation of Simon and Rhoda had decided convictions relative to the religious dogmas of their day. They had one phrase, which they used to "settle the question" in argument with any opponent who belonged to another church. It was their personal property. "What is true religion?—The love of God shed abroad in the heart," or, as the Methodist Henrys had it, "The power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." That settled it.

I remember, when I was a boy at the raising of a log house, Uncle Bung and "Bishop" McCartey, a new-fledged disciple of Alexander Campbell, got into a discussion about "true religion." Uncle Bung, whom everybody liked for his blunt straightforwardness, defined true religion as "the love of God shed abroad in the human heart." McCartey, a shrewd dealer who had outwitted some neighbors in horse trades, replied, "Oh, Brother Henry, I have the love of God in my heart just as much as you have." Uncle Bung, candid, kind and honest, replied, "McCartey, I doubt it." The gathered crowd laughed and shouted. Uncle Bung's reply settled it.

Another incident :

Uncle Bung's honest heart always blurted out the truth in prayer meetings and at log house raisings. A gifted "crazy crank" of a shoemaker and jack-of-all-trades, named Oliver Stone, became well known in a dozen towns for his ability, eloquence, and burning desire for a chance to bring forth the tears and sobs of repentant sinners at revivals and prayer meetings. He always appeared at such times full of penitence for his sins. Everybody knew that Oliver had "an abundant sufficiency" of sin and hypocrisy. Uncle Bung, an honest Christian like Luther and Calvin, despised his pretensions.

A big revival of two weeks blazed up at "the Center" during a full moon and good sleighing. Oliver was there for a chance to bring tears from the crowd of sinners. It was known that he often got drunk, but he never lacked proof that he had to take a drop of whiskey with a dose of quinine. Everybody suspected and believed that Oliver's quinine was only a little flour in a paper wrapper. But he was eloquent ; and many people, especially the Henry



boys, rather liked to hear him. He had a plaintive, silvery voice, and always evoked tears, sobs, and handkerchiefs from emotional, goodhearted people. Indeed he said, in confidential inebriated confessions in country barrooms, that he only wanted five minutes at a revival or big prayer meeting, to bring a flood of tears from repentant sinners.

Oliver got his chance. Uncle Bung was there, full of honest zeal for saving poor sinners' souls. He had, however, no faith in, and no Christian charity for, the humbug orator. Oliver began in sweet mellow voice: "My friends, we must save our immortal souls. Oh, how I feel for the poor souls of sinners! Last night I was in Aurora and heard the sound of music from the dance hall of Gray's tavern. I entered and sat down in the barroom. Oh, how my heart bled to see in that den of sin splendid young men rush downstairs at the end of every dance and eagerly demand of the barkeeper 'Lemonade with a stick in it.' Many of them, far gone in sin, asked for 'Whiskey straight,' and turned the burning damnation down their throats. Others ordered lemonade for the dear innocent girls in the parlor. Oh, how my heart went out for these dear boys and girls! Oh, how I wanted to save their souls!"

Weeping began. Handkerchiefs came out. People well knew that Oliver entered the "den of sin" simply to be invited to sample the "burning damnation." Uncle Bung broke the spell of Oliver's eloquence. He spoke in clear, blunt voice, "You hadn't ought to have been there yourself." A general titter followed in the solemn revival.

Uncle Bung had five sons and four girls. Of the older ones that I knew, all who survived did well. He named his oldest son Parsons, and the second daughter Rhoda, from respect and love for our grandmother—and she was grand and lovable indeed. The roguish cousins, however, called his first-born "Possum," from his early development of traits of that wily animal. On the whole, Possum was a good boy, and became a member of the Oregon legislature at forty. The cousins having fastened the name Possum on him, abbreviated it to "Poss," and the honored name of Parsons, aristocratic as any of the "Four Hundred" in New York, never was preserved even among the self-respecting Henry tribe.

Uncle Orrin was very anxious to train his boys in the love, and especially in the fear, of God. During revivals, he took his old mare and cutter and his three little boys to every meeting. He took the boys well forward, near what the wicked called the "amen corner." Possum always worked back toward the door during times of fervent prayer. One night, however, some of the brethren rounded Poss up and led him to the mourners' bench, where he had to stay till the meeting was over. His cousins at the close gathered about him, while Uncle Orrin was unhitching the old mare. "How did you feel, Poss, being prayed for at the mourners' bench near the pulpit?" "I felt mighty sneakin'," he replied.

As the boys grew older, and were healthy and roguish enough to be worldly, Uncle Bung, often obliged by infirmities to remain at home Sundays, looked after them there. They were too old to round up and bring to church on stormy days. They always had a sore toe or some intense abdominal pain. Uncle Bung, zealous and watchful, would be out to see the returning brethren pass, after church. "How was the meeting today?" he asked. "We had a splendid sermon," was the reply. "Yes, yes; I knew the Lord was with you, for the devil was in my boys at home." The devil, however, was not able to



corrupt and ruin a large number of Uncle Bung's grandchildren now living in the West.

From other boyhood recollections which Father reduced to writing during the fall and winter of 1904-1905, under the same title, I quote:

Every family had a Bible, and some had Clarke's *Commentaries*, and Fox's *Book of Martyrs* with its rude woodcut pictures of men tied to a stake and a large fire of burning wood about their legs. We boys were not shocked by the cruelty, but thought it fooling away the wood. "Why not boil sap with it?" With few books, and active minds, the early settlers had a thirst for growth in knowledge. They drifted into the discussion of religious dogmas: foreordination, election, justification by faith, and other tenets. These religious discussions, aided by the *Columbian Reader*, Daboll's *Arithmetic* and Kirkham's or Murray's *Grammar*, increased the activity of their minds. I never knew any ill will or hatred to result; and sharp controversies often increased their friendship. But, like Goldsmith's village schoolmaster, none of them ever yielded;

For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still.

Here and there a mover came in, who had Volney's *Ruins*, or Paine's *Age of Reason*. A good old deacon heard of one and went to see the brethren. He said, "The devil is among us—a free-thinker. We must root him out." A few lived what the brethren called ungodly lives, but they were accounted sinners and heathen in social life. The preachers were circuit riders in those days, with no salary. They did much good to set people to thinking, and often gave the hand of help on some short job of work.

The boys of sixty years ago were far more happy than the boys of today. They lived in close touch with the woods and fields, the birds and flowers, and with all nature in its original splendor as God gave it. The wild animals were a delight to them. The boys soon learned their curious ways. Squirrels, plentiful and cunning, gathered their beechnuts in the fall, and stored enough in hollow trees to last through cold spells in winter.

I remember the first 'possum I killed. It was a hot day, but I chased him and mauled him with a club till he was as dead as a doornail. I took him by his rope tail and started home, a very proud boy. Hot and sweltering, when I reached our favorite swimming hole at the river, I laid the dead 'possum down and, stripping off shirt and pants, plunged in for a delightful swim and bath. In two or three minutes I came up on the bank—and the 'possum was gone!

Many of the birds and the animals of the early days disappeared after the farms were cleared. Formerly, millions of pigeons flew north in spring, and south in October and November. Where they nested and hatched their birdlings in spring, and where they wintered, we never knew. Some of these vast flocks were more than an hour in passing over us, and at times became a dark cloud that hid the sun in a cloudless day. They flew a little high generally for small bird shot, but we got enough for pigeon pie and fried pigeon till we longed for salt pork.

Wheat was sown among the blackened stumps and large logs early in October, and we boys had to watch the newly seeded wheat field; for many of the kernels were only half covered, and the pigeons knew it. We had either a homemade fish net, or a "figure 4" trap, and we fixed a spring pole to spring



the upright net, or a long string to pull the trap. We often caught a dozen or more birds in this way. The pigeons would sometimes settle down in the edge of a large beech forest, and, flying over and over each other, a few feet at a time, would soon clear forty or fifty acres of nuts and seeds. In a few seasons they disappeared, and I have not seen a single pigeon of that breed for over forty years.

We still hear the honk of the wild goose in fall and spring, but not so often. The cry of the loon, once so common, we hear no more; and the whippoorwill's nightly song is now seldom heard. The crow we always have with us. A cunning bird, I rather like him. He will take a hint quickly and keep away, but he is often hard to fool with a scarecrow—an old hat and a coat on a man of straw. In pioneer days, we boys were told to pull some long hairs from the old mare's tail, and with an awl punch holes through three or four dozen kernels of corn. Tying the horse hair through the hole with double knot, we scattered the corn where the crows got their breakfast in the cornfield. The crows found the corn and flew off with long fiddlestring hairs sticking from their mouths. I never knew them to return for a meal.

The boys early learned to line wild bees from the delicious basswood blossoms in June. In the fall, the big boys and Father would fell the bee tree, and bring home forty or fifty pounds of delicious honey for buckwheat cakes during the winter months. With the breakup of winter, we tapped the maples for sugar. How delightful it was! Two or three iron kettles between great logs, and the yoke of oxen coming every half-hour with a barrel of sap. The smoke and steam rose above the grand woods.

Blue jays and robins gave out their happy notes. We loved to see the cock robins fight while the female sat on a branch near by looking askance at them. She knew they were fighting for her. We used to bet marbles on the victor; but we often got mixed up on our robins, they flew and fought so fast. Then came nest building with Sir Knight, the conqueror, and his loyal mate. They had no divorce courts, but were leal and loving. Bird songs filled the air, and the mellow tones of the sap tunnel resounded from camp to camp.

The porcupine was a singular animal. I observed but few of them in early days. I remember that when a boy I saw one near the river. I thought it a young woodchuck, and ran to catch it. My mother, who happened to be with me, called in sharp voice, "Don't touch it; it is a hedgehog." The dogs quickly learned to let them alone, for the sharp little quills worked deeper and deeper into the dog's mouth and gave him great pain for weeks. But their power for defence was not enough to preserve them.

The beaver, sable, and even the cunning fox left the forest and streams with the coming of the early settlers. The fox held his home the longest. His real home was in holes and caves of the sandstone ledges. On many farms there was a clearing in the rear for a meadow. Farmers had no stables for cattle, and the dense forest that fringed the back meadow protected their stock from winter storms. The meadow furnished the finest redbtop and timothy hay to feed them from the stack in the coldest months. One cold winter morning I started on the run to feed the cattle half a mile away in the back meadow. They were all lying down in the fringe and shelter of the woods. I saw a dog get up and scamper off into the forest, and I reported the fact at breakfast on my return. The old settler replied, "It was not a dog, but a fox, that left his hole in the rocks to come and snug under a cow to keep warm."

The beaver was the first to give up his native home to his cruel enemy, man. The deer and bear went next; then wild turkeys and wolves. The fox made



a hard fight to prevent race extinction. Only the woodchuck, skunk, and rabbit seem able to hold their homes against their common enemy, man.

It would require a volume to record all of Father's reminiscences of his boyhood days. A few more anecdotes or character sketches of neighbors must here suffice. I may merely mention "old Father Giles, who furnished all the piety for two or three generations" of his family. "He used big words without knowing their meaning. 'How is your son?' he was asked. 'Oh, Dan'l's fust rate, he's made over five hundred dollars tradin' hosses and pilferin' round.' " He once took "cabinet passage on a compeller to Shetongo" (Chicago); and during the Crimean War he expressed much interest in the "Kazar" of all the Russias. Father delighted to tell of "Daddy Giles, in tremulous tones, petitioning the Creator: 'O thou great diagonal God, may we not come into thy presence as a hoss rusheth into battle.' "

A favorite among Father's whimsical phrases was, "Since you urge me so." He gave the key to it as follows:

In pioneer days a quaint character, Jesse North, made reeds for the looms of housewives who did their own weaving. "Uncle Jess" managed to get pay for his reeds, and also to board around and get his living free by talking of election, sanctification, and other theological subjects common in the conversation of those days. Uncle Jess was a voracious eater. He would sometimes go from house to house and eat two or three breakfasts or hearty dinners in a day. Old Deacon Goodwin, a generous old neighbor, finally grew spunky, after he had fed Jess scores of times to meals at all hours. The Deacon said that Uncle Jess was eating him out of house and home, just because Jess agreed with him on foreordination and justification by faith.

The Deacon had just asked the blessing, having resolved firmly to stop Jess from living on him any more. A knock at the door, and the hungry face of Jess appeared, smiling. The Deacon looked daggers, and was cold as a Dakota blizzard. In freezing voice he spoke, "Jess, you have eat your breakfast, I think?" Jess replied, "Well, no, Brother Goodwin; but since you urge me so, I will accept your kind invitation and tell you that I have come to think as you do on some points in your very wise views on the doctrine of election and kindred topics." Uncle Jess had a "welcome" seat and cleared the table of all eatables.

Another character sketch:

Among the early settlers along the valley of the Chagrin River, were Hezekiah Russ and wife from Connecticut. He had four boys: David, Jonathan, Josiah, and Amasa. He also had two daughters, Fanny and Mary Ann. Daddy Russ never belonged to any church and so far as I know never attended church, but he was voluble in quotations from the Bible, especially the Old Testament. A sort of walking commentary in discussing religious dogmas, he bothered the Calvinists, Methodists, and Baptists with quotations against their respective tenets. He was always ready to argue doctrinal points, and always good-natured, honest, witty, and shiftless. Never known to do a day's work, he was never idle; but always poking about, going to mill with a bushel of corn on his shoulder, or visiting the neighbors to "talk Scriptur'." He was six feet high, of powerful frame, loose-jointed, much like a bear or groundhog.



The Henry boys were always on the watch for Daddy Russ, sack on shoulder, on his way to mill. With grave faces and meek, respectful demeanor, they appeared as penitents at the mourners' bench asking for good fruit from the tree of knowledge. Daddy was always glad to "quote Scriptur'" and show them the strait and narrow path. Meanwhile he would shift the bag of corn from one shoulder to the other for nearly an hour. This was just the thing that the serious young seekers for the light wanted. They had their fun after Daddy walked away to mill with his grist. They always treated him with respect and deference, and Daddy always liked the Henry boys as "good boys."

Fond of his toddy, as he called it, he had plenty of "scriptur'" as justification. He often quoted, "A little wine for the stomach's sake," and with rapid citations proved that great good was accomplished for the children of Israel by getting somebody drunk. He himself was never known to be drunk or even top-heavy, but his great flabby frame—"copper-lined tank" some of the Henrys called it—would walk off with renewed energy after swallowing two or three glasses of brandy.

Tom, a jolly joker, presided at the stage relay house at the Falls. Brandy was six cents a glass, and whiskey three cents. Water glasses were used at the bar in those days. Daddy Russ, after a walk of five miles, entered, and laying down six cents, asked for a drink of brandy. Tom placed decanter and glass on the bar. Daddy filled the tumbler full to the brim, and drank it off as so much water. The loafers grinned, seeing a joke on Tom. Ready to turn the joke away from himself, Tom shoved back to Daddy three cents. Daddy, unconscious of any joke, asked, "What! don't you ask more than three cents for brandy?" "Not when I wholesale it," replied Tom with gravity. The honest old man shoved the three cents across the bar, saying, "If it's as cheap as that, I'll take another. Fill it up again."

A bystander offered to pay for another glass. "No," replied Daddy, "a little for the stomach's sake is enough. Mebbe I'll take a tumbler of whiskey before I go home in a few minutes." He was provided, and someone offered to bet a dollar that Daddy would get tired and fall by the wayside before he reached the top of the hill half a mile away. The offer was quickly taken by a youth who knew that Daddy was "copper-lined," and the old man, with elastic step, disappeared over the hill for his home.

There were still other figures, familiar though less personal, in Father's recollections of his boyhood days:

When the shoemaker [Silas Bolton or Sheldon Ide] came around "whipping the cat," to make shoes for the family in the fall, I often wished as a lad that I could be a shoemaker too. His bench was in the cosy corner. A large kettle of corn-meal mush, fresh and yellow, hung from the hook on the crane over the fire. Singing merry songs and telling funny stories, he drove his pegs with wonderful dexterity and speed. He cut and split his pegs from a maple log in the ample wood pile and baked them in a spider at the fire. When he called for linen thread, spun on the little wheel, it was always ready. Doubling it and rolling it, over his leather apron, on his right leg, he would wax his thread and, sticking in a hog bristle, make seams that would wear a year with the hardest use among the roots and stumps.

The finest and softest calfskin, tanned near by, went into shoes for Mother and the girls. For boots of the men and boys, he took the heavy cowhide. Tanners tanned hides of calves, sheep, and stags, on halves, so farmers had rolls of all kinds of leather. The rule was that the cat-whipper should stop

when a shoe was done, and eat a quart bowl of mush and milk. We boys had fond hopes of learning the shoemaker's trade. It was such a jolly life to go from house to house and make shoes and boots for the family in cold weather, and tell stories from the corner of the log house, with its broad, generous fireplace.

We never, however, expected to reach the high plane of stage driver. He was a major general, far above the presiding elder, or the member of Congress. Two lines of stages ran, by zigzag routes, between Cleveland and Pittsburg; weekly at first, then twice a week, and finally daily; for the movement from the Eastern States was increasing fast. The first line went from Cleveland to Warren, by way of Chagrin Falls and Parkman, and from Warren, down the Mahoning Valley, to the Ohio River; the other, by way of Akron, Ravenna and farther south, to the river. The shortest route ran *via* Warren; hence the coaches of that line were full, especially from Pittsburg. We boys were always anxious to see the mail coach arrive, and eager to go to the post office for the long expected letter from friends in the East. We wanted to see the jolly-faced driver, on his high seat, with elegant gloves of buckskin, handle his four "lines" and crack his whip. When he stepped down from the coach, we backed off to a respectful distance.

The humble postmaster hurried to change the way mailbag and place it in front of the driver's seat. The driver was too great a man to touch it, only to throw it off at the next town. Meanwhile, the passengers had got out at the tavern, "to stretch their legs," as they said, with a little walk. Most of them went to the barroom to stretch their necks and limber up their tongues with "conversation water." The driver pulled on his neat gloves, took his four reins in hand, and swung around to the tavern. At the toot of his mellow horn, all scrambled aboard, and away they went, in a cloud of dust, for the next town.



## 4. *Fanaticism and Follies*

THE decade in which Father was born emerges historically as a period of social, political, and religious unrest. "All the conditions of life were changing so rapidly," says Alexander Johnston in *The United States, its History and Constitution*, "that it was natural that the minds of men should change with them and become unsettled. This was the era of new sects, of communities, of fantastic proposals of every kind, of transcendentalism in religion and politics." From among these movements, some of which were visionary in the good but more in the bad sense, the early settlers in Bainbridge came into close touch with the beginnings of two that assumed national proportions, Mormonism and Abolitionism.

Allusions already made herein, to the pioneers' habit of religious discussion, to the "Holmes fog," to the "Campbellite" reformation, to the "New Divinity" men, and finally to the Mormons, suggest certainly the existence of an unusual religious ferment. Among the many Disciples of Christ, or "Campbellites," on the Western Reserve, who were attracted for a season into the Mormon fold, Sidney Rigdon stood easily first. Ambitious, erratic, and eloquent, but not over-scrupulous, he became at once the brains of Mormondom. Grandfather John Henry maintained that he probably compiled the *Book of Mormon* while sojourning one winter (1825-1826)<sup>1</sup> in Bainbridge. In his quarters south of the Center, he seemed always to be writing, sometimes far into the night; and though he received courteously all who called, he would first lift the lid of his desk and lock his mysterious manuscript away therein before admitting them.

Some years of foreknowledge of the appearance of the *Book of Mormon* in April, 1830 (it was ready for the press in June, 1829), is, moreover, expressly ascribed to Rigdon by various contemporaries and particularly in a letter from Darwin Atwater, of Mantua, to the author of Hayden's *Early History of the Disciples in the Western Reserve*, quoted at pages 239 and 240 of that work. In a communication to the *Cleveland Leader*, which appeared in its issue of Sunday, March 14, 1886, Father wrote from Geauga Lake, under date of March 9, the following account of Rigdon's connection with "The Spaulding Manuscript and Book of Mormon."

Other engagements prevented my hearing President Fairchild's lecture last evening upon the *Book of Mormon* and its relation to the Spaulding

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<sup>1</sup> Linn's *The History of the Mormons*, p. 60; Hayden's *Early History of the Disciples in the Western Reserve*, p. 191.

manuscript. It has been the popular belief among older citizens of the Reserve, and especially among those who had personal contact with early Mormonism, that the *Book of Mormon* was made up in part from the Spaulding document, and yet there was no direct or positive evidence to prove it. From some facts and incidents connected with the career of Joseph Smith and Sidney Rigdon when they were in Geauga and Portage counties preaching their alleged new gospel I came to the conclusion some years ago that the *Book of Mormon* was the work of Sidney Rigdon, with perhaps some changes and additions by Smith or others. So far as I know, these facts and circumstances have never been published. The truth or falsity of the Spaulding matter in no manner affects them, and they came to me in a way that leaves no doubt in my mind that the *Book of Mormon*, or a large part thereof, was written by Rigdon within two miles of the spot where I am now writing.

George Wilber, one of the early pioneers of Geauga county, taught school, the winter following the alliance of Smith and Rigdon, in a log schoolhouse a mile south of the center of Bainbridge. Rigdon lived in a log house about two hundred yards from the schoolhouse, and young Wilber, who had heard Rigdon preach before his alliance with Smith, often called on him during the noon hour of recess and sometimes in the evening.

Rigdon had acquired the reputation of being something of a Biblical scholar among the pioneers, and was also a very persuasive and eloquent preacher. Some of the keen-sighted people, however, had lost confidence in him. They discovered that he had a strong religious ambition that was not tempered by Christian grace and humility. For a year or more before the advent of Smith they saw that Rigdon was bent on devising some new dogma—in short, to start a new church or sect that he could call his own or whose leadership he would share with only a few.

It may be proper to state that George Wilber was at that time a young man of high character and good education, and for more than forty years no one in Geauga or Portage had a better reputation for truth and moderation. He was the father of Prof. C. D. Wilber, now of Nebraska, who was a roommate of General Garfield at Williams College. He died about forty years ago at Aurora, Illinois. Wilber's statement, moreover, of the work and conduct of Rigdon that winter, was corroborated by some of the neighbors in the school district.

Rigdon did not preach that winter, but was almost constantly engaged upon a manuscript that he was writing or revising. Wilber noticed, towards the close of the term, there was much more of it than there was the first time he saw it. Rigdon had before that been free and communicative, especially upon religious topics; he now appeared reserved and at times reticent. Whenever any reference was made to his manuscript he seemed disposed to parry inquiry by some general explanation that he was making notes or preparing some paper to throw light upon some portions of the gospel.

The following spring Smith appeared and he and Rigdon went off together and were gone some months. It was reported that they had gone to Pittsburgh, but whether true or not, no one could say. It was generally believed, however, that Smith at least visited western New York before either returned to Ohio. Soon after their return the *Book of Mormon* was announced. Smith was mysterious and silent, assuming familiarity with the supernatural. It was difficult to measure or discover his powers or qualities, because of his



silence and professions as a prophet. Those who were not awed by the glamour of mystery became convinced of one thing, that he was a man of little or no education, while Rigdon was a fine orator, a fair writer, and among the men of that day a good scholar.

Rigdon believed that his own attainments would put him at the head of the new church. It did not take him long, however, to see that he had failed to measure properly those masterly powers of his companion in acting the part of the prophet. In a few months he was convinced that he must take a subordinate part, and from that time onward his zeal flagged. He drifted along, though still a leader, until the death of Smith, when he found that Brigham Young, a natural leader of the class of men who composed their followers, held the reins of power with a strong hand. Rigdon became disgusted and disheartened. He soon left them forever, and died some years ago in Pennsylvania.

Nine years ago this winter, I spent two weeks in Salt Lake City. Elder Orson Pratt had been for many years the historian of the Mormon Church. As my father had been acquainted with him in his younger days, I called upon him and made myself known. He was then an old man of about eighty years. During our conversation, I inquired of him why it was that his people crossed what was called the Great Desert and settled at Salt Lake. He replied that they had Fremont's narrative and that he carried a copy during their journey over the plains and mountains.

In the history of the Mormon church it is stated that Pratt was with the advance guard, and on their arrival at Salt Lake, Pratt made observations and found the latitude and longitude. Soon after the interview I examined a copy of Fremont's narrative and found the latitude and longitude given. Now, Pratt was not scholar enough to take an observation of that kind, so he must have announced their locality from the information given by Fremont. It is due to Elder Pratt to say that I do not believe he wrote the statement. He was more of a custodian of Mormon records than historian, and probably permitted the statement to be made.

The *Book of Mormon* contains many internal evidences that Sidney Rigdon was the author of at least a good portion of it. How many others had a hand in it, or what other manuscripts, if any, assisted in the work, it would be difficult now to determine.

Edward H. Anderson, the authorized compiler of *A Brief History of the Church of Christ of Latter Day Saints*, declared that Rigdon embraced their faith about November, 1830, in or near Kirtland, Ohio; and going straight-way to New York "to inquire of the Prophet what was the will of the Lord concerning" him, he "was retained to assist Joseph as scribe in the inspired revision of the Holy Bible, which work was begun just before the close of the year 1830." With Smith, Rigdon returned to Ohio about February 1, 1831, and that summer they made a short trip to Missouri. Coming back to Ohio, they lived in Hiram, Portage County, until the following April, when they again visited Missouri, both having been tarred and feathered in Hiram, during the night of March 24-25, 1832.<sup>1</sup> They returned to Kirtland in June

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<sup>1</sup> See the *Geauga Gazette* for April 17, 1832, in the Western Reserve Historical Society. (Misc. No. 21.)

of that year, and according to Anderson completed their "revision" of the New Testament on February 2, 1833.

In view of these dates there seems to be no warrant for the conjecture that this revision, rather than the *Book of Mormon*, was the work on which Rigdon labored in Bainbridge in 1825-1826. The impress of Mormon proselyting during the next few years, though visible in Bainbridge, was less apparent there than in some of the surrounding towns. None of the Henrys was inveigled into the movement, although in 1837, when the Mormons' cavalcade passed through Bainbridge on their journey to Nauvoo, Illinois, and camped on the Case farm in Aurora, Carlos Henry as a boy came near going with them, and John and Harriet Squire, near neighbors, did go—the latter marrying the Mormon Elder Snow.

The Abolition movement struck yet closer home. The Henrys, for generations opposed to slavery, aligned themselves with the Federalists first, and then with the Whigs, while those parties lasted. "They were all," said Father in a letter from "Home, October 21, 1904," "disciples of Washington, Hamilton, Webster, Clay, and Corwin." Though too young to remember much about the "Log Cabin Campaign" of 1840, Father must often have sung in boyish play, as he sometimes did in after years, the stirring campaign songs of the Whigs:

Oh, what has caused this great commotion, motion, motion,  
All the country through?  
It is the ball a-rolling on  
For Tippecanoe and Tyler, too,  
And with 'em we'll beat little Van,  
Van, Van is a used up man;  
And with 'em we'll beat little Van.

The "Log Cabin Song," set to the tune of "Highland Laddie," was another:<sup>1</sup>

Oh, where, tell me where, was your Buckeye Cabin made?  
Oh, where, tell me where, was your Buckeye Cabin made?  
'Twas built among the merry boys who wield the plow and spade  
Where the Log Cabins stand in the bonnie Buckeye shade.

From the Mexican War the Henrys stood aloof. "They were intelligent enough," continued Father, "to know that it was simply a war for more slave territory. They felt, with Tom Corwin, that they were loyal Americans, but if they were Mexicans, they would welcome President Polk's soldiers 'with bloody hands to hospitable graves'." Corwin's eloquence and epigrams, especially his definition of the Democracy, were quite enough to captivate the boyish imagination of Father, as well as of all the young Whigs of his day, and to steel their hearts against the party which "was original with sin and

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<sup>1</sup> Both are quoted in full in Howe's *Historical Collections of Ohio*, Vol. 2, pp. 707-9. Each had many stanzas.



will remain intact so long as the carnal heart of man is at enmity towards God." Father added:

My father took me when a little boy to hear Corwin. My recollection is of a dark-skinned, round, jolly face, and of oratory like a first class presiding elder's. Corwin, however, kept the crowd shouting and laughing—far different from the groans and "amens" evoked by a presiding elder at a camp meeting. Henry Clay and Corwin were second only to Wesley in those exciting log house days.

The antislavery views of the Henrys thus fell short of the extreme, uncompromising abolitionism of Garrison and the Antislavery Society. Not until the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850 was crammed down the throats of patriotic party men in the North, did their hatred of slavery compete with their love of country.

When Father was fifteen years old, there lived, near the center of Bainbridge, Oliver Owen Brown, brother to him who, a few years afterwards, attained to immortality as John Brown of Harpers Ferry. With Oliver, as with John, patriotism, religion, and the moral law were centered, if not actually merged, in Abolitionism. He had bought his farm there, subject to the prior lease of a small portion thereof as a meetinghouse lot for such term as the First Congregational Society of Bainbridge should so use it. Brown desired to have the meetinghouse at his disposal for Abolition meetings. He therefore bought all the "slips" or pews, he could get. To Doctor Shipherd, who, though something of a freethinker, owned a church pew, he is said to have traded part of a litter of pups for the Doctor's interest in the sacred edifice. With the Reverend Mead Holmes, the Congregational minister, Brown arranged for the use of the church, on a Sunday afternoon (October 12?) in the fall of 1851 for an antislavery address by Parker Pillsbury. This meant of course the intermitting of the regular afternoon preaching service.

The morning service on that Sunday was unusually well attended. Influenced probably by this fact and by the opposition of members who objected to the church's being used for an Abolition meeting, Holmes saw fit to disregard his arrangement with Brown, and announced that he himself would speak there again that afternoon. Brown arose and reminded him of their understanding. But the minister, ignoring Brown's claims, reiterated his announcement. Pointing his finger at Holmes, and in a voice quivering with anger, Brown rejoined: "If you preach here this afternoon, it will be the last time you will ever preach from that pulpit!"

The congregation sat thunderstruck at this threat. Holmes defiantly held the fort, but preached to only a handful that afternoon, while the "Abby Kelleyites" held a great open air meeting close by. The next day Brown carried out his threat in unique and literal fashion. Running a fence along the road in front of the meetinghouse, he took the lot into his own farm

enclosure. Having forced the door by breaking off the lock, he then took possession of the building, menacing with stones and with terrible looks and gestures the boys and others who dared to peek in through the windows. Good old Deacon Childs was summoned, and sought to reason with him; but to no purpose. Prying loose the pulpit, Brown shoved it down the aisle and through the door into the yard. He then set it on fire and burned it, together with the Bible and cushion. Holmes had preached for the last time in that pulpit!

Angry litigation grew out of this incident. In the trial at Chardon of the chancery suit brought against Brown by "Calvin P. Henry, Lyman Fowler, and William R. Howard, Trustees of the First Congregational Society of Bainbridge," Brown was of course worsted; but the church languished and died. It had originally been Presbyterian, but a great revival brought in Calvin Henry and wife, his father, and others, till the new infusion of Methodism and Congregationalism turned the denominational scale. Its decline ensued not so much perhaps from differences of opinion in the composite membership concerning the proper attitude of the church towards the Abolition movement, as from the old Presbyterians' dislike of Methodist shouting, and from an ill-advised renewal of the practice of public confession of sins.

Deacon Hannum, for example, scandalized the whole community with his revelation that in selling hay he had augmented its weight by resting his elbow on the scale. Thenceforward Grandfather Henry always spoke of him as "Deacon Tipsteelyards." His son Luce admitted selling tainted pork, Brother Cowles butchered a sick cow and sold the beef, Deacon North's son confessed to committing adultery and named the accomplice, and Fidelia Smith having avowed before the congregation her fear that she loved Oliver Stone better than she loved her Lord, he, though never having waited on her, straightway "made up" to and married her.

Plainly, therefore, the disruption of the church can not be charged to Oliver Brown's desecration of the sacred edifice. Calvin Henry's daughter Julia married one of Brown's boys, and Father's sister Eliza married another, Calvin and John Henry having counseled in vain together against their daughters' wedding "a pulpit burner's sons." In the end, Grandfather, though still deprecating his child's marriage while she was so young (she was not yet nineteen), declared his unwillingness to forbid the union, and Grandmother stoically added, "I concur in what your father says."

"The older Henrys," wrote Father from Dallas, on December 31, 1890, "never succeeded in either breaking or making a match." But the girls might better have listened to parental advice, for they both had finally to divorce their husbands. Barbaric, elemental forces, for good and evil, reigned in the willful, passionate Brown blood. Grandmother, still unreconciled and despondent a month after her daughter's marriage, thus repined in her husband's



old class-meeting record book, that common repository of their hearts' moanings :

April 11th 1857

E was married the 10th of March and moved the 1st of April 1857. Since I have wove 21 yards of carpet for Mrs. Kennedy—spooled and warped 30 ys for Theodore K beside writing one letter.

Wen Apr 15 Eliza has been gone 2 wks O how lonely I have been may I spend my time in preparing for my last change I feel it will not be long—O my children will they meet me in Glory? alas they I fear are most of them in the downward road my inmost soul cries out O Lord turn them from darkness to light.

Father, writing to me from Dallas, November 19, 1889, concerning his sister Eliza's daughters, whom he loved next to his own, said :

Their mother was one of the sweetest-tempered little birds I ever knew. I look back to long years of childhood with her, and through them all she was sweet-tempered and full of sunshine, and years afterward was a tender mother before her babies could know or reason. Most wives can be driven to the grave, a madhouse, or moral destruction, but a Henry woman can only crush all under foot and act queer.

There is, however, abundant justification in their father's character for the respect and love which my Aunt Eliza's children always felt for him. She was a girl of thirteen, and lived with her married sister Ann not far from the Center at the time of the pulpit-burning episode. She told me that she and her future husband were then the youngest pupils in the select school, which the Reverend Mead Holmes and his wife were conducting in connection with his pastorate in Bainbridge, and that she was present in church when Oliver Brown made his memorable threat. She liked the minister, but thought that he did wrong in breaking faith with Brown.

Presumably concerning this select school, Father wrote on October 13, 1904, that "Old Deacon Childs urged and worked for a high school at the Center. It was sixty years ago, and he got it." Again, on October 16, he wrote :

Every Saturday afternoon was set apart for literary exercises at the Center high school. The Henrys were always there; also about all the old leading citizens. Deacon Childs, one of the best citizens and a man of good judgment and unschooled Yankee shrewdness, came regularly to aid in propounding and discussing scientific questions. Every one could ask a question to pass around for others to solve. Word was whispered about that Deacon Childs' question should be a poser, with no one able to answer it. Under the rule, the one asking a question must then give the correct reply himself.

It was a cold winter day. The Deacon's turn came. Darwin, Huxley, Tyn-dall, or even Herbert Spencer, never felt wiser and more confident than the good old Deacon. He asked: "Why is it that you take two buckets of water, one from the well and the other just b'iled, and set them out together on a freezin' day, and the b'iled water will freeze fust?"

No one could solve the problem. The boys had fixed that. The "Professor" then announced, "Deacon, none present can answer; you must give the answer yourself." No scientist ever had a prouder chance to unlock the secrets of nature. The Deacon replied, "Because the b'ilin' has killed all the little qu'tters [creatures], and the water fresh from the well has all the little qu'tters swimmin' around to keep the water from freezin'."

This reminiscence of a patron of higher learning in Bainbridge would be incomplete without another, anent his taking off:

Old Bill Wilson took the contract in early days to dig all the graves for a dollar each. A "sort of" member of the church, he always broke out in ejaculations, profane with sinners, but more reverent with the brethren, on being notified to dig a grave in winter when the ground was frozen. His ejaculations furnished much merriment for the boys. He, however, was not the jolly grave digger in Hamlet, tossing up the skull for Hamlet's musing, "Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest," etc. Old Bill dug his graves without pleasantries or jokes, but with much growling, especially in biting weather.

Good old Deacon Childs died in midwinter. The ground was frozen deep. The Deacon weighed over three hundred pounds, and the grave must be large. Bill was tearing mad. "Just like the stingy old cuss," said he, "to die when the ground is frozen two feet deep." Bill, however, dug the grave. The next day one of the Henry boys gravely informed him that he must dig it larger—that the coffin was larger than the grave. Bill flew into a torrent of ejaculations. "I want you to understand, Mr. Henry, that I didn't take a contract to dig a *sullar* [cellar] in frozen ground for a dollar."

The following impressionistic epistle, from Father's younger brother, Edward, to their sister, Ann Brewster, contains so many interesting memories of their parents; of their cousins, Nelson Henry, Daniel and Athalia Lacy, Supe, Hack, and King Henry; of Oliver Brown's sons; and of divers other relatives and neighbors, that I must needs quote it to complete the picture of Father's boyhood days:

Chicago, October 29, 1905.

Sunday Morning.

My dear Sister Ann,—You can not imagine how much good your letter did me; you tell so much in a few words. It made me laugh to hear how you cautioned the Deacon in going to church "to remember the text." As you say, that was what Mother in heaven always taught us. But I remember a terrible spanking Father gave me for telling too much. Not only the text I repeated (as though it was nothing), but I rattled off how many chipmunks we stoned from the turn in the old road, above Deacon Ellis's, to Linton's, and Hopkins' Mill, and also how many new colts I saw, and how Nettie Ellis backed her colt out of an entanglement, and how many seats in the church, and what Aunt Mary said in class meeting, and how Deacon or Father Ely's boots squeaked in leading in prayer, how many little windows in the church—until Father grabbed me by the neck and had me over his knee "like they did in the War of 1812" and gave me several tremend-u-ous spansks, with the lesson, "There, young saucebox, I'll teach you to profane the Sabbath." All these sunny memories your letter recalled.



Your information of Lemuel Brown's death was also a factor of many memories. Some Kansas pioneers were talking to me a few days ago about Kansas and the Browns, and I mentioned Lem's name, and then you wrote of his death. I remember him best the spring when I worked for Nelson. Whenever Lem came to visit, things had to move. Energetic, go-ahead, fixing up things; sometimes telling Nelson what he ought to do, but rather doing things than telling what to do. When our reunions of the 23d Ohio Regiment occurred at Lakeside, I sometimes found Lem and we talked for hours. Lem thought much of Nelson. He thought Nelt broad-minded, liberal, and having a correct view of life as regards our duties towards our fellow men. Lem said, "You know, Ed, how Nelt would give to every darned old beggar straw and food, let them sleep in his big barn, and hire old tramps, that did not care for work and knew nothing about farm work, just to take care of them, and have pity on their wonderful lies of disasters by field and flood; and all Nelt cared for was to have a little fun out of them and let them enjoy a few days of sunshine and happiness that is free to all."

Lem had some remarkable good qualities. He had not the polish or urbanity that Jim had. But both had the bold, go-ahead, energetic, fierce courage, that marks the heroism of old John Brown, who goes down in history as a martyr for the Abolition of Slavery that will grow forever and forever upward to the heavens.

Amid the rattle and roar of the great Rock Island trains and Lake Shore, rolling in every fifteen minutes, and hundreds of passengers, and United States mailmen rolling a dozen trucks full of mailbags that the Deacon knows about, and our seventy-five men yelling and pushing trucks full of express packages (the money and valuables pushing to me), . . . during all this rush for twelve hours, I long for the quiet of the Chagrin Valley of my youth, where, amid graceful leaves of butternut trees, and huge sycamores, and tall tasselled milkweeds, and Mother's geese swimming so gracefully, and the cows and calves chewing cuds, standing in rippling water, whisking flies with their water-filled tails, Otis and Ransom Kennedy or Julius Giles calling to me, "Ed, you little devil, if you throw any more stones at me, I'll throw you into the river,"—just what I wanted.

So when you write of the philosophizing of Shelt, "The Lord made a mistake in taking 'Riar and leaving me," amid all the uproar I laugh and laugh, so the boys may wonder what I am laughing at, as we used to [about] Father when he was talking in the woods and making furious gestures. Charley would force upon me to ask Father what or to whom he was talking. Instantly I would get two or three terrible cuffs and boxes on the side of the head, with the Methodist class-leader admonition, "There, young saucebox, I'll teach you to have good manners," while Charley would laugh and "tickle himself," not at my getting my ears boxed, but at the deeper strategy which I did not comprehend—that Charley knew I would get cuffed for my persistent, tormenting way of teasing Father.

Glad Daniel and graceful Athalia [Lacy] had a good time. She was a good teacher; and what a glorious holiday it was for us boys and girls at the old red schoolhouse, to have William McClintock come to take her home. Father and Mother thought so much of her. I have the *Second Reader* that I read to her in school. The picture is imperishable in memory of a long line of barefooted boys and girls, and graceful Athalia in pretty calico dress and a fancy apron keeping us in line, [prophetic of] years after in Company A of the 23d. And who could read the fastest was the best reader. We all wanted



to stand near Mary Henry, with her flashing, bewitching, Baldwin eyes, or Julia Andrus, or Mary Merry, who could read anything. And Ransom Kennedy was a good reader, for his mother made us read at home; and my faithful Fida, so good to me when I stayed there winters to do chores.

But Orville McClintock was the stupidest of the stupid, as Cousin King will remember. He would cross his legs as though in pain, and then the boys and girls standing near him must tell him every word. In reading about the elephant to Athalia, Orville would drawl out the words we would tell him. "The elephant is the largest of quadrupeds." Orville drawled out all the words as we whispered them to him; but "quadrupeds" was a word new to us that stumped us. So after waiting, we whispered to Orville, "Skip it." Orville drawled it out, as though reading, "skip it," and went along as though that was the reading lesson. I held my nose and mouth, and squirmed and was "full of tickle," as Sullivan Giles said.

Frederick Augustus, the genealogist and judge, sent me the *Henry Family Record*. He has done a wonderful work. It was charming, fascinating to me, and although very weary with a long day's work, I sat up late to pore over the history of the Henrys. What singular and wonderful men some of them were. I read about Charley's bosom chum, Marvin, "Supe." It has been a wonder for years what there was about Supe that made Charley cling to him with so much affection in youth. It was a proverbial Methodist warning to Charley, given in military tones, almost a yell, "You are not going off Sunday a Hacking and Suping it."

Harrison Henry I knew, and loved him; although [he was] older, yet I clung to him like a brother. His grave back of your home is recalled in many hours, even in dead of night, when we call up the departed ones. He was a brilliant speaker at the old schoolhouse. He dressed with nicety and elegance. How I liked to roam the woods to carry his game! But Hack taught me to shoot, and how little I thought that what Harrison taught me would be of use . . . in many battles. Hack could draw and write with artistic elegance. The prettiest girls at the old red schoolhouse wanted him as a beau. Lucinda Babcock, a beautiful girl, who lived at James McClintock's, and Melinda Marshall, and other girls who lived across the pond.

Charley and Hack were close companions in those days. But in earlier days Supe was Charley's faithful boon companion. So I read over Frederick's record of Supe to see what it was in his character or career that was a charm to Charley's boyhood days.<sup>1</sup>

What Frederick Augustus says about Uncle William is just right and fitting. Uncle William was blunt and spoke right out, and had the courage to say his convictions no matter what others cared about it. I meet thousands today who lack the courage to speak out what they think. It would revolutionize things if they possessed a little of Uncle William's courage. It always amused me to hear Sylvester Squire tell about his first visit to Uncle William when he moved from the background of the great hemlock swamp to the tony valley of the Chagrin.

He said, "My wife and I went up, on invitation of your Aunt Rachel, to

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<sup>1</sup> When Father was a little boy, Hack in play stuffed cherry stones into one of his ears, causing an inflammation which seriously injured his health for a long time and made him temporarily so deaf that he seemed stupid. Thereafter Huldah Kent, one of the older girls at school, took him under her protection, and insisted that the boys "Mustn't knock over little son." Hence it was, I think, that Father for a while preferred Supe to Hack.



see our new neighbors, and your Uncle William came in and we were introduced by Aunt Rachel. Your Uncle William gave two or three sniffs of the air and spoke out fiercely, 'I see you are a man that uses the nasty tobacco and I want nothing to do with you.'" Sylvester Squire, although admiring that opposite type of man, immediately arose and said to his wife, "Let us get out of this house at once." But Aunt Rachel begged so, in her heavenly way, for them to stay, saying with her vivid cry, "Pay no attention to what he says," that they stayed a few moments.

There were four distinguished characters that are living examples for us today. Aunt Rachel, without the education of the schools, yet never excelled in cookery, nicety of dress, great-hearted charity. Was any one in sickness or distress, Aunt Rachel was there with rapid hands to do and give any assistance to relieve the sufferings of her fellow beings. Mrs. Squire, large-hearted, calm, collected; laughing with sincere delight at Sylvester's odd ways; a bountiful hand to every unfortunate; her table, like Aunt Rachel's, loaded with best of provisions; giving to many without asking the conditions. There is evidence on every hand, from the flowers of the fields to the wonderful laws of the stars and moon in the heavens, that such souls as Aunt Rachel and Mrs. Squire have passed to another existence that is broader and higher than this great globe of our development.

Uncle William was good to me when a boy. How he used to scratch my thickest head of matted hair, with a fierce command, like a West Point officer would give us in army days, "Master Ed, are you going to use the nasty tobacco like your lazy father, and let Aunt Polly weave to support her family and lazy husband? If you are going to be like your father, you can not play with Kingy, and I do not want to see you as my stout young nephew." I was about eight years old. . . .

So the picture of Mother, who laughed at my nonsense. Taking the saddle in the buggy, we drove on a hot day to Chagrin Falls, and strapped the saddle on fat Dolly, that had eaten the Deacon's sweet corn Sunday after Sunday. Having a big crowd to look on, Mother was equal to the occasion, and made the photographer laugh and the crowd cheer, when she made a speech in her easy, clear, Jaqua tones, as I helped her on old Dolly's back: "This is my youngest son, Edward, who came home from the War in answer to our prayers, and graduated at Hudson; and to please him I have consented to have my picture taken on Dolly. . . ." <sup>1</sup>

It reminds me of a great sermon I heard, and "remembered the text," as you told the Deacon. It was "Jacob's Dream," I think. "This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven." Whenever our toes were stubbed, or fingers pounded, in baby days, we rushed to dear Sister Maria, when Mother was gone, to hide our face of tears in her loving lap, and feel her soothing hands and her calm words. We miss her, like Athalia. And now in age, it seems like days of long ago, when finely dressed admirers were flitting around you; and Simon, although laughing, would show his withering scorn by saying, "There is another of Ann's lovers hitching his horse to the fence," and then bang his piano to the tune of old "Saint Thomas," and sing like John Little:

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<sup>1</sup> This escapade of Uncle Ed's vexed Father, and he never cared for the photograph.

Then let our songs abound  
And every tear be dry,  
We're marching through Immanuel's ground  
To fairer worlds on high.

So you must write whenever the spirit moves you. . . .

Edward

In another letter, written to me from Chicago, on October 17, 1905, he told of some of the books in Grandfather's home:

There was one mysterious book, Brother Newton brought for Uncle William from the Methodist Book Concern, called *Mammon*. It was like the calculus to me, and no one dared give it to Uncle William. Then Mother's present from Grandfather Jaqua, *Life of Adam Clarke*, and Swedenborg's work, *Heaven and Hell. Children of the Abbey*, a wonderful book; and another old book, almost torn in pieces—it is in my memory that it was a present to your father—*Life and Adventures of Charles Ball*, a negro slave who ran away several times.

In the Adam Clarke volumes was an account of an alchemist at work on changing the common metals into gold. In a dark, stormy night, the Evil One came in disguise, and took from his pockets little fluids and changed silver into gold . . . and vanished. I fixed it up into a declamation and spoke it at the old red schoolhouse for the benefit of Ransom Kennedy and J. Harry Freeman, who applauded to the echo. But Delia Shipherd threw cold water on it by saying, "It was one of Aunt Polly's witch stories."

Uncle William had joined the Protestant Methodists, who, though they interdicted narcotics and intoxicants, and practiced feet-washing, apparently did not discourage worldly prosperity. The Methodist Episcopal publication, *Mammon*, which doubtless met this lack, but which "no one dared give to Uncle William," may have been calculated to parry the latter's thrusts at his brother John concerning tobacco and toil. But the boys, Charlie and Ed, being given to more material polemics, and quite impervious to the spiritual values in these volumes, playfully consigned each other to "heaven" and "hell" alternately, with Swedenborg's tome the fit missile to effectuate either fate. Uncle Edward wrote to me that "it was the rule of the game, if you were hit on the word 'hell,' you must drop."

Once when Father, as a boy, was going up the road towards home on Sunday morning, Uncle Ed, who had hid in the elder bushes by the wayside, hit him on the head with a stone, thrown with unexpected precision. Father ran crying to the house, where Grandfather grabbed him, with the familiar reprobation of Sabbath-breaking, and administered suitable bodily chastisement. Grandfather's government was simple. If his children's conduct called for discipline, he meted it out impartially to the one nearest at hand. Father always maintained that this mode of preserving order was quite as effectual and on the whole as just as any other.

Uncle Ed's time soon came, "turn about." He and Father were scuffling "up chamber" near the unrailed stairway, when Father managed to throw him



downstairs, slam-bang against the door at the bottom. With tremendous clatter the door burst open into the room where Grandfather sat reading his Bible. The boy was bruised and set up a loud lament. Grandfather exclaimed, "What's all this noise and uproar on the Sabbath day?" and soon the score was "evened up" between the boys.

In a letter dated, "Chicago, Ill., September 14, 1904," my Uncle Edward wrote me:

It made me feel bad to hear that your father is growing old, and his eyes failing, for he was always at his books. It is impossible to think of any one of the family growing old. Mr. Rhodes, the elocution teacher at Hiram in 1859, took great interest in my elocution, and asked me much how I recited to the old mare, cows, heifers, gray colt, and Brown and Spot, my pet oxen, and how your father could jump on to any horse, or even the steers, and ride off at a gallop, and how full of fun your father was.

One winter [1853] when there was a break in the railroad building (the old name, "Cleveland and Mahoning") your Grandfather Henry had charge of the property—wheelbarrows, shovels, picks, and several horses. Among these were two wonderful horses called Black John and Sorrel Dan. They could jump any fence in the whole neighborhood. A young Irish lad, a driver, boarded at our house and kept his eyes always on your gay Aunt Eliza. Well, he was a daring Irish lad of the type of Phil Sheridan, and he and your father would mount those two old railroad horses bareback, and let me get an armful of stones and chase them up and down the hills by the river. My strategy was to pen them up in a ravine, plugging them with stones; and how that cavalry would ride! Over the fences and up the steep banks.

One time the old Chagrin was at its flood. Even Uncle William's meadow was covered; and your father and this Charles Berryman had teased me to chase them on the horses. My maneuvers on the field had been to pen them up by the river so I could shower them with stones. Strategy did the work, and I had them galloping hither and thither to get out of the trap. All at once your father took the lead on Sorrel Dan. Seeing no way to get past me, with volley after volley of stones hurled at them, he plunged old Dan into the swift-rolling, muddy current of the great flood of the Chagrin, and struck across for Uncle William's meadow. Charley Berryman followed his leadership, the horses swimming, their backs almost under water. The volley of stones was a shower; but I was baffled. I can hear their shouts of laughter as they sat erect on those dripping steeds. I thought of Fitz-James and his gallant gray.

One time I called on Charles Berryman in Buffalo. He kept a fine saloon. Annie wife was with me; we had been to Lake George with teachers. Charley Berryman asked many questions about your father, and kept Annie laughing when he told over the plays we enjoyed. He thought there were no persons like your Grandmother Henry, your father, and Aunt Eliza. In speaking of your father he would say, "'Pon me soul! Charley Henry had the most fun in him and could perform and ride horseback to beat any boy I ever saw."

I wonder, Frederick, if all that barefoot racing up and down the hills was drilling us for the army; so that your father could walk from Cumberland Gap and live on corn grated through an old tin plate punched full of holes with a nail.



Some of Father's reminiscences of spelling schools merit notice here. Mrs. Mary Henry Kennedy (she of the "bewitching Baldwin eyes," and very dear to our family as "Aunt Mollie," though not akin to our Henrys) contributed some memories which I shall mention first. She said that in spelling-school contests between the pupils of different districts, a sled-load of spellers from the school near Hopkins' Mill, or other adjacent district, would come, with their "pronouncer," and sometimes with a list of catchwords which they had "fixed up."

Many good spellers took part, and there was one girl who never could be spelled down. She remained standing and spelling after all the rest had missed, until, tired out, she would purposely misspell a word and sit down. Father once spelled down Laura Squire, as she herself insisted, though Aunt Mollie had thought it was the other way. There is no direct reference to Father's prowess as a speller (he was not infallible) in his own account of these trials of orthographic skill:

They had spelling schools winter evenings once a week, with a few tallow candles. Webster's *Spelling Book* was the standard. Now and then a good teacher could, after a few terms, lay the book on the rude desk and walk back and forth, pronouncing words, table after table, without skipping a word. Father was noted as never using the book for a two hours' spelling school. A boy and girl were selected to choose sides. The teacher generally named these from among the best scholars who were friendly but not too sweet on each other. The two were king and queen for that night. Both wanted the best spellers, yet both had their friends and rivals. King and queen must confer to get their boy and girl friends together and to separate those whom they did not like. Thus two lovers could sit together or cast sly and loving glances across the room, all the evening. The choosers thus had great power to favor friends and punish rivals and enemies.

The grand time came at the recess of fifteen minutes after an hour's spelling. One of the rigid and inexorable unwritten laws, which governed at all spelling schools, provided that the boys must not stay in the house and flirt with the girls at recess, but go out and wrestle, collar and elbow, side hold, or back hold, or rough and tumble; or else stand and jump; hop, skip and jump; or play "crack the whip," or "fox and geese" when there was snow. Fist fights were stopped at once, but sometimes occurred on the way home. There was no brutality in wrestling and other games like the present scientific game of football in our great universities. Our shins were black and blue with bruises from ankle to knee all winter from wrestling at spelling school, but no bones were broken nor lives lost by brutal athletics.

After recess, came the spelling down by rival sides, and speaking pieces, and little plays such as we found in the readers. The best boy to speak a piece in the adjoining district was Dud Pritchard. The two districts often met as rivals in spelling and speaking pieces. If a boy by stage fright forgot a part, he would look the picture of anxiety and distress. A ripple of laughter all around the schoolhouse would drive him to shame and despair, and he would dash for the door and sneak around outside.

Dud, however, was one of the most self-composed boys I ever heard. He had a pleasant voice and we all liked to hear him. About his age, I was often



pitted against him in elbow and shoulder wrestling matches between the two districts. I liked him for he "wrestled fair." His folks moved West, and I heard of him no more for many long years till we both turned up at Hiram. The War came on and I again lost track of Dud till its close, when I read in the papers an account of the capture of Jeff Davis by Colonel Pritchard of a Michigan cavalry regiment. The same old Dud.

Spelling school out, and then came the grand and anxious finale, when the boys, with throbbing hearts, each crooked his elbow to the girl he loved best, to escort her home in safety. The girl also had anxious heartbeats to dodge and get away from the boy she disliked and give the boy she wanted a fair chance. They generally paired off without any of the girls being obliged to give an ardent admirer "the mitten." The boys, many years after, during the Civil War, never went into battle in greater terror and bumping of hearts than each went through in asking, with crooked elbow, his first girl, to escort her home.

I remember my first girl. Coy and bashful but a clipper to spell. She spelled our school down and we put her up to spell the other school down. She did it so modestly and so meekly that I fell dead in love with her. My heart seemed to knock about trying to get outside of me. I had a few big words that I thought I must put together, but in my terror and confusion, I somehow got them mixed up. With crooked elbow and stammering voice I asked, "Would your company be acceptable to me to your home?" She coyly "hooked on," as they called it, and from that time to the close of the winter I was her slave, her knight, eager to defend her from all dangers at spelling schools."

Father seems always to have kept in close sympathy with his father, whose integrity and loving kindness he never ceased to extol. When a relentless creditor of Grandfather's brother Milo sought, about 1836, to imprison the latter for a debt which he could not pay,<sup>1</sup> it was John Henry, who, guided by his mimicry of the whippoorwill's cry, traced him to his covert in the woods and succored him till he could arrange for the removal of his family to Illinois. Again, when their sister Anne Lacy was widowed in 1841, it was Grandfather's habit, every Sunday after dinner, to visit her home two miles away, with his unfailing aid and comfort in settling up her husband's affairs and in planning the upbringing of her large family. So, too, when their brother Calvin's youngest child was born and died on the same day, about 1846, Grandfather went over to help him bury it, and made a prayer at the little grave. "Uncle John was the brother," says Nelson C. Henry, "to whom Father looked for sympathy at such times."

Still later, after the terrible scourge, smallpox, had taken three out of seven of his brother William's children in 1854, Grandfather, when Aunt Rachel, with scarred face and yearning heart, sought solace first at his fireside, took down his Bible at her instance, bade all the children be "whist as mice," and read with exquisite fitness and pathos, as quoted by Matthew, "that which was spoken by Jeremy the prophet, saying, In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning, Rachel weeping

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<sup>1</sup> Imprisonment for debt was abolished in Ohio by the Act of March 19, 1838.



for her children and would not be comforted because they are not." And then as Aunt Rachel wept softly over Eliza, the age of her own dead Ellen, Grandfather, turning to the same stately passage in the older Scripture, read on through the succeeding words of splendid consolation:

Thus saith the Lord; Refrain thy voice from weeping and thine eyes from tears; for thy work shall be rewarded, saith the Lord; and they shall come again from the land of the enemy. And there is hope in thine end, saith the Lord, that thy children shall come again to their own border.

Then Grandfather prayed, as only he could pray, till heavenly healing descended upon the mother's wounded heart. Even the younger children were thrilled unwontedly by the power of his supplication.

Father loved to dwell on incidents like these in Grandfather's kindly honest life, and to recall occasions when he was permitted to accompany his father from home or at his work. "When I grew to a sturdy lad," he wrote, "Father took me with him at times to carry one end of the chain. I thus became acquainted with the lay of the land in two or three towns." Uncle Edward, though fonder of his mother, whom he was like, also went on some such excursions with Grandfather. Of one experience of this sort he wrote in a letter transmitting to me Grandfather Henry's notes of "The surveys of the Gamaliel Kent farm, David Russ', and others":

I was with Father and carried his ink bottle and marker. The beautiful girls at Gamaliel Kent's tried to converse with me, but I hung on to Father's lap, on which his old compass rested. It was raining, and Father and Mr. Kent were talking politics. Slyly I would turn the little brass screw under the compass, for lowering the needle on to the pivot when about to take the bearings. Then Father would discover the fluttering needle, and immediately give me a terrible box on the side of the head (much to my mortification before the two beautiful girls older than I was), with a word to the Kent family, saying, "Bub is eternally witching with something." In a little while I would lower the needle again.

I could add up the "northings" and "southings," the "eastings" and "westings," and knew all that Father did, when I was ten years old. Charley and Marvin Henry generally carried the chain.

From my examination of Grandfather's field notes and reckonings, I think Uncle Edward overestimated his own precocity, just as Father overestimated the gentleness of old time athletic sports. Both agree that Shuck and Supe carried the chain between Doctor Shipherd's and their Uncle William's corners, in the relocation of the road which for several years had been disused and legally closed while those sterling characters lived at bitter enmity because the doctor had angrily sunk his ax into the flank of Uncle Bill's persistently trespassing bull.<sup>1</sup> When Doctor Shipherd bought the Russ

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<sup>1</sup> It was on June 18, 1851, that what is now Pettibone Road was reestablished forty-seven feet wide, between the corners on either side of the Chagrin valley (Geauga County Road Book D, page 152). Six days earlier John Henry had assigned to his brothers William and Calvin his beneficial interest (under the title then held in trust



farm, he wanted the road again. Father recalled that the survey made a northward bend in crossing the river, so that the wooden bridge might be conveniently and cheaply located below the sycamores on either bank, as Dr. Shipherd wanted it. The stone abutments are still in place, but the bend, after seventy years, was made straight again.

Before this, when Father was a boy of twelve, he went with his father on foot to Cleveland. When they came in sight of the town, Father said, as they looked down upon it from the eastern hills, "Cleveland is getting to be a pretty large city!" "Yes," replied Grandfather, "almost twelve thousand inhabitants."

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by his brother-in-law James McGranahan) in the half-acre between the southward bend of the new road on the west hill and the north boundary of Lot 27 which was also the north line of his farm—a strip of land shaped like an archer's bow and taut string, acute at both ends and  $23\frac{3}{4}$  feet wide in the middle. The unrecorded assignment was given me sixty-two years afterwards by W. O. Henry, grandson of William who had thus girded himself and guarded his strays by a ribbon of ground one-tenth of a mile long between Doctor Shipherd's farm and the highway.

## 5. *Working and Learning*

RECURRING now to Father's story of his early life, as he narrated it on Sunday evening, January 29, 1905, I continue the quotation from my notes :

About the first work I remember doing for pay was when I was a small boy playing around Daniel Giles's barn during threshing. "Uncle" Daniel wanted more help up on the mow. His nephew, Jule Giles, busy up there, needed some one to pass bundles to him. Uncle Daniel told me to go up and help him. Too boyish and bashful to ask him about paying me, I yet wanted to know ; so I kept asking Jule how much Uncle Daniel was going to give me. After a little, the machine stopped for something, and Jule called out, "Uncle Dan'l, this boy is doing a man's work up here and getting along all right. He wants to know how much you are going to pay him."

"Oh," said Uncle Daniel, speaking to me, "you can play away up there with the bundles and have a fine time handing them to Jule." I was modest and said nothing in reply, but had the courage to shake my head and make as if to slide down, when Jule said, "Why, damn it, Uncle Dan'l, pay him something. He'll work if you pay him." So he agreed to give me a dime, I think, if I stayed the afternoon out. I did not like to work there, but I recollect being there again, in July, 1850, when Uncle Daniel's son, Norris, died of colic from eating green apples. At that time I was working here and there for my clothes, and how weary I used to be at night !

The first regular place I had was [about 1849-1850] at James McClintock's, where I worked for twenty-five cents a day. Indeed, I worked there several times ; two winters for my board while I went to school, all one summer at six dollars per month, and another summer at thirteen dollars. The last time was about 1853 while the Mahoning road was being built, and McClintock hired me to drive a team for that work. As it turned out, he did all the teaming, while I worked in haying. At the close of the season I reminded him that I had been hired to drive a team and that I did not care to work any longer. That fall, until school began, I worked for Cad and Frank [Carlos and Francis, sons respectively of William and Orrin Henry]. They had a box factory across the road from where Cad's brother King now lives.

The second regular place I had was [about 1850-1851] at Orson Norton's, and I also worked a good deal at Gideon Kent's. I lived there two winters and went to school to him. When I was about sixteen I worked for Milton Blair ; it was at all events some time before I went to Michigan. He was a very fair man. He asked me if I could hoop barrels. I said I could. I had never done it, but I knew how to make the lock. Cutting some nice hoop sticks, I planed them down and soon got so I could do the work very rapidly. He praised my work and I got quite a name for hooping barrels. He paid me fifty cents a day.



When I was through with this [in the fall of 1852] your Uncle Simon got me to go to Huntsburg. He was teaching school there and had agreed to teach "singing geography." He knew I was fresh at it, having just had a course under Clark Blair. It was a new thing. Simon had a set of maps with the names of places, etc., omitted. There was a key to numbers on the maps. I went to his school there all winter, teaching about a half-hour per day in the daytime. I also went over to East Claridon and organized a night school of the same sort there.

I got a name for this also. Many years afterwards, when I went up there to get delegates for Garfield for Congress, old settlers recalled my teaching singing geography when I was a boy. I got my pay all in silver, over thirty dollars, and scarcely knew what to do with it. Simon's school being out, we started home together. I hired a man to carry us to Parker's tavern, where I paid for our suppers twenty-five cents each, my first hotel experience. We then took turns carrying the maps through the snow, but the walking became so bad that we left them at Auburn Corners. We reached Father's along after midnight, pretty tired; but I had come home from my winter's schooling with thirty dollars more than I had started with.

At age seventeen, Father's admiring attitude towards this elder brother is revealed in the backhand penmanship at that time affected by both. A canceled chattel mortgage in my possession, from Simon J. Henry to James McClintock, dated Bainbridge, April 18, 1853, and witnessed by Charles E. Henry, which assigns a piano to secure a debt of forty-one dollars, shows not only the latter's imitative and ornate style of signature but suggests also his brother's musical bent and characteristic improvidence. For it was on the credit of a country schoolmaster's lean hire that he took on a luxury, rare in that day, despite home needs disclosed in a letter from Huntsburg the year before (February 2, 1852) when his wife Almira, writing as she remarked "with Julia in my arms," apprised their "Dear Sister Ann" (Mrs. Brewster) that "Simon's school closes in about three weeks and then he is going to do off the parlor for Maria, so you see we are going to keep her here this summer." Later, however, they all returned to Bainbridge.

Father's narrative, resumed on Sunday, February 5, 1905, is further transcribed from my notes as follows:

My first teacher was Phebe Moffard, whose older sister Hannah married Edson Kent. Women taught the summer terms and men the winter terms. Chauncey Niece, I think, was my first winter teacher. I wore Simon's or Newton's or Nel Seward's boots when I had none of my own. Later I picked up butternuts to pay for boots. I recollect that Chauncey Niece whipped Uriah Smith, one of the bigger boys, for pushing me over on the ice and cutting my hand. The little pond where we played was northwest of the schoolhouse and across the road from the chestnut tree there. It had an island in it. There is no water there now.

I mentioned the circumstance to Garfield years afterwards, when he told me how he had tried to teach the same surly, stupid boy grammar, by having him treat a certain word, which the boy wrongly called a noun, as if it were an accused person. He tried to have the boy act as prosecutor and maintain



his charge that the word was a noun, by marshaling all the evidence he could bring as to the word's functions and duties. But the boy just grinned, and it was of no use. I remember how I was impressed by the flood of years between.

Other summer teachers that I had were Louisa McClintock and one of the daughters of Apollos White, of Twinsburg, afterwards the wife of Calvin Gilbert, of Solon, and then a neighbor of the Southworths, whose daughter Prudence was Simon's first wife. I did not go to school summers after I was big enough to work; but among my other winter teachers were Lafayette Niece, Gideon Kent, and Clark Blair.

The big boys at the old red schoolhouse were prompted by the first hint of spring, according to Uncle Ed, "to do something glorious to win the affections of the beautiful girls." So Father, without having told anyone at home, suddenly announced that he was "going to Michigan," "like the famous Griswolds who killed and captured bears and brought them home to Solon." Accordingly "Melinda Marshall and Lucinda Babcock looked on him with wonder and love." His young brother of course "ran home through deep snowdrifts" to carry the first news of "the wonderful deeds Charley proposed." "Charley-over-the-River will be sick of it," opined Grandfather. "But Charley went, and wrote long accounts to me," said Uncle Ed, "for he knew I would read them to the girls, like Mother to Methodist preachers. His rhetoric was charming: 'Brother Ed:—Amid the click and hum of many circular saws, cutting swiftly through great frozen pine logs, and occasionally the flood of light from the great furnace doors, fed with flashing pine sawdust, I write.' That won all the girls."

Father had waited to earn a summer's wage nearer home before starting for the Michigan pinery, and it was September before he finally set out. His own narrative proceeds:

The fall before I was nineteen, I went to Michigan with Nelson Root. He had determined to go, and his father, Uncle Robert, urged me to go with him. I had been talking about going West to buy land at a dollar or a dollar and a quarter an acre, and so I was persuaded to start. I took with me eighty dollars in gold which I had saved, carrying it with me in a belt around my waist. I found a place to work in a sawmill at Kawkawling, on the river of that name, for four months, at twenty dollars a month and board. The mill was run night and day, and I always worked on the morning shift that went on at midnight. For the first half of my stay my work was to jump from log to log in the river and fasten the iron dogs into two logs at a time so as to get them into the mill. I often think how foolhardy it was to work that way in the nighttime when a misstep might mean death.

The last half of the time, I worked at edging boards in the mill for a dollar a day. I remember two Scotchmen there who did the firing with sawdust, for they had no coal. When I finished my time [January 15, 1855], I could only get twenty of the eighty or ninety dollars that I had earned, and I had to take a note for the rest. I never got anything out of the note, though I sent it to a lawyer named Hall for collection, and afterwards gave Nelson an order on Hall for it. While I was there I thought of buying a



certain twenty-acre lot just back of Saginaw, but when I went out and looked at it, I thought it too sandy. It is now a part of the city.

When I started home, it was twenty-one or twenty-two miles from Lower Saginaw to Saginaw City. The river was frozen and they charged two dollars for taking anyone across. I thought I could not earn two dollars any easier than by walking, so I footed it across the smooth expanse of ice. I remember how tired and sore my muscles grew from using the same set in exactly the same way all day long. How I wished for a pair of skates!

From East Saginaw to Pontiac I took a stagecoach, and from Pontiac or Flint to Detroit, a train on the strap railroad. In one place the strap-iron rail curled up and ran through the floor of the car, bringing it to a sudden stop, but fortunately not hurting anyone. At Detroit I went and saw the fort, and then kept on to Raisin, on the Raisin River, where I stayed overnight at a log house. When I applied for lodging, they put me in bed with a boy. The next morning I noticed that he was all broken out, and I asked what the matter was. They replied that he was just getting over the varioloid, and another one there was sick with it.

Mother had written me just before of the death of three of Uncle William's children in November [1854] of the smallpox, Jane, Hack, and Ellen. They were my own cousins and near neighbors, about my own age, and very dear to me. They had taken sick and died within a short time of one another, after I had left for Michigan. You can imagine my feelings therefore when I found that I had been sleeping with a smallpox patient! I paid twenty-five cents for staying there and hurried away.

I kept on, partly on foot and partly by stage and rail, lodging at Toledo, crossing the river there by ferry, taking cars to Fremont, I think, and thence by way of Cleveland home. I then started in at district school, continuing until it was out in the spring. After that I worked all summer for Cad and Frank at eighteen dollars a month. Cad was very ingenious. He could make a sleigh or a buggy, and Frank too was skillful in such ways.

The next summer I worked for Simon, building the schoolhouse south of the center of Bainbridge. I was to have twenty dollars a month, but I never got my pay. Simon gave me an order on someone, who denied owing him anything, but Simon insisted that he did owe him. I next worked in haying for Uncle Robert Root at eleven shillings a day. This was a shilling more than the usual price, but Uncle Robert knew I would earn it. After that I went over to Auburn to help Henry Brewster, who had married your Aunt Ann.<sup>1</sup>

Ann Henry and "Deacon" Brewster were married on January 1, 1851, and removed from Bainbridge to Auburn on November 23, 1854. The Deacon acquired in boyhood his lifelong title, in deference, one might fancy, to his

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<sup>1</sup> Father mistakenly assumed that at least two summers intervened between his return from Michigan and the beginning of his partnership with Brewster. Possibly it was during the previous year that his Uncle Robert Root's confidence in him was manifested, as well in the extra wage for haying as in paternal anxiety that he go to Michigan with son Nelson, Father's somewhat older but more heady cousin. Perhaps too the eighteen dollars a month received from his cousins Cad and Frank for his work "all summer" made up the gold coin that he carried there in his belt in September, 1854. In either year his record of work for Frank might have contributed to induce Henry Brewster, the brother-in-law of both, to take Father, when barely twenty, as a partner in the Bridge Creek cheese-box factory.



ancestor, Elder Brewster of the *Mayflower*. Its fitness became evident when he "got religion" some time after his marriage. Though Grandfather predicted that he might find his bride "a little waspish" at times, Aunt Ann and Uncle Henry were still a devoted and youthful couple after more than sixty years of wedded life together. Father's narrative continues:

He was in debt, and I worked for him in haying, or rather we "changed works," so that some other hay, which I got to put up on shares, was soon cut also and I had a stack for my own share. Then I went up into the north part of Auburn to Seth Brewster's; but finding that he did not need any help, I shouldered my scythe and returned to Bainbridge. Reuben Henry, to whom I applied for work, said he had enough hands, but finally hired me for two days at ten shillings a day. After seeing my work in the hayfield, he let one of his other men go, Saturday night, and told me to return Monday, which I did. I thus earned sixty-one or two dollars during haying. After that I worked for Lorenzo Bull two months at twenty dollars a month.

Lorenzo Bull lived in Solon, and Father seems at this time to have invested some of his earnings at a sale of books by the Solon Library; for his own library till the time of his death contained *Four Years in Great Britain, 1831-1835*, by Calvin Colton, in two volumes, New York, 1835, with this memorandum: "Solon Library. Sold C. E. Henry Sept. 5, 1855." A large copy in sheep of Plutarch's *Lives*, New York, 1847, apparently bought at the same sale, is marked "Solon Library, No. 94." I think he must have bid in twelve or fifteen books in all. I have heard him say that quite a number of volumes, which he left at his parents' home when he enlisted in the army, were lent or otherwise disposed of during his absence and never regained. About half of the four dozen or more books, which he acquired between the time of his leaving home in Bainbridge and the date of his enlistment, also disappeared, though left elsewhere. It was a hazard of war. His choicest possession, however, was preserved—Webster's *Unabridged Dictionary*. Many years afterwards he thus inscribed it to his grandson:

Bought in 1854 by C. E. Henry. Paid \$10—about ten days' work then. How I prized it! This book is for Charles Adams Henry.

Aunt Ann Brewster said that he kept it on top of a chest of drawers in the living room of her home at Bridge Creek and used to snatch brief intervals before and after meals and at bedtime to look up the meaning or derivation, the spelling or pronunciation, of words he had thought of while at work at his bench in the shop.

Another investment that Father made about the same time is indicated by an entry in the account book of his brother-in-law, Henry Brewster: "Commenced to keep Charles Henry's Colt Nov. 1st, 1855,—taken out December 25th." Two years later he credited Father: "By one three-year-old colt, \$90." Father's narrative now goes on to show how, for a decade after he became



twenty years old, he had what was virtually a second home with the Brewsters in Bridge Creek, the neighborhood served by the post office of that name in the west part of Auburn township contiguous to his native Bainbridge.

The next winter after my stay in Michigan, I went into partnership with Henry Brewster in Auburn. I was ambitious to be working for myself instead of for other people. In buying our machinery, etc., for our cheese-box factory, I gave a note for about seventy-five dollars in part payment for my share. There was some question about taking my note, for I was not quite of age yet. But Uncle Bill said, "I know the boy. I will cash it." And he did. When I came to pay it on the day it was due, I went to his home and counted out the money in two piles across the table. "There," said I, "is the principal, and there is the interest." Uncle Bill pushed back the interest money with a gruff "Keep it." It was his way of showing his approval of his nephew's industry. He had faith in me for all that he was blunt and somewhat cross and close.

I kept on making boxes, except when I was attending or teaching school and hired a substitute in my place, until I enlisted in the fall of 1861.

From Henry Brewster's account book already referred to, I quote again:

Charles E. Henry began to board with H. Brewster December 9th, 1855. Stopped board with me, went to Hiram, Nov. 15, 1857. . . .

Charles E. Henry returned from Hiram and commenced to board Feb. 21st, 1858.

The numerous items of personal account between the brothers-in-law, "settled March 14th, 1858,"<sup>1</sup> do not disclose their partnership profits during the first two years and a quarter of the firm's existence, but the following entries show that he took no vacation from his work in the box factory until he first matriculated at Hiram:

Charles E. Henry, Dr., to board from December 9th, 1855, to December 9th, 1856, at 175 cts per week, 52 weeks, \$91.

Also from Dec. 9th, 1856, to Nov. 15th, 1857, 49½ weeks at 2 dollars per week, \$99.

If the price of board then was low, so was the pay of women for housework:

Eliza Henry worked for H. Brewster from Apr. 14, 1856,—13 wks., 4 days at 10 shillings per week.

Mariah Henry worked for H. Brewster from Apr. 27, 1857, to August 25, 1857, at 1.50 per week.

When Maria came to help her sister Ann, whose children, Fred and Walter, were then five and two years old, the family, including the men in the box factory, numbered at least eight, and often ten or twelve. Of these, her future husband "Shelton Goodsell commenced to board at 2 dollars per week April 20th, 1857." They were married on December 25, 1861. Grandfather,

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<sup>1</sup> Father's accounts seem to indicate that in 1858 the firm made and sold 12,240 boxes and received an average price of a little over fourteen cents for each box. His own earnings must thus have considerably exceeded a dollar a day above his board.

who had opposed the match, was somewhat placated by the groom's enlistment and three years' service in defence of the Union.

Men's work, without board, was by then worth from \$1 to \$1.75 a day; the latter rate obtaining only in employment requiring unusual skill, or in haying and harvesting, when the work was hard and laborers were scarce. A horse's work was reckoned at three shillings a day; its pasturage, the same per week,—a colt's pasturage being apparently half price. Corn, as shown by the same record, was 31 or 32 cents a bushel; potatoes, 38 to 88; salt, \$1.13 per barrel; butter 17 cents per pound.<sup>1</sup>

Among the young ladies whose society Father enjoyed at this period, I may mention Elizabeth Young,<sup>2</sup> of Auburn Corners, who is said to have cultivated the art of poesy, and Rebecca Peabody, afterwards Mrs. Mather. There also arose an especially congenial and lasting friendship between him and the two delightful daughters of George and Rachel (Smith) Wilber, who later removed from Auburn to Aurora, Illinois—Mary and Rebecca, afterwards Mrs. West and Mrs. Sencenbaugh. Highly esteemed, too, though residing more distantly in Bainbridge, were Laura, the daughter of Sullivan Giles (who "married Willis Brown the same day that Aunt Eliza was married to James Brown"); Sally Haskins, afterwards Mrs. Cadwell, of Cleveland; and particularly the two daughters of Rufus and Betsey (Dutton) Pettibone, Jerusha and Clarissa or Kit.

<sup>1</sup> Persons mentioned in the personal accounts between the partners are Samuel Quinn, Hud Briggs, Calvin Brewster, Rant Brown, Luke Barney, William Wilber, Zeno Eggleston, George H. Peabody, George or "Tip" Goodsell, John Thompson, Joshua Stafford, P. D. McConoughey, Hattie Brewster, Simon and Edward Henry, Clark Sprague, Budd Niece, A. M. Treat, the Harmons, and Peck & Jenkins. The three last named (cheese buyers of Bainbridge, Aurora, and Auburn respectively), were among the firm's customers for cheese boxes at fourteen cents apiece. Others included J. & D. McClintock, Sheldon & Searle, Hurd & Son, McClintock & Upham, A. J. Hattery, S. Elder, A. Bliss, and S. Granger.

Persons mentioned during the same period in Henry Brewster's account book are Joseph Chamberlain, James Dutton, Henry Capron, Mr. White, Christopher Stafford, Jesse Garrard, Seth Cook, George Wilber, Mrs. Rebeckah Wilber, Alfred Thompson, Harvey Hollister, Lyman S. Brewster, Ransom Granger, George Bowler, Henry Haskins, John Henry, Hiram Brewster.

<sup>2</sup> Her daughter, Mrs. Belle Winch Spaulding, of Mentor, an accomplished pianist, whose playing thirty years afterwards delighted Father, wrote (April 15, 1939) that her mother "used to talk of a personable young man named Charlie Henry, and that he took her to a party one evening and they spent most of their time in the parlor singing. He taught her the song 'Bonnie Eloise' that night, and went over and over it until she had it in hand. I well remember when he was at our house he sang that song. Another favorite was 'Gentle Annie'; still another was 'The Old Harper,' which I liked so much. He seemed to enjoy my playing, and my father was very proud of me—the two men grew to be great friends. . . . When your father called at our house the first time, many years had elapsed since he and my mother had seen each other. Both had married in the meantime, and had adult children. . . . One other instance I recall my mother told me. Your father had a horse named Major, and they were out riding one time and descending a hill badly out of repair. Your father said, 'Proceed slowly, Major, down this steep and narrow passage.'"

I can well imagine how Father, in such circumstances, would indulge his youthful heroics. Elizabeth Young married Benjamin F. Downing of Munson, and died May 8, 1907. She was a sister of Syria Young, general merchant, of Hiram.



Attractive and accomplished, some of these girls possessed charms to grace any social circle. To Elizabeth, Mary, and Clarissa, Father now and again paid somewhat marked attention. But of these, death early enshrined in tenderest memory sweet Kit, whose gracious presence faded from earth in the spring of 1864. Her moss-grown tombstone, in the old Fowler burying ground in the southeast part of Bainbridge, gives the date of her death May 9, "aged 22 years, 10 months, 18 days." She was thus more than five years and a half younger than Father.

Besides the allurements of feminine society, the young men in the Bridge Creek neighborhood possessed social resources of their own, and the box factory abounded in gibes and jests, give and take, by proprietors and employes alike. All this tended rather to stimulate than to impede their work. Father and his brother Ed, Shelt and Tip Goodsell, Bill and Rant Brown, and others who worked in or hung around the shop were never tired of springing carefully contrived hoaxes or perpetrating deep practical jokes on one another. Sometimes rather rough on the victims and not always quite defensible, these diversions usually found justification or excuse in the spirit of fun that inspired them. A case in point I reduced to writing as related by Father on January 2, 1905:

When we bought timber for cheese boxes, now and then we found a bee tree among those we purchased. I always told the owner of the woods, and he would usually give me a part of the honey. There was one tall redwood that belonged to "Uncle" Ben Chamberlain. We tried to buy it of him, but he always said he would not sell it unless the wind blew it down or something happened to it.

The boys around there were always teasing us to tell them where they could find a bee tree. I kept telling them that I would not help to find bee trees for them to cut down without permission on other folks' land. But the boys insisted and I finally said, "No, I won't tell you where there is any bee tree, but I will tell you where there isn't one. You know that big redwood on the Chagrin Falls road about eight rods from the highway. Well, I want you to understand that is *not* a bee tree."

"Yes," the boys "knew," and off they went, so we were rid of their teasing. The next day I noticed our crosscut saw all blue from fresh red oak sap. Early the next morning Uncle Ben came in and said, "Some rascally boys have cut down my big redwood for a bee tree, and I will sell it to you now." Later, the boys came in, profane and weary from a fruitless all night job, and accused me of "knowing all the while that the redwood wasn't a bee tree." "Yes," I said, "that is what I told you."

Writing to Aunt Ann Brewster after the lapse of half a century, Uncle Edward thus pictured her home and the life at Bridge Creek:

It seemed paradise; for there was pretty, plump-cheeked Rebecca Peabody to throw peaches at me; Rebecca Wilber, so scholarly; the fun you mention, when Bill Brown, Shelt, and Charley threw pillows at each other; the great blocks of shingle and heading; the big steam box; your great table, with rich mince and pumpkin pies; the big pan of hulled corn that Charley and

you would set before me after a six-mile gallop on the Pennsylvania grey colt; and a shout of laughter from all, in the prime and strength of youth.

Though prosperous enough on its business side, the box factory diffused no very wholesome influence as a social center. Its habitués cherished but small ambition to rise in the world; the ways of some of them pointed indeed to a swift *descensus averno*. With some concern Father's elders noted how much he and Rant Brown "ran together." Rant's good fellowship partook too largely of dissipated habits and of ideals not at all elevated.

It remained for Mary Wilber to open Father's eyes to the folly of such companionship. She pointed out that his crony had thrown away all hope of education; showed how demoralizing an influence he exerted, and urged Father to avoid further intimacy with him. She also discouraged his attentions to Bill Wilson's comely daughter Jane as not of his caste. Her friendly counsel not only had the desired effect, but it proved to be a real turning point in Father's life. His latent ambition now awoke.

Nearing the end of his twenty-second year, he, too, but for this timely interference, might shortly have been barred forever from the courts of culture. It is a potent influence for good which young women exert over the lives of young men. This is clearly one reason why small coeducational institutions may surpass other schools and colleges as character-builders. Near by, in one of these inland "seminaries of learning" for both sexes, Charles D. Wilber, brother to Mary and Rebecca, had studied and taught. By both precept and example, the Wilbers thus not only moved Father to attend school again, but also influenced him in determining what school to attend.

Of Father's entrance into the Western Reserve Eclectic Institute, at Hiram, Portage County, Ohio, some nine miles southeast of Bridge Creek, he said, in the narrative from which I have already quoted,

The winter of 1857-1858 was my first term at Hiram. Nelson Henry, my sister Maria, and I boarded ourselves in the south basement rooms in the west end of the old college building.

They all matriculated as from Bainbridge, though I infer, from Father's subsequent registrations and from the inscriptions in his books, that he had come to look upon Bridge Creek as almost equally his home. During the draft, in 1862, both townships claimed credit for his military service. The 279 students who attended school at Hiram for the first time in the year of Father's entrance included, besides the three Henrys and Libbie and Lucy Kent, from Bainbridge, nine residents of Auburn, among them Mary Wilber. Thirteen other Auburn students who came this year had attended before.

Summed up, the enrollment of 665 for the three terms of 1857-1858 surpassed that of any other year, save only the one next following, during the first forty years' history of the Institution; though the number of different students, 487, had been exceeded in former years, and the term registration during the winter of Father's first attendance fell about one-sixth below the



previous average for winter terms, perhaps because the primary classes were now dropped. That the school could do its excellent work with a total income that year of \$3,218, "of which \$349.20 were used for current expenses, leaving for the teachers \$2,868.80," almost passes belief.

Founded in 1850 by leaders among the Disciples of Christ, and successful from the start, it would scarcely, however, have attracted Father, whose family looked askance at "Campbellites," had it not been so conveniently near. But the *odium theologicum* was now pretty well shaken off the institution through the return to its halls of that inspirer and leader of youth, James A. Garfield, now styled "Teacher of the Ancient Languages," after his graduation from Williams College on August 6, 1856.

Garfield's deliberate choice of Williams for his alma mater, in preference to Bethany where Alexander Campbell presided, seemed to some of the conservative Hiram Disciples a sort of apostasy from the faith; and during the year 1856-1857, rightly apprehending that the disaffection towards Principal Amos Sutton Hayden might raise Garfield to the chair, they opposed him bitterly but without success. Principal Hayden resigned in May, 1857, and the board of trustees committed the conduct of the school for the ensuing academic year to its five teachers, J. A. Garfield, Norman Dunshee, H. W. Everest, J. H. Rhodes, and Almeda A. Booth, who promptly chose the first named as their chairman. Principal in fact during that year, he became such in name also the year following, and kept that position until he entered the army in 1861. "Under the new administration," said Hinsdale, in his *President Garfield and Education*, page 551,

the character of the school somewhat changed. Its genius was less theological or biblical, and more secular or human. The ecclesiastical way of looking at things somewhat receded with the retirement of Principal Hayden. But morals, religion, and Bible study were by no means forgotten. Noble ideals of life and character, ideals of manliness, courage, reverence, and truth, were constantly kept in view.

The four years of Garfield's principalship at Hiram have been aptly called "the golden days of the Eclectic Institute," and Father's five terms of intermittent attendance there fortunately fell within that period.

Years earlier, when his brother Simon taught a singing school in Orange, Father, accompanying him, had met the sixteen-year-old Garfield at the Boyntons' the winter before the future President's brief employment in 1848 as driver and boatman on the Ohio Canal. "He played with me," said Father in an address at Hiram on March 10, 1900, "and tossed and tousled and whirled me about, but did not hurt me, as some other big boys do with little boys."

Again Father saw him, perhaps in July, 1851, when Garfield worked for Worthy Taylor in Aurora and went with his cousin Henry Boynton to Hiram to engage their room there for the fall term. A few weeks later, on another

trip to Hiram young Garfield stayed overnight at Grandfather Henry's to see and hear the piano owned by Samuel Adams for which the neighborhood was then distinguished and which was, I think, the one already mentioned that Uncle Simon afterwards acquired and mortgaged to James McClintock.

Whether Father before entering Hiram in 1857 had ever heard Garfield preach or lecture, I know not, but his vivid remembrance of those early meetings and the spreading reputation of the young principal's inspiring personality and contagious enthusiasm had their acknowledged influence in determining him to go there to school. The prodigious industry of Garfield during Father's first term at Hiram, becomes apparent from the former's letters to his Hiram chum of earlier days, Corydon E. Fuller (*Reminiscences of James A. Garfield*, page 267). On January 16, 1858, for example, he wrote:

I am doing all the work in the school that I formerly did, and Sutton's beside. Added to this I speak somewhere every Lord's day, and have written and delivered several lectures this season.

With incredible energy he took the entire charge of the school and its correspondence, conducted six advanced classes daily, delivered on all sorts of subjects the most of the morning chapel lectures, preached somewhere once or twice every Sunday, and made set addresses on several other occasions, besides leading a revival that winter in Newburgh with twenty additions and another in Hiram with thirty-four!

What Father's studies were that term, or how far he then came directly under Garfield's tuition, I have not ascertained. But he, with his sister and cousin, probably reviewed the common branches and took other normal-school work, a feature of the new regime, in order that they might fit themselves to pass teachers' examinations and obtain certificates authorizing them to "keep" district schools. In spite of the diversions hereinafter recounted, Father's studiousness may be presumed from the fact that he was spending for his schooling money which he had himself earned. Like his father before him, he felt that teaching winter school was a more desirable employment than plying an ax and saw out of doors in zero weather, or even the hammer and drawshave in the shop.

But the irrepressible frolicking of the two cousins, Charlie and Nelt, made life more or less of a burden to the former's elder sister Maria who kept house for them in their basement suite. The slope of the ground was such that these rear rooms were really at the surface level; and with the bountiful load of provisions and household stuff which they brought from home, the tidy housekeeper was able to make their quarters very cheerful and comfortable for herself and the boys. But do her utmost, she could not keep the young scamps from wrestling, boxing, pillow fighting, and other rough play indoors, whereby chairs were overturned, beds dishevelled, and general havoc wrought; insomuch that Grandmother, seeing or hearing something of her troubles, "pitied poor Maria from the bottom of her heart," because she



had "no peace or comfort with those rascally boys." Later on, the same young rascallions derived vast amusement from Grandmother's losing patience somehow with Aunt Maria after her return home, and exclaiming, "Those poor boys! How did they make out to live with Maria for three long months."

"An incident of early life," which Father noted down for me in October, 1904, brought the Hiram student an amusing reminiscence of his log house days:

Brother Chapin was one of the best preachers when I was a boy. He always came to our home a welcome guest at the double log house, for he was honest and earnest to save sinners. My father measured men by the honesty of their convictions on doctrinal points. He was a good Methodist, but never liked too much shouting and falling by "power of the Lord," or undue emotion in religion. Brother Chapin, however, was zealous; and Father and Mother liked him as a good Christian, anxious to save from the lake of brimstone. Petroleum was not then discovered for intense heat for sinners. The third generation of Henrys called Brother Chapin a first-class Bible pounder. When a little boy I chased down many a chicken and built many a fire for a cup of tea and good cheer for Brother Chapin.

Long years afterwards, it seemed a lifetime, I became a student at Hiram. The old Henrys felt that I had gone astray among the Campbellites. I was a lost sheep from the ninety and nine Methodists of the flock. Good old Brother Chapin returned to preach and visit his old brethren. His prayer was fervent and honest: "O Lord, I find that many dear brothers and sisters have gone to their reward since I labored here twenty years ago. O Lord, thou knowest that I, thy humble servant, will soon join them before thy throne." "Amen! Glory to God!" came from the good old fathers, who, interrupting, failed to observe the continuity of fervent prayer. I, a Henry of the third generation, thought the "Amen" and "Glory to God" responses hardly appropriate to the occasion.

While I was at Hiram, Brother Chapin came and preached at the old Methodist church there. I went to hear him out of respect to my father and mother. After church, I introduced myself as the son of John Henry. Several other students were present. Brother Chapin took my hand and yelled out, "The Henrys are all men of God, and you are one of them." The boys grinned and thought they had a big joke on me. I quietly replied to Father Chapin that we all tried to be men of God, but that he might not be so well informed about the younger generation.

No tangible result is now discernible from Father's first term at the Eclectic Institute, save possibly his decision to return there the following winter, after working again at his bench in the Auburn shop from February to December.

Father's sisters remember him during these years at Bridge Creek as being somewhat uncommunicative and fond of being off by himself reading, except when pillow fighting with the boys—four of them occupied two beds in one upstairs room—or joking with them outside. Nevertheless he worked hard, made ambition the foil of his diffidence, and sought earnestly to realize his new social and intellectual ideals. Somewhat of all this may be read between





Hiram Commencement (top). Members of the Faculty, and Ladies, of The Western Reserve Eclectic Institute, 1858: (left to right) Lucretia Rudolph, J. M. Atwater, J. H. Rhodes, Hannah S. Morton, H. W. Everest, Mrs. Everest, J. A. Garfield





the lines of the following apologetic letter, which I transcribed at Mentor from the correspondence files of President Garfield:

Bridge Creek, Nov. 20, 1858.

Mr. J. A. Garfield:

Dear Sir: Pardon me in asking your assistance in a matter that is out of your line of business; but I think I have a good excuse, as I know of no other person in Hiram to ask. I would like to get a boarding place not far from the Institution. If you will please send me word it will save me a journey down there. I don't like to pack up and go on uncertainties. I regret that I am not able to begin with the rest, but it is impossible to close up business before the 1st of December. Perhaps you will think me rather ungentlemanly in troubling you when you have your attention called daily to the personal wants and grievances of two or three hundred uneasy bodies. However, you must call it an error of the head and not of the heart.

Yours respectfully,

Charles E. Henry

To Prof. J. A. Garfield.

Direct to Bridge Creek, Geauga County, Ohio.

I would rather not be in too close proximity to noisy boys.

Father's narrative discloses Principal Garfield's pleasing mode of compliance with this request, and continues the chapter of his Eclectic days as follows:

My second term there was a year later, the winter of 1858-9. Garfield got me a place to board at his father-in-law's, Uncle Zeb Rudolph's. He had just married that fall. Your mother was one of the bridesmaids, if that is what they called them. When I began boarding there, I saw her name, "Sophia Williams," written in pencil on the white woodwork, and I asked Joe Rudolph who she was. He said she was a girl that had boarded there the term before. I roomed alone part of that term, but later with a clown whose name I forget, but who afterwards got rich as a saddler and harness man in Toledo. He was an inordinate eater and I did not like his treatment of a boy who roomed across the hall from us. However, I got along with him. That winter was one of the happiest of my life. I remember I found a book there which Garfield had left, Dickens' *Pickwick Papers*, and Joe and I used to read it together, a few pages at a time, with the keenest enjoyment.

There has come down to me as a prized family souvenir of President Garfield's marriage, the bride's informal letter of invitation to my mother to attend "a wedding party," at Zeb Rudolph's, on November 10, 1858. The bridal pair now began housekeeping in the house afterwards occupied by President Hinsdale and others, but still known as the Garfield home. During the previous two years he, with his fellow teacher J. H. Rhodes, had occupied the famous "office in the orchard." Since Father's first term, too, another noteworthy change had come over the face of Hiram. Students and teachers the previous spring had joined in planting scores of trees, chiefly evergreen and maple, in and around the campus, itself but recently enclosed with a neat board fence.



Internally also the Institution now felt the stirring of high ambition, for the trustees resolved, on November 10, 1858, that it should eventually become a college—a purpose finally consummated on July 13, 1867. This resolution was introduced on the day before, by my grandfather, Frederick Williams, one of the school's founders, and father of the above mentioned Sophia Williams who was destined to become, after the War, the lifelong sharer of Father's home and fortunes. In this connection I may repeat the story of how Garfield came to occupy in 1851 the position of janitor at Hiram, quoted in Francis M. Green's *Life of Garfield*, pages 108-109, "as told by Mr. Frederick Williams, then one of the trustees of the Eclectic Institute, and who is still living at Ravenna, Ohio."

"The board was in session with closed doors," says Mr. Williams, "when the doorkeeper entered and said there was a young man at the door very desirous of seeing the board without delay. No objection being made the young man entered, and addressing the board said: 'Gentlemen, I want an education, and would like the privilege of making the fires and sweeping the floors of the building to pay part of my expenses.'"

Mr. Williams, seeing in his bearing and countenance an earnestness and intelligence that was more than common, said to the board, "Gentlemen, I think we had better try this young man." Another member said to him, "How do we know, young man, that the work will be done as we may want it?" "Try me," was the answer, "try me two weeks, and if it is not done to your entire satisfaction, I will retire without a word."

They took him at his word; and so, Garfield, at the age of nineteen, was duly installed as janitor and bell ringer of the institution over which he was afterwards to preside, and whose prosperity he was to be largely instrumental in advancing.

From the same author's *History of Hiram College*, pages 84-85, I quote:

Frederick Williams, though a native of Massachusetts, was long a prominent citizen of Portage County, Ohio. He was actively identified with church and educational affairs for many years. He was one of the first board of trustees of the Eclectic Institute and remained a member of that body until 1863. On his retirement, his associates said: "We lose one from our number whose earnest interest and zeal commend his example as worthy of imitation by each." . . . He was born in Warwick, Massachusetts, March 2, 1799, and died at Ravenna, Ohio, January 10, 1888.

Prosperity was now writ large above the Eclectic's portals, thronged this year with the largest attendance it ever had. In national annals, too, the fall of 1858 stands forth prominently as the time of the Lincoln-Douglas debate. Debates ruled the day. Two months afterwards another future president figured mightily in one whereof the fame, though local, still endures. While at home during the holiday vacation of 1858-1859, Father was able to attend some sessions of the great Garfield-Denton debate in Chagrin Falls upon Evolution and Religion, in which the young principal, accepting the new geology, utterly routed the veteran infidel. Concerning this discussion and Garfield's discourse, which I think Father also heard, in Solon the next

Sunday, I quote from the former's letter to B. A. Hinsdale dated "Hiram, January 10, 1859":

The Sunday after the debate I spoke in Solon on "Geology and Religion," and had an immense audience. Many Spiritualists were out. . . . The reports I hear from the debate are much more decisive than I expected to hear. I received a letter from Brother Collins of Chagrin, in which he says: "Since the smoke of the battle has partially cleared away, we begin to see more clearly the victory we have gained." I have yet to see the first man who claims that Denton explains his position, but they are all jubilant over his attack on the Bible. What you expect ought to be done, I am about to undertake. I go there next Friday or Saturday evening and remain over Sunday. I am bound to carry the war into Carthage, and pursue that miserable atheist to his hole.

Brother Collins says that a few Christians are quite unsettled because Denton said, and I admit, that the world has existed for millions of years. I am astonished at the ignorance of the masses on these subjects. Hugh Miller has it right when he says that "the battle of the evidences must now be fought on the field of the natural sciences."

I quote thus largely from this letter for the light which it sheds on Father's purchases of scientific books during the next two years. Wherever his library number, or a date inscribed by him, appears, it is set opposite the title in the list of all his books of that period now extant and enumerated below, including some already mentioned.<sup>1</sup> Of the more than threescore volumes which Father evidently owned at the close of his school days, nearly two-thirds had disappeared by the end of the War. One may conclude that the missing titles

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<sup>1</sup> Ranke's *History of the Popes*.

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| 17.     | De Vere's <i>Stray Leaves from the Book of Nature</i> ..... | April 17, 1859.    |
|         | Wells's <i>Familiar Science</i> .....                       | April 19, 1859.    |
| 21.     | Guyot's <i>Earth and Man</i> .....                          | April 24, 1859.    |
| 22.     | Fitch's <i>Outlines of Physical Geography</i> .             |                    |
|         | Hunt's <i>Poetry of Science</i> .                           |                    |
| 24.     | Somerville's <i>Physical Sciences</i> .....                 | October 26, 1859.  |
| 27.     | Youman's <i>Handbook of Household Science</i> .             |                    |
|         | Buckland's <i>Curiosities of Natural History</i> .          |                    |
|         | Loomis' <i>Elements of Geometry and Conic Sections</i> .    |                    |
| 30, 31. | Colton's <i>Four Years in Great Britain</i> , 2 vols.....   | September 5, 1855. |
|         | Dickens' <i>Pickwick Papers</i> .                           |                    |
|         | Hale's <i>Dictionary of Poetical Quotations</i> .           |                    |
| 36.     | Lyell's <i>Principles of Geology</i> .....                  | March 10, 1860.    |
| 37.     | Miller's <i>Testimony of the Rocks</i> .                    |                    |
|         | Von Humboldt's <i>Life, Travels and Books</i> .....         | March 1, 1860.     |
| 39.     | Holmes' <i>Parties and their Principles</i> .....           | March 1, 1860.     |
| 42.     | Miller's <i>Old Red Sandstone</i> .                         |                    |
| 51.     | Titcomb's <i>Gold Foil</i> .                                |                    |
| 52.     | Woodbury's <i>Shorter Course with German</i> .              |                    |
| 53.     | Agassiz and Gould's <i>Principles of Zoology</i> .....      | March 1, 1860.     |
| 55.     | Macaulay's <i>History of England</i> .                      |                    |
| 58.     | Darwin's <i>Origin of Species</i> .....                     | March 7, 1860.     |
| 61.     | Limb's <i>Stories of Inventors and Discoverers</i> .        |                    |
| 63.     | Titcomb's <i>Letters to Young People</i> .                  |                    |
|         | Woodbury's <i>New Method with German</i> .....              | March 11, 1861.    |
|         | Plutarch's <i>Lives</i> .                                   |                    |
|         | Shakespeare's <i>Works</i> .                                |                    |



consisted chiefly of those in the lighter vein most attractive to careless borrowers.

Be that as it may, it was to be expected that informational books, mainly treatises on natural science, should in the circumstances form the staple of his little library. His later tastes indicate that his schooling would probably have taken a wider range had not the War, as in the case of many another aspiring youth, put a premature end to it. His Hiram days sufficed, however, to bring out the man in him. As Father stood on the railroad platform at Pond, waiting for the train to take him back to Hiram after a holiday vacation at home, Daniel Giles, a neighbor with more wit than education, asked him, "What are you going away to school so much for, Charlie?"

Sincerely, if somewhat patronizingly, Father replied, "Oh, I am trying to make a man of myself."

"Well," returned his questioner, with some spirit, "I hope you will succeed!"

At another time, John Thompson, of Solon, an amateur scientist and student of Hugh Miller's works, who is said to have afforded some aid to Garfield in the preparation of the latter's debate with Denton, came to do a job of mason work at the Giles's. "How is it, Mr. Giles," he drawled learnedly, "that you can take cold water from the spring and pour it on cold lime and produce such an intense heat?"

Nothing daunted by this scientific mystery, Mr. Giles replied airily, "I s'pose it's the natur' on't." And neither Father nor Mr. Thompson could gainsay him.

## 6. *Under Principal Garfield*

TO TAKE up again the thread of Father's narrative: "The winter following, that of 1859-1860, I taught my first school, beginning November 21st. It was in the May District in Auburn [sub-district Number 6, May's Mills, four miles on the road] due east of Delos Root's. I got twenty dollars a month and boarded around."

What follows is from Father's own notes dated November 14, 1904.

The directors frankly informed me that they wanted me because, with my agility and strength, I could whip the big boys. Two teachers had been turned out the winter before. I felt some humiliation for the reason they gave, but my spunk moved me to accept the offer. I taught two winters there and never struck a blow. Better boys no teacher ever had. High schools were scarce in those days, and the district schools often numbered a score or more of boys and girls from eighteen to twenty years old. I got the school well in hand the first week. My home [at Brewster's] was two miles away, and custom demanded that I teach every other Saturday and have a spelling school every week. On a Sunday morning, about the middle of December, I started home across lots. A light, feathery snow had fallen the night before. It was trackless and ten or twelve inches deep. I climbed upon a rail fence and looked over a field perfectly level and about forty rods square. Beneath the blue sky the morning sun showed it spread with a great blanket of snow.

I knew the traditions of people lost in a forest, wandering in circles always to the left. As I sat on the fence I said, "Here is a chance to test the turning to the left. I will shut my eyes and use my mind to go straight to yonder bush across the field, forty rods away." I resolved to turn [if at all] to the right and not to the left. My track would show, when I struck a fence. I got off the fence and started north as a blind man to cross the snow field, at eight o'clock. I walked slowly with firm resolve to go straight. This is the record of my track in the snow. I had walked in a straight line; then to the left, and then, by will power to correct the tendency to left hand wanderings, my track disclosed a turn to the right, making a rude capital S. But the tendency to the left kept up, except when my will interposed to go straight, till I had walked slowly for forty minutes in a series of irregular loops, and came bunt up on the *west* side of the field, over thirty rods away from the bush I had started for. It was a curious illustration of will-power physics. My will often turned me to the right, but the track in the feathery snow showed that my right leg was stronger than my will and left leg.

I would give much for a plat of that crazy-quilt pathway, a struggle between will power and muscular action. I learned a lesson that beautiful Sunday morning that no university teaches today. It was a delightful and solemn sermon to me in those far off days, how every human soul goes here and there in the pathway of life. I see now, after nearly fifty years, that grand



picture, fringed on all sides by woods laden with the white snow on their branches, God's first temple. Indeed I felt near to my God that day.

From "Dallas, Texas, January 14, 1888, 3 P.M.," Father wrote to me:

Thirty [twenty-eight] years ago today I was in Auburn. I went home to Deacon Brewster's early in the morning to get some clean clothes. I returned to Bridge Creek schoolhouse about this hour, full of anxiety and hope in my school. I had fifty-six scholars on the roll, or about forty or forty-five regular pupils.<sup>1</sup> I have tried to remember just how I felt that afternoon when I went over the fields and through the woods. I remember well the clothes, hat, and mittens I wore—yes, the boots also. I remember how anxious I was to succeed, as a teacher had been expelled a few weeks before. I have wondered if I could take hold of that same school tomorrow morning and handle it better. In the light of what came on afterwards, I see what child's play it was. How small it looks! And yet it tested the strength in me. I was *bound* to succeed.

At that time your Grandpa Williams had passed the active period of life; so also had Grandpa Henry.<sup>2</sup> I wish you and Jimmie could be better acquainted with the characters of both. In the main channels of Puritan life and civilization, they were alike. Both were honest even to the full text and spirit of the law—"And provide for yourselves honesty in all things," or "in the sight of all men" [Romans, xii, 17; 2 Corinthians, viii, 21]. Both stuck their stakes in religious belief while young and left them as landmarks and monuments for their children, and the fourth or fifth generation from them can not get nearer to God or conscious happiness than they did. Both were men of more than average ability and strength of character; both were unyielding in their notions of morality, deportment, and dealings with men, and yet they were unlike in a thousand little things that make up daily life.

Grandpa Henry impressed me as having given up, discouraged or disgusted with trying to have things kept in order where it depended upon others. He therefore seldom spoke of things going wrong, or let them go haphazard where they depended upon others. If things were out of place or going wrong, he seldom tried to correct the fault unless by irony or sarcastic wagging. Grandpa Williams never let up on having things in place and

<sup>1</sup> The size of Father's school was smaller than he imagined after more than a quarter-century had elapsed. If, as he recalled, he had "fifty-six scholars on the roll," it must have been in the weekly spelling school, for only about half that number appear in his original manuscript records of the attendance upon his day-school during the winters of 1859-1860 and 1860-1861. These records Aunt Ann Brewster preserved for fifty years and they now lie before me. The list of pupils, nearly the same for both terms, with their ages the first year, comprises the names Orestes Andrews, 6; Sally Ann, Augusta, Ozias, Betsy, Wallace, and Mary Antisdale, 17, 16, 13, 12, 9, and 6 respectively; Cyrene Bancroft, 7; Leroy Boonier, 6; Adolphus and Celestia (twins), Terestia, Wellington, Hannah, and Byron Canfield, 18, 18, 16, 13, 11, and 8; Francis, Oren, and Sarah Canfield, 15, 14, and 8; Jude, Lenora, Orzett, Rizpah, and Faith May, 19, 13, 10, 8, and 6; Henry, Ellen, and Adda Quinn, 16, 5, and —; Delos and Celinda Reed, 13 and 13; George and Volney Russell, 17 and 16; and Osmand Thomas, 8. Each term continued 13 weeks, and began apparently with the last week in November.

In the brochure "A Memorial of Betsy (nee Antisdale) Canfield" by her nephew, Martin Dodge, A.M., (Garrettsville, 1890), there is much of interest about some of these families as well as about Auburn and Hiram in that day.

<sup>2</sup> They were then 60 and 63, respectively.



indeed in *the* place he wanted them. Somebody within the sound of his voice must put them in place. In justice to him, he generally put things in place when he found them out of place, so long as he was able to do it himself, but he always spoke right out to any one to do so, if he found it inconvenient to do it himself.

Both were good strong plants of the Cromwellian civilization and culture. Both would have been very bigoted if they had been ignorant. But both were in a large measure cultured, and moreover possessed some strong sense of individual rights to all people, [being] just democratic enough to concede that other people might have opinions that honesty ought to respect. I see that the world has need of such men as they and that no new ones are taking their place. On the whole the Puritan and Cromwellian civilization is the highest yet marked by man, and I am thankful that I and my children came into the world and live largely under its inspiration and influence.

Following his account of the first term of school he taught, Father's oral narrative continues:

Immediately afterwards, in the spring of 1860, I went to Hiram again and roomed in the south wing with Ed. He wanted to go to school, but he had no money. I wanted to board but did not feel like sparing the money for both of us to board. So I compromised by paying his tuition and arranging for us to board ourselves. Ed was quite a cook and we did very well, with about the same expense as if I had boarded alone.

Garfield, while serving as a member of the Ohio senate, had been absent from Hiram much of the preceding winter, as he was to be again the next winter; but he was present most of the time during the five terms when Father studied there. Near the beginning of the term just described, Father wrote in boyish vein as follows to his sister Maria, then in western New York with the family of their older brother Newton:

Hiram, March 16, 1860.

Dear Sister: Near the close of this beautiful springlike day, I am seated and at your service to dilate in the usual style upon various subjects that present themselves to my mind. The sun is sinking behind the woods, the birds are singing their last songs for the day, and already the frogs in the neighboring swamps begin the chorus and proclaim in their simple yet expressive language that spring is at hand.

But pardon me; I am writing about spring and withholding the news you wish to hear so much. You see by the first word in my letter that I am in Hiram. Edward is here also. We are occupying the same room that you and Nelt and myself did "when we went to school." We are boarding ourselves, and enjoy ourselves very well. There are a few here who went when you did; namely, Sabrina, Sallie Haskins, Jennie Rhodes, Darrow, and several others. Time brings fewer changes than I thought it would. Mary [McMillan] and Aunt Chary are also here yet. Mary is keeping boarders; they live in the house that Mr. Clapp used to. She has bought it. They seem to enjoy themselves finely. Garfield has not returned from Columbus yet, but they expect him in a few weeks.

I will now turn your attention for a moment from Hiram, and talk about the gossip of Bainbridge. Simon scalded his arm very badly a few days



since, so I learned from a letter I received from Father last night. I presume you hear the news, all of it, in the immediate vicinity of Pond; so I can tell you nothing more worthy of note. Perhaps you are aware that I have sold out to Brewster and expect to go to school a while, unless I fall in love with somebody and get married. You see I am careful to make this a provision, for we cannot tell "what the morrow will bring forth."

Wm. Brown and John Brewster are working for the Deacon this season. I closed my school, a few weeks since, with honors; did not strike a blow, or pull any ears all winter, and the people said, if I was in this country next winter, I must certainly come back and teach there.

But perhaps you will think I am rather egotistical, so we will talk about something else. Nelt and Aunt Lorette are well, or were, the last that I heard from them. Yesterday afternoon, as of old, was a gala time for the boys. Edward went alone to Mrs. Foster's. . . . I stayed at home and two young ladies came to see me, Sabrina [Capron] and Miss [Nellie] Rudolph. I must close.

Goodbye, Charlie

Just what custom "as of old" made the afternoon of Thursday, March 15, 1860, "a gala time for the boys," I can not imagine; but students have ever been prolific of excuses for holidays. The practice of taking a half-day's adjournment each spring for the whole school to go down to the sugar camp by Silver Creek, has obtained in Hiram for I know not how many years past. St. Patrick's Day, too, has had no lack of celebrants even among these sons and daughters of the Puritans. But Father evidently alluded to neither of these. Of the persons referred to in his letter, Nellie Rudolph was Principal Garfield's sister-in-law, and Sabrina, whom it twice mentions, was the daughter of Henry Capron, of Bridge Creek, a near neighbor. She afterwards married Henry C. White, also a Hiram student, and, from 1887 until his death in 1905, the honored probate judge of Cuyahoga County.

Some days later, Father wrote to Nelson C. Henry, as follows:

Sabbath morning,  
Hiram, March 25, 1860.

My dear Cousin: It has seemed a long time since I saw you. . . . The school is passing off pleasantly this term. Garfield will be home next Tuesday. There is quite a number of the old "stewed dunces" here this spring, some of whom went when you were here. Ed and myself enjoy ourselves finely, boarding ourselves. I like it as well as hiring my board. I am studying algebra, chemistry, and German—very good studies but rather hard. I like chemistry in particular; it is *very* interesting. I will close now as it is time for church. Write soon.

Yours truly,  
Charlie

From the postal allusions at the beginning and end of the following partnership epistle, I surmise that the address upon Nelson's letter, in reply to the above, had embraced a lampoon on Father's bearded mien. That the two cousins had recently joined the Masonic lodge at Chagrin Falls, and also that

they were in no immediate danger of becoming "Campbellites," may likewise be read between the lines :

Hiram, May 2, 1860.

Dear Cousin: I received your letter and was glad to hear that you were enjoying yourself. P.M., I guess, observed your kind suggestions. Thank you very much.

I did not get out to the Falls, it is so far, and, besides, I have so much to do I could not spend the time. I would like to have been there very much. Do you go down occasionally now? There is a Lodge in Garrettsville. I have not been down yet, but intend to before school is out.

The Disciple chiefs are gathering in this week from all parts of the country. We expect to have great times soon. They had baptized several this spring, and I see it sticking out all around that they are laying their ropes for a big haul. I do not wish you to infer, by these terms that I use, that I mean any disrespect to religion; these expressions convey the idea better than any others I could use.

I do not expect to see you before the close of the term. I presume you will be here then, with your kids, striped stockings, and garters, and Mary Chase. Jerusha "ain't nowhars" now with you. I do not expect you will answer this, as you are in a hurry about your work now days, and, besides, you, as well as myself, are possessed with that Henry shiftlessness that of itself is enough to keep you from writing. I must close—no more time.

Charlie

I give way for Ed to write.

Basement Saloon, Hiram, O.

Charles E. Henry, Proprietor.

Dear Cousin: No person but a student can appreciate the value of a letter received from friends, and I can testify to the fact that your epistle was cordially received, driving away the dull routine of a student's life by calling forth shouts of laughter on my own part and causing Charley's black whiskers to vibrate like grass in a gale of wind; or, as the celebrated poetess of Charley's document "which I have in my possession" says:

The winds are sighing, Charlie,  
Sighing olden music o'er  
With a haunting tone  
Through scenes now lone—  
Where once we wandered, Charlie,  
We will wander nevermore.

O Nelson, I wish you were here sometimes to see how Charley gets Uncle Orrin's vocal organs in motion when some of the young boys (or foolish toads) bother him. He still refers Brown to you for the wood,—“Bill, he's worth property! he'll pay it, I suppose”; but he keeps myself in what he calls the right path of duty.

I have four studies, which keep me very busy, besides exercises for division and Lyceum. Come out and see us and we'll have some fun. Besides, Charley has had his eye on some patent bee-hives; and as you are a dealer (or raiser) in them, please come out and see how they work and their style might suit your *taste*.



Write as often as you can. Save that scholarship for me, if you please, and oblige.

Yours truly,

E. E. Henry

P.S. Address: "Charles E. Henry, that black-whiskered cuss."

To identify the "celebrated poetess" with the before mentioned Elizabeth Young of Auburn Corners may possibly be an error, but the "Lyceum" mentioned can only be the Delphic Literary Society, which was founded on November 24, 1854, and functioned as such for seventy-five years, until transformed into a social club. Father joined it in the spring of 1860, I think, and he always took a lively interest in the parliamentary and rhetorical drill which it afforded, as well as a loyal pride in its library, which he helped not only to build up, but to open to the use of the members of all the literary societies for several terms before the Hesperian, its rival, saw fit to reciprocate. There was then, as always, keen competition between these societies, and usually the ties of friendship have been closest between fellow members of the same one, just as in Greek letter fraternities elsewhere.

The Olive Branch then reigned supreme as the only ladies' organization of like sort in Hiram. Eclectic students of that period were wont to affect the language and ideals of the Age of Chivalry, a wholesome atmosphere for a co-educational institution. Delphic and Hesperian Knights thus vied mightily with one another for the favor of the Olivites. This sort of romanticism was fostered if not created in Hiram by the character of some of the Commencement dramas noticed in Garfield's address on the "Life and Character of Almeda A. Booth,"<sup>1</sup> which he delivered in Hiram on June 22, 1876:

There are many present today who remember these colloquies,<sup>2</sup>—that of 1853 founded on the Book of Esther; "Burr and Blennerhassett," in 1854, when O. P. Miller and Philip Burns played the heavy parts of Adams and Jefferson, and Rhodes, Pettibone, and Williams, the less pious but more exciting *roles* of Arnold, Burr, and Blennerhassett; "Lafayette," in 1856; "Ivanhoe," in 1857, in which the stirring scenes of the Crusades were revived; "The Conspiracy of Orsini," in 1858 (suggested by the reading of Ruffini's "Doctor Antonio"), in which Elias A. Ford trod the stage as Louis Napoleon, with Electa Beecher as Empress, and Amzi Atwater as prime minister, while White, Chamberlain and Ferry were treacherously seeking his imperial life. Then there was "The Highland Chiefs," in 1859, in which Henry James and Henry White were Lochiel and McAlpine, in deadly feud with Chamberlain and Dudley, Lords of Glencoe and Keppoch, mustering their clans to battle to determine which of these fierce knights should win the hands of Sophia Williams and Myra Robbins, the Ellen and Margaret of the hour. There was "Pickwickian Politics," in 1860, with Brown and Bennett as stars; and "Zenobia," in 1861, in which Mary E. White was the proud Queen of Palmyra, with a half a score of young men

<sup>1</sup> *The Works of James Abram Garfield*, Vol. 2, pp. 290, 305-6; Hinsdale's *President Garfield and Education*, pp. 367, 398-9.

<sup>2</sup> Plays and theaters were disapproved.



as bold Romans leading her away in triumph. In all these pieces, the parts which were surest to touch the heart, and win approval, were those written by Miss Booth.

In the Delphic Lyceum program for Thursday evening, June 9, 1859, the inevitable "colloquy" bears title "Arnold's Treason." Besides the authors, Henry M. James, John M. Atwater and Hiram S. Chamberlain, as Washington, Andre, and Arnold, respectively, the actors included Burke A. Hinsdale, Moses J. Richards, Henry O. Newcomb, Francis M. Green, Frederick Augustus Williams, Charles P. Bowler, Clifton A. Bennett, Wallace Coburn, with other members of the society, and Eliza E. Clapp, Frances Mason, Myra E. Robbins, and Sophia Williams, drafted from the Olive Branch to take the female parts. Though Father did not attend school during that term, this list of names, with those upon the Commencement program of 1861, hereinafter reproduced, embrace practically the entire circle of his intimate friends in the old Eclectic days, except, of course, his teachers, roommates, and a few Hesperians, such as Joseph Rudolph, Frank H. Mason and Henry C. White.

To resume Father's narrative:

The next fall [1860], I returned to Hiram and roomed with Charlie Dudley at my cousin Mary McMillan's, who, with her mother and daughter Lina, lived in Hiram then. Ed also boarded there, working for her and paying his board by choring, chopping wood, wiping dishes and waiting on Aunt Chary. I had made the arrangement for him and he did very well. I kept a horse and buggy in Hiram, not wishing to leave it in Auburn, and thinking I might sell it in Hiram, or at least keep it there as cheaply as in Auburn.

Charlie Dudley, for whom I had got a winter school to teach in Father's district in Bainbridge, had to take the Geauga County teachers' examination in Burton, and as I wanted to do the same, we hitched up my horse and buggy and drove up. Ed thought he would take the examination, too; so he went with us, but he failed. Dudley got a certificate for one year and I for four years.<sup>1</sup> One of the three examiners had been on the board for some time. His name was Worallo, I think. When I told him who I was, he said, "I know your father, he is an old school teacher." I suspected this had something to do with my getting so good a certificate, though when I handed in my papers I glanced and saw that they looked neater than the average.

It was a hard strain to drive so far and work at the hard examination, and when we got back to Hiram I remember I was exceedingly tired. There was a social that night on the street west of the college building, in a house a little north of the path due west. I was too tired to go, but Charlie Dudley insisted that I attend, so I finally consented. He went and got Franc Smith, but I went across the campus and climbed the stiles without having any girl. The boys and girls were in groups, each by themselves for the most part. Once or twice I caught the eye of one of the girls whom I knew by sight but had never met. I had caught her eye before in chapel when I looked

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<sup>1</sup> Father had then a record of one term's successful experience as a district-school teacher, which accounts for his four-year certificate.



back from where I sat on the front seat with the teachers. But we had never spoken to each other. Too tired to be sociable, I soon got my hat quietly and started home to go to bed. I had crossed the road diagonally when I heard Hi Chamberlain coming after me and urging me to "Come back." Just then one of the girls opened the door, and a voice which I knew to belong to the girl whose eye I had caught, called to Hi, "Tell those boys to come back." I was "those boys," and I came back. Pretty soon Franc Smith came over from the group of girls and took me across and introduced me to the owner of the voice, Sophie Williams, who made a place for me to sit beside her on the lounge where she was seated.

Later that same term we had a social at the McMillan house, and Charlie Dudley urged me to invite Sophie Williams. I was embarrassed about inviting her to my own boarding place, but seeing that the other boys were inviting their girls, I finally sent her a note by Flo Hannum asking if I might have the pleasure of escorting her to the social at Mrs. Mary McMillan's the following evening. In half an hour Flo came back with a note saying, "Sophie accepts with pleasure." Dudley afterwards told me that she thought he and his girl had put me up to asking her, and in pretended anger she exclaimed, "Franc Smith, I'll murder you!"

That same term we had a public discussion on the question "Are the Planets Inhabited?" affirmed by me, assisted by Maxson of Ravenna, and denied by Wilbur Henry and Baz Hank. There was no provision for any decision, but at table Miss Williams, being asked who made the best speech, replied, "Charlie Henry." At another time she spoke my name (ostensibly by mistake, but the boys said she did it purposely), exclaiming at table in extravagant admiration of something or other said or done, "I just love Charlie Henry"; at which there was a general laugh, and she added quickly, "I mean Charlie Dudley, Charlie *Dudley*."

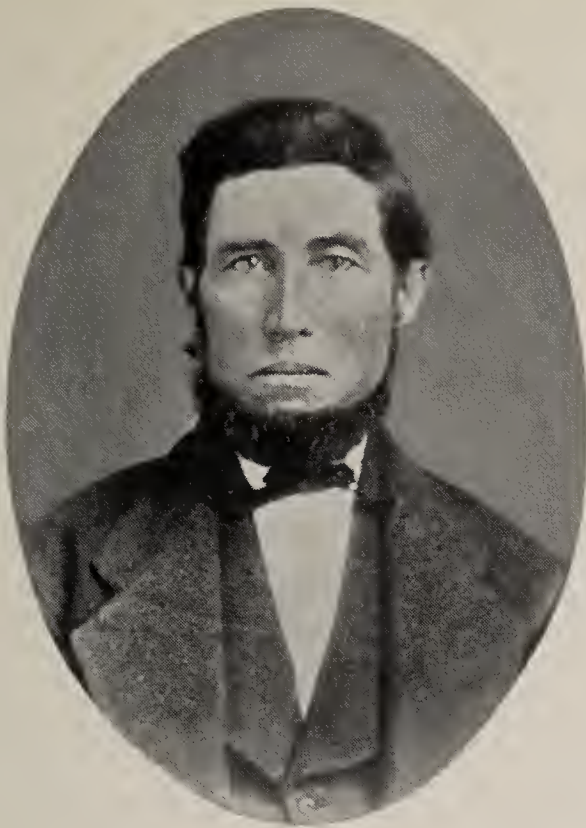
We agreed to correspond, and exchanged letters between Auburn and Hiram as often, I guess, as once a week during that winter of 1860-1861. It was my second term of teaching in the May district. The people there contributed out of their own pockets four dollars a month more than the regular pay of teachers in order to have me come back, so I had twenty-four dollars a month and boarded around again.

Meanwhile Father took much interest in arranging a course of lectures in Bainbridge to be given by his Hiram friends. The following letters bear witness to his efforts and to their success:

Pond, Nov. 18, 1860.

Mr. Garfield: I expected to see you again before leaving home, but did not have an opportunity. Edward tells me that you wrote to me concerning the proposed lectures, but I haven't received any letter. The people are quite anxious to know when you are coming; so you will have to write this week, if you haven't already, and let us know when you can or will be here. We will have it announced in church next Sabbath. I intend to recommend the name of H. S. Chamberlain before long to the committee and have him come out here and read his lecture on Italy. I think his subject is better suited for a popular audience than any of the others read before the school; so give him the first chance, and if he succeeds, then have the other boys come also, if they will do so for a reasonable compensation.





(Top) "Deacon" Henry Brewster and Wife Ann (Sister of Charles E. Henry, who lived with them at Bridge Creek 1856-1861). (Bottom) Sophia Williams and Charles E. Henry, Students at Hiram 1858-1861





I am sorry that I am thwarted in my desire to go to school this winter, but I must submit.

Yours truly,  
C. E. Henry

P. S. If any of the boys wish to come out when you do, there will be places where they can stay and welcome. Direct, Bridge Creek.

The following fragment of a letter from Father to Moses J. Richards of Solon I find among Father's papers preserved for fifty years by Aunt Ann Brewster:

Bridge Creek, Monday evening, Dec. 3rd, 1860.

Dear Moses:—

I received yours last week, and answer this evening, the first favorable opportunity. We teachers have but very little time for lengthy correspondence if we are very social with our patrons and do our duty in school; after all, 'tis pleasant to snatch a few moments to hold converse with those whom we cherish as friends and love as schoolmates.

I expected to see you yesterday in Bainbridge. Garfield has been delivering a course of lectures there on "Geology and the Bible"; the one delivered Sunday on "The Mosaic and Geologic Record" was the best I ever heard from him or anyone else on the subject. The people were very well pleased with the course, and although they were nearly all "anti-geologists," the most of them were convinced or rather converted to the doctrine set forth.

I saw Charlie Dudley there. He seemed to be in excellent spirits and was progressing finely in school.

In answer to your inquiry concerning Secession I must say that my thoughts are rather addled with regard to it. I have heard so much that I hardly know whether it is because of the triumph of the Republican party or merely a little blowing of the South Carolinians. . . .

Three months later when the spring term at Hiram had just begun, he wrote to Nelson Henry as follows:

Hiram, March 8th, 1861.

Cousin Nelt:

I received your enclosed note today. I intended to see you before I came here, but could not very well. We are all pleasantly situated at Mary's.<sup>1</sup> Ed and Wilbur room together. My roommate is a little fancy fellow from Newburg, quite a little gentleman.<sup>2</sup> I do not think there will be as many here as usual spring terms; yet there is talent here. I wish you could come down and see us before school is out. I saw the Pettibone girls the morning they started for Oberlin; had a fine time with them before the cars came along. I suppose that you do not miss them much.

I intend to come and see you before school is out,—there is fifty cents left of the "lecture money," and I want you to see Jerry Root, Robert Root, Nelson Henry, and several other men and raise it to three dollars, by each one giving twenty-five cents, more or less, and I will guarantee to you two of the best lectures you ever heard. Lyman Kent, William Howard, and

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Mary McMillan, Father's cousin.

<sup>2</sup> R. C. Huntoon.



Deacon Kingsley all told me that they would give twenty-five cents each, and I want you to get as much more as you can and write me the result. Now don't be shiftless about it and put it off till doomsday, for I want to know in two weeks, if you can. Hinsdale is the man to lecture.

Yours in haste,

Charlie

From the middle of the spring term Wilbur Henry was chummed with Father, after the latter's brother Edward quit school on the President's call to arms and became the first student volunteer from Hiram. This explains the seeming conflict with the above letter of the recital at this point in Father's later narrative, namely, "The next spring I again went to Hiram, and roomed with Wilbur Henry." But the shift of rooming arrangements at Cousin Mary's mattered little amid the multiplying martial forebodings which Father afterwards recalled in his sketch, "Hiram in the War," contributed to the *Hiram College Advance* of April 30, 1892.

The spring term of 1861 was one of deep interest. Recitations and general school routine were much the same as in former terms; but it was clear that the inauguration of Lincoln, the bombardment of Fort Sumter on the twelfth of April, the call for seventy-five thousand men to suppress the rebellion, the gathering of men in camps, the stirring events of war, distracted many students from their studies. Some twenty or more boys left the school, singly or in groups of three or four, and enlisted. Here and there a boy sixteen or seventeen years old ran away and was heard from a few days after, dressed in blue uniform and drilling in camp.

The college campus soon became a drill ground. Except the words, "March!" "Halt," and "Forward," no one knew a single word of command in military drill. The most simple evolutions of a squad were more complex and difficult for the boys to understand than a Greek root, Sturm's theorem, or Horner's method. In less than three years I saw some of these awkward boys become the finest drillmasters in the Western armies, among whom were Captain J. S. Ross, S. P. Newcomb, T. C. Parsons, P. M. Cowles, and Captain Frank Mason. Indeed one Hiram boy, Major W. H. Clapp, entered the regular army at the close of his volunteer service and stands today, after a continuous service of over thirty years, one of the most efficient officers in the army.

"Who can drill us?" was the call from every side. At last someone knew or found out that old Mr. Buckingham had been a soldier in the War of 1812. He was soon drafted to teach us the company or squad drill. Bent with the infirmities of age, the old gentleman went limping about over the campus in charge of a long string of sprightly and roguish boys. To us he was a hero of a former generation and knew much that we did not.

The Commencement exercises at the close of the term were marked by strong patriotism and love for the Union and flag. For the first time in years Greece and Rome received only incidental or illustrative reference. The essays and speeches for the freedom of the slave, the perpetuity of the Constitution and the Government, were loudly cheered by the vast audience under the "Big Tent." Many of the boys who took part in the exercises enlisted for three years soon after the first battle of Bull Run, July 21, and some of them rest

in soldiers' graves in the South. Here and there one returned to Hiram after the war and attended two or three terms, but with the most of us as students it was goodbye to Hiram forever.

Once more to resume Father's oral narrative:

I was chosen to debate with Baz Hank at Commencement the question, "Does a Republican Form of Government Contain the Elements of Perpetuity?" It was a dark time. Both of us wanted the negative, so Rhodes flipped a copper, and heads gave me the affirmative. I felt depressed, but went to work the best I could. I was glad afterwards that it fell so, for that was the right side. When I had made my speech, "Uncle" Fred Williams came crutching across the platform and shook my hand, saying, "That was a good speech." Garfield whispered to me afterwards, "That was splendid, Charlie."

Both disputants were soon battling shoulder to shoulder in defence of the Republic whose perpetuity they had thus mooted. The original notes of their speeches came to light again, curiously enough, a quarter-century later, when I was a student at Hiram. A man named James Young, the sole tenant of moldering Bonney Castle, died, and pending the remodeling of the house, students prowled about its vacant rooms. Among the time-stained and mouse-eaten papers in a broken trunk beside the unmade bed whence the body had been taken, someone found the foolscap sheets containing Bazel Hank's set of the addresses as penned in duplicate by the disputants themselves. Too long to copy here, these productions exhibit on either side not a little merit in both logic and diction. Parrying his opponent's argument from the failure of the Poles to vindicate their freedom, Father declaimed, in a passage less purple now that history has in 1940 so exactly repeated itself:

Thus fell the Polish people, after a heroic struggle to establish liberty, by the flagitious wickedness of Russia, the foul treachery of Prussia, the unprincipled aggression of Austria, as well as the mean-spirited acquiescence of all the other nations of Europe.

When he submitted the first draft of his initial speech to Principal Garfield for correction, the latter said:

You haven't left an opening for Bazel. Give him a chance to get at you where he may think you weak; and then, to meet his attack, throw in your reserves and repulse him.

What proved to be Father's and Mother's valedictory to student days in Hiram is reflected in the program of the "Eleventh Commencement, Western Reserve Eclectic Institute, Thursday, June 6, 1861," which is reproduced below.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Forenoon.  
Music—"Anthem"

1. Essay—The Druids .....Hettie J. Smith, Hiram.
2. Poem—A Retrospect .....Cornelia Beebe, Havanna.
3. Essay—The Hiram Guards .....Rozelma I. Udall, Hiram.
4. Essay—Athens .....Sophia A. Bartlett, Greene.



Grandmother Henry attended this Commencement, and by her comment on her future daughter-in-law's poem, "The Mother's Last Offering," created much amusement among the fair author's girl friends. With characteristic impulsiveness she exclaimed, "No one but a mother could have written such a poem!"

Mother had attended school at Hiram at least six terms, the fall of 1858, the spring of 1859, either the fall or spring following, or both, and all three terms of the academic year 1860-1861. Her name thus appears in three successive annual catalogues as a student, and also as a member of the Olive Branch society. Father and Mother were but two or three terms in attendance at Hiram at the same time,—the spring perhaps of 1860, and the fall and spring of 1860-1861.

With hair the hue of wood flames and spirit to match; her father a trustee of the Eclectic and her brother an instructor there; with her education well advanced before she came there, and aided meanwhile by several terms of successful experience as a teacher in Shalersville, Streetsboro, and Brimfield; and with a nascent poetic bent, countenanced by sound critics like Garfield, Rhodes, and Miss Booth,—Sophia Williams at twenty ranked easily among the first of that really brilliant circle of young women, "The Hiram Girls Before the War." In the *Cleveland Leader* of Sunday, December 2, 1900, Father meditated this charming theme:

Music—"The Tourist"

5. Essay—Smart People ..... Louisa Hinsdale, Wadsworth.
6. Essay—A Waif from the Lake ..... Charlotte M. Gage, Madison.
7. Essay—After Battle ..... Persis S. Norton, Chester.
8. Essay—Sunshine on the Wall ..... Addie M. Robbins, Solon.

Music—"The Patriotic Band"

9. Essay—Theodosia Burr ..... Franc Smith, Hiram.
10. Essay—Before Battle ..... Sabrina M. Capron, Auburn.
11. Poem—The Mother's Last Offering ..... Sophia M. Williams, Ravenna.
12. Essay—My Castles in Spain ..... Myra E. Robbins.

Music—"The Light Heart"

13. Discussion—Does a Republican Form of Government Contain the Elements of Perpetuity?
 

}	Affirmative, C. E. Henry, Bainbridge.
}	Negative, B. G. Hank, Hiram.

Music—"Hail to Thee—Liberty!"

Afternoon.

Music—"Ha! Ha! We've Stemmed the Stream"

1. Oration—Stellar Worlds ..... A. B. Cook, Bedford.
2. Oration—The Highways of Nations ..... W. F. Henry, Bainbridge.
3. Oration—Decisions of the People ..... M. S. Clark, Freedom.

Music—"Greeting to Spring"

4. Oration—Henry Clay ..... J. M. Mason, Hiram.
5. Oration—The Spanish Armada ..... Baldwin Bentley, Mantua.
6. Oration—Our Flag ..... R. C. Norton, Hiram.

Music—"Our Glorious Banner"

7. The Union and the Confederacy ..... S. P. Newcomb, Hiram.  
C. A. Dudley, Freedom.

Music—"We Come from the Palace"

8. Oration—The Dynasty of Cotton ..... F. H. Mason, Niles.
9. Oration—The Teachings of Necessity ..... H. W. Johnson, Burton.
10. Valedictory—The Vigil of Faith ..... E. S. Glasier, Bedford.

Music—"Farewell Song"



During the fall term of 1860, the Olive Branch girls wrote a play which they called "The Prayer of the Races," or "Nations," or something like it. One was selected to act as queen, or goddess, to reply to their petitions. I remember that one girl dressed as a young squaw, made a pathetic appeal for the Indian tribes. Others followed on behalf of the Mongolian, Russian, German, Italian, Spanish, French, English, and American peoples. It was a grand success. Each petition was well worded, and the replies of the goddess, Miss Robbins, were appropriate. The old chapel hall was packed with people who cheered these young queens of the stage. We boys in after years heard Ristori, Modjeska, and other queens, but they were nowhere to be compared with the Hiram girls.

After all the nations and races of earth had made their petitions to the goddess, the last character was held back for the climax. A bright little girl of sixteen, with cheery look and beautiful face, had been daubed with lamp-black on face, hands, and feet by her Olive Branch sisters, and an iron chain was bound about her wrists. With ragged dress she appeared before the goddess on bended knee, and with uplifted hands loaded with chains, she pleaded for the freedom of her race. The scene was pathetic. The audience was melted to tears. Many of the fathers who founded the College were present. Uncle Zeb Rudolph, who was never demonstrative, remarked that he had never dreamed of such pathos in play.

That was the year before the Civil War, when discussion ran high in politics relative to slavery and its extension. It was the rumor afterwards that a number of Democrats in the audience, who had sneered at "black Republicans," as they called them then, and had argued for a "white man's Government," quietly left the hall with tearful eyes and never voted the Democratic ticket again.

Florence Hannum, the pretty little girl who played the part better than any Topsy ever played in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," was married some years afterwards, became a mother and died twenty years ago. Every Hiram boy and girl of those days remembers her, and the flowers of every spring spread their garlands on her grave.

Another reminiscence of "Eclectic Days" before the War is recounted in Father's letter to me of November 5, 1898, from Pittsburgh:

In the fall of 1859 [March 31, 1860] I was a bashful young man or boy at Hiram. Frances D. Gage, a woman of high repute, lectured on "Women's Rights." I sat near a girl of golden hair, but I was very bashful indeed. Mrs. Gage thrilled us with her eloquence. When at the height of her eloquence, she used the figure "that in the world's history man had been the oak and woman the vine to cling around him. *Let it be so no longer!*" Bashful as I was, I could not repress my feelings, and muttered *sotto voce*, "Let 'em cling." A suppressed laugh ran over the old chapel; it amused the audience very much. I became a sort of hero if not a wit. The golden-haired vine began to twine about the bashful oak (or basswood) and has twined and clung for over thirty years, tree and vine mutually supporting each other in the storms of life.

On the very next day (April 1) the same aweless swain and his "smart" fellows owned to being handsomely hoaxed by their Hiram "vines" when they learned too late that it was a spurious written summons from the principal's



office that had brought them there to answer (so they feared) for misconduct of which, though not specified in the writ, they were guiltily conscious. In Mother's narrative hereinafter set out, her version of this incident varies from Father's in crediting Miss Booth instead of J. H. Rhodes (who was acting principal during Garfield's absence) with the victims' humorous and humiliating disillusionment.

For a period of seventy years, beginning before Father's and Mother's time, the evening of Commencement Day at Hiram was devoted to an entertainment by one or another of the literary societies. In 1861 the Delphic Lyceum held the boards. To preside over or to take part in the exercises was of course an honor highly prized by the members. At that time, too, the office of marshal was magnified beyond its dignity in later years, the incumbent's name being associated on the printed program with that of the president himself. Father recalled from time to time his own connection with this event. From Dallas, Texas, on November 19, 1889, he wrote to me at Ann Arbor, Michigan, as follows:

Your candidacy recalls my first—or second rather in importance. My first was a small affair, marshal of the Delphic, in the spring of '61. All thought I was the man, inasmuch as I had declined to be a candidate for president and urged Henry Johnson, who wanted it. Johnson beat me by a few votes—three or four, I think—but mostly on my efforts in his behalf. Then came marshal. Everybody wanted me, when up jumped a sort of “unanimous, Private Dalzell” member and nominated “our popular fellow student and Delphian, W. F. Henry.” I jocosely seconded the nomination, knowing that W. F. Henry was not meant. He was an older brother of Aunt Mollie Kennedy. It went through by acclamation and a hurrah, but you ought to have seen the faces when they found it was not the dry, sedate C. E. I treated the whole thing as a joke, glad indeed to escape the duty of wearing a big red sash all the evening at a public performance.

A place on the program meant honor enough, however, and Father's oration, “The Poetry of Science,” by no means so stilted as his avowed canon of composition might imply, made a real hit. From Dallas, he wrote to me at Hiram on April 10, 1888:

I enclose copy of my last literary production at Hiram. I slowly recalled it to mind one day out on the line while waiting for a train. I wrote it mostly in the woods. I endeavored to have the whole a series of pleasing pictures easy to recite, made up of words not in common use then. Part of it I penciled on Sunday on the Russ Place among the rocks.

The next day he wrote again:

I was thinking last night about the kind criticisms and hearty mingled compliments that Garfield gave me on the manuscript of my oration given to him to look over. He had just returned from the Ohio senate about the middle of the spring term, and was to look over all literary papers for the public exercises Commencement Day. One fine spring morning he sat down beside me, partly leaning on me, to look over and “slash” the “Poetry of



Science." He read on till he got to "painted bowers of the Muses," took his pencil and slashed the word "painted" out and wrote "charming" above it. He then read on till he got to "the complaining surf that lashes the shore," when he drew the blue pencil through "lashes" and wrote "beats against." He read aloud till he got to "All these influences inspire the dormant Muse as the morning sun evokes the harmonies of Memnon's statue." He then said: "Charlie, you have a grand, beautiful figure here. I did not know that you were up to the measure of this as a whole. Let me suggest a little." So he slashed "the dormant Muse" out, and wrote "call out music from the soul of man," and remarked, "Charlie, this is a fine piece for the occasion. Recite it slowly so as to hold each picture up to the audience long enough for them to look at it."

When I had finished speaking it, a few nights after, to a big tent full of people, he came up, threw his arm around me, lifted me clear from the ground: "Old boy, you did well; it took even better than I thought it would. It was a grand thing. I am proud of you." Looking back over a bridge of years, through storms and toil and smoke of battle, that was one of the happiest moments of my life. His praise was dearer to me than all; his approbation was worth years of toil to secure. On several occasions years afterwards, he used the figure of music and Memnon's statue when convenient to illustrate some subject or thought.

The original manuscript, with Garfield's "slashing," lies before me and substantially corroborates Father's recollection. The word "harmonies," however, appears to be Garfield's substitute for Father's "musical strains"; and the latter's phrase, "to seek expression," following the word "Muse," went out, of course, with its subject.

Teacher and pupil had now become firm friends. In Father's copy of Wells' *Familiar Science*, he noted: "Loaned to J. A. G. for lecture in fall term, 1860." About the same time, I believe, Mr. Garfield had an appointment to make a political speech in the schoolhouse at Hiram Rapids, three miles from the Center, and he invited Father to go with him. When the appointed evening came, they drove over together and found that through some mistake proper notice of the meeting had not been given and only nine men were present. Nothing daunted, Mr. Garfield, instead of adjourning the meeting as a failure and returning home, made to that audience of nine one of his most eloquent and convincing talks, and succeeded in winning over three of the five Democrats present to the new Republican faith. "He was not loud," Father said in the *Chicago Tribune* of March 1, 1881.

He made no attempt at wonderful oratorical flourishes. But he made each man there feel that he was being talked to especially; that the argument was prepared for his benefit. It was invested with all the interest of his best class talks. On the way home I asked him why he had indulged in so much effort before so small an audience. "That is the way to get larger audiences, Charlie. 'Every day is a king in disguise,' and it is for us to discover it."

Next to Garfield and his brother-in-law Joseph Rudolph, Father's Hiram intimates included none in closer or more enduring friendship than Burke A.



Hinsdale, afterwards the president of Hiram College, superintendent of instruction in the Cleveland Public Schools, and professor of the science and the art of teaching in the University of Michigan. In his ninth of March address at Hiram, from which I have already quoted, Father thus voiced his appreciation of this friend of more than forty years, whose death occurred but a few months later on November 28, 1900, the eve of Father's sixty-fifth birthday:

A bashful boy came here from Medina County a few years before the War. He appeared shy and awkward, except in class, where he recited well. He often crossed the street or turned another way to avoid meeting the girls. I had done the same many times, and I felt the need of his sympathy and friendship. In some way we drifted together. We were both afraid of the girls and could not tell why.<sup>1</sup> He would tell me of Macauley, Carlyle, Emerson, and Gibbon, and I talked to him of Lyell, Buckland, Hugh Miller, and Darwin.

Since those walks and talks my life has been braided into his. That bashful boy is now the author of the best books on education and history. He was president here for twelve years, and every boy who graduated under him is his Boswell.

His name gives dignity and honor to one of our great universities. These sacred walls would be honored with the tablet, BURKE AARON HINSDALE.

Hinsdale's cousin, Judge Don A. Pardee, with whom Father was soon to form another lifelong friendship, achieved high distinction too, though on quite other lines, owing perhaps to different rearing. The stern piety of the Puritans reigned more rigidly over Hinsdale's upbringing, and "Bub and me's got to get whipped," was the reason, sorrowfully assigned by Burke's brother, why the little boys could not renew their Sabbath frolic with their cousins. Alluding to this incident, Father wrote from Dallas on October 26, 1889, to me at Ann Arbor, where I was then reciting to Professor Hinsdale:

I never thought that "Burke and me" were particularly popular among the boys, for the reason we never coddled them—we called it that way then. Yet the boys came to us when they wanted help,—to him for heavy projectiles and to me for methods of defence and flank movements. So in some way we "sort of" traveled along together.

Father's sitting in chapel "on the front seat with the teachers" doubtless marks the prerogative of an "old student" in close friendship with the faculty's recent accessions from the senior student ranks. During that farewell year before the Civil War, Hinsdale and Frederick Augustus Williams, Mother's brother, together with Hiram S. Chamberlain, of Solon, became "Assistant Teachers" in the Eclectic while they were still studying there—a unique distinction which brought them into close association. Soon after Commencement, Hinsdale was able to write from his home in Wadsworth to his junior colleague, Williams, under date of June 15, 1861; "I am wronging no

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<sup>1</sup> Father certainly exaggerated their bashfulness.

one when I say,—for the past year and a half you have been my most intimate friend.” His reflections upon their leave-taking at Hiram now seem startlingly prophetic of its finality:

I said little—glanced back often to see you fading from sight, till at last a barn hid you from my view. . . . It was not till then that the thought came over me,—the circle is broken, the “golden cord” is loosed, and Gust and I are finally separated!

Of the death, a year later, of this uncle, whose name I bear, but whom I never knew, Father, recalling to memory the departed companions of days past, wrote to me from Dallas on May 10, 1887, after the lapse of a quarter-century:

The friends of my youth dropped by the wayside one by one—some, shot in battle, sleep quietly in mother earth in unknown graves beneath the magnolias and pines, while the winds sigh a requiem above their resting places. The loss of those friends took a deep hold on me. Your Uncle Augustus lost his life in the War. I often think of his school life at Hiram, and to me no student life was so perfect, so well rounded as his. He was the soul of honor, so frank and manly in all his ways, and his life was upright, each day before God and man.

Directly after Hiram Commencement Father returned to the box factory in Auburn, where Deacon Brewster always stood ready to employ the industrious brother-in-law who had been his partner. Driving often that summer to the home of Frederick Williams in Shalersville, Father fulfilled, as far as possible, the pert prophecy, with which, on his first visit, the girl he sought audaciously quizzed him. On his remarking to his future father-in-law that the road from Bridge Creek was grass-grown, she of the flame-hued locks archly opined that it would be so no longer; whereat, the young man’s bashfulness, as he afterwards jokingly affirmed, almost misgave him.

So, now and again, they read together during that summer, under the ripening russets and seek-no-farthers of Squire Williams’ bounteous orchard, the mellifluous numbers of Moore’s *Lalla Rookh*; gleaned among the leaves of Mrs. Sigourney’s poems; or smiled at the popular outpourings of Martin Farquhar Tupper’s fantastic muse. War’s alarms seemed not yet personal to them; though Father’s brother Edward, when not yet twenty, had slipped away from Hiram in the midst of the spring term, and enlisted at Cleveland, in Company A of the Twenty-third Ohio, a regiment which numbered two future presidents, Hayes and McKinley, among its field officers.



## 7. *Under Colonel Garfield*

ABOUT the last of July, 1861, Father, still pursuing the arts of peace, was engaged by Lorenzo Bull, on behalf of the directors of the district school in the southeast corner of Solon, to teach there during the following winter, at one dollar per day, and board around. Less than two miles from the home of his parents, this school, besides paying well for that day, would give him occasional opportunity, notwithstanding he was to teach every other Saturday, to lend a helping hand over week-ends to his Father, who had now given his only son at home to the service of his country. Referring to this school contract, Father's oral narrative proceeds:

Two weeks afterwards [August 10] Garfield and Augustus Williams drove over to Auburn. They got supper<sup>1</sup> and insisted upon my going back with them to Hiram. They were going to raise a company in Hiram and Mantua for the Forty-second Ohio, a new regiment. At the meeting that night in the brick church at Hiram, after Garfield had spoken, I was the first one to sign my name for three years.

"Not less than sixty names," says F. H. Mason in his history of *The Forty-second Ohio Infantry*, page 43, "were signed to the enlistment roll within an hour."

It was vacation, all but the resident students had dispersed, but hearing of the meeting many came back and enlisted that evening. Others flocked to Ravenna where the headquarters of the company were removed, and within a week the student company was full and on its way to Columbus. From Medina came another splendid company of men under Captain W. H. Williams, another from Ashland under Captain T. C. Bushnell, a fourth under Captain J. H. Riggs from Mount Ephraim, and the four companies already assigned to the Forty-second Infantry were mustered into the service on the twenty-fifth of September. The students [under Captain F. A. Williams] took the right of the line as Company "A," Captain [W. H.] Williams' men were placed on the left as Company "B," Captain Bushnell took the colors at the center as Company "C," and Captain Riggs's men became Company "D."

Many years afterwards, Father, in a letter to his old major and lieutenant-colonel, United States Circuit Judge Don A. Pardee, wrote from Geauga Lake on November 28, 1904, as follows:

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<sup>1</sup> Aunt Ann hastily cooked them pancakes, served with maple sirup, which they swallowed with grateful appetites, though at first protesting that they could not stop to eat.

Garfield thought he could raise a regiment. He aided to raise the Seventh Ohio, and had many friends; but he was defeated by Tyler. He had many friends, too, when the Twenty-third Ohio was raised; but Rosecrans, Scammon, *et al.*, military men, beat him. Then came the Forty-first; but Hazen, a West Pointer, had the inside track. Professor Cox, of Oberlin, a State senator with Garfield, had more influence and an easy path, like Schurz, Butler, and others, for a star instead of an eagle on his shoulder. Governor Dennison then asked Garfield to raise the Forty-second. He did it in a few weeks, and a better lot of boys never signed the muster roll. "Why?" it may be asked. Because Christian fathers and mothers wanted their boys to enlist under the young professor of Hiram—they knew him to be manly, brave and honest.

Now comes a bit of unwritten history that I never have mentioned even to you. He told me that he wanted to get as major, or lieutenant-colonel, a son of Uncle Aaron Pardee, with a military education, to drill the regiment and make soldiers of them, for he did not know how. He used these last words as we said "Good-night" at the gate when I left for home.

That momentous trip to Hiram, with his future colonel and captain, completely changed all Father's plans as in the twinkling of an eye. "I drove over to Solon," said he, "and got Lo to let me off." Of another purpose thwarted he wrote on October 11, 1901, from Pittsburgh to Deacon Brewster. Referring to Doctor David Shipherd he recalled:

The Doctor was a curious old fellow and was really delightful to talk with, yet a man of strong prejudices. He took a notion to me and wanted me to study medicine with him and take his practice off his hands. The War came on and I enlisted and the plan broke up. In some way Garfield heard of the offer of Dr. Shipherd and offered me the appointment of hospital steward. I declined, for I wanted to carry a musket.

From the "Morning Report Book" of Company A, I quote:

The formation of the company was begun on Monday evening, September 16th, at Hiram, Portage County, Ohio, and on Friday, September 20th, at a military convention held in Ravenna, Portage County, the names on the company roll were raised in number to eighty. Thereupon those forming the company there and then proceeded to the election of commissioned officers, which resulted as follows: For Captain, F. A. Williams; for First Lieutenant, H. S. Bates; and for Second Lieutenant, W. H. Clapp. On Saturday morning the company started into camp, arriving here (Camp Chase) on Sunday morning. The non-commissioned officers were appointed on Saturday, September 20th. . . . On the day of the election of officers, it was voted in honor of Judge Day, of Ravenna, that the company be known as the *Day Light Guards*.

Following his account of the choice of Delphic marshal at Hiram, already quoted, Father's letter of November 19, 1889, discussed this company election as follows:

The second defeat was of more import, and I knew it. Company A organized at Hiram and Ravenna, and the boys wanted me for lieutenant. W. H. Clapp was on hand, fresh from the glory of the New York Seventh in the battle of Bull Run. As he had had three months' service, I advised the boys to vote for



him instead of me. I worked for him and voted for him, and by some deal with a squad of Mantua boys under Captain Bates, who was elected first lieutenant, they gave their votes to Clapp, which, with my vote, gave him one majority over me.<sup>1</sup> So, as a matter of fact, I could have entered the army as a commissioned officer; but I earned it and got it in less than a year, and prize it more highly at this distant day.

The curious mixture of candid self-distrust and childlike self-complacency, which Father not infrequently exhibited, makes it certain that he has neither misconceived nor overstated the circumstances. He could easily have had the office and would have been glad to get it; yet he thrust it aside in favor of one whom he knew to be by experience better qualified for it. This company contained at least a score of men who were fitted for preferment. Says Mason, page 261:

With the exception of a squad of recruits brought from Mantua by Mr. H. S. Bates, the material of Company "A" was almost exclusively students and graduates of Hiram Eclectic Institute, then in the zenith of its popularity and influence. . . . The rank and file of the company included an unusually large proportion of highly educated and intelligent men. Many of them were promoted during the three years' service of the regiment to commissioned officers in other regiments and staff positions. Others were in constant requisition for detached service, in situations where intelligence and education were required for the performance of special duties.

Father was immediately appointed sergeant, and beginning on November 28, 1861, the handwriting and "Signature of First Sergeant" in the "Morning Report Book" are his. The "Remarks" in this record constitute a regular journal of events and disclose that, after the company election, Company A departed the same day for Columbus. Nearly thirty years later, Father wrote to me from Dallas on February 26, 1891, when I was about to start from Ann Arbor to take my bar examination before the supreme court of Ohio:

The first night I ever slept in Columbus was with Hiram boys, Company A, in the supreme court rooms in the statehouse, a special favor asked by our Colonel Garfield, as they were clean and no troops had ever slept there. We ate our rations of hard tack and "sow belly," made our coffee in the basement, and after supper, Hiram-like, organized, chose sides and unanimously voted me chief justice to listen to arguments, pro and con, by Baz Hank, Sutton Newcomb, Charlie Clark, *et al.*, on the "Right of Secession by a State, and the Power of the General Government to Coerce and Keep it in the Union."

Acting as supreme justice I summed up the arguments for and against, and gave a decision that the Federal Constitution conferred full power on the President of the United States not only to coerce a State to comply with Federal laws, but to hang all men found in arms against it, and confiscate their property (which as a matter of course would liberate their slaves) and make our country a land of freedom in fact and law.

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<sup>1</sup> Father wrote to me from Dallas on October 23, 1887, "When the ballots were counted, William Clapp had two majority over me. Had I said the word, I was assured of nearly all. I therefore carried a musket for nearly a year at seventeen dollars a month instead of a sword and one hundred and five dollars."



The secession orators were overwhelmed, although to hear their arguments one would suppose it was in the statehouse at Columbia instead of Columbus. They took their defeat in good part, however, and about midnight we rolled into our blankets and slept sweetly till morning, when, after coffee and simple fare, we marched out on the pike to Camp Chase.

1861-1891. Ah me, thirty years! How swift have sped the milestones, and how slow they come along one by one! Two of those orators were killed in battle, three were wounded, and all but three have fallen by the wayside in the long march of thirty years. Such was my experience in the supreme court room of Ohio, acting as the new Chief Justice of the United States. I have been in it few times since, but the scene of that night has always been vivid and pleasant to me.<sup>1</sup>

The field officers of the regiment included, besides Colonel Garfield, Lieutenant-colonel Lionel A. Sheldon, of Lorain County, and, as Garfield had desired, Major Don A. Pardee, of Wadsworth, Medina County. Father described his first meeting with Major Pardee, in his letter above cited of November 28, 1904, to the latter, as follows:

A blunt and awkward schoolmate whom they called Burke Hinsdale, from Medina County, was a member of my society, the Delphic. I noticed that he was able in debate on literary and historical questions. He began to come to my rooms, and asked me to walk with him. I felt honored, for I saw he knew something. It soon became known that the two queer boys, afraid of the girls, were chums. War broke out. Burke came to Camp Chase "to see to things," for he was deeply interested in the boys generally, but especially in Garfield and "me too." He asked me to go walking with him. I meekly went. On the way he told me that the major was his cousin, and he wanted to take me to the major's tent and introduce me. I was timid and scared, for we were all afraid of the major, who was sharp and dominant, but drilled us well. I never went into battle with more heart-bumpings than when I entered the tent of the major. He had become the grand mogul of the regiment in a few weeks of discipline and drill. I was introduced by Burke, who took no other Hiram boy to the major's tent.

The major treated us with kind politeness, but with no familiarity. My heart stopped throbbing but I was still afraid of the mogul major. We boys were not afraid of Garfield and Sheldon, but we all stood in awe of the young major; though admiring him as drillmaster, with his quick, sharp commands. After our first battle, the boys began to love and trust him and to call him by the pet name of "Old Pardee." I simply relate the truth, without flattery. They soon learned that he was careless of himself in a fight, but cool and careful of his boys, and put them in line with a fair chance. That was all they asked.

Some stories leaked out about a council of war called by Garfield up the

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<sup>1</sup>When, after the lapse of those thirty years, I came to that court room to enter the lists for admission to the bar, the thought that Father had there begun his soldier life helped me, though ill with the prevailing influenza, to pass successfully the three days' ordeal of examination at the outset of my own new career. On the enlargement of the capitol a decade later, the supreme court was given more commodious quarters and the old court room was converted into a memorial museum. In this "Flag Room" were stored until 1916, when they were removed to the rotunda, the colors of all Ohio troops that fought in the War for the Union. Since then, whenever I have visited Columbus, I have made it a point to go to this shrine and, with uncovered head, view the tattered battle flags of Father's regiment, the Forty-second Ohio Volunteer Infantry.



Sandy Valley. He asked the field officers what they would do when they met Marshall in an engagement, as he had more men than we had. They replied that we should "move forward in a charge with bayonets and lick hell out of them." "What would you do, Major?" he asked. "I don't know," replied the young military satrap, "perhaps I may run to the rear like the devil." Garfield told me this after the War with much merriment.

Hinsdale gave as a reason for his pains in thus bringing his friend and his cousin together—to quote again from Father's letter of October 26, 1889—"that perhaps in the three years I might need some favor the major could grant. The major and I have been on friendly terms since *that day*."

The following letter from Father to Nelson C. Henry explains itself:

Camp Chase, Oct. 15, 1861.  
Tuesday Evening.

Nelt, my Cousin:

I received yours a few days since; and all is quiet, or comparatively so, tonight, and I answer, although somewhat tired. But before I enter upon the subject of this epistle I will say a word with regard to yours. I do not wish to criticise you rhetorically as to the style of your letters generally, but merely say that you are altogether too concise and laconic. . . .

Things are passing off rapidly and smoothly, for camp life each day finds us at its close more perfected in drill. We have gone through with the school of the soldier, school of company, and are fast learning battalion and skirmish movements. A few evenings ago—Saturday night, I believe—we met with quite a military adventure. The boys were all sound asleep, having rolled up in their blankets. Each had laid himself upon his board at the bugle signal of "lights out," and was sleeping sweetly after a hard drill, when the clear, stentorian voice of our captain sounded through the still air of night: "Company A, turn out with your guns instantly."

Some sprang up and jumped for their caps, coats, and guns, and were [ready] in no time, while some rubbed their eyes and asked, "What's the matter?" and were doubtful about going without knowing what for. Sergeant Henry told them that the first duty of a soldier was to obey, and to fall into rank without a word. In three minutes, however, all were ready to march on the double quick to headquarters. There we learned that about two hundred cavalry boys had broken the guard lines and made a general stampede for the country in pursuit of something to eat, I suppose, in the shape of chickens, pigs, etc.

We marched out upon the road in the direction where they went and, when about a mile from camp, began to deploy in each direction, extending the lines about a quarter of a mile from the road. Sergeant Henry was detailed to take six men and keep along the road, and halt and arrest all persons passing along to and from camp. We crept along by the fence on each side for about two miles and stopped, waited about an hour and heard some one coming down the road towards camp. When within two or three rods of us, I saw there were two persons dressed in cavalry uniform. I cried, "Halt!" They turned and ran. I yelled to the boys to come on, and took after the fugitives, who ran as fast as their legs could carry them, but, attempting to get over the fence, I came up, put the bayonet against the breast of one and told him I would run him through if he stirred a hand or foot, and told the



other, who was in the next corner climbing upon the fence, that he was a dead man if he attempted to get over.

We marched them down to camp and delivered them up to the officer of the day. Company A caught thirty-six in all, and they are now working on roads and ditches in camp. It was an adventure that you would have delighted in, and it waked me up not a little, I assure you. The cavalry swear vengeance on the Forty-second, but we are ready for them any time.

Our friends from Hiram, Solon, and Ravenna have been down to see us. We had a grand time; but the good-bye has been spoken, the bitter moment of parting has passed, and we feel that we are soldiers once more and that each day brings us nearer to the awful uncertainties of war.

I wish at times that I could lift the veil, and then I admire the all-wise Providence that forbids it. Hope comes up bright and beautiful, and I see in vision thousands returning to the more peaceful walks of life to gladden those whom they have left at home, and then again a cloud of gloom gathers darkly over the picture.

I think again sometimes that life is purposeless and aimless without trials, and severe ones, too. If our relations are changed, we see things from different standpoints; if we sacrifice the more quiet spheres of existence as individuals, we feel happy that it is for the good of the organic whole. So if a soldier goes from a pure spirit of patriotism, it teaches him to be unselfish, high-minded, and noble; but if he goes from selfish purposes, or through fear of being drafted, he is very likely to be a mean man through life.

I am sorry that any one should think me so foolish as to go through fear of being drafted. I never had the *least* fear of being compelled to go. As soon as I became conscious that thousands of young men were really needed and there would not enough go for pay and heroism, I had no alternative as a man to choose; my duty was to go, and go without any expectation of office, too. And I am glad that I made the choice that secured to me the consciousness that, at least so far as this step is concerned, I am a man.

I do not wish to hint to or reproach you for not going. Your relations are entirely different from mine. You happen to be numbered among those unfortunates—in some phases of life—only sons. Your mother needs you at home. So it is not on your account, but hers, that you should stay. I do not wish to censure anyone for not going; but when anyone says that he will go, and then backs out in a sneaking manner, I think he is not entitled to much respect at home.

I received a letter from Kit since I came here, containing an account of the important transactions in Bainbridge. Don Juan and Lorette do not amount to much; but Bettie I am really sorry for; if she loved Covert it was only one reason among a hundred why she should marry him. Kit talked well about all of them. Nelt, she is one *good* girl, and the best girl in Bainbridge, the best that I know, at any rate, whether you think so or not. I hope her life will be pleasant, as it has been useful by example. I received a letter from Jerusha yesterday. She is driving along in her studies and when through will be a ministering angel for suffering humanity.

I must close. Write me a long letter or I will not answer it.

Your cousin,

C. E. Henry



The "friends from Hiram, Solon and Ravenna" were Mrs. Garfield, Addie and Myra Robbins, Sophie Williams and perhaps another.

Again Father wrote to his cousin:

Camp Chase, Nov. 12th, '61.

Dear Cousin: So you are really married, are you?<sup>1</sup> Well, I am glad of it, for you have got a good wife—I believe as good or better than you deserve. Do you think so? I know of nothing now to mar your peaceful life. I know no reason why this world should not look beautiful to you; and it surely will if you strive to make her happy who should be as dear to you as your life.

But you know these duties and relations of married life far better than I, and I presume have thought of them more. I have just returned from a journey to Gotham and have not entirely recovered from the fatigues of the trip.

I was detailed by General Hill as sergeant of the guard under Lieutenant Clapp to take seven "secesh" prisoners to Fort Lafayette. The main features of the journey you will read in the *Herald* from the pen of "Private M," so I will only tell you a *few* of the sights I saw in New York. I went to Barnum's, Laura Keen's, and ate oysters and ice cream at Taylor's; ascended the spire of Trinity and had a full view of the city; wandered about the wharves and saw the shipping and the old building, Castle Garden; saw all the fortifications around the city; went to the Astor and saw the "big ones," and in short everything that I could see, and the whole expense of the trip throughout cost me about two dollars. Uncle Sam and the prisoners paid the rest. We were allowed forty cents per day for rations, but the prisoners would go to the best houses and drink the best liquors, and we as a matter of course had to go with them. They were real Southern gentlemen and I formed a very strong friendship for them, and I believe that they felt sad when they parted with us. You will hear more of them from a letter I wrote to Father, which perhaps you will see. Take it all together it was a grand trip.

Our colonel is gone, but we expect him back today. Also our captain has been gone nearly two weeks, recruiting for the regiment, but is back as far as Columbus and will be in tonight. I think that sickness rather increases here in camp; quite a number of our company are on the sick list. I see by the paper that Ed is sick in Cincinnati. I intend to go and see him if possible. I hope also to go home if the regiment stays through next week, which is somewhat doubtful if the officers bring back the necessary complement of men.

I received a letter today from Bainbridge which stated that Nelt and wife seemed to enjoy themselves finely. We have a new game here in camp. One fellow takes another upon his shoulders, and then a blanket is spread over both, coming down so as to hide the head and arms of the man underneath, who then walks off, looking like a tall giant. Last night was pleasant and the moon shone brightly and I should think that a hundred or more were out on the parade-ground looking like great ghouls in the dim distance.

Our boys employ their evenings reading what few newspapers they can get hold of; playing cards, checkers, and chess; some lounging about and brooding over home scenes of which they were once actors. Others sing songs and tell obscene stories; a few write, who get a chance; but all manage to while away the long evenings till nine o'clock—for all must stay up till roll

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<sup>1</sup> Nelson C. Henry was married to Mary Louisa Chase on October 16, 1861.



call—and then there is a general roll into blankets, and soon everything is quiet in camp, save the sentinel's measured tread and the occasional report of a gun,—for they do break guard yet, notwithstanding the severe lesson taught by Company A about a month since.

By the way, the orderly and tall sergeant do plead guilty to the charge, in part,—we only *tasted* of the preserves; they were not very good and we left them by the wayside. Today some of the boys had several boxes of cheese, butter, and other nice things. If I was sure we were going to stay long, I would appoint you agent in Bainbridge and make them shell out a few dairy products for Company A in general. You see we soldiers think that friends at home must do everything, without thanks, for us, for we are martyrs to our country. The sentiment is really a prevailing one in all sections, and I think rather of a dangerous one, too, for when the war closes we will some of us no doubt confiscate property at home and argue our right to it by telling constantly our tales of woe and sufferings in martyrdom.

Nelt, I thank you for your long letter,—never think of writing one shorter; it is the best letter I ever received from you. You improve, I believe, by getting married; but if you have not time to write such a long one every time, deputize your wife to write part of it. I never thought of opening a correspondence with her before, but I think it would not be a bad idea for her to write for you. My best respects and wishes to her, and tell her that I never talked with her as much as I wish I had; in fact, I couldn't when you were about.

Well, Nelt, I must close for the present and see the guard, for I am on duty today. I hope you will write often. That's what you can do for me, for I always love to get letters from home. Write about the people, and yourself and wife in particular. Remember me to all.

Your cousin,  
Charlie

Long years after his first journey to New York, Father wrote to Judge Pardee on March 25, 1898, from the Monongahela House, Pittsburgh:

It was in November, 1861, that I stopped at this hotel with five [seven] prisoners, "secesh" civilians from Kentucky, ordered to Fort Warren, Boston. . . . I was privately requested by Colonel Garfield to select four men from Company A. I named Bazel Hank, Sutton Newcomb, George Dean, and Frank Mason. Lieutenant W. H. Clapp had charge, but "sort of" gave me charge of the gang. Our orders were changed when we arrived here Saturday evening [or at Harrisburg Sunday evening] to Fort Lafayette. The prisoners insisted on stopping here, and they would pay the extra expense over a dollar a day for each. One of them was a brother of E. M. Stanton, then a citizen and ex-member of Buchanan's cabinet. Cameron was secretary of war.

Tonight I occupy one of the rooms we guarded with fixed bayonets. Don't it make a man feel queer almost forty years thereafter?

There were no Sunday trains, and Pittsburgh was intensely loyal. It got out that some "secesh" were in town, and a big crowd appeared both here and at the depot Sunday evening. I felt queer indeed when the first war order I ever gave was for "Fix bayonets," and "Shoot the first man who molests a prisoner." It was a mob, and they wanted to "kill the damned secesh." Lieutenant Clapp was then trying to get our car cut loose and moved off from the crowd, and wasn't just there. For the first time in my military



service, I wished the major of the Forty-second was there. The car was cut loose, however, and we were pulled out half a mile away from the mob, and taken on when the train left the city.

Another of the prisoners was the editor of the Maysville, Kentucky, *Express*. The detachment included also Corporal Ryder and Private A. N. Allyn, Hiram boys, both of whom were afterwards killed in battle; but the "Morning Report" fails to mention Hank. They left camp at ten thirty o'clock on the morning of Saturday, November second, and returned about three A. M., of Friday, the eighth. Even before they reached Pittsburgh, the trip had unpleasant incidents, insomuch that, after repeated derailments of their train from Columbus, they took a boat from Steubenville to Pittsburgh. In an interview in the Pittsburgh *Post* of November 6, 1898, Father said:

I afterwards met Secretary Stanton, and was introduced as the man who had his brother captive at one time. Mr. Stanton said that was all right; that his brother was a rebel and deserved what he got. The brother afterwards took the oath of allegiance to the United States, I believe, and was released.

The following letter from Grandmother Henry to Aunt Eliza Brown tells, with her wonted vividness, the story of the home-coming of two of her three soldier sons.

Pond, November 24th., 1861.

Very dear Daughter: The inclement weather has prevented my going to church, and after reading till I am weary, I take my pen to thank you for your welcome letter. Although my thoughts have been much with my soldier boys, especially poor Edward, yet my Eliza and her sweet babes were not forgotten. We heard the last of October that Ed was sick at Gauley, Virginia, with Joe Rudolph, brother to Mrs. Garfield. Pa wrote at my suggestion to McIlrath to give him a furlough and let him come home. We read a few lines in the *Herald* that E. E. Henry with some others were brought to Cincinnati Hospital. Pa wrote again to McIlrath and to Charley, but that day we received a line from Ed and another the day following. He had suffered so much. Mr. Freeman said he would go and fetch him home if we would be to half the expense.

I had just heard what Freeman proposed and . . . told your father the money should be raised if a cow was sold to raise it, when in five minutes the door opened and Delos Root came in and asked if we could keep a stranger. I cast my eyes at a pale, emaciated, black-bearded fellow. One look from his sunken eyes told my throbbing heart it was my darling boy. I sprang forward—he was in my arms, but oh, how changed. But we were so happy to get him home if it was only his skin and bones. This was Friday evening, last Friday was a week since he came home. He gains some, but there is so many to call, he gets so tired.

Charley obtained a furlough of ten days last week Saturday—or he started for Cincinnati—the next day after Ed got home, and could not find him. He after a long search got word that he had left for home. He came on to Cleveland and Tuesday morning he got off at Pond with a Mr. Hinsdale, a teacher at Hiram. I killed a chicken and waited on them tiptop. Charley was so happy to get home. It was too much for Ed, that evening he was quite

down. It takes me most of the time to wash and care for them, such dirty clothes as they both have I never saw. I got some clean drawers for Charley and went to washing again. He went to Ann's and from there to see Soph. He returns tomorrow. I wish you was here to see them.

Simon's folks are well, but they have got Sam Whipple's wife and child there and she is so lazy—you can't think. Sam is in the Horse Company, starts for Camp Dennison this week. Nel and wife called to see Ed last week. They look and appear first rate. Mary is a fine woman. Nelt will make a good man we hope. There is no news. Ann went home with Aunt Charity some two weeks since. Your pa is quite unwell with a cold.

I can not describe my anxiety to see you. O take care of your health and not work so hard. How we would like to have you come and stay a week. Can't you? Love to all that enquire and accept my warmest wishes and prayer for your prosperity and happiness while you live, and eternal life at God's right hand when time with us shall be no more.

Your mother, affectionately,

P. Henry

By the end of November the Forty-second, now well drilled and disciplined, had its full complement of ten companies and nine hundred and sixty men, including a fine military band of twenty-two pieces. Conspicuous among the men who were most often mentioned by Father in after years, three who quickly won the confidence and affection of the entire regiment, Surgeon Joel F. Pomerene, Chaplain Jefferson Harrison Jones, and Color-sergeant Pembroke M. Cowles, can not pass here unnoticed. The Forty-second "was in nothing more fortunate" says the regimental history, "than in its surgeon." He knew "every man in the regiment by name" and "watched over their food, their camps, and their health as though each soldier had been his own son or brother."

Chaplain Jones, a noted Disciple preacher and a close friend of General Garfield, was also respected and liked by "the boys," most of whom were less than half his age. Besides the cure of souls and bodies, soldiers need also a constant renewal of martial spirit. The man who bore their battle flag in the thick of every fight, Pem Cowles, did his part to discharge this duty for the Forty-second, and he always commanded their admiration and gratitude for his firm pluck.

When the ranks were filled, long heavy Belgian muskets with lance bayonets completed the men's equipment but dashed their hopes for Enfield rifles with saber bayonets. On a beautiful Sunday morning, December 15, 1861, the regiment, with gleaming arms and martial music, marched over the old National Turnpike into Columbus, the admired of all onlookers. There they received their colors, given by the ladies of Portage County and presented in a neat speech by Governor Dennison, to which Colonel Garfield fittingly replied.

With the good wishes of the gathered throng, the troops then filled two trains for Cincinnati and arrived there the same evening. Marching from the



Miami depot to the river landing, they were drawn up and detained on the levee till midnight before boarding the two wretched little steamboats on which their inchoate supply train of wild mules and of wagons in the knock-down was being loaded.

The right wing, including Company A, then embarked on the *Lady Jackson*; the left on the *Izetta*. Officers filled the berths, and the men lay down on deck and cabin floors to a cold and sleepless night, amidst the hubbub of braying mules, whistling steamboats, and the clangor of loading. Many rose dejected before dawn to roam the city streets. About eight in the morning of Monday, December 16, backing off and heading upstream, the two steamers, freighted with the Forty-second and its fortunes, started—none knew whither! The quickly revealed solution of this mystery Father rehearsed in an address to members of the Loyal Legion in Cleveland on June 22, 1901, entitled, "Some Unwritten History of the First Year of the Civil War," from which, as reported in the *Cleveland Leader* of the next day, under the caption, "Garfield's First Campaign," I quote:

In the winter of 1861-1862 General Buell's army was encamped from Louisville here and there towards Bowling Green. His left flank was threatened by Humphrey Marshall, a Mexican War veteran and West Pointer, from Pound Gap down the Sandy Valley on the border of West Virginia. Another column under Zollicoffer from Cumberland Gap threatened still nearer his flank.

Buell was an able and brainy man. He detailed a fellow West Pointer, Brigadier-general George H. Thomas, to look after Zollicoffer, who was threatening Crab Orchard and Lexington. Buell sent for bright young Colonel W. B. Hazen, of the Forty-first Ohio, also from West Point, and offered him command of a force on the extreme left to drive Marshall back through Pound Gap and relieve the left flank when the army moved toward Bowling Green and Nashville.

Had Hazen received it as an order he was too good a soldier to beg off; but it was an offer and not an order. Hazen thought it would take him away from the army up among the foothills of the Cumberlands, perhaps on a wild-goose chase. He therefore recommended to Buell in earnest phrase that Colonel Garfield, of the Forty-second Ohio, was the best man for the work. Buell replied with cold austerity, "Garfield has no military education." Hazen replied, "No, but I assure you he is fully capable. I have known him for years."

Buell then sent for Colonel Garfield, questioned him icily and submitted some military problem as to what move he would make against Marshall, who had from five to seven thousand men at Paintville, up the Sandy Valley, some forty or fifty miles, among the hills, from the Ohio River. Garfield purchased several maps of Kentucky, studied them nearly all that night, and wrote his report. The next day, by order, he reported to Buell, who questioned him still further and said, "Call again today and receive your orders."

That night Garfield found himself in command of the Eighteenth Brigade, Army of the Ohio. It was composed of the Fortieth and Forty-second Ohio, the Fourteenth Kentucky, and, a few days thereafter, a squadron of Bowles' Cavalry.



Their task, then, was to drive the enemy out of eastern Kentucky. For a day and a night and until nearly noon of Tuesday, December 17, 1861, the two snorting tubs stemmed the turbid Ohio. Just short of her destination the *Lady Jackson* sprang a leak and all hands were summoned to rescue their food and ammunition from the hold, while the captain beached his craft in the soft sand in front of Catlettsburg, Kentucky. In this wild and dreary region at the mouth of the Big Sandy River which forms the State boundary, the regiment, disembarking, assembled the refractory mules, harnesses, and wagons, and pitched their wedge tents behind the town in the shelter of a bluff that overlooks the soil of three States. Greeted with faint cheers on their arrival by a few dishevelled stragglers from the Fourteenth Kentucky, who had fled in panic down the valley before the invincible Humphrey Marshall, the Forty-second found a welcome to Kentucky that was far from inspiring.

A strong detachment of Companies A and F was at once detailed for a reconnoissance to Louisa, thirty miles up the Big Sandy. Twenty-five mounted men under Major Pardee started overland on the afternoon of December 18, and a hundred more under Captain F. A. Williams followed in a small screw steamer. Their boat, after bumping along for some hours, finally ran hopelessly aground and broke her rudder some five or six miles upstream. The men, disembarking on the Virginia shore, essayed to march the remaining twenty miles to Louisa. Covering upwards of five miles before dark, they posted a few pickets and camped that night in a barn. By noon of the twentieth, footsore and weary, they reached Louisa, where Major Pardee's mounted squad had arrived soon after midnight.

To this shabby backwoods hamlet and county seat, so often occupied already by the troops of both armies that the listless inhabitants paid little heed to the new arrivals, a battalion of about two hundred Virginia cavalrymen from the Kanawha Valley came the following night and joined the command; and on the morning of the twenty-first the remainder of the Forty-second began arriving in tired and hungry squads, followed after some hours by its mud-girt wagon train. Though quickly and ruthlessly lightened of luxurious mess chests and every other superfluous burden, the wagons had struggled laboriously through swollen streams and over precipitous mountain trails in constant peril of capsizing. Of this experience Father wrote to Judge Pardee from Cleveland on February 22, 1901, recalling the latter's adventure in Kentucky with the old Hiram stage driver:

Hewitt's team of four or six mules, with the heavy army wagon, were dumped over the narrow road on the mountain side. In tumbling down twenty or thirty feet, the wagon fell on top of the mules. "Uncle" Hewitt began to swear. He saw the young major riding up, and doubled his profanity. The major on "Old Charlie" dryly remarked to Hewitt that he could load an army wagon on to mules better than any other man in the brigade. From that day I began to love the young major.



Companies A, F, and K camped on the hills a mile and a half southwest of the town and eked out their scant rations with lean but savory swine and poultry, the fruits of their first foraging. A continuous rain through December 21 and 22 had turned to snow and icy blasts before morning of the 23rd, and the shivering, sleepless troops forsook their tents to hover over camp fires.

By noon the regiment, again under marching orders, set out for Paintville (or more strictly Paintsville), a settlement on Paint Creek, a mile from its junction with the Big Sandy, and thirty-three miles from Louisa. The first day's march of ten miles, during which they forded a single stream twenty-six times, was followed by a dreary night in the muddy cornfield of Stone House farm and by informal levies on chickens, pigs, and fences for food and fire. The sin was venial, but Colonel Garfield the next morning, December 24, formally rebuked the foragers and paid for their pillage from his own purse.

A march of several miles now brought the column to a place called Peach Orchard, at the junction of George's Creek with the Big Sandy, which was the appointed rendezvous for reinforcements and supplies. Here they remained for a week under warm bright skies while the men recuperated and prepared for action. Detachments quickly convoyed several boat loads of provisions into camp, and with drill resumed, arms inspected, and ammunition issued, the regiment was soon in fighting trim.

On information from a captured rebel that Marshall had established his headquarters at Prestonburg, fifteen miles beyond Paintville, the march to the latter point was resumed on December 31, without waiting longer for the remainder of the command. After a pleasant New Year's Day spent in field evolutions around "Camp Moore" at the foot of Brown's Hill, the column advanced a short distance the next afternoon to "Camp Pardee." Father's "Remarks for the Month of January, 1862," in Company A's "Morning Report Book," continue the story:

2. News came that two cavalry boys were taken prisoners. Camp Pardee. We marched today about four miles. Some of the boys received their mail while halted on Moore's Hill. Roads very good but hilly. 3. Camp Pardee, 9 o'clock A.M. Nothing unusual in camp. Boys talking of the expected fight. About 2 o'clock P.M. it began to rain. 4. It rained last night and the boys were aroused from their slumbers by streams of water running through their tents. Camp Pardee is fast becoming a muddy one. Teams started for the mouth of the creek. Company left camp towards Paintville 2 o'clock P.M. to reinforce cavalry who were in danger.

5. Came back to camp, from where we were ordered yesterday, about 2 o'clock P.M. Fifteen of us stayed on a hill with Company F within about two and a half miles of Paintville. A part of the remainder stayed this side about a mile, and the rest in camp. An order came from headquarters that two days' rations should be prepared by midnight for marching. 6. We struck tents about 8 o'clock and started about 10 A.M. Stopped at noon on the top of a



high hill, rested about an hour, resumed our march till within about two miles of Paintville, and encamped for the night in the woods. No appearance of the enemy. Boys generally tired.

By cavalry demonstrations on three roads into Paintville, Colonel Garfield had created such an impression of his strength that Marshall forthwith evacuated the town without giving battle. Father's daily entries continue:

7. Last night about 11 o'clock the order came for Company A to fall in, which they did quietly and quickly. We marched with Company A of the Fourteenth Kentucky to Paintville to reconnoiter. Started back in three quarters of an hour. The men were ordered to sling knapsacks at 1 o'clock P.M., marched to Paintville, stacked arms; then, after the bridge was built, started for the rebel camp, arriving at about 8 o'clock at night; found where corn and hay had been burned, and a fortification on a hill; still further on found breastworks and signs of the rebels' haste in leaving. At Jenny's Creek we found a dead rebel soldier and U.S. horse. We soon found that the enemy had left and that we must march to camp without seeing them. The boys of the Forty-second were weary but generally in good spirits. Left Sergeant Cowles sick at a house near the breastworks.

8. The regiment arrived at camp about sunrise and is a weary sleepy regiment today. The Fortieth came in from Paris about 11 o'clock and were greeted with three cheers by the Forty-second drawn up in line to receive them. 9. This day an order was issued from headquarters for twenty-three privates, four corporals, three sergeants, and our captain to march with a detailed force of one thousand from the brigade. With all accouterments except knapsacks, they started about 10 A.M. towards Prestonburg after the enemy. The remainder of the company was ordered to hold itself in readiness to march at a moment's notice. Company called into rank at 11 o'clock but did not march.

10. Company called out by the long roll at 3 o'clock in the morning, reported at headquarters and were ordered across the bridge and halt for the battalion. About daylight the battalion was formed and we took up our line of march. We moved as rapidly as possible, with short stops; reached Abbott's Hill, eleven miles distant, at 2 P.M. At 10 A.M. a message came for the surgeons to hurry forward. At Abbott's Hill we heard the sound of cannon, and shortly after heard scattering fire from the rifles. We were hurried forward at the top of our speed over a narrow slippery path by Colonels Sheldon and Taylor, and arrived at Graveyard Point at 3 o'clock P.M. Colonel Garfield was there with a reserve commanding a view of the battle ground. We rested here a few moments and then were ordered across Middle Creek to the hill.

We waded across the creek, climbed the hill, when the colonel ordered Major Pardee to bring the force back to the Point, where we stayed through the night. The fight lasted nearly four hours. Two privates of Company A wounded: David Hall in the left arm, a flesh wound, and Sherman Leach in the leg just below the knee. Killed on our side: one, belonging to the Fourteenth Kentucky. Wounded on our side: eleven, one mortally. Killed of the enemy: eighty-five, though some reports say more and some less. Only about 250 or 300 were engaged on either side at once. After the firing ceased, the enemy began to retreat. Our troops were all tired and expecting to fight



tomorrow, but confident of victory. This was a regular "bushwhacking" battle and called the "Battle of Middle Creek."

This was Garfield's first battle and as such has been given wide publicity. Father in the reserve under Sheldon got only into the fringe of the fight. In a memorandum addressed to my children on January 10, 1904, from Geauga Lake he wrote:

Forty-two years ago we fought our first battle at Middle Creek, Kentucky. We had marched night and day, up the Big Sandy, in mud and cold. Rebels began to retreat up the valley from Paintville. We pushed on after them for thirty miles. While marching rapidly up the narrow valley of Middle Creek, some fool officer yelled, "Rebel cavalry coming; form hollow square against cavalry." The men broke for the steep hillside near by, the sensible thing to do, but no cavalry came. We soon reformed and pushed on. The rebels had two or three cannon that they fired rapidly, and the roar and echo among the hills scared us. Our hearts beat fast, but we kept on rapidly till we were put in line across a ridge, where we had a look at rebels off among the trees and could exchange shots. How our hearts bumped! . . .

We had no cannon, but the hundreds of shots from the rebel cannon never hurt one of us. We fought till dark, and left a heavy line of pickets. At this hour, January 10, eight P.M., a light blazed up, caused by the burning wagons of the rebel army, greater than ours, we learned after, by two or three thousand men. Audacity in war was the secret of our victory. But oh, what toil and marches for weeks before!

When we went into the fight, we waded Middle Creek, cold as ice, up to our waists. What a flood of memories are in the forty-two years, 1862-1904! We had many hard fights for two years after; but Middle Creek was cold and cheerless, and a sharp fight. No blankets, no rations till the next day when pack mules brought us something to eat. We also got our blankets and knapsacks the next day, and were happy because we had driven the enemy. Tired, footsore, and worn with marches and night vigils on picket, I have never seen a happier day than the day after the battle.

In my interleaved copy of the Forty-second's history Father wrote:

Cleveland, Ohio, January 10, 1881.

Today there is a banquet in honor of President-elect Garfield at the Forest City House, this city. The banquet is given by the alumni of Williams College living in Northern Ohio. Nineteen years ago today the Battle of Middle Creek was fought. It made Garfield a brigadier general. His banquet that night consisted of a piece of hardtack and tin cup of coffee. At the very hour that Marshall's stores were burning, eight P.M., according to the life of General McDowell in [volume one, page 675 of Whitelaw Reid's] *Ohio in the War*, President Lincoln was walking the floor in great distress, saying that "if something was not soon done the bottom would be out of the whole affair." He evidently felt happier a few days after when he heard of the victory.

It was a cold chilly night after the battle, and we slept on a steep hillside covered with forest trees. In the morning, when I awakened, I found I had slipped downhill and was straddle of a tree.

Next to Garfield and Pardee, Mother's brother, Captain Frederick Augustus Williams, was the hero of Middle Creek. He led the principal fighting detachment and, as Garfield said, "won his spurs" and a major's commission. And the battle, though relatively small, was the first real Union victory of the War.



## 8. *Circling Eastern Kentucky*

**A**FTER the Battle of Middle Creek Father's "Remarks for the Month of January, 1862," continue:

11. This morning the rebels were all gone, so after waiting till nearly ten o'clock we started for Prestonburg, a distance of three miles, and quartered in houses. Nothing of interest occurred throughout the day. The soldiers all quiet and resting from their weary toil. 12. This day we expected to move back to Paintville, but as no order to march was issued we kept our quarters, an old shed in a filthy yard, with which some of the boys were very much dissatisfied. 13. This morning the company was called out to march to Paintville. Those who were unwell were permitted to ride down on the boat. We were ferried across, and began our march about ten o'clock, arriving here in Paintville at four P.M. The weather was cold and chilly and the boys were glad to get back, and, although tired, all who could, began to write letters home about the fight.

14. It snowed last night and the day is cold and cheerless. The boys are shivering and grumbling over small fires, wishing for such good times as we had at Camp Chase, which many once complained of. Some of them are drawing boots and feel somewhat consoled. Today the wounded boys of Companies F and G, two of them, were buried. The ceremony was impressive and many looked sad when they saw the escort march up the hill to the graves. 15. Today we moved down to the mouth of Paint Creek and pitched our tents on an old rebel camping ground. A boat was expected today, but as yet none has come. Our old camp ground was very muddy and wet, and the sick list is increasing in consequence. Many of the boys, too, are homesick. The name of this camp is Buell, named in honor of General Buell.

For twenty-six restful days at Camp Buell, Father's entries in Company A's Morning Report Book are here condensed. Orders for the first dress parade since their departure from Camp Moore set "the boys" the next morning (January 16) to "cleaning their rusty guns and washing their dirty bodies," while a tightened discipline sought to curb the "petty thieving" of personal belongings. "More cheerful" in the "extremely beautiful" weather, they soon began to furnish themselves better quarters, the urgent need of which was emphasized by recurring heavy rains the first week that left muddy roads, sodden camp grounds, and damp tents, with seventeen on the company's sick list.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> On January 18 "Newel McIntosh and Henry Briggs, left sick at Camp Chase hospital, rejoined the regiment," but on the 20th the former had to be "removed to the hospital at Paintville," and was followed the next day by Nathaniel Parker, who soon recovered, and on the 24th by Baldwin Bentley, who soon died. There too went Comfort Bennett on February 7. On the 3d it was learned that Morris M. Brewster had died in January at his home in Auburn.

On January 19 the soldiers saved for fuel much floodwood floated down by the high water in Paint Creek and seemed "to feel better for the exercise." At month's end, Father noted also that, by "the industry of some of the boys building barracks," "half the number present now enjoy the comforts of domiciles admitting of inmates to stand upright." Meanwhile too, on January 27 "Sergeant Henry was detailed to take nine men and flatboat and go down the river about two miles for lumber to floor the tents"—two thousand feet for twenty dollars, "which the quartermaster paid."

The mail with letters from home, always eagerly awaited, arrived irregularly (January 22, February 1 and 4) from the mouth of the river. More frequently the boats brought only provisions, stores, and some passengers. On January 22 the *Leslie* and the *Sandy Valley* appeared, the former bringing Colonel Garfield from Catlettsburg, and the latter Chaplain Jones and the mail. This heralded the return of sunshine and a week of fair weather. The chaplain held "divine service" on February 9 and "talked well to soldiers" of Company A in attendance.

Towards the last of their stay, there was not much doing except the going and coming of soldiers furloughed, hospitalized, or detached for special duty elsewhere.<sup>1</sup> On January 25 the guns again underwent a cleaning, for the formal scrutiny of Brigade Inspector Taylor on the 26th. The next day "An order was issued from headquarters that the regimental school would be held each day, reciting at three o'clock P.M. Commissioned officers and right and left guides must attend." A fortnight later the Forty-second had broken camp, and Father's entry of February 10 describing his company's departure is given verbatim.

10. Last night about eight o'clock the captain came up to our quarters and told us that all who were able to move must be ready in two hours to take the boat. In a moment all were busy preparing to move, and in less than one hour tents, mess boxes, and knapsacks were packed ready for a start. Rations were drawn and distributed, and the whole camp lighted up by the flames of burning barrels, boards, etc. All felt gay apparently. Yet some turned with sad looks at the comfortable shanties and log cabins they had built. We had stayed in Camp Buell several weeks, and it seemed almost like home; but we must leave, the fiat has gone forth. Thirteen were left; sixty-three moved. This morning found us far up the river towards Piketon, our destination. We rested comfortably through the night, considering the crowd on the boat. About nine A.M. the *Sandy Valley* grounded, and we must get off and tramp to Piketon, two miles distant, an easy task. The boat arrived first, took us over, and before night our tents were pitched, boughs and weeds gathered for beds, and all ready for a good night's rest.

Piketon, fifty miles above Camp Buell, marked the limit of navigation and civilization on the Big Sandy. Of purest Colonial ancestry, the population

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<sup>1</sup> On January 19 S. R. Freeman, and on February 5 A. C. Mason, were sent to Cincinnati with prisoners for Camp Chase. On January 30 "Sherman Leach and David Hall started home on furlough."



of the region beyond, though poor, illiterate, and provincial beyond belief, clung loyally to the Union. Harassed and outraged by rebel raiders from Pound Gap, they clearly deserved the protection which their appeal to Garfield quickly brought. Father's "Remarks" proceed:

11. About daylight the cold gray clouds settled down over the high hills and soon the fast falling snow mantled them in white. Grim and specterlike they stood towering above us like frost giants of Northern mythology. Snowstorms of schoolboy days come fresh in the memory of the soldier. Soon the sun came out, dispelled the clouds, and melted the snow. Before night the boys had comfortable fireplaces for each tent. Hewitt and Campbell came in about dark with the mules. 12. The weather is beautiful and the boys feel well. Drill is again instituted. 13. Today has been warmer than any since we came to Kentucky. 14. This morning discovered the surrounding hills robed in white, cold and cheerless to us who were beginning to think we would escape March and April weather of the North. No drill today in consequence of rain and mud. Our captain [F. A. Williams] continues his command with characteristic impartiality and zeal.

15. This morning we enjoyed a regular Ohio snowstorm and by noon the snow was deep enough for sleighing. The boys are quiet and enjoying themselves as best they can in their tents, whittling and carving pipes from laurel root. Report says the rebels all cleared from this part of Kentucky. We have regular guard mounting every morning; the small number makes them smile some, a sort of bagatelle to them. Sergeant Henry was honored by being appointed officer of the day, but found it somewhat of a bore. 16. About three o'clock P.M. a detail came to this company for three privates and a sergeant to provide themselves with three days' rations and report at headquarters immediately. Sergeant Henry, Corporal Ryder, Corporal Hank, and J. I. Hastings volunteered. They went up the Sandy.

17. Today is Monday and it rains hard and the snow is melting. We expect boats up soon. Tanbark has been hauled and spread about our tents to keep it from being muddy. Corporal Seymour removed to hospital today. He may have a run of the fever. 18. The boys who left Sunday up the river returned about three o'clock P.M. They did not go as far as at first intended, on account of the streams rising in the mountains. The object of the expedition was to drive out or take prisoner a band of plundering rebels supposed to be not far from Pound Gap. No news yet from down the river, but a boat is expected and anxiously hoped for, [to] bring mail and news of the Great World without.

19. How it rained today! The boys kept close within their tents. The sick ones are better, excepting Underwood. Thinks he will go to hospital tomorrow. The boys are getting very anxious about mail—letters written immediately after our arrival are here yet. The most of them keep up good spirits yet, but some lie lolling and rolling on their blankets and feel that they are passing a most terrible ordeal of martyrdom for democracy, looking the whining paragraphs: "No news, no fun, no nothing but hard crackers, pork, and mud." Every little while someone will go out, look anxiously down the river for a boat. Rumors that Marshall is coming down on us are circulating in camp. 20. Still more rain, but it will raise the river and boats will be up with news. For the past few days our company drill has been dispensed



with. The streets in town are getting very muddy and there is a *little* mud around our quarters.

Upstream one hundred and thirty miles from Catlettsburg and inaccessible at low water, Piketon was a doleful place for the soldiers. But faring much worse were the wretched border Unionists round about, whom Colonel Garfield's small scouting parties could not rid of their terrorizing secessionist and feudist neighbors—guerillas linked with Marshall's force at Pound Gap thirty miles from Piketon. Company A's journal goes on with the story.

21. I have more to record this day. About three o'clock the *Sandy Valley* came up, with Companies I and H, bringing news that the mail was on the next boat a short distance down the river. Soon we heard the whistle. Sergeant Mason was on board, looking bland as ever, with his gun and knapsack, and his overcoat under his arm, in which was rolled up a large bundle of letters. We came up to camp and the boys were perfectly wild with joy to hear from home. But there came also the sad tidings of the death of our comrade Baldwin Bentley. He was a good soldier and a noble fellow. We learned also that the rest of the sick ones left in Camp Buell had gone to Ashland.

22. Last night it commenced raining and daylight brought no sunshine, but only revealed the dark gloomy clouds, resting seemingly on the hilltops to support their burden of water which they were fast sending down to us. The numerous fluted gullies on the hillsides became the beds of so many torrents dashing down into the river. The Sandy kept rising. All day we kept within our tents and in spite of our exertions many of us were wet. Rubber blankets and overcoats were in great demand. Water-soaked crackers and raw pork for supper. Before and after dark, details came successively for men to help roll barrels up the bank and carry sacks of corn and oats out of danger. Notwithstanding their exertions some things were lost. No one thought of the water reaching us. 23. About two o'clock in the morning of the twenty-third we were aroused from our slumber by the intelligence that the water would soon be in our tents and that we were cut off from the mainland and upon an island. In a moment every man was up and stirring. Blankets were hastily rolled up and fastened to knapsacks; guns, cartridge boxes, haversacks, and canteens were sought after in great haste. Everything was taken from the tents and carried to the summit of the little hill, now an island of about an acre in extent. The tents were then taken down and carried up the slope. The captains' tents were left standing in the water till the last and were in danger of being swept off. Several plunged in and tried to rescue them, but the poles broke and down they went beneath the surface.

24. Daylight came at last and revealed the Big Sandy in all its fury. Logs, rails, trees, and occasionally a small house or barn could be seen floating down the current. The camping ground of the Fortieth was covered with water, also the streets of Piketon. The steamer *Capitola* appeared to be floating in the main street of town. The sun came out warm during the day and the boys were busy pitching tents on the high ground. Occasionally a soldier would ride up to the current between us and the hill, plunge in, and sometimes reach the opposite shore and perhaps fall off. By night the water



had receded so as to leave no current between us and the hill. A large quantity of stores, hay, corn, oats, etc., were either destroyed or carried off. Some of the inhabitants were compelled to move upstairs or to other houses. The sick in the hospitals—the courthouse and church—were not disturbed. At dark the river was within its banks. The river was never known to be as high since 1831.

Though pursuit of the guerillas by small scouting parties could of course accomplish nothing substantial while the entire region was thus being deluged, yet here the mounting sick and mortality lists of rank and file called for a speedy conclusion of their mission in eastern Kentucky—to free it from rebels. A movement in force against the elusive enemy was now definitely in mind.

25. J. M. Seymour and F. E. Underwood were taken on board the *Sandy Valley* to be taken to Ashland. We received letters from home. The whole Forty-second is here and about the whole brigade. We expect to move on soon to Pound Gap where the rebels are reported to be. 26. Harvey J. Cornell was removed to the hospital. More rain. Jefferson H. Jones was discharged for disability for service, February 12, 1862. We signed the pay rolls today and expect to receive our pay tomorrow for two months. There is very little money in Company A, so the boys will be pleased to get it. 27. Company formed about nine A.M., and we marched to town and received our pay, privates getting twenty-six dollars. Sixty-five dollars have been taken in sutler's checks since we came to Kentucky. Nathaniel P. Parker was removed to the hospital this day. 28. This month has closed up pleasantly. N. P. Parker is not reported absent in the monthly report of February. News of damage done by the great flood comes to our ears every day.

#### Remarks for the Month of March, 1862.

1. Squad drill and inspection of arms today, an occurrence worthy of record.
2. Sunday, yet it seems like all other days to us in point of sacredness. Hurrah, and three times three, say all, for Colonel J.A.G. is brigadier! The news came about noon; also more cheering news of success of our forces in Tennessee, the capture of Forts Donelson and McHenry, [the] evacuation of Bowling Green, etc. The boys feel well over the tidings and begin to think of seeing home in a few months.
3. Colonel Sheldon, Lieutenant Clapp, and Sergeant Jennings left for home today, the two latter to carry money home for the boys. Several thousand dollars will be sent home by the Forty-second. It rained last night and all today, and fears are entertained by some that the Sandy will be as high as before.
4. Weather cold and chilly, more winterlike than usual. Some rain this P.M. The boys kept close to their tents all day.
5. As usual the men all get up at reveille, answer to roll call, eat crackers and pork, drink their coffee, tumble around in their bunks till noon, and eat the same fare. Two boys, Henry Briggs and H. P. Bail, went to hospital.
6. Snow today and indications of a cold night. Seven reported on the sick list, only thirty men for duty, and the guard detail increasing. General Garfield went down the river. A few letters and papers came tonight.
7. Morning cold. Snow two inches deep, but all melted before night.
8. Today the company was called upon to perform the funeral ceremonies and burial of Harvey J. Cornell. He had been sick in the hospital but two weeks of fever.
9. Sunday. News came that Comfort Bennett died the fourth of March at Ashland. Aaron Teeple and George Briggs went to hospital. Sixty-two men present, thirty-one for duty.



To his cousin Harriet Root in Bainbridge Father now wrote as follows :

Camp Brownlow, March 9th, 1862.

My dear Cousin :

It is Sunday night, the frogs are peeping merrily, the stars begin to shine out in beauty, and I begin to answer your welcome letter received a few days since. Today was beautiful and springlike, not at all like the cold, cheerless, and rainy days that have made us unhappy almost and sent scores to the hospital. Today, too, has seemed more like Sunday than Sabbaths generally, and we all feel more light-spirited than usual notwithstanding the sad fact that Company A's Report Book shows successively two days, yesterday and today, a black mark in the column "Died of disease." Yesterday we buried one of our comrades, Harvey J. Cornell, who died of fever in the hospital here, and today the mail brought us intelligence of the death of Comfort Bennett, died of fever in post hospital at Ashland.

I was thinking this morning while making out the sick-list for the surgeon that a letter of statistics from the 18th Brigade, showing the number sick and for duty, would create quite a sensation up home. While in Camp Chase the several companies of the Forty-second reported 60, 70, 80, and sometimes 90 men for duty ; tonight on dress parade we orderlies at the command, "First sergeants to the front and center—march," walked up, saluted to the Major, and, "Co. A, 15 files present" ; "Co. F, 16 files" ; and so on in the same proportion, none exceeding 20 files, i.e., 40 men. The average morning reports of the Adjutant do not exceed 300 men for duty. This, of course, is exclusive of commissioned, non-commissioned, musicians, and cooks. You see I am sending you a wail from the Sandy, a quasi-report of the dynamic strength of the "Glorious 42nd" and the 18th Brigade, of all those who could run without help if they were badly scared.

I do not know of the condition and general health of troops in other parts, but think that some regiments have suffered more than ours ; the 41st perhaps might be one of them. According to all accounts the measles have scourged the men in Colonel Hazen's regiment terribly—a harmless disease comparatively at home, but in the field totally unfits them for service for months and frequently results in malignant fever, congestion on the lungs, etc. Four of the five died out of this company had the measles at Camp Chase, and all but one who are alive, out of twelve or fifteen who had them, are now pining in hospitals or sick at home.

I believe not one young man out of the thousands who passed the struggle, "To go or not to go," but thought of blood and bullets and that *he* might be the unfortunate one to get shot. I thought and felt so, and many others have told me their feelings were the same ; but not one in ten ever thought of dying of disease. And now, in the great lottery, there are more than a hundred chances of dying of disease to one of being shot. I am fully supported in this by the fatal eloquence of regimental and company report books.

Now, Harriet, these things would hardly do to be published in a newspaper or written to fond parents or loving sweethearts. Now you will surely make a point by telling Jute and Kit, and especially the latter, that I never wrote the like to them. By the way, I received a good letter from Kit today telling the news of Bainbridge ; also that she intended to lead a life of single blessedness ! Now I am sorry I told you, you will plague her so. But to explain I must tell still more. She appended the remark, in a sort of moralizing way, to the account she gave of Mr. and Mrs. Covert's notorious troubles.



A remark concerning my own health perhaps would not be out of place to you after what I have said about the brigade. Well, you or nobody else in Ohio ever saw me so fat, rugged, and healthy looking as I am now, nor my mustache so fierce. Before the fight at Middle Creek I didn't gain much, but grew poor in consequence of exposure, scouting, and night marches. But since then we have had more to eat and more leisure, though I can not say that I have a lazy time. My duties daily have been more than any other man in the company excepting teamsters, just enough to make me relish the crackers, pork, and coffee. I trust that with care, cleanliness, and regularity in eating I may escape the sick list, as I have so far, and especially the hospital.

One more item about *me*, as you are, Harriet, my cousin and friend, you will pardon. I had the misfortune the other night to lose my pocket-book, with fifteen dollars, some postage stamps, a small note, and a fishhook. On going to bed—of blankets—I took off my pants, a thing unusual with some, and laid them partly under my knapsack, which serves as a pillow, and thought of putting the purse—a clasp style—in my shirt pocket, but did not. In the morning it was gone, whether lost or stolen I can not be certain, but think the latter.

You undoubtedly have heard of the great flood ere this, as there was a good chance for Frank<sup>1</sup> to say a few dozen smooth-flowing sentences and paragraphs. The poor souls in the Sandy Valley have been scourged like the Egyptians of old. The rebel army passed up and down without respecting the rights of citizens, Union and neutral. And I am sorry to say Union soldiers, though closely watched and severely punished if caught, will some of them steal. By both, but principally the rebels, the poor people were nearly stripped; after which the Sandy rose in its might and swept away their homes! Think, Harriet, of a community a few months ago comparatively prosperous and but little affected by the war raging elsewhere, now deprived of even the comforts of life. The narrow bottoms, overrun and dug up for camps; fences burned—not by me, if Frank *did* shadow it forth in his letter the other day; homes made headquarters of officers; churches and courthouses, hospitals; manufactories, forage and provision storerooms; and the foundations of society completely broken up.

Worse than this, men who for years were neighbors now hunt each other with guns among the interminable hills. Long after the War is closed, when the yellow sedge will bend over the graves of loved ones and the winds moan a dirge among the cedar boughs above, when the guns we now bear so proudly, with burnished barrels glistening at dress parade, shall lie rusting in the arsenal, and the unscathed victors [gone] far away to homes of peace in the North, men will bear here the old grudge toward each other, the bitter gall of hatred will still course their veins, the feudal flames will yet be unquenched. I can see no brighter future for them. A simple declaration of peace, an unconditional surrender and laying down of arms of the great Southern army, will never do the thing effectually for these simples of the Sandy. They reduce the War to too horrid an individuality to say quits and be good friends now.

But I must close. Write me often, Harriet. Love to all uncles, aunts, and cousins. Tell Kit I will answer in a day or two, or soon at least. Good night.

As ever, Charlie

Direct to Catlettsburg, to follow the regiment, unless you hear that we have moved back.

Monday morning.—I wrote to Ann a few days since about a vest I wish

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<sup>1</sup> F. H. Mason's letters in the *Cleveland Herald*.



made and stating that I wished you to make it. You know pretty well the style—to button closely to the collar, which is to be short, or rather, small, and straight. My blue vest you made me is nearly worn out and I want another. Brewster will pay you, and also for the work you'd done for me before I left, which I neglected to do. The socks you gave me are good yet, while some of the boys have worn out nearly a dozen pairs of Government socks. Many a cold night, after marching all day with wet feet, have I put them on warm and dry. The yarn Aunt Rhoda gave me has all been judiciously used among the boys. I have had no socks to darn.

This morning is balmy and springlike. Wonder if the white steam is curling up from the woods at home. I wish I was with you for a few days to eat warm sugar. I don't believe we will stay in the Sandy Valley long, as the rebels are all cleaned out as an army. There are depredations committed above here occasionally and a detachment has gone up towards Pound Gap to capture them; but I think 'twill be a bootless trip, as I went up several weeks ago with a squad, and the rascals scattered to the mountain gorges, and they will do the same now. We heard today that a man was killed and one hung a few miles above here. I can not vouch for the truth of the story, as such reports are common in all camps. The mail leaves soon. Once more adieu to all.

H. Root.

C. E. Henry

Father's "Remarks for the Month of March, 1862," in Company A's "Morning Report Book" may now be resumed:

10. Samuel Shattuck went to hospital today. Weather mild and springlike. General J.A.G. appeared for dress parade. 11. The air has been more clear and bracing today than for some time. The sick in the hospital, all but three, were taken on board the boat to be removed to Ashland. 12. E. L. Lemert went to hospital today. Weather warm and pleasant. About half past two P.M. the drum called us for battalion drill. Soon the General, our old Forty-second Colonel, appeared and put us through several evolutions, reminding us of old Camp Chase times. 13. Corporal Clover consigned to hospital. Battalion drill this P.M. At dress parade the Major ordered that three days' rations should be prepared by six o'clock tomorrow morning for every able-bodied man in the regiment. 14. About eight o'clock A.M. the detail from the Forty-second formed, two hundred in all, and we commenced our march up the river. Sixteen from Company A volunteered, twelve being the number required. We halted at night about fifteen miles from camp, somewhat weary from the march.

15. We rose early and soon were on the march. We had to ford several streams and, when night came, all were glad to turn in for sleep. We marched further today, the distance being over twenty miles. Company A stayed in an old log house. 16. Sunday today, and we are not far from the Cumberland and the famous Pound Gap, the stronghold of the enemy. Soon we were at the base of the mountain. Here the horses and mules were left and slowly we commenced the ascent. We reached the summit about eleven o'clock and followed the ridge down towards the Gap. Soon the pickets were driven in and we saw the rebels flocking over the hill beyond. Two companies, consisting of the detail from six companies, were ordered down through the camp and up a hill. Again ordered to take the road and pursue the rebels. Following the road we soon found their trail leading up a hill into the woods. Deployed as skirmishers through the woods, we soon came in sight of another camp deserted like the first. The rebels evidently left in the greatest haste. After



taking what articles we wanted, the cabins were burned and we left. The cavalry took the road in pursuit of the rebels.

The Pound Gap expedition merits some further comment. Rebel raids from that quarter had persisted, and General Garfield, learning that it was occupied by a considerable force—nine hundred as afterwards ascertained—determined to go in person with two detachments of six hundred infantry and one hundred cavalry to take the place. Though only a notch in the Cumberland mountains, two hundred feet lower than the crest of the ridge, Pound Gap constituted a strategic pass, approached on the Virginia slope by improved roads, but on the Kentucky side by an abrupt descent and rugged trails, which the rebels had now blockaded with fallen timber.

At the foot of the range, about three miles north of the Gap, the infantry were ordered to climb through the thick growth two miles to the summit and then to proceed along the ridge to the Gap, while the cavalry executed a diversion at the west approach. Amidst a hard snow storm, the infantry, gaining the top and following in single file the narrow path along the crest, suddenly encountered rebel pickets, who fired and fled. Less familiar with the ground, the pursuers could not prevent the escape of the garrison fleeing before attacks from two directions, though they deployed down the eastern slope in line of battle while both infantry and cavalry chased and scattered the retreating enemy and broke up their camp and its defences. Thus the pestiferous nest was completely exterminated and Garfield's task of ridding eastern Kentucky of rebels was fully accomplished. A rebel cavalry sword, plain and heavy, is the souvenir of Pound Gap, which Father brought back and long afterwards handed down to me. His official journal goes forward:

17. Today the soldiers came straggling back towards camp, many loaded with divers trophies to send home. Some reached the place [where] we stayed the first night going up. 18. Company A came in all right by dark, a few arrived about noon. Chas. Chapman and Cyrus Mead went to Ashland, also Frank Robbins, to care for sick. P. M. Cowles returned from Ashland today. 19. Just before dark the news resounded through camp that we are to go to Louisville in a day or two. The boys feel jubilant over the news. 20. The Twenty-second left today and we are to go Monday or Tuesday next. 21. Weather cold with rain. 22. Corporal Chapman went to hospital. Sergeant Mason detailed to go up river. 23. Henry Barholdt went to hospital. Captain [F. A. Williams] taken sick March twentieth. Weather cold and stormy.

24. Hiram and Cornelius Finch went to hospital. 25. Battalion drill today. Eight and one half files present for Company A. 26. S. R. Freeman went to hospital. Sick all went down the river. 27. All preparing to move. 28. Struck tents at two A.M. and started at eight down the river. 29. Arrived at Catlettsburg about noon. We heard the sad news that Elam Chapman and B. F. Cowles were dead. We went on board the *Bostonia* and started down the Ohio about dark. At Ashland we heard that Cyrus Mead was dead. Three of Company A gone in twenty-four hours! 30. Left the Captain in Cincinnati. Arrived at Louisville at night. 31. Marched to Preston Woods and camped.



Company A were destined never to see their Captain, F. A. Williams, again. For ten days he had suffered from camp fever—typhoid in his case. In Cincinnati, he was kindly received for two months into the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Owen, until, becoming convalescent, he was accompanied home to Ravenna, soon after the first of June, by his sister Mary. A week later he felt able to go to Solon and drive with his fiancé, Adelaide Robbins, to Hiram Commencement. But he was soon stricken with a relapse from which he died in Ravenna on July 25, 1862, aged twenty-six years, three months and ten days.

He had been commissioned major of the Forty-second on March 14, 1862, vice Pardee appointed lieutenant colonel, but being ill he was never mustered in as such. Garfield once referred to him as "the twin brother of my soul." Garfield himself was henceforth to be permanently separated from the Forty-second, which was now assigned to the Seventh Division, Army of the Ohio, assembling under Brigadier-general George W. Morgan at Cumberland Ford, while he by order reported in person to Major General Buell on the march to join the forces of General Grant near Corinth.

In the month of April, 1862, and thereafter to June 8, Father continued his daily entries in Company A's Morning Report Book. It records that at Louisville the regiment spent a comfortable fortnight in sightly Camp Preston Woods, with little duty beyond the company drill performed on dry days the second week. Through the first the weather had kept "warm and pleasant," eggs and milk were cheap, and with "good soft bread to eat" the boys felt better than usual. On the fifth the departure of the Fourteenth Kentucky left the camp "more quiet," though it was soon enlivened again by the receipt of "new Sibley tents" just in time to afford the soldiers snug shelter from an all day's rain on the ninth. The paymaster's arrival the next day contributed still further to make "the boys feel jolly."

Among the half dozen recruits and absentees on furlough or in hospital that found Company A at Cincinnati or Louisville, two were destined to give up their lives in the service—Samuel Wooley, who died at Vicksburg after the surrender, and Isaac, brother to Father's cherished comrade Aaron Teeple, who, having volunteered in March and been enrolled as of April 1, reported for duty on the eleventh, and was killed at Champion's Hill the next spring. On the eleventh, too, Father's lifelong friend "Joseph Rudolph joined the Company—transferred from the Twenty-third Ohio." Like Uncle Edward he had volunteered in Hayes's regiment before his brother-in-law Garfield had raised the Forty-second, and now he naturally wished to be with the other soldier boys from Hiram. Thus he served in the regiments of two future presidents. In New Orleans on July 15, 1864, by special order after three years of active field service, he was honorably discharged and received a commission in the subsistence department.

The regiment broke camp at Louisville on the thirteenth and entrained



for Lexington, where Company A "slept in the depot over night." The next day they "went to camp on the fair grounds about one mile from town." There they spent one day in "battalion drill and preparation for the march towards Cumberland Gap." On the sixteenth they started their hundred and ten mile tramp to the southeastern corner of Kentucky. Footsore and weary after marching the first eleven miles they "found good camping ground" and after a night's rest trudged on through falling rain, which at length "poured down hard" while they were pitching tents.

On the eighteenth they crossed the Kentucky River and "camped for the night in Camp Dick Robinson," having "passed through a beautiful country so far." The next day they "started about noon and made eleven miles to Camp Corcoran." After a rest there over the rainy week-end, with "preaching in the church near by," they resumed their march on Monday, covered a dozen weary miles, and encamped "one mile beyond Crab Orchard," near where the turnpike ended and bottomless mud began. On the twenty-second the troops passed "over a lonely ridge covered with pine and scrub oak, reached the Rock Castle River, and encamped."

The following morning, after crossing the ferry, they "marched about ten miles" and "passed through Camp Wild Cat." From April twenty-fourth to twenty-eighth they waded along muddy roads, with little to lift the men's spirits except the receipt of mail on Friday, two miles out of London, and the sermon against swearing (at the mud) preached by their cheery chaplain on Sunday. On the twenty-ninth they "arrived at General Morgan's headquarters beyond Flat Lick, and encamped" near Cumberland Ford a dozen miles from the Gap, where they had a three-weeks rest, punctuated with several hours of company and battalion drill almost every day.

Company A's new captain, William W. Olds, successor to Frederick A. Williams, took command on May 1, and just a year later was killed at Port Gibson, Mississippi. The Forty-second under Colonel Lionel A. Sheldon, with the Twenty-second Kentucky and the Sixteenth Ohio, now made up the 26th Brigade, which a week afterwards was paraded in grand review before its new commander, Colonel John F. DeCourcy. On the fifteenth he held a brigade drill in conjunction with artillery maneuvers, which Father pronounced "very good."

Destined to hold this command for only the next eight months but in that brief time to fix the hallmark of his vocation upon every man under him, Colonel DeCourcy, a veteran British officer, had lately been commissioned, by leave of his Government, in our army. A soldier at thirteen, he had fought in the Crimean war, where he lost an eye. Skilled with sword and horse, in all respects a seasoned warrior and an insatiable drillmaster, he seemed a martinet to his men till they learned in action the supreme value of the rigorous discipline to which he subjected them. He finally met his death while serving as a soldier of fortune in the Franco-Prussian war.



There was still a good deal of illness noted in Father's daily entries, "sixteen of this company being on the sick list" at the middle of May, though four days afterwards the number was down to seven, and a fortnight later it was nil. The Report Book makes frequent mention of names of those left behind in hospital and subsequently reporting for duty again. On the twenty-first, Colonel DeCourcy's brigade, shifting their camp to the Moss house on the road to the Gap, "started about noon. Each man carried eighty rounds, a heavy load. Each company took two tents, and every man to go in light marching order. Made about three miles." A short distance ahead they stood by for over two weeks and built fortifications to distract the enemy as well as to withstand any raids he might make from the Gap. At this time Father wrote to his cousin, Nelson C. Henry, in Bainbridge, as follows:

Camp Barnes, June 4th, 1862.

My Dear Cousin Nelt: After a long silence I again write to you. I do not remember which of us wrote last, but think probably it was myself, as you are a very lazy fellow about writing. I would not now, but today I happen to have twice as much time as I know what to do with, and, as 'tis a great pity that an active mind should be idle, I decided a moment ago to give you the benefit of an hour, considering you are *so rich*.

I am sitting in the shade of a birch tree on the steep hillside overlooking camp. I wish you were [here] to see what is going on in the valley below. Not many soldiers are visible, as a heavy detail came this morning for men to work on fortifications, falling trees, etc. Still some are to be seen sauntering here and there, or sitting on the ground talking. Some of the younger ones are playing marbles. A few are pitching quoits, now and then one washing his shirt, but the majority of them seem to act as cattle do when they have eaten all the grass they want and are not tired enough to lie down.

Here we stay from day to day, doing nothing unless to drill two or three hours and laze about. Nothing to read, nothing to talk about, for each has often told his little history in scraps to his comrades till we all have our biographies complete—we have read each other as a child his "House that Jack Built." Such a life is a bore to one naturally active, and I would much rather have something to do. True, my duties are greater than any of the rest in the company, but here they are only chores that must be attended to at a particular hour.

You perhaps are surprised at this inaction of our little army. I will tell you the reason. We are holding in check from seventeen to twenty thousand rebels with a force of about eight thousand, and the telegraph operator says that General Buell sent a dispatch to General Morgan complimenting him on his generalship of holding them at bay. Yet for all this apparent inactivity, we are frequently called up towards morning and ordered to be ready for an attack expected at daylight.

I think the rebels must be deceived as to our real strength, for our camp extends for several miles up and down the river. The 42d is the advance, being nearest the rebel camp, which can be seen plainly from the top of a hill a short distance off, perhaps six or eight miles. All their force is not so near, however; six thousand are fortified at Big Creek Gap a few miles to our right. I think General Morgan is determined not to be surprised, as eight



hundred or a thousand men are on picket each night. So here are two armies, side by side almost, waiting for the word *forward*.

Occasionally some prisoners are taken, and once in a while a deserter comes and delivers himself to the pickets. We *may* live peaceably in this manner for several weeks, and *may* fight tomorrow. I say peaceably—an occasional skirmish takes place resulting in the wounding or killing [of] somebody—not very neighborly, sure, yet as well as we could expect.

The general health of the soldiers I think is improving. Tonight I shall not report any present sick. A lieutenant and sergeant have gone home to recruit for the regiment. We have lost one hundred thirty men since we entered service. The weather is most oppressive in these hills; 'tis quite impossible to keep cool in the shade. Every night after dress parade hundreds of boys go to the river to swim. I have seen, I would guess, over a thousand naked men and boys in swimming at once. Some of them swim better than you did in the Chagrin one Sunday afternoon. Do you remember?

The bark peels from the trees now, and the boys have stripped it off, driven crotches in the ground in our tents, and made rude bedsteads which are very comfortable. They are now kindling fires for supper of hard cracks, coffee, and bacon. I would like to see your cow yard tonight when you are milking—your cheese tomorrow would be small. I believe I could drink twelve quarts, easy. It is impossible to get any here at any price. I haven't had any since we were at Lexington in April. The sutler has cheese to sell for fifty cents per pound, and I don't hesitate sometimes to buy a quarter's worth. We get fresh beef sometimes and like it much, boiled.

Well, I have turned over the leaf and will also turn to the great world abroad. News came last night that Banks had been reinforced and Jackson came up, pitched in, and was sent "skedaddling" back, leaving twelve hundred dead on the field; also that McClellan had been attacked, and whipped them out, capturing General Pettigrew, a rebel colonel, [and] a large number of prisoners. Corinth was evacuated several days ago, but no dispatch has come from there for three or four days.

You see we get the important news, but not the details. A telegraph is up from Crab Orchard here for the express use of the army. I understand that great excitement prevails in the North and more men are called for. I think that officials have only taken advantage of Banks' retreat to induce men to enlist. True, the more men the shorter the work, but I think our army fully adequate to conquer the rebels. They certainly will be if our generals work it right, and evacuating only prolongs the contest.

I would like very much to see you, my uxorious cousin, and your good wife also, and tell you all the little things I have seen for the past few months, and listen in return to the past history of Bainbridge. Kit tells me the most important news. I shall always be thankful to her for her kindness in writing; she is a better friend than some of my lazy cousins. Harriet, though, is very good, and tells me more than you do when you write. Why don't you take a big sheet and write an hour without stopping, and tell me what you are doing, what you are thinking about, how many calves you are raising, etc.?

You see this is not a very social sheet,<sup>1</sup> but 'tis ample enough to write all you would wish to know. I have been reading the Bible more than usual for the past few days, and find many interesting and useful lessons. I think we might have a Bible class just as well as not, but our chaplain don't seem to take

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<sup>1</sup> The letter is written on a Regimental Report blank.



hold of it. One thing that makes us so listless is the warm weather. A general apathy seems to seize hold of the men and leaves them without energy. In fact we have nothing to stimulate us to action only the enemy, and as they are comparatively peaceable we don't have enough life to ensure good health.

Orville McClintock is back again—he was taken sick at Piketon. He was corporal, but of late I see the chevrons are off his blouse. June Cox is here hearty, and tough as a bear. June was in the three months' service, and for his military knowledge—supposed—was appointed corporal; but he also was reduced to the ranks, rather unjustly I think, as June is a good soldier.

I hear home news from Father and Mother; they are very good to write every week. Brewster's folks and also Becca Peabody are also very good to send me papers occasionally. But you, miserable fellow, can only think of your wife, your horses and cows, and never think of such things. Almost Commencement time. Are you going to Aurora some dark night and get some striped stockings, kid gloves, etc., and go to it? No, such things are all past with you. But do you not revert to them occasionally in memory? Have you not some nice little cabinet in which are stored away these choice thought relics? I do, for hours; I might say a great part of my time is spent in the past. I get up here in the shade and live in it. And you, Nelt, are one of the prominent actors in the little plays I rehearse in memory. It was this that started me so suddenly to write to you today. Then let us once more feel the sympathetic pulsations of our hearts in friendship by writing often. My kind regards to Aunt Lorette. Direct to Cumberland Ford, Kentucky, to follow the regiment.

Adieu, Charlie

The "little army" under General Morgan consisted of four brigades of infantry, three batteries of artillery, a battalion of cavalry, and a mounted company of pioneers, together known as the Seventh Division, Army of the Ohio. Their task was to oust from Cumberland Gap the large force of rebels whose presence cut off the loyal population of east Tennessee from contact with the Union arms. The foe was too strongly entrenched to be dislodged by attack in front, so it was planned to cross the mountains through neighboring passes and attack his rear.

From Pound Gap, ninety miles to the northeast, the enemy as we have seen had been dispersed three months before; but that pass lay too remote and inaccessible for the present purpose. Between it and Cumberland Gap the mountains were unbroken. But southwest of Cumberland Gap, six, twenty-five, and forty miles respectively, the range is pierced by Baptist, Rogers, and Big Creek Gaps. The first, high and rugged, was blockaded and impracticable. Rogers Gap, also high and blockaded, would if cleared afford a difficult but not hopeless route for artillery to cross.

Big Creek Gap, though remote, needed only to be cleared of its obstructions and garrison to be easily traversed. By the close of the first week in June the troops were making their start towards these latter openings. In his Morning Report Book Father tells the progress of the Forty-second through the first two days: "7. Regiment in line for marching at half past four A.M. Made



seven miles today. 8. Our course yesterday and today was nearly west; road new, leading through ravines.”<sup>1</sup>

By hard work and brilliant strategy the blockade of Rogers and Big Creek Gaps was now opened for the advance. DeCourcy's brigade headed the column; the Forty-second headed the brigade. On June 9, 1862, after a fifteen-mile march they encamped within two miles of the Tennessee line. At eight the next morning they crossed the boundary to the tune of "Dixie," and by evening reached the foot of the mountains. Here the force was divided. A special detachment of Companies A and B from each of the three regiments of DeCourcy's brigade was sent that night under Lieutenant-colonel Pardee to occupy Wilson's Gap, a mere bridle path pass, two miles northeast of Rogers Gap.

Reaching the summit before midnight and posting pickets, they were greeted at dawn by a grand panoramic view of the Cumberlands, with the beautiful verdure of Powell's Valley beneath them and the rolling Kentucky landscape spreading out in blue and gold behind. "Two days, the tenth and eleventh," wrote Father on the margin of the Morning Report Book, "we were guarding Wilson's Gap." Two squads of rebel cavalry riding up from the valley fled successively when fired on, though one of them would have been captured had not a Company A man fired prematurely.

Meanwhile DeCourcy's and Baird's brigades, with the artillery, had begun the almost impossible task of surmounting Rogers Gap, and by the evening of June 11, their toil crowned with success, they camped in Powell's Valley on the other side. Thereupon Lieutenant-colonel Pardee's detachment marched from Wilson's Gap along the ridge and down the slope to meet them. On Sunday, the fifteenth, the other two brigades, passing through Big Creek Gap behind the fleeing garrison, marched down the valley and rejoined the rest of the force below Rogers Gap.

Here progress was hindered for two days by an order to General Morgan from the commander of the Army of the Ohio, General Buell, for a retreat to Williamsburgh, Kentucky. Failure of the latter's Chattanooga campaign had released the rebel General Kirby Smith, at Knoxville, to reinforce Cumberland Gap and invade Kentucky. The recall of General Morgan's force was designed to check Smith's advance. Morgan, on reflection, felt justified in disregarding this order, issued as it was in ignorance that he had Cumberland Gap already within his grasp. His disobedience was of course condoned by both General Buell and Secretary Stanton in congratulatory orders soon afterwards issued.

In the meantime, the Forty-second under Lieutenant-colonel Pardee was sent towards Cumberland Gap to intercept rebel cavalry. Planning to capture

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<sup>1</sup> Here abruptly ends Father's diary of events, but his signed morning reports continue the statistics of the company until July 14, 1862, inclusive. Entries of any sort after that date are few and scattering. I have quoted most of this journal of his through five months, as picturing from his own standpoint and at the very times they occurred the incidents and routine, the perils and privations, of his soldier life.



some of them, he posted his men in ambush near the enemy's camp, but discovery of their presence frustrated the plan. Two rebel cavalymen, however, were killed, and three wounded, and several horses were captured.

J. S. Ross, afterwards Captain of Company A, writing to Major F. A. Williams from Cumberland Gap on June 30, 1862, tells lucidly how Morgan's Division soon came into peaceful but triumphant occupation of that gateway to the Confederacy :

On Saturday night [June 14], owing to a report that the enemy had several guns planted commanding our camp, we lay out in the meadows and fields all night in line of battle, the Forty-second lying behind the brow of a ridge, with the Ninth Ohio Battery planted on the ridge. The General also had a large fire built about two-thirds of the way up the mountains to deceive them as to the position of our camp. The night passed off quietly and, with me, in a good sleep.

On Tuesday [June 17], a report came that the Cumberland Gap army had come out to give us a fight and were in position about half way between us and the Gap. Orders were given to prepare to march on Wednesday morning ; eighty rounds were given to each man. This report seemed to be reliable and I guess every soldier and officer in the "Seventh Division of the Army of the Ohio" expected to see something of a fight before sundown of the next day.

At the appointed time we were on the move and arrived at the expected battle ground about nine o'clock, having marched some nine miles. The enemy had left on the evening before. There had only been about twelve hundred at this place, and they, I presume (in my generalship), had been intended to check us long enough to enable them to get away from the Gap. We marched for the Gap, nine miles distant after dinner, and arrived there about six o'clock in the evening. The enemy's rear guard, as Morgan in his dispatch states, had left about four hours before.

Our brigade, which was in advance, halted in the flat below the Gap, while the color company of each regiment, with a detachment of artillery, wound up the road into the Gap. As our regiment was in advance, our colors ascended in advance and were the first to reach the Gap, and soon from the fortifications and tall cliffs the banner of the Union was unfurled to the mountain breeze amid the roar of friendly artillery and the glad cheers of rejoicing soldiers.

That night we again slept on the ground, without tents, making nine nights out of the ten then past that Company A had lain out. Next morning we moved about a quarter of a mile and encamped on a knoll, which I can only praise for its cool breeze from the current through the Gap.

After seven or eight days we moved through the Gap to this place, which is still in Tennessee, about one mile from the center of the Gap. This is a beautiful spot on the banks of a clear stream, among pleasant shade trees, with a good surface of green turf, and densely wooded hills on each side. Blackberries, dewberries, and huckleberries are abundant, and with your soldier experience you can form a pretty good idea of the addition they make to our monotonous meals.

Charley is still the same straightforward, practical old boy he always was. . . .

I have before me the latter part of a letter from Father to Miss Jerusha



Pettibone, of Bainbridge, which must have been written at about the same time and place:

Morning is here bright and joyous, the sun is just peeping over the mountain. Soon his glance will not be so mild. I believe I was about to say something of the army here. Well, General Morgan intends making the pass still more invulnerable from the south side. The rebel works are mainly on the northern slope. We understand that Bragg is in command of the rebel force between here and the railroad. Their pickets extend up this side of Tazewell, twelve miles from here. All our forces except this brigade are on the south side of the Gap. We have but little opportunity of seeing the people here as 'tis difficult to get a pass to go out. I saw more of the Tennessee people while we were moving up from Rogers Gap, and I think the most of them are loyal.

We started from Rogers Gap about one o'clock A.M., the eighth of June, the Forty-second leading the column, and Company A as advance guard. All expected a fight before nine o'clock, as the rebels were encamped at Clear Creek in this direction. We drove in their pickets about daylight. In two hours we entered their camp. Citizens told us they had left about dark the night before. We heard also that they were leaving this place; so, after resting, we moved on.

We had two guides from the Third Tennessee Regiment, who were with me all the way. They were fugitives from Powell's Valley one year ago, and had been deprived of every means of communication between them and home. It was worth all the trouble and work of crossing the mountains to see these soldiers meet their friends. Old men and young would, upon seeing us, exclaim, "God bless you; we have waited a long year for the Union boys," and, glancing over the platoon, discover the guides and rush towards them, uttering the wildest exclamations of joy; step back to allow us to pass, for we couldn't stop; start after us, and ask of their friends all manner of questions. At times there would be as many as thirty trudging along with us and talking all the while. But I cannot describe the scene when husband met wife; the father, his child. H<sup>2</sup>O started from my eye, and I couldn't help it.

I forgot to say last night that we had just started a lyceum. How the thing will work remains to be demonstrated, but we hope the exercises, if not so brilliant, will at least present the merit of originality. I would like very much to be with you at Oberlin Commencement Days, but have a better excuse than I did last year. Kit had the audacity to ask me to go with her! Guess she had better try the same when I am at home. Ain't she a little mean to ask soldiers to go with her under such circumstances? Ain't you, too, for asking me to come?

The news from Richmond is not so decisive as we expected. A day or two since, we were somewhat anxious, as a dispatch came in stating that McClellan had retreated thirty-five miles. Colonel Pardee returned from the rebel camp near Tazewell, where he had been under a flag of truce, and reported that the rebel account was that McClellan had been wounded and taken prisoner, together with two other major generals, six brigadiers, thirty-six thousand men, a large lot of commissary stores, etc. Of course we didn't believe this story, but feared that success had not been the result of McClellan's movements. Yesterday, news was more cheering; still we can't tell much about the result until all is over. I wish we had more men there. One thing is bad for us: Kentucky, Missouri, and Tennessee yet require thousands of

troops to preserve order. What will it be in the extreme South after the great rebel army is dispersed?

In short, the South hates the North, and will, while you and I live; so what are the benefits of Government with such conflicting elements? Simply subjugation or annihilation of one. I regard the War now not as establishing the perpetuity of the old form tottering on the brink of rebellion, but the acquisition of territory. I said, when at home last fall, I wanted no union with such a people, who en masse are so bitter towards us. If we fight for the "Union," you radicals up North must be willing to grant them constitutional rights; viz., full power to buy and sell men and women. If we are fighting for "Freedom," our object, if accomplished, will destroy this Government as well as theirs.

How many troops must we keep in each city South before we would dare trust them to abide by the restrictions of this, to them, hated Union? I think that more than one half our army must do duty in this rebellious territory as provost guard for a decade at least to restore that "Union sentiment." France and England are both aware of this, and I fear will humanely (?) seize upon the first pretext for intervention to end this war between two opposite elements.

True, we are too intelligent as a people to sink into that nameless system of misrule that has made the semi-barbarous people of South America so miserable. Yet when I see this bitter enmity between North and South, I sometimes fear that the banner of anarchy will flaunt its hateful folds over the freemen. I am not afraid of the thing in Ohio, but all along the border States for thousands of miles, will be the theater of dark plots and deeds. Perhaps you may laugh at my gloomy sophism, but 'tis none the less true and plain in my prophetic vision. You read more than I, but we see from different standpoints; so if we differ, you will not laugh, will you?—at me, I mean.

Blackberries are thick among the mountains, though not as sweet as they are in Ohio. I had a piece of blackberry pie yesterday, which was very good. We draw dessicated vegetables now with our crackers and bacon, and manage to live pretty well, but we sometimes think of butter, milk, and cheese. . . .



## 9. *Cumberland Gap to the Mississippi*

HERE at the junction of three states, Tennessee, Kentucky, and Virginia, and, from the height above, overlooking a fourth, North Carolina, General Morgan's Division held Cumberland Gap for just three months, fortifying and foraging, while the rebel General Kirby Smith, marching early in August northward through the very passes which the garrison had lately traversed, swept back the Union forces northwest of the Gap in his triumphant progress through Kentucky from Tennessee to the Ohio river. At the same time he left a division under the rebel General Stephenson to invest Morgan's citadel in the rear. On August 10, 1862, Morgan telegraphed to Secretary Stanton, "I have only three weeks' supplies and these are only half rations." That night the wires were severed and all communication with the world without was permanently cut off.

Meanwhile the Forty-second participated in an exciting episode, the nature and results of which were sufficiently important to be summed up by General Morgan in his "General Orders, Number Sixty-five," dated, "Cumberland Gap, August 7, 1862," a part of which I quote:

The commanding general avails himself of the earliest moment to express his high satisfaction at the brilliant success achieved by DeCourcy's brigade in conjunction with the Fourteenth Kentucky, the First Wisconsin Battery, and a handful of Mundy's Cavalry, during the late foraging expedition and reconnoissance.

Two hundred wagon loads of forage, a large amount of tobacco, and a considerable number of horses and mules taken from within the enemy's lines, without the loss of a single wagon, would alone have constituted a brilliant success.

During five days this small but gallant little force maneuvered along and within the lines of the enemy, in a manner alike creditable to the able and gallant officers in command and to every officer and soldier attached to the expedition.

During the fifth and sixth instants this heroic little force was engaged in a series of skirmishes with the first division of the enemy's army of East Tennessee.

On the fifth instant Lieutenant-colonel Pardee, with but five companies, held in check a vastly superior force and by his skill and conduct prevented the position of General DeCourcy from being turned. . . .

Some of the incidents of this Tazewell Expedition in which Father figured I quote from Mason's *The Forty-second Ohio Infantry*, pages 114 to 117:

It started on the morning of Saturday the second of August and at four o'clock in the afternoon reached Tazewell, a small village twelve miles south of the Gap. The brigade encamped for the night in the neighborhood of the town, and in the morning proceeded southward about four miles to a point known as "Big Springs," where there was a live stream of water. Near the crossing of this stream was a fork in the road—the right hand branch leading up the valley in a westerly direction; the other bearing off to the southeast across the Clinch Mountains to Bean's Station. A mile or two up the first of these roads from the junction above mentioned, was a mill reported to contain several thousand bushels of corn, which last it was the purpose of the expedition to secure. It was therefore necessary to pass the fork of the road with the wagon train and to guard that point from capture so that the train could return. Colonel DeCourcy with the Sixteenth and Fourteenth regiments and half of the Forty-second, went on with the wagons, leaving Lieutenant-colonel Pardee, with Companies A, B, C, I, and K, of the Forty-second, and Foster's two guns, to hold the juncture of the roads.

It was already evident that there were enemies in the vicinity, and Colonel Pardee made his dispositions for defense with great care and judgment. One gun was planted in the road near the junction, in a position to rake the approach from Bean's Station, it being from that direction the attack was expected. The other gun was placed to the right and farther to the rear, on some higher ground from which it commanded the approach from either direction. Company C, fifty-four men, under Captain Bushnell, was sent forward a quarter of a mile on the Bean's Station road as an outpost. The Company took position on a thickly wooded hill which overlooked the road and commanded a view some distance beyond.

Part of Company A, under Sergeant Henry, was posted in a cedar thicket in front of and near the junction of the highways; the remainder of the company, under Captain Olds, supported the gun planted in the road. The remainder of the companies under Colonel Pardee were posted in squads along a line at right angles with the main road and nearly a mile in length, to give the most exaggerated impression of his defensive strength. In order to improve his opportunities for observation, Colonel Pardee detailed Sergeant O. J. Hopkins of Company K, a zealous and clever soldier, to ascend a high hill to the left and front of the main position, and communicate the results of his observations by means of signs previously agreed upon. Certain gestures and attitudes were specified to indicate the approach of infantry, cavalry, or artillery.

Hopkins climbed to his perch and mounted watch. This was shortly before noon. About one o'clock, he began to display extraordinary activity. First he made the sign to indicate the approach of cavalry, then infantry was signaled, and finally artillery. All the signals were repeated with great vigor for some minutes, when a column of cavalry appeared, winding down the road where Company C was posted. Captain Bushnell reserved his fire until the horsemen were within easy range, when he gave them a volley which emptied a number of saddles, and wounded and killed several horses. The fire was kept up for several rounds as fast as the men could reload, and the enemy, confused and demoralized by an attack which could not be returned, broke into a precipitate and disorderly retreat.

The cavalry was, however, promptly supported by the Confederate infantry, a brigade of which came up in line of battle and evidently prepared for fight.



Captain Bushnell reported this to Colonel Pardee, and Company C was withdrawn from its exposed position to the main line at the fork of the road. A rebel battery then came up within perhaps three-fifths of a mile, and taking position opened fire on Foster's two guns. These replied promptly and with their accustomed accuracy, the result being a very picturesque artillery duel which lasted till night with little result on the Federal side beyond that of warning DeCourcy and his force up the valley to return to Tazewell by another road, and thereby avoid repassing the point at which Pardee was fighting.

By the most adroit and skillful display of his two hundred men, marching and remarching them in single rank so as to make companies look like battalions, Colonel Pardee managed to hold in check a whole division of General Kirby Smith's army, under General Stephenson, while the wagons were loaded and returned to Tazewell. It was one of the handsomest maneuvers of its kind in the whole record of the war. Stephenson thought that he had encountered the whole of Morgan's army on its way to attack the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad. He accordingly chose a defensive position and awaited attack.

To the rear of Colonel Pardee's position, and between Big Springs and Tazewell, lay a high ridge, across which ran the main road along which the expedition had advanced. Soon after dark, Colonel Pardee retired to this ridge and remained on guard during the night. Enough of the strength of the enemy had been seen during the afternoon to suggest the necessity of strong and alert picket duty at night.

Early in the morning Colonel Pardee and his five companies were relieved by Company B of the Sixteenth Ohio and one company of the Fourteenth Kentucky. The men thus relieved retired and joined the remainder of the brigade at Tazewell.

Forty-two years afterwards (November 4, 1904), Father wrote familiarly to his old commander:

I heard "Old P" caution the two captains in the dawning, "The rebels are just up there in the woods. We heard them in the night. Have your men keep cartridge belts on, and don't stack guns." The two companies stacked arms, hung cartridge belts on bayonets, and rested a little till Old P's boys were moved back. In less than twenty minutes a volley from more than a thousand rebels wiped out the two companies.

In an earlier letter to the same, written on November 27, 1902, referring to the news of O. J. Hopkins' death and to Mason's account of his vigilance, Father declared, "I gave the facts of what Hopkins did that day," and added:

Only two other heroes of the War in the bloodless engagement at Big Springs, Tennessee, do I recall across a bridge of forty years. Gid—I forget his other name—the colored servant of Colonel Sheldon, with gun in hand went with Company C and did his work to get a good shot at the cavalry leading eight or ten thousand of the enemy. The volley threw back the cavalry, emptied a dozen or more saddles, threw a brigade, at least, of infantry into confusion, and with the splendid bluff and tactics of a young colonel held back Kirby Smith's army of fifteen thousand men for six or eight hours till nightfall. . . . I wish you would write the simple story of the poor colored servant—how he went to the front and how he died in the Yazoo swamp, neglected



by hospital men because of color.<sup>1</sup> No braver man in any regiment than Gid, "the nigger—Sheldon's nigger."

The third hero of that holdback of Smith's army was the young colonel, with only five hundred men and two guns of Foster's Battery. But he only did his duty—and did it well—and all Forty-second men revere him for it. They tell their children and grandchildren today about how the young colonel, twenty-five years old—"Old Pardee" they called him—held back fifteen thousand rebels till the rest of the scattered brigade could be brought together at Tazewell.

In a previous letter, dated "Cleveland, September 6, 1901," Father, referring gratefully to another incident of this expedition, saluted the same friend, who many years before curtly ordered me to mount his horse and ride from Tazewell nearly to Cumberland Gap, after I had been on picket for two nights before. The colonel did not know *how* tired I was, for I let the rest of the boys sleep. Such things take deep root in memory.

Father often told me how, when he had ridden old Charlie for some miles, Colonel Pardee gruffly silenced his offer to dismount, with, "When I want him I will tell you." So the commander trudged on a dozen miles through the night while the weary orderly retained his horse. When they had almost reached camp at the Gap, the former said quietly, "I will take him now."<sup>2</sup>

In a note to me dated "Cleveland, October 8, 1901," Father drew the following humorous parallel between General Thomas at Chickamauga and himself at Tazewell:

I held half a mile of Pardee's right for a day. Thomas held two miles of Rosecrans' left. We both held our line; Thomas, the "Rock of Chickamauga,"—modesty forbids reference to the other rock!

After this expedition, the rebel lines drew closer, and the foraging area of the Union garrison at the Gap, bounded by the range of its artillery, was soon despoiled of all food supplies for either man or beast. The struggle for subsistence grew desperate. At five in the afternoon of September 8, 1862, with "three biscuits per man to serve as five days' rations," DeCourcy's brigade set out, in light marching order, with the Seventh Michigan Battery, to convoy a large wagon train to Manchester for supplies. Camping the first night at Cumberland Ford once more, they reached Manchester by the third evening, only to find the country already stripped by the rebel General John Morgan's cavalry which still hovered near to harass them.

Meanwhile feed for the mules at the Gap failed, and, on the twelfth, the quartermaster advised sending them North *via* Manchester. This meant abandoning to the enemy thirty-two guns, twelve thousand stand of small arms, and four hundred wagons, in case the Gap were evacuated. The advice was rejected. But a council of war on the fourteenth declared for immediate

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<sup>1</sup> Father's wish not being gratified, he himself composed the true story of "A Modest Hero," the unprinted manuscript of which, written April 2, 1904, is in my possession.

<sup>2</sup> C. E. H. to D. A. P., November 4, 1904.



evacuation. With the enemy holding all feasible lines of retreat, nothing was left but to try an almost hopeless route through the wilderness, two hundred miles to the Ohio river.

After hurried preparations, a large wagon train set out under a strong guard on the sixteenth towards Manchester, and on the seventeenth, after heavily mining the southern approaches to the Gap and throwing out a protecting line of battle on the west, the garrison emerged at nightfall, set fire to buildings and stores, exploded its mines and magazine, and reached Manchester by evening of the nineteenth.

Thenceforward, says Mason, the retreating army had literally to "cut and dig its way through nearly two hundred miles of broken mountainous country almost wholly barren of supplies and in many places for long distances destitute of even water." Constantly annoyed and menaced by rebel cavalry under John Morgan, the column hewed out new roads around those which he industriously blockaded. For nearly two months they toiled on, entirely lost to their world, which, from August 10 to October 3, 1862, wondered and despaired about the mysterious fate of the garrison at Cumberland Gap.

In numbers as well as in the character of their perilous and difficult exploit, the fugitives' march from Cumberland Gap to the Ohio river resembled the "Retreat of the Ten Thousand," immortalized in Xenophon's *Anabasis*. "Men heretofore distant, became as brothers," says the author of *Memories of Company F, Forty-second Ohio Volunteer Infantry*, page 25; "and the last morsel of food, or drop of water, would be divided with a suffering comrade."

Night and day, whenever a halt would be made, might be heard the *crunch, crunch*, of the corn, rubbed over graters, extemporized from our tin plates, perforated with the points of bayonets; and with a cake of this substitute for meal, baked without salt, and eaten hastily, we were ready for another march, like the Israelites of old, when escaping from Egyptian bondage.

All things have an end, and at length the blue waters of the Ohio broke upon our delighted vision at Greenupsburg, Kentucky, on the third of October, and were hailed with joy by as ragged and hungry an army as ever served under the banners of our country. At Greenupsburg we were supplied as far as the capabilities of the place afforded. We crossed into Ohio on the fourth, and the patriotic people of Wheelersburg and vicinity satisfied our immediate wants, lavishing their good things upon us with a bountiful hand. They filled our haversacks as well as our empty stomachs; the latter requiring an amount of provision truly prodigious in extent.

Afterwards in an official report, which emphasizes the delay resulting from the fruitless effort of a part of his army to intercept this retreat, the rebel General Bragg declared that time consumed in the vain attempt "prevented a junction of our forces and enabled General Buell to reach Louisville before the assault could be made on that city."

On October 9, 1862, the Forty-second went into camp for a fortnight at Oak Hill, Jackson County, Ohio, whither it had proceeded by rail to rest and refit. Though the regiment generally were in the best of health and spirits



here, Father was stricken with an acute fever; and Lieutenant Ross, about the middle of the month, telegraphed his brother-in-law, Henry Brewster, at Bridge Creek, to come at once if he would see him alive. Responding quickly, "the Deacon," having to lie over at Chillicothe, encountered in the hotel there an officer with "42" on his cap, and inquired whether he knew Charles E. Henry and could tell of his condition. Sergeant Henry's illness seemed to be news to Colonel Pardee (for it was he); but taking from his pocket Father's commission as second lieutenant, dated October 6 and effective from July 25, 1862, nearly three months before, the Colonel replied, "I guess here is something that will make him well."

Arriving at Oak Hill about October 18, Brewster found the patient already convalescent, and able to exclaim when told of his promotion, "Well, no more carrying a musket for me!" Colonel Pardee was right; and within a day or two "Lieutenant Henry" was able to go to town and draw his pay and new supplies of clothing, and a week later to proceed with the regiment to Gallipolis.

While at Oak Hill, Father received a letter from his old Hiram friend, B. A. Hinsdale, then teaching in Medina County, Ohio. Half of it, apparently, is missing, but I reproduce what I have:

Sharon Center, October 17th, 1862.

My dear Charley:

How long a time has elapsed since you have received a letter from me, I can not tell. Nor will I undertake to say when your last reached me. Of two things I [am] certain: that in the remote past we corresponded, and that you wrote the last letter. I need not assure you that I should have written long ago but for the uncomfortable state of things existing in the Gap region. I had no desire to correspond with Kirby Smith, nor did I wish to puzzle that worthy by my illegible chirography. And yet, it was certain that any effusions of mine sent in the direction of the Gap would fall into his hands.

But the army of the Gap is once more accessible, or in other words, resurrected from its mountain grave. Still I do not know your present location and of course do not know where to direct my letter. The father of young Hayden in your company told me that he thinks of going to see his son, so I may make him my mail carrier.

A line or two above, I used the term "resurrected" as applied to your division. It does indeed seem to me that you have been dead. Don't coming into Ohio once more seem like coming to life? Since I began this letter it has occurred to me that it is now about one year since the Hiram party made its visit to Camp Chase. In the more stern events since then have you forgotten that happy time? Not a Hiram boy was then beneath sod; not one parent's heart was crushed with sadness; all was joyous and gladsome. I would like to talk over these matters with you.

Then, since I wrote you, among other sad things, the sad death of my friend and your officer. How was the sad news received in the rugged mountain region of Tennessee? At times, the recollection of the older time will come up to me; I remember the many incidents and accidents we shared



together. I can not make it seem to me that he is really dead. Some sort of an unaccountable feeling comes over me that sometime we are to meet and talk over the events that have come and gone since last we met. Still, it can not be.

Have you ever felt as I have in this particular; namely,—In the whole scope of my thoughts and experiences there are particular phases that I take pleasure in talking over with particular persons? Or, in other words, that there are some things, that interest you, that you are sure will interest some one friend? Such is my experience. And acting in harmony with it, when you are in his company, the conversation always takes that direction; with another person, you choose a topic of conversation that you would not for the first; etc. Since our friend died, the thought has been unspeakably sad that the particular class of things that we used to relish so much in our talks must now be locked up in my own bosom! And in thus ceasing one of my own activities, it seems to me that I have partially died with him.

But in these stirring times, the living soon turn away from the grave of the dead. And I will direct to the present my pen that has dwelt so long upon the past. During your long incarceration, many things have occurred of which you are of necessity poorly informed. My space will not permit me to mention them; I can only say, we have seen strange things. . . . I have kept this letter some days to ascertain where to send it. I do not know that it will ever reach you. Write and let me know.

From Gallipolis on October 27, 1862, Morgan's division marched seven miles up the Ohio, crossed the river at Point Pleasant, and advanced during the next three days sixty miles up the Kanawha valley to Charleston, only to find that the enemy they sought had fled. Tarrying there till November 10, they then marched back again and reached the Ohio River on the thirteenth. To Judge Pardee thirty-five years afterwards Father wrote from Cleveland on September 16, 1897:

While at Charleston, West Virginia, I found our old camp ground. The town is much larger now. It is the capital. The ride by rail from Point Pleasant up the valley is about two hours. I well remember our march up and back in 1862.

Embarking at Point Pleasant on November 13, 1862, in the side-wheel steamer *Fannie McBurney*, the Forty-second started for Memphis, General Morgan with the rest of DeCourcy's Brigade and Foster's Battery keeping close by in other ships. A fortnight later they landed at Memphis and camped on the old fair ground a mile or two behind the city. Here the brigades of Colonels Sheldon, Lindsay, and DeCourcy, consisting of ten regiments, with Foster's and Lanphere's Batteries, were reorganized as the Third Division of General Sherman's Army of Mississippi, with General Morgan as Division commander.

After three weeks of rigorous drill, and a grand review by General Sherman of his whole army, the troops embarked on December 19 in a great fleet of transports convoyed by two gunboats, the Forty-second taking the large side-wheel steamer *Des Moines*; and a week later they stood off the mouth of the

Yazoo River thirty miles north of Vicksburg, their ultimate objective. On the morning of December 26, 1862, the fleet steamed eastward thirteen miles up the Yazoo, to a neck of land where the two great rivers converge, and landed the troops near Chickasaw Bayou, only eight miles north of Vicksburg.

Chickasaw Bayou may once have been a short cut by which the Yazoo reached the Mississippi just above Vicksburg. Now, however, it formed a part of the maze of lagoons in the alluvial flood plain which is almost encircled by the two rivers and is commanded from the east by Walnut Hills (known to Sherman's army as "Chickasaw Bluffs") extending northerly from Vicksburg to Haines' Bluff and beyond. Entrenched upon these heights, the rebel General Pemberton's twelve thousand men and strong batteries could have withstood ten times their number among the sloughs below, where, indeed, Sherman's thirty-two thousand men proved to be treble the number he could use to advantage. Sherman could not fully know all this without trial, and critics have generally upheld him in ordering the disastrous assault of December 29. But in his *Memoirs*, gainsaying his official report<sup>1</sup> made at the time, he unfairly blames DeCourcy's brigade, who with superb discipline pressed heroically into the jaws of death, in the splendid, hopeless effort to gain a foothold at Vicksburg's northern gate.

The fleet on arriving was strung out for two or three miles along the river front and, pending the discharge of its thronging cargo, was paralleled a few hundred yards on shore by a temporary defence line of infantry, including DeCourcy's brigade. Before night the brigade advanced along the road towards Vicksburg from James's Plantation where they had landed, and drove in the enemy's cavalry picket after a brief exchange of shots. In conversation with me a year or so before his death, Father said:

I had charge of a skirmish line about a half mile long, and we moved forward about a mile or a mile and a half from the landing. There we met the rebel skirmish line and lay down for the night. No fires were allowed and it was cold.

Added to this a dismal rain set in, and the men passed the night, without protection, in mud and misery. But the morning of December 27 dawned warm and beautiful and restored their spirits. Crossing an open field, past great piles of burning corn and cotton bales, with Companies A and F of the Forty-second Ohio on the skirmish line, the column, encountering little opposition, halted about noon on the margin of heavy timber, where a rivulet led towards the bayou. After a short bout with rebel skirmishers, who emerged from the wood and then fell back again across the creek, the column followed the farm road along the stream and encountered the enemy in force about two o'clock. With the rebels stubbornly holding their strong position behind large trees and the shelving bank of the creek, a brisk skirmish ensued, cul-

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<sup>1</sup> *War of the Rebellion, Official Records*, Series I, Vol. XVII, Part 1, p. 608. See also pages 638, 649-50, and 656-8.



minating in the enemy's ineffectual attempt, by detouring through the timber and firing at short range across the stream, to crumple General Morgan's flank.

During the afternoon, Foster's First Wisconsin Battery, coming to the support of the skirmish line, poured shell and canister over their heads into the woods. But the heaviest fighting was on the right, where Smith's division, with booming artillery, battled mightily during a good part of the day. Throwing out a brigade to the edge of the woods in that direction, and driving the enemy back into the swamp and darkness, Morgan's division then bivouacked where they stood.

Shortly before sunset a squad of rebel cavalry, advancing from along the levee, attempted a surprise, but fled before a volley at short range from Company A of the Forty-second, assembling from the skirmish line. About nine o'clock that night the whole regiment left the front to build earthworks for Foster's six twenty-pounder Parrott guns. By two o'clock they had thrown up a line five hundred feet long, eight feet wide at base, and six feet high, with trimly revetted embrasures for the guns.

Tired and drowsy, the men, finding their fireless, shelterless camp too cold for sleep, shivered through the two hours till dawn of December 28, when, at bugle call, they lit tiny fires to boil coffee for a hasty breakfast. Through the morning mist and mingled smoke of battle, which enveloped them in dread and uncertainty, the sun rose, a glowing ball, red and ominous, amidst the renewed roar of musketry and artillery. Of this day's fortunes of the Forty-second, Captain W. W. Olds, of Company A, himself to fall in battle only four months afterwards, gave the following spirited account:

At twenty-five minutes past nine a forward movement was ordered. The Forty-second charges down into the dry bed of a bayou leading directly towards the enemy's batteries. We rush forward fifty paces and halt to examine the ground. We dare not go further, for we will be raked from front to rear. The brigade lies down. A sharp fire continues along the whole line. Balls come, zip-zip, into the trees and ground around us; occasionally, *thud!* a bullet takes some poor fellow, and he is carried to the rear. Two of Lanphere's guns have crossed and taken position.

Colonel DeCourcy comes to me and inquires the position of the rebel batteries. An order is sent back, and one of Foster's twenty-pounders is brought and takes position to command them. Colonel DeCourcy shouts the command, "The brigade will advance." Colonel Pardee instructs me to form division (that is, a front of two companies, A and F) as soon as the nature of the ground will permit, and calls out, "Forty-second Ohio, forward!" We turn to the right, out of the bayou, and just as we rise over the bank, four of our men fall together under the fire of two regiments of the enemy.

It is a critical moment—the men waver. The rebels stand firm; their batteries open upon us. I call out, "Forward, boys, they are shooting over us—now is the time—hurrah! they are breaking." We raised such a shout that we were heard by the divisions far to our right, infusing courage into the men behind, and adding speed to the now wavering and retreating enemy. Closely



we pursued them, unmindful of the storm of canister and shell that rained thickly over and around us. Many rebels threw down their guns and gave themselves up. I ordered them to the rear, but was astonished, on turning round to point to them the way, to find no one following us. The rest of the brigade had lain down to escape the terrific fire pouring upon it.

Fortunately for us, we could separate and shelter ourselves behind trees. The Fifty-fourth Indiana broke, and the wonder is that more did not, so fearful was the fire which we were required to face. The rebels seeing so few of us, endeavored to rally their men. Some turned at bay on our right, but the boys brought them down and pushed on. We now came to the edge of the wood and a piece of fallen timber within three hundred yards of their first line of works. Here we thought best to make a stand till the rest of the brigade could come up, sheltering ourselves as well as we could, and blazing away at every rebel that offered a mark.

Colonel DeCourcy now came forward, complimented the men for their gallantry, examined the position, and ordered up Lanphere's Battery. The guns took position just in rear of Company A's skirmish line, and for an hour worked as coolly as though shooting at a target, firing fifty rounds from each gun.<sup>1</sup> It would be vain to attempt any description of the noise and confusion of that hour, of bursting shells and shrieking grape, of flying splinters and crashing trees. Three times did shells strike trees behind which I stood, covering me with splinters.

One burst not more than a yard in front of Lieutenant Charles E. Henry, with nothing in the world to shelter him. The fragments passed just over my head and I turned expecting to see him blown to atoms, but when the smoke cleared away, he stood with a smile on his face as if nothing had happened. He might have been a little blanched but his complexion was still dark. Gradually the firing on both sides ceased, except an occasional shot along the picket line. We spent the night where we were, without fires, contenting ourselves with gnawing a little hard bread and cold boiled meat. The rebels made no effort to conceal their numbers, and campfires gleamed along their whole line. All night we could hear the whistling of locomotives in the direction of Vicksburg, and we knew that heavy reinforcements were continually arriving from Jackson.

Thus ended the second day's work at Chickasaw Bayou.

W. H. H. Monroe, one of the Hiram boys in Company A, added, in the *National Tribune* for October 5, 1899, the following interesting sidelight to the incident above narrated about Father:

I happened to be looking from the skirmish line at Lieutenant Henry, who stood two or three rods back, when a shell burst before him. When the smoke cleared away, I expected to see him torn to pieces; but there he stood, smiling, and said: "That makes me think of Napoleon." He came up to the skirmish line, and we stepped behind a large oak tree, thinking it would be a protection,

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<sup>1</sup> The *Hiram College Advance* for April 30, 1902 (Vol. 2, pp. 208-9) contains the second installment of Father's "Hiram in the War," wherein he said: "The second day of the battle of Chickasaw Bluffs, we were ordered to lie down in a little hollow or depression about twenty or thirty yards in front of twenty-four pieces of artillery that for two hours fired rapidly at the rebel works on the bluffs. A few Hiram boys huddled together and talked of school days and the past and future of Hiram, amid the roar of battle and noise of screaming shell above their heads. When relieved we were black with powder, smoke, and dirt blown from the guns in the rear."



but shortly two cannon balls crashed through the tree just above our heads, apparently, as easily as a minie ball would through a pine board, and we stepped away, preferring rather to take the chance of the balls than both balls and splinters.

Father, writing to me from Dallas on May 19, 1887, of the death of two Hiram boys in his company on the day Captain Olds was killed at Port Gibson, told how one of them, Aaron N. Allyn, saved his life at Chickasaw:

We charged through an open cypress glade near Chickasaw Bluff. I was in the advance, and Company A, as skirmishers, were deploying forward and we had the rebels on the run towards their works. I was running after them, while, in a little depression, or hollow, a dark looking Acadian, or Spaniard looking man, in gray rose up in the hollow on his knees, with musket leveled at me. I yelled to him to surrender and started towards him, when crack went a musket from close behind me. I looked around and saw the quiet smiling face of Allyn. The rebel fell forward clutching his gun. We went to him and found that he had been wounded in the leg before, but Allyn's bullet had gone through his body.

He was an ignorant, simple Acadian and belonged, I think, to the Twenty-first Louisiana Confederate Infantry. I asked him why he did not surrender when I called to him. He replied that his officers told him the "Yanks" would kill him any way, and he saw me with a sword in my hand and thought he would shoot me before I reached him. He lived about three hours. As Allyn lowered his smoking gun from his shoulder after firing, he quietly said, "That reb was just about to shoot you, but I got ahead of him." Allyn was only a few feet behind me and fired over my shoulder or close to me.

About nine o'clock the next day, as the artillery continued their duelling, General Sherman, on request of General Morgan, rode with him up and down before the line, while the latter explained his conviction of the futility of the proposed assault. At length, Sherman, chagrined, turned abruptly away; but at noon he sent a staff officer to

Tell Morgan that I wish him to give the signal for the assault; that we will lose five thousand men in taking Vicksburg, and may as well lose them now.

Morgan answered, "We shall lose the men, but from this position we shall not take Vicksburg." Colonel DeCourcy, too, protested, saying: "General Morgan, I have as fine a body of disciplined men as were ever assembled in a brigade; but if they make this assault, the command is gone to hell." From this time the men began better to appreciate their martinet drillmaster's pride in them.

At one o'clock a shot from Foster's Battery gave the signal for the advance of five hundred yards to the bluff. The two brigades of DeCourcy and Blair, from Morgan's division, together with the Fourth Iowa Infantry, bore the whole brunt of the assault, while the right and left wings of the army executed diversions to prevent the enemy's concentration in the center.

The Forty-second, having previously done continuous duty, became now

by usage the reserve of DeCourcy's brigade. With the Fifty-fourth Indiana, they twice or thrice had to lie down under the galling fire, while waiting for the two advance regiments to struggle past logs and treetops of the slashing and make way for them to file in turn across the narrow causeway spanning the "Lake," at the foot of the bluff.

The Forty-second, following closely, had advanced about fifty yards up the slope beyond the bridge, when they saw the line ahead melting hopelessly away. Many of the Sixteenth Ohio fell within thirty or forty feet of the upper rifle pits; and the color bearer of the Twenty-second Kentucky had even planted its standard on the enemy's main line of works at the crest of the bluff, but finding himself with only one of his guard alive, he fell back, still carrying his colors, and joined in the general retirement. The Forty-second covered the retreat back to their former position which was held against all opposition.

In an article, "On Going Back," contributed to the *Ohio Farmer* of May 10, 1894, Father thus summarized "the battle of Chickasaw Bluffs, in which," said he, "we were repulsed, with severe loss and discouragement, in the last days of December, 1862." The article continues:

For two days we had driven the rebels through the Yazoo swamps and bayous, capturing some prisoners and meeting with some losses. The third day we assaulted their works on the bluffs after they had been reinforced, and we were hurled back into the cypress swamps. Their works extended for over two miles along the bluff, with a wide, deep bayou, filled with water, within short range of the works a part of the way. It was not possible to take the works with any number of men.

The revised official report of Union losses, viz.: 198 killed, 1005 wounded, and 563 missing, may be misleading, though the number of dead that Father remembered counting must have included many of the wounded who were left on the field through two freezing nights while the rebels barbarously refused a truce for recovering the fallen. In my copy of the regimental history, Father wrote:

Cleveland, Ohio, January 1, 1904.

Forty-one years ago today we were in front of Chickasaw Bluffs. We had been fighting three days and were repulsed when we charged the rebel works on the bluff. Our line was four or five miles long but the real assault was in our front.

I counted four hundred and fifty dead of our men as we gathered them up to bury. Many more were killed near the rebel works, and many more wounded and died in the cold night, as it froze hard. We were not allowed to kindle fires for three days.

The Forty-second was ahead the two first days and drove the enemy some four miles through bayous, cane brakes and cypress forest. We lost heavily in the two days, and lost some the third day. Our brigade lost heavily



in the three days' fight—the Forty-second Ohio, Sixteenth Ohio and Twenty-second Kentucky.<sup>1</sup>

This Chickasaw episode, which was intended, even if it should involve defeat, to be a diversion in aid of Grant's plan of campaign down through central Mississippi towards Vicksburg, instead of leading to a victorious junction in that city between Sherman and his chief, only added to Grant's discomfiture from the destruction of his supply depot at Holly Springs. Sherman having obeyed orders in ignorance of Grant's situation, and convinced now of the hopelessness of his undertaking, retired beyond reach of flood and foe, to the mouth of the Yazoo. Father added:

The following day General McClernand appeared on the scene and, relieving General Sherman of the command, ordered the army on transports and steamed up the river. The fleet, headed by the gunboats, turned up White River.

While *en route* Father wrote to his young soldier brother a letter of which I possess only the part following:

Steamer *Des Moines*, bound up  
the [Mississippi] River, on an  
Expedition in Arkansas, up  
White River; Eight o'clock,  
night, January 4, 1863.

Dear Brother Edward: Yours of December reached me today, and gladly do I take a few moments' chat with you. We had a hard fight before Vicksburg, an account of which you will probably see in the *Herald* from Frank [Mason]. The Forty-second, and Company A in particular, did nobly. Only about twenty skulked in the fallen timber while making the charge and their names were published in a regimental order. I am sorry to say that Orville's name was among the number read as cowards. Company A was quite fortunate, having only five wounded. Among the number were Frank Clover and A. B. Cook. Cook died last night but Clover is doing well. I am glad, Edward, that you never showed the coward. I would much rather hear that my brother was killed than to have it whispered that he showed the white feather.

During this war I have had no aspirations but to do my duty, but can say of the past few days, without bragging, that the representative of Henry blood in the Western Army has established a fighting reputation that does honor to the name. Of course this is only for you and our folks and not for community. Yes, Ed, I believe we are fighters, as valorous even as Simon of old. Father, you know, was a warrior; and alone, without the support of his eldest, with only the long-barreled shotgun of Brewster's, put to ignominious flight a score of ruffians, who would disturb his rest in the dead of night.

Yes, they fled in confusion beyond the Chagrin, while he, furious and undaunted, paced the ground proudly in front of the house, by the telegraph pole, making the old rusty lock click at every turn of his beat, and, like Oliver Twist, called for "more" of them to come on. And when the storm of battle

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<sup>1</sup> The casualties in DeCourcy's brigade were 460—more than a fourth of those in Sherman's whole army at Chickasaw.

passed, and "Poss" and his inglorious minions were fleeing to their camp on Bungtown Hills, methinks I see the smooth complacency of our progenitor, with the iron sternness of the warrior toned down to the placid and habitually mild expression of a fine old gentleman, ingeniously lighting his pipe with a glowing coal between the tongs.

But no more levity. I am not ashamed to own myself a second edition. I like my father's spunk. I have written nothing about the fight, scarcely, and will not.

Grandfather's prowess in repelling invaders dated back some twelve years to the second marriage of his eldest son, Simon, with whom Almira B. Whipple was wedded September 12, 1850. When the bridal pair came home to Grandfather's house, the Henry cousins greeted them with a charivari, or "shivaree" as they called it. Of this lusty band "Poss" of course was charged with the leadership—falsely perhaps, for once, since he was able to urge a pretty cogent alibi.

That Uncle Edward fully realized Father's ideal of soldierly bravery is attested in the latter's memorandum to me from Geauga Lake, October 21, 1904:

The boy was in many engagements, and generally on the skirmish line. At the extreme front, in what was called "the bloody cornfield," at Antietam, he was hit in the head by a musket ball that broke his skull. He was left for dead through the night till near dawn the next morning, when the enemy found him, as they held that part of the line. . . . He was always known among his comrades as one of the bravest and most careless soldiers in battle.

The expedition "up White River" now under way—though a side issue apparently, without vital bearing on the Vicksburg problem—proved to have sufficient importance and value to overcome General Grant's disapproval of the "wild goose chase." Passing by the mouth of the Arkansas River in order to deceive the enemy, the fleet reached the mouth of White River, a few miles higher up, January 8, 1863. Ascending the latter, it passed through a cut-off into the Arkansas just below the old Indian trading station, Arkansas Post, then the Confederate Fort Hindman.

On the anniversary (January 10) of the Forty-second's first battle, at Middle Creek, Kentucky, the army landed at dusk within three miles of the enemy's works, and the regiment, with the rest of DeCourcy's brigade, having lost a fourth of its numbers at Chickasaw, was left in reserve to bivouac in a cornfield and guard the transports, while the others marched forward and invested the fort. By noon the next day, the garrison having retired towards its shelter, the gunboats began a bombardment which soon silenced the guns. A general assault followed, but was checked by fierce firing before it had covered half of the four hundred yards to the trenches. The reserve, including the Forty-second, was now put into the line of battle, and slowly they fought their way to within fifty yards of the fort, when in the late afternoon signs of surrender began to appear.



Father described Fort Hindman's fall in a nut-shell: "Surrounding it, they fought all day, and just at sunset the white flag went up from the fort." The Forty-second were among the first to plant their colors on the parapet. Five minutes more and they would have led the final assault into the fort at heavy cost to the greatly outnumbered enemy. Two regiments of rebel infantry, coming to reinforce the fort just after it had changed hands, marched into the trap, the colonel of one of them exclaiming, "This is a hell of a way to reinforce." A wagon train of provisions was similarly taken. The rebel force, nearly all Texans, numbered five thousand, including two hundred killed and wounded, many of whom were frightfully mutilated by shells bursting within the fort, and forty-eight hundred prisoners.

"This," wrote Father, "cleared our rear above Vicksburg so we would not be threatened in future operations to open the river."

That night the Forty-second was detailed to guard the prisoners, among whom chanced to be Father's friend of a quarter-century later in Dallas, Texas, Doctor Arch Cochran, so thoroughly reconstructed and hopeful, after that interval, as to run for governor of Texas on the Republican ticket! Before morning a foot of snow had buried the battlefield in a mantle of white, causing much suffering both then and thereafter, especially to the prisoners. These were soon sent in three large boats under guard to Cairo. During the next few days, the troops, relieved now of the chagrin of their former defeat, took great delight in razing the fort and blowing up its magazine.

## 10. *Fierce Fighting before Vicksburg*

EMBARKING on January 16 and 17, the Forty-second being among the last to leave, they all reunited at Napoleon, Arkansas, at the mouth of the Arkansas River. On the eighteenth, General Grant arrived from Memphis for two days' personal conference with Generals McClelland, Sherman, and Morgan. Thereupon, by his order, the fleet continued its way down the Mississippi to Young's Point, Louisiana, opposite the mouth of the Yazoo, and in plain sight of Vicksburg. They arrived on January 21 and endured the discomfort of the place for six weeks while repairing the levee and digging "Grant's Ditch." In excavating the new channel the Forty-second's stint, done in two days, stood as a pattern for other regiments. Meanwhile Colonel DeCourcy, disappointed of the promotion he had richly earned, relinquished the command of his brigade to Colonel Sheldon of the Forty-second. Here, too, Father received a home letter, from which I quote:

Pond, February 3rd, 1863; Tuesday, 3 o'clock.

My Dear Son Charley: Yours of the fifteenth of January came in this morning. And if you could imagine the joy it gave us, as your pa stood, trembling with cold, and reading aloud; while Doctor Shipherd, Reuben, and Squire, one side of the stove, [sat facing] Simon and Sul on the lounge.<sup>1</sup> And then the peals of laughter, and remarks—the Doctor, for the fiftieth time, wagging his grey head and saying, "Charley always writes the truth. We know what he tells us is all true; there's no mistake." All the papers stated they took from seven to ten thousand prisoners and a large amount of stores, etc.

But we rejoice that you were spared. I wish you could have come up with the prisoners and then on home. I am so afraid you will get sick. I fear sickness more than the bullet. Yet God has thus far mercifully spared our noble, brave boys. And we know that there is not a particle of cowardice in them all. I thank God for that. We have great cause of thankfulness that we are so well and have all we need to make us comfortable in our declining years.

We are reminded of our mortality almost every week. Four old ladies have died in our neighborhood this fall and winter. We told you of Mrs. L, Mrs. Thompson and Mrs. Linton; and now the Widow Linton was sick only four days—a hard cold. I feel, every letter I write, it may be the last. I would like to live to see this awful rebellion put down and our afflicted country saved from traitors, etc., if it is the Lord's will that I should. I have no doubt with regard to His will that rebellion should cease and our country be free

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<sup>1</sup> Neighbors David Shipherd, Reuben Henry, Sylvester Squire, Simon Henry, and Sullivan Giles.



now and forever. Garfield said, as he was going to join Rosecrans (Edward went in company as far as Cincinnati), that our country was being cleared of traitors; they were being searched out, etc., and that we as a people should rejoice.

Ed went two weeks ago yesterday. That evening there was an oyster supper at Edick's, and many wanted Ed to stay. I told him, "Duty before pleasure." He had received a free pass and wanted to go and get a discharge, as his head is not well yet.

Almost eight o'clock evening. I have been to Simon's, returned, took a good nap in the great chair while your honored father has been writing the other half of my sheet, and now calls me to finish so he can do it up and have it go tomorrow. And what shall I say? Many things are on my mind. The greatest is, Keep up good courage and take good care of your health. And do try and get home as soon as you can; if you are unwell, come by all means. We almost fear —— is trying to "possum" his discharge, but I don't think he will succeed. There has been a smart battle at Suffolk; Corcoran, I believe, was victorious.

With regard to Ed—he enjoyed being home, I think, much. He was sick. His head would discharge, from the wound, a bloody matter; then a sharp piece of bone would come out, and so on. Everyone says he ought to have his discharge. He often said to me, "Ma, I think every night, when I sleep so sound and good on your soft bed, I must soon exchange it for a board." It was hard parting with him. Still we hope for the best.

Newton is still doing good, taking care of sick. He complains of miserable, swearing, drunken, licentious officers, and not having been paid for six months, etc.

Aunt Rachel came tripping over here yesterday in the cold, and said Nel had received a grand letter from you. Cad read it. They are fixing to make sugar. Now the Pettibone girls, Becky Peabody, and about twelve others, will write you such good letters, your old mother's letters will hardly pay to read. But we want so to hear from you that I write, if not interesting and perhaps a repetition often. Pardon all and write often, and may Heaven preserve and direct you on the right way and bring you to the haven of rest, is our daily prayer. Good-night, Charley, my dear boy.

P. Henry

Grandfather's temper had been seriously tried that morning, "the coldest day in the whole winter." As postmaster he had to carry the mail a quarter-mile to the railroad, where, as the train approached, he would mount a stand and hold the bag so that the route agent could catch it in passing. Particularly disagreeable in bad weather, this practice soon afterwards gave way to the use of mechanical appliances. To Reuben Henry, who spoke sympathetically of his having to stay in the cold, Grandfather rather crustily "wished the mail in Guinea." "But," his letter continues,

I had to wait but a few minutes for the train, and after getting home your letter made me forget the sharp cutting wind and whirling snow, and thus I could put up with the petty annoyance of shin-roasters, who must blockade the fire some two hours to read the news, and interlopers who are so stingy that they make a point to sponge what news they can. So, let us be where we will, something is transpiring that is distasteful to us, and [we feel] the



need of patience on our part to endure these petty vexations which are calculated to ruffle the sensitive. . . .

God help you to endure hardness as a good soldier.

J. Henry

Father had abundant reason to welcome this parting paternal blessing, for hardness was the soldiers' lot at Young's Point. Damp and unhealthy, their quagmire camp threatened at length to become a vast hospital, and the levee—the only dry ground—a continuous cemetery. Rising water at length drove the army to the boats, and they removed on March 6, 1863, twenty miles upstream to Milliken's Bend, there to remain for a month, amid pleasant, healthful surroundings, practicing the manual of arms daily on their splendid drill ground. The reorganization and consolidation of the western armies under General Grant had by this time amassed more than thirty thousand men along the west shore of the river above Vicksburg, and had brought the Forty-second and Colonel Sheldon's brigade into General Osterhaus' division, in the Thirteenth Corps, commanded by General McClernand.

They had been at Milliken's Bend scarce a fortnight when General Osterhaus "ordered that his headquarters guard be furnished exclusively from the Forty-second, saying, 'I want a guard there that will give a good impression to strangers'."

Thrice now had the great stronghold across the river baffled the silent man's plans of approach: his descent from the north by land through the heart of Mississippi had failed; so had the calamitous Yazoo River experiment under Sherman; and now the celebrated canal, or cut-off past Vicksburg, had collapsed amidst the rising waters. What the next move would be, none knew; but a further desperate attempt to take Vicksburg was plainly imminent. Recent events had admonished Father of the awful uncertainty of life in this environment, and he therefore took occasion now to write to his old partner and brother-in-law at home, advising him of a remittance and indicating, in case of his death, the disposition to be made of this and his other property that Brewster held in trust at Bridge Creek:

Milliken's Bend, March 19th, 1863.

Dear Deacon: I am sorry that I have not written you before, but I have been so full of business lately that I scarcely have had time to think how fast the time went off. We have been paid off, and I wish to send you two hundred and sixty dollars for you to put out at as good terms as you would for yourself—to a responsible man, of course. I would send more, but I wish to keep enough to take care of me if I get sick and to live on without getting into debt. I shall send it by Hamilton Bail, of Chardon, who has been a member of Company A since we came into the field. I made out the final statement of his discharge today, and he will start and be home almost as soon as this reaches you. He is sick, and will visit Auburn and call to see you. You must be kind to him for he has soldiered with me nearly two years.

This is the first instalment of money of any account that I have sent to you. I have worked hard and believe I have earned it. You have always been



a kind brother to me and I feel that you have as much interest in my affairs as any man in the world, and more so; hence I put all into your hands to control till I return, and if I fail to return I know you will do with it as I would wish: First to make Father and Mother comfortable in their old age, and second to educate your boys and other meritorious nephews and nieces—at least to start them towards a love of study till they can help themselves, for there would not be enough to educate all. And last, and not less important than all these, I would have you be a kind brother to one who has lost a brother—you know whom I mean—and who has been and is more than a sister to me.

Well, I have been making a sort of will, as though I never expected to come back. If you don't give this letter to Mother, which you must never do, nor to any one else, there is no harm done. Now remember and keep this all to yourself and read it to no one but Ann, and not even to her unless she keeps still, too. If you should let it out and I should ever come back, I wouldn't stay in Ohio three days. True 'tis nothing so very terrible, but I don't want my affairs talked about—I prefer to be sort of quiet in the world.

As I was saying, you have been very kind to me always, and you would do the best you could for me in my absence, so I can have a little something to keep me from beggary if I get disabled in service. I don't want you to do for me for nothing. I can pay you for doing the jobs and being a sort of administrator while I am gone, and if I come back I can have enough to begin life with. I was paid four hundred dollars for four months; I send you two hundred and sixty dollars, and, besides paying all accounts to the present date, I shall have one hundred dollars to keep for expenses till next pay day and in case I should get sick or wounded. I should prefer to have the notes not longer than one year to run before payable. However, do as you would for yourself in letting money, and keep the notes; and I should prefer also not to have our folks and S. J. know how much I sent and how much I am worth and all that sort of thing.

Well, so much for money matters. I will add a few words more. I received a letter from Father, a few days since, and he said that Edward was very low of fever at Gaulley. Poor boy, I have thought of him every night since, till my head ached; and I dread to hear the next news. I wish he had stayed at home this last time. We have beautiful weather here now; the trees are leaving out so fast, the grass and weeds grow rapidly, and it is as warm here as it is in July in Ohio.

Tonight we had orders to move at a short notice. I think we will start about day after tomorrow, and somewhere about the last of March, or the first of April, we will try Vicksburg again. I expect some fighting but am ready to do my share without flinching. You must not laugh at my writing about money, for I was in earnest—I may not ever see you; but I hope to, and [to] spend many happy hours at my dear old home in Bridge Creek. Pray for me, brother and sister.

Respectfully,  
Chas. E. Henry

Meanwhile General Grant had been trying out three or four proposed routes, through the labyrinthine bayous and passes on either side of the Mississippi, in the hope of transporting his troops and supplies by water to some accessible point on the heights above or below Vicksburg. But finding all alike impracticable, he now resolved to try the last desperate chance, namely, of marching his troops southward, through the Louisiana bogs, till



they could cross the river below the city, while his gunboats and supply ships watched for an opportunity to make a furtive dash, if possible, past the batteries. Then, unless a water route were finally forced through the bayous, he must ultimately either wrest his subsistence from the enemy, or else, by capturing Port Hudson, on the river between Vicksburg and New Orleans, draw his supplies from the latter city.

The country was in no mood to tolerate a retreat northward in order to begin the campaign against Vicksburg all over again; so, on the 29th of March, the fateful order issued, and two days later the southward movement began. The first brigade of Osterhaus' division led the advance. Driving small detachments of the enemy before them, they had cautiously pioneered the way to New Carthage, the rendezvous, by the time the Forty-second started on April 5.

Gaily the regiment, with many others, marched in review before General Grant, whom most of the men saw that morning for the first time, as he stood, cigar in mouth, leaning against a fence corner by the roadside, intently gazing at them from under his old slouch hat. The faded blue coat and muddy boots gave the soldiers no hint of their leader's destined immortality of fame.

The first day's march brought the column to Richmond, Louisiana, a small town on Willow bayou, which they bridged before crossing. Encamping near the town, they spent the next few days in gathering up the confiscated cotton crop, which, with a large quantity previously collected at Milliken's Bend, was hurried North—many bales being required as armor for the boats that were to run the Vicksburg batteries. Scarce had they broken camp at Richmond when a heavy morning rain converted the road into a slough of mud so heavy that its weight on their feet equalled that of their entire equipment.

After fifteen weary miles, the men, wet and hungry, reached the Suzette plantation, where, in the cotton gin and negro quarters, they had, for the first time in many months, a floor to lie upon and a shingle roof to shelter them. Moving about two miles the next morning, they remained in camp on the levee for a few days while building boats to transport the troops and artillery down the broadly curving Bayou Vidal into the Mississippi. They then spent three arduous days and nights along the romantic stream of the bayou, en route to New Carthage, Louisiana.

While encamped near that town, the Forty-second, with the rest of the division, listened during the night of April 16, to the terrific cannonade upstream in front of Vicksburg, and the next morning watched anxiously for the fleet. The burning wreck of the *Henry Clay* first hove in sight, to the dismay of the troops and the brief but ecstatic delight of the rebel proprietor of McClernand's headquarters. Soon a low black hulk rounded the curve, with colors which at first they could not make out. But as a breath of wind spread forth the stars and stripes, they recognized the *Mound City* and greeted her



with deafening cheers, which rose again and again as the rest of Porter's fleet appeared in her wake—the deadly crisis past.

Proceeding on April 22 to Perkins' Plantation some eight miles downstream, the Forty-second, with the rest of Osterhaus' division, enjoyed in the shade of the great live oaks a week's respite from toil, while the rest of Grant's army followed them over the same line of march. Here Father wrote again to his brother-in-law in Auburn, "Deacon" Henry Brewster:

Camp 35 miles below Vicksburg  
on Louisiana shore, Apr. 27, 1863.

Dear Dea.: Your welcome letter came today. I answer immediately, for we have just had orders to march, and will start before night. Our course will be down the River till we are opposite the mouth of Black River, where we will cross over. The place is called Grand Gulf and the rebels have quite a force there, and if they don't get out there will be a smart fight. It just begins to rain, and we may not start today.

You will hear of the success or failure of our expedition before this reaches you. I received a letter from Father and Mother today stating that they had not heard from Edward for several days. It is a little strange that he don't get home. Still such matters are slow coming around.

We have just heard of our repulse before Charleston. I am sorry. We can not afford many defeats now days. I have a hard place to write and will not enter into a long discussion about the War, but will say that matters are not progressing at all to my satisfaction. Banks with his large army seems to be doing but little. Grant is doing his best now to outwit the rebels, and I hope he may succeed.

As I said in my previous letter about the money I sent, you can use it yourself if you wish to. It seems that you had not heard that I sent \$200 to you by way of Hiram. I got the express receipt today from St. Louis, so you no doubt have got the money by this time. I have not time now to make a will, but if I come out of the coming fight all right I will draw up a legal document concerning the disposal of personal property. I have long thought of it, and intended to have done it before this, but neglected to do it. I would will S. J. that old Sam Granger note of \$56, and let him experience the trials of a creditor and see if they equal the debtor's trials.

I wrote to Becca a day or two since and was cut short in my letter. You all must not expect long letters until after the fight. I read the Ben Butler speech she sent me with a great deal of satisfaction and showed it to the boys. Old Ben is about right.

I can't write to Fred now, but tell him my "nig's" name is Pip. He called himself Philip but we call him for short Pip. He is very good and faithful and washes very clean. I must close now and write a few lines to Father and Mother.

Respectfully your Bro.,  
C. E. Henry

To Dea. and Ann.

P.S. I forgot to say anything about paying Bail for taking the money home. I would wish him paid for his trouble.

On the following day the Forty-second boarded the boats and dropped downstream to Hard Times, four miles above the formidable rebel fortification



at the village of Grand Gulf, Mississippi, on the bluff across the river. Re-embarking the next morning, they expected to land on the opposite shore as soon as the gunboats could silence the enemy's batteries. An artillery duel ensued which afforded the troops a grand spectacle for several hours. But the fleet could not dismount the guns of the fort, so the men were again landed and marched across the point to the river, three miles farther down, whence they were ferried the next morning across to Bruinsburg, Mississippi, transports for that purpose having run the Grand Gulf batteries during the night.

Rejoicing to tread hard ground again, the troops, after being tardily supplied in the late afternoon with three days' rations of coffee and moldy hardtack, had marched eleven miles towards Port Gibson, when about midnight the advance division unexpectedly encountered the enemy about four miles west of the town. It was the rebel garrison at Grand Gulf coming too late to obstruct their landing at Bruinsburg. After a brief skirmish, both sides slept on their arms till dawn of May 1, when, amid renewed firing ahead, the Forty-second, munching hardtack but with no time for coffee, advanced with the rest to the top of Thompson's Hill and saw, not two furlongs distant across the open, a rebel battery of brass guns, which they straightway confronted in line of battle.

Colonel Pardee, after putting the men through the manual of arms to calm their nerves, finally ordered the telling volley that completely unmanned the battery. Its support rushed to the rescue of the guns and checked the Union advance with a withering fire. "We did not get the battery till night," says Father, writing to me from Dallas on May 19, 1887, "but kept the rebels from firing any of the guns, and indeed they were killed as fast as they crawled up to tie ropes on the guns to haul them off."

It was in a charge upon this battery, after the middle of the forenoon, that Father saw Aaron N. Allyn fall—the "Hiram boy" who had saved his life at Chickasaw Bayou, four months before, and who now gave up his own. Twice did Sheldon's brigade charge the enemy's line successfully, only to incur a discouraging cross-fire stupidly permitted from their rear. The Sixty-ninth Indiana, having secured a position sheltered from such blundering, held it gallantly, singing "Rally Round the Flag" as they fought, till their ammunition failed, when the Forty-second relieved them. The rebels, mistaking this shift for a retreat, advanced, firing furiously; but the Forty-second, charging again across the intervening gully, forced them back. Two companies of the enemy moved into another ravine at the right, seeing which and shunning further risk of drawing the dreaded cross-fire, Colonel Pardee, with ready strategy, threw four companies around behind them, bringing eight rebels to their death and more than a hundred to swift surrender in front of the rest of his regiment.

The Forty-second occupied the right of Osterhaus' division, which was posted on the extreme left of the Union lines. All day the battle raged, not



only in their front, but far to their right. Soon after noon the arrival of reinforcements from the river prompted an effort to turn the enemy's right flank, and immediately another charge was made under a terrible fire across the hill. The rebels fell back in disorder for a mile, when they, too, were reinforced and again resisted the Union advance. Inch by inch they were driven back, all along the line, towards Port Gibson until at nightfall, they were in full retreat, while their pursuers sang in swelling chorus, rising above the roar of arms, "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

About seventy Union regiments took part in this battle; but the Forty-second sustained one-eleventh of the entire loss, with twelve killed and sixty-one wounded, while the Sixty-ninth Indiana in the same brigade suffered almost as much. Generals Grant and McPherson, watching the midday charge which broke that part of the enemy's line, personally complimented these regiments upon their gallantry. Father suffered a painful though not dangerous wound of the left ring finger, which permanently deformed the nail. Still another Hiram boy met death that day. "Calvin Ryder was shot through the body about sunset," wrote Father, "and was almost touching me when hit." Fatally wounded, too, was their captain, brave William W. Olds, who, as he breathed his last, sighed, "Oh, that I had another life to give for my country!"

Father's old Hiram friend and competitor, Bazel G. Hank, at this time detached for headquarters duty, wrote from Grand Gulf, Mississippi, on May 5, 1863:

The Forty-second was in the thickest of the fight and has won the greatest honors at the greatest price. It charged a battery and captured it. Colonel Mather, Chief of artillery and ordnance and chief of General McClernand's staff, told me the Forty-second made the only perfect bayonet charge he had seen during the war. Everybody is talking about the Forty-second and praising it.

The command of Company A at once devolved upon Father, whose commission as first lieutenant dates from this costly May-day victory. Doubtless he would have had the captaincy in rank as well as in fact, had he not been permanently disabled from active service on the field only three weeks later.

An amusing incident of the battle occurred during the final charge. Governor Yates of Illinois attended the army, during a part of the Vicksburg campaign, to look after the interests of the troops from his State. While accompanying General Grant about the lines, he voluntarily ran considerable personal risk. They were close behind the assaulting line as it advanced over the brow of a hill into full view of the enemy and encountered the rebels' parting malediction in the form of a deadly volley. Undaunted, General Grant pushed on; but the doughty Governor, suddenly realizing that his duty warranted his presence elsewhere, rolled down the hill and ran to the rear with utter disregard of gubernatorial dignity.

When the battle ended, the Forty-second had come within sight of the village of Port Gibson, having left their knapsacks and blankets at Thompson's Hill,

two miles behind. Permitted now to retire, they camped for the night a few rods east of the rebel battery for which they had vied that morning. The four brass pieces still stood there, surrounded now by twenty-two dead bodies, nineteen of them shot through the head. The soldiers had eaten nothing but musty crackers all day, and now they supped upon the same fare, varied only by coffee and by some bacon found in a deserted house. From this also they brought out a piano and used it as a table, while those who could play a tune thumped the keyboard incessantly till taps. The next morning it made excellent kindling wood.

At dawn the army advanced again toward Port Gibson, but the enemy had fled. By converging roads, several divisions of Grant's forces met at the outskirts of the town, and there encountered the mayor's wife, anxiously solicitous to accomplish, in behalf of her wounded husband, a formal surrender of the municipality, and thus avert the impending massacre of her defenceless townspeople! Heedless of her agonized protestations, the troops pressed through the streets, and found the bridge on the road leading northeast to Raymond and Jackson in flames, with rebels lingering on the other side to insure its destruction. Foster's battery quickly routed the enemy and the fire was easily extinguished. Another bridge, west of town on the road to Grand Gulf and below the junction of the north and south forks of Bayou Pierre, had suffered total wreck, but this iron structure was saved with the loss of but forty yards of plank floor, which was soon replaced.

From one of a series of articles on the "Vicksburg Campaign," written by Aaron Teeple, of Company A, and printed in the *Akron Beacon*, April to June, 1889, I quote:

The town appeared to be swarming with colored people of both sexes, who, unrestrained, their masters having fled, came rushing into camp. Their joy in meeting us appeared to know no bounds, and we were continually greeted with, "We's mighty glad to see you'ns," and, "Moutn't we go along wid you'ns?" One old negro seemed entirely beside himself. He had "prayed de Lawd dese fifty yers for dese here things to come 'bout, and now ye's come," and he would wipe away with his old coat sleeve the great tears as they flowed down his cheeks.

A number of mules and horses were brought in by them, which were appropriated by our officers, while many of the able-bodied males were given employment with the pioneer corps in building roads, bridges, etc. After crossing the bayou, we were piloted by some "contrabands" along a by-road leading through a strip of woods, and soon came to a large amount of secreted goods. A pile of smoked meat, perhaps fifteen hundred pieces, mostly hams, had been hid away from us, but the hearts of the colored people were too full of gratitude to allow us to pass it undiscovered. A detail of half a dozen men from each company, as we passed, brought what they could carry to their comrades.

The victory of Thompson's Hill, or Port Gibson, compelled the enemy to evacuate Grand Gulf and retreat towards Vicksburg. Straightway occupied



by Admiral Porter and a part of Logan's division, Grand Gulf thereupon became nominally Grant's headquarters and base of supplies. In fact, however, those necessary adjuncts of a military campaign were both established beneath the General's slouch hat. To cast off his own line of communications; to subsist his forty-five thousand men upon the hostile country till they should fight their way to a new base above Vicksburg; to wrest that city from General Pemberton by defeating his equal or greater force on their own familiar and chosen ground; and at the same time to overwhelm General Joseph Johnston's army assembling from beyond Jackson for co-operation with Pemberton—these were Grant's plans of campaign! Disdaining precedent, ignoring the counsels of the prudent, defying famine, and challenging Fortune herself, he was about to win one of the greatest triumphs in history through sheer audacity, bewildering alike to the enemy and to the world.

It would be difficult as well as unprofitable here to review the movements of Grant's entire army during the next fortnight, except to say generally that, with a wide sweep, it advanced northeasterly to the railroad between Vicksburg and Jackson, Mississippi. On the left, McClernand's corps (which included the Forty-second Ohio) paralleled the Big Black River towards Edwards' Station. In the center, Sherman's corps marched towards Bolton Station, ten miles farther east. Menacing Pemberton's Vicksburg army, these two corps held him in check, while McPherson's corps, on the right, moved upon Raymond and Jackson and won notable victories at those places on May 12 and 14.

The victory at Jackson drove Johnston northeasterly to Canton, thirty miles away, with the loss of all his artillery and eight hundred men taken. Marooned there by the destruction of all intervening bridges, telegraph lines, and railroads, he could do nothing to save his ally from defeat on May 16 and 17 in the battles of Champion's Hill and Black River Bridge, which drove Pemberton back into Vicksburg and penned him there till he was starved into surrender on July 4.

It will suffice here to review only such details of this great campaign as directly involved Father's regiment.

The Forty-second took no part in the battles at Raymond and Jackson; but they shared with all of Grant's army the laurels of Champion's Hill, and with the rest of McClernand's corps the victory at Black River Bridge. Their movements in the meantime had taken them from Port Gibson through Willow Springs to Big Sandy Creek, where they remained for nearly a week, foraging and preparing for battle, and where they were reviewed by General Grant, ubiquitous and ever-watchful. During the march Father suffered a sunstroke which affected him more or less ever after. From May 9 to 12 the Forty-second advanced past Five Mile Creek to Fourteen Mile Creek and the vicinity of Edwards' Station, where, pursuant to orders, they helped to engross Pemberton's attention, though avoiding a general engagement.



On May 13 the whole army was abruptly shunted to the right, to eliminate Johnston; and the Forty-second camped four miles west of Raymond, sheltering themselves as best they could with rubber blankets from the heavy rain. But orders came by courier about eleven o'clock to move at once into Raymond—the troops that had fought there the day before having all (except the wounded, who were left in the churches and courthouse) been withdrawn towards Jackson for the next day's battle there. Falling into line promptly, they groped their way to town through the darkness and camped on the courthouse grounds. The next morning, it still rained; so they moved under roof, and spent the day in reading the volumes they found in a deserted bookstore.

On the following day, May 15, Grant's whole army was shifted west again. Johnston having been routed, it was now Pemberton's turn. The Forty-second left Raymond and proceeded, with the rest of McClernand's corps, by the center road, leading northwest towards Edwards' Station. They soon met General Blair coming from Grand Gulf with two hundred wagon loads of supplies. These afforded the first and only rations issued to them from the time they left the Mississippi on April 30, till they reached it again, nearly three weeks later. Taking the right hand road, they advanced to Bolton Station, but retraced their steps three or four miles and camped near the fork of the road midway between Raymond and Champion's Hill.

Their march, resumed early on May 16, brought them at nine o'clock into a slight skirmish, which soon developed into a terrible battle on the high ground, south of the Vicksburg and Jackson Railroad, between Edwards' Station and Bolton. Father and the Forty-second men generally have preferred to call this battle "Champion Hills"; but it is known officially as Champion's Hill, from the name of the planter who lived there. In this battle, as before, the Forty-second occupied the extreme left of McClernand's corps. The three left companies, B, D, and H, were detached to support a battery at the road. As General Osterhaus pushed forward his division, the Forty-second led the brigade, with Company A deployed on the skirmish line.

Advancing and skirmishing through thin woods to the left of the road by which they had come from Raymond, the regiment was soon ordered into line of battle at the right. There, on account of the dense undergrowth, they had unwittingly outstripped the troops on either side, when, as they were descending a slope to the westward, with the skirmish line already at the bottom, the enemy appeared in their front not forty yards distant, in solid line of battle advancing. Soon another body of rebels was discovered to be moving around their flank to cut them off. Major W. H. Williams, who was in command of the regiment, called sharply, "Skirmishers, assemble on the right"; and "if ever a gauntlet was run under fire," said Aaron Teeple, "it was done in scaling that hill," swept by "a perfect tornado of shot."

The regiment fell back under cover of the brow of the hill, and lay down till the line was reformed by the troops on either side moving up. Meanwhile,



the rebels, mistaking the shift for a retreat, as in a similar incident at Port Gibson, pushed up the slope, only to be driven back with volley on volley at less than twenty-five yards.

After this, through McClernand's overcautiousness in obeying his orders not to engage the enemy too closely unless sure of success, the advance was gradual, through cornfields and woods that rendered difficult the use of artillery. Afar to the right, with fiercer fighting, the tide of battle ebbed and flowed all day, "until the hills and deep gorges, where the light of the sun could scarcely penetrate, so solemn and gloomy were the shades, were strewn with the dead and the dying." Father's account of this battle and the one next day, in both of which he commanded Company A, outlines in retrospect the culmination of this extraordinary campaign. I quote again from his article "On Going Back":

Pemberton left his fortified works at Vicksburg and marched out with thirty thousand men to meet us in open fight at Champion Hills. He chose his ground with great care, and Grant quickly gathering the scattered Union forces, the two armies came to wage of battle. The contest was fierce and bloody for five or six hours, especially on Hovey's division. His men rushed like a thunderbolt on the rebel center, and drove the enemy over a mile on the run, exposing both flanks. Being scattered in the charge, this ill-fated division was at once driven back nearly to its first position, losing forty men hit by bullets in every hundred. Regiments and brigades lost forty percent in single engagements during the war, but this is the only division that I ever heard of, which suffered so great a loss in a single hour!

Meanwhile McPherson and Logan, on the right of Hovey and Smith, and Osterhaus on their left, kept pounding away, and the discomfited enemy fled about sundown toward Vicksburg, leaving, besides their dead and wounded, thirty-eight pieces of artillery and three thousand prisoners.

Twenty-four guns and twenty-five hundred prisoners are the official numbers which coldly deny any allowance for a veteran's pardonable enthusiasm. Father continued:

Grant was asked, some years after the war, which of his battles was most important. He replied, "Champion Hills." This is no doubt true. He won there, and so made it possible to capture Vicksburg; to open the River; to wipe out an army of over fifty thousand men, and capture more than five hundred cannon and upwards of sixty thousand stand of small arms; to force the surrender of over ten thousand more at Port Hudson; and to bring gloom and discouragement to the whole Confederacy. Being far from telegraphic communications, and the news coming slowly, Grant's achievements were overshadowed by concurrent events in the North—Lee's invasion of Pennsylvania and the battle of Gettysburg.

The battle of Black River Bridge was fought the day after the bloody field of Champion Hills. Here again the rebels guessed wrong and Grant right. Pemberton and his advisers thought best to delay the Union army for a day in order to get time properly to man the defenses in the rear of Vicksburg. The Union force found a sharp, deep ravine next the river, where two or three regiments crawled up close to the works. With a shout they burst up, seemingly out of the ground, and plunged over the works, turning the flank of the rebel



line and rolling it up into a demoralized mob. At the same moment, the rest of the Union line rushed forward, and in a few minutes eighteen guns and over a thousand prisoners, together with several battle-flags, became the trophies of victory. The rest of the enemy fled rapidly over the river towards Vicksburg.

As for the flanking exploit above described, Colonel Kinsman, the commander of the Twenty-third Iowa Infantry, "was the hero of this," said Father in a penciled note on the margin of Greene's *The Mississippi*. "He rolled up the Confederate left, and we charged in front five minutes after." Many of the fleeing enemy were shot or captured in their effort to swim the river. The whole affair was over by the middle of the forenoon; but the rebels had fired the railroad trestle, and it was twenty-four hours before pursuit could be resumed. Grant's three corps then advanced towards Vicksburg by three several routes; McClernand's corps marching on the Jackson road to Mount Albans and thence to the left on the Baldwin's Ferry road. McPherson took the Bridgeport road; and Sherman marched to Haines's Bluff, where he found the Union fleet and a base of supplies for the half-famished army.

During the morning of May 19, the army sought to invest the doomed city more closely. Company A of the Forty-second was assigned to the skirmish line, and advanced about a mile, over hills and deep ravines, to the enemy's outer line of rifle pits. Remaining till noon within musket range of the fortifications, they were then ordered to rejoin the regiment, in readiness for the general assault at two o'clock. This charge, difficult at best, by reason of the broken ground, was stubbornly resisted; but the army that night reformed its lines upon the ground gained, and under cover of darkness dug rifle pits along the entire front.

Three days later, after careful preparation, the assault was renewed by the whole army, supported by a heavy bombardment from the fleet. In his "Memories of the Siege of Vicksburg," contributed to the *Ohio Farmer*, Father thus described the part that he took and witnessed in that grand but futile effort of May 22, 1863, to take the mighty fortress by storm:

In front of our division—the Ninth, Thirteenth Corps—by reason of the V-shaped gullies, we could charge only in company front, or at best double column, two-company front. The order was given to charge. Our brigade then was made up of the Sixteenth Ohio, one of the best regiments that Ohio ever sent to the front, also the Twenty-second and Seventh Kentucky, all good fighters. Our colonel, L. A. Sheldon, lieutenant-colonel under Garfield as colonel nearly two years before [and later in command of the brigade], was wounded in our first fight, the first of May at Port Gibson. . . . Colonel Pardee—no braver man in the War—led the column of company front up the narrow valley toward the enemy's works. We were met by both a front fire and a hailstorm of musketry on our right flank.

As I was in command of Company A of my regiment, it was my fortune to head the brigade column with Colonel Pardee. The Forty-second Ohio and the Twenty-second Kentucky under Lieutenant-colonel Munroe were ordered to charge together. The Sixteenth Ohio, which had been badly cut up the



third day of the three days' battle under Sherman at Chickasaw Bluffs the winter before, was ordered to act as skirmishers, and the brave men of that depleted regiment went with us. We became scattered and mixed up in running up the winding valley towards the enemy's fort, of which we had only a glimpse through the smoke of their murderous fire.

The distance of the charge up this narrow valley was not over sixty or seventy rods, but we lost heavily. The brigade was all mixed up and jammed down together at the foot of a steep bluff about twenty feet high, only ten or fifteen rods from a formidable angled fort, throwing canister from its portholes and covered with smoke from musketry fire. The division commander ordered the brigade to halt under the little bluff. I saw our flag in the hands of Pem Cowles, our color-bearer, and thought that we must keep on. He was just behind Colonel Pardee who led the column.

I heard no order to halt at the foot of the bluff. I therefore scrambled up through the brush to the top, and there the fort was, only a few rods away—it seemed to me only a few feet away. I looked back and saw the little valley covered with dead and wounded like sheaves in a wheat field, and I wondered if the brigade would reform and crawl up the bluff. I saw the smoke and heard the roar of battle far to the right and left from hill to hill.

The rebels had a favorite cartridge for close range fire, a musket ball and three or four large buckshot, or, really, small rifle balls. It made a hailstorm of balls flying in the air above, and combing the edge and fallen brush of the little bluff. The slope up to the fort was covered with brush half cut off and toppled over, forming a sort of abattis. Suddenly I felt a shock, and one of my legs was helpless like a rope leg, yet I felt no pain until a minute after. Down I went, and lay flat under the tangled brush two or three hours in the hot sun.

I saw over to our right, about eighty rods off, at the railroad crossing, another fort of the Confederates. Several of our flags were near it, and one of them was soon planted on the parapet; the others drifted back or disappeared. I heard a cheer and yell, about that time, near a small turtle-back ridge about twenty rods to our left. A flag came up over it, leading a regiment. A hail of fire and smoke came from the rebel fort nearby, and the regiment and flag went down in less than two minutes. I heard afterwards that it was the Seventh Kentucky, which I knew was next to us on our left. I heard the cries of dying and wounded men; the regiment was eliminated in the charge!

In a letter written to me from Dallas, June 26, 1887, Father gave a more intimate, personal account of the same:

I lay for three hours or more in a broiling sun, wounded through the foot by a buckshot. . . . The little bluff or bank had been covered with a growth of locust bushes simply lopped down—half cut off and bent over, like a brush fence—and in straddling and jumping over this obstacle I was wounded through the foot. I knew nothing about it till I felt my leg asleep, when I cuddled down and slid under the brush a little under the comb of the bank. I could see nothing of the Forty-second except the dead and wounded in the open ground to the rear, but I knew that the boys must be huddled down at the foot of the bank below. I knew none of them were ahead of me, for not one was ahead of me in charging up the valley.

I was not frightened, but knew and realized that a hailstorm of lead filled the air a few feet above me. I had full possession of my faculties and a flood of memories of peaceful life were recalled as I lay hugging the ground in the hot



sun. My foot began to pain me and I cut my boot off, and after a while slid still lower down the bank towards the boys, cutting the limbs and branches off with my knife and sliding under the brush, much like cutting and sliding under a loose brush fence. After a while I slid down to where the boys lay, and one of them cut me a stout cane, with the aid of which I hopped away to the rear, looking at the dead and wounded, some of whom I knew, till I reached the field hospital bearers, who helped me still further to the rear to an ambulance.

In a letter written from Geauga Lake, on February 13, 1903, to Colonel Gault, of the Vicksburg Monument Commission, Father said:

My only personal observation after the twenty-second [of May] was that I lay in a broad front lawn of Magnolia Plantation, used as a hospital, among hundreds of others, for a week or ten days, and at night saw whirling shells in the air, from the mortar guns, go up, up; then, with a curve, down, down, and burst in Vicksburg. We soon could tell whether the shell smashed a building or burst in open ground, in the stillness of the night.

Father's wound consisted of a shattered bone in the left instep. In two or three months he recovered sufficiently to walk without limping, but the injured member gave him many twinges at intervals throughout his life. He was sent to the Hospital at Memphis, Tennessee, about June 1. There, in General Orders Number 128, dated June 12, 1863, and signed, "By order of Major-general S. A. Hurlburt, Henry Brinemore, A. A. G.," he was given a furlough as follows:

On surgeon's certificate duly approved and on account of wounds actually received in battle, leave of absence for twenty days is granted Lieutenant C. E. Henry, of Company A, Forty-second Ohio Infantry, to proceed beyond the limits of the Department.

It was Father's first visit home in a year and a half; and the brief glimpses he now had of the dear ones, in Bainbridge, Bridge Creek, and Ravenna, did much to speed his recovery. On a Sunday afternoon he spoke in the Methodist Church in Bainbridge to a large audience, curious to see and hear the wounded soldier who could tell them at first hand of the awful battles about Vicksburg. To make his respite from the front yet more satisfying, there had come to him from Governor Tod a new commission, bearing date June 10, 1863, and appointing him first lieutenant to rank as such from May 1, the date of the battle of Port Gibson and of Father's first wound. Just before his furlough expired he obtained from his cousin, Doctor Jehu Brainerd, who was a member of the faculty of the Cleveland Homeopathic Medical College, the following certificate of cause for overstaying his leave, which incidentally discloses the exact nature of his wound:

I hereby certify that Lieut. C. E. Henry, of Co. A, 42nd Reg., Ohio Infantry Volunteers, upon examination this day by me, is found to be unfit for military duty in consequence of a gun-shot wound in the foot, breaking the fourth



metatarsal bone of the left foot. The wound is not yet healed and in my judgment Lieut. Henry will not be fit for service for the next thirty days.

J. Brainerd, M.D.

Cleveland, O., June 30, 1863

I am well acquainted with Prof. J. Brainerd who signed the foregoing certificate and hereby certify that his statements are entitled to full respect and confidence.

G. H. Benham, Jus. of the Peace

Cleveland, O., June 30, 1863.

## *II. Provost Judge under Colonel Pardee*

**B**EING discharged from treatment in the Officers' Hospital at Memphis on August 1, and mustered in as first lieutenant on August 5, 1863, Father had evidently rejoined his regiment at Vicksburg before it embarked for New Orleans on August 13, for, scarcely a fortnight after its arrival there, he wrote the following letter :

New Orleans, August 28, 1863.

My dear Sister Ann : I intended writing to you some time ago, but delayed partly because of the warm weather and partly because I wished to visit the City first and tell you all about it. We are encamped just out of the city limits on what is called the Shell Road that leads from New Orleans and Carrollton to Lake Pontchartrain. The other day I had an opportunity of visiting the great City of the South and saw many objects that I had read and heard about years ago.

I first visited the levee and saw the shipping—long, tall, and sharp-pointed vessels, that looked quite different from the frail craft we have sailed so much upon, up and down the River, during the past few months. I saw, too, foreign ships, of various patterns, and among them were three men-of-war, ships of the line—one English, one French, and one Spanish—probably here watching the interests of their nations. The Spaniards came on shore while I stood there, a dark, swarthy set of fellows, that looked as though you could not trust them far from your sight. They went up, or rather down, town (for it is below the levee) for the purpose of having a sailors' spree.

I next went to see the custom house and found a huge wall of smooth dressed granite, enclosing a whole square, with a wide door on each street. The building is not yet finished, and never can be, to look beautiful. About four stories high, the fifth is not yet completed. It has already cost the Government an immense sum of money. A part of the lower story is finished off for the post office. On the upper story several pieces of artillery are mounted, for the purpose, no doubt, of enforcing order in case of riot or disturbance.

A little way from this is a fine statue of Henry Clay. And still farther along from the River, on Jackson Square, is the monument and statue of Jackson, larger considerably than the Perry statue in Cleveland. Graven on the pedestal are the familiar words : "The Union must and shall be preserved." It seems, however, that the ten thousand young men, who left the City in the spring of 1861, did not stop to consider the sentiment, but marched forth to destroy the Union that Jackson had done so much to strengthen and perpetuate.

I saw, too, the famous Saint Charles Hotel, a large beautiful building, built of marble. New Orleans begins on top of the ground, for there are no cellars, and does not extend heavenward like New York. On an average the buildings are two stories less ; consequently there is not as much room. Still it spreads over a vast extent, and one can travel all day on the pavement and not see half the City.



The streets are usually narrow, but well-paved with granite brought from the North. The streets are not watered, for there is no dust. The sewers all above ground, the dirt of the street is swept into them and the water carries the rubbish off. The water is pumped up for city use, and the surplus runs off in the sewers directly away from the River. Although the ground descends from the River, you can not discover but what it is a perfect level.

You can see all kinds of people there, and talking all dialects and languages. Even the negroes, many of them, talk French, or Spanish, but hardly a word of English.

General Butler had the City cleaned up last year, and, owing to the little business that is done, it is quite clean yet. The poor people all speak in praise of General Butler, but the rich dislike him still. Even the rich prefer him to the present commandant. Say they, "We could depend upon what General Butler ordered, but now we can not."

Oranges and lemons grow in abundance and are now just beginning to ripen. The weather here is cooler, I think, than at Vicksburg; still, I do not feel uncomfortable to sleep the greater part of every night uncovered. The hottest part of the day is about half an hour before sundown. At night a pleasant breeze sets seaward, and during the middle of the day we get the sea-breeze.

Three days ago I was detailed as member of a general court-martial,<sup>1</sup> and am now quite busy during the day. I have to do my writing in the night.

We expect to move from here soon, may be next week. No one knows of our destination, but I have heard that we are to be on the sea several days.

I sent a new blanket home from Vicksburg, and told Mother, before I left, that, as she had one, she had better divide with you. I do not want them used as horse blankets, for they are new and cost three dollars and a half apiece.

Tell Fred and Walter to be good boys and learn all they can so they can write to me. Remember me to all. I addressed you this time, although the contents of this, of course, are to the Deacon, too. With much respect, I am

Your soldier brother,

Charlie

Direct to Forty-second Ohio Infantry, Thirteenth Army Corps, via New Orleans. Write soon.

<sup>1</sup> The court-martial on which Father served was convoked by "General Orders Number Three," as follows:

*Headquarters First Division, Thirteenth Army Corps*

*Carrollton, Louisiana, August 26, 1863.*

A general court-martial is hereby appointed to meet at headquarters of the president on the twenty-seventh day of August, 1863, or as soon thereafter as practicable, for the trial of Private Ferdinand Palmer, Thirty-third Illinois Infantry, and such other prisoners as may be brought before it. Detail of the court:

Colonel H. D. Washburn, Eighteenth Indiana Infantry,

Major John Lynch, One Hundred-fourteenth Ohio Infantry,

Captain Holton, Sixty-ninth Indiana Infantry,

Captain A. J. Whittier, Eleventh Wisconsin Infantry,

Lieutenant B. D. Parker, Twenty-second Iowa Infantry,

Lieutenant James Leeper, Forty-ninth Indiana Infantry,

Lieutenant Charles E. Henry, Forty-second Ohio Infantry,

Captain O. M. Wilson, Fifty-fourth Indiana Infantry, Judge Advocate.

No other officers than those named can be assembled without manifest injury to the service. The court will hold its sessions without regard to hours.

By order Brigadier-General Benton.



So much of a letter, which Father wrote to Frederick Williams, his future father-in-law, as is not a repetition of what he had written the day before to his sister Ann, I quote:

New Orleans, August 29, 1863.

Mr. Williams:

Dear Sir: According to promise I send enclosed the statement of the Colonel concerning your son's account with the Government. I would have sent it before, but the Colonel was absent and did not return till today. He said that, just before starting for home in July, he received your letter, dated a year previous, and directed to Cumberland Gap. The enemy were in our rear about that time and all communications cut off. If you desire any additional vouchers, or papers of any kind, that will aid in settling the account, I shall be happy to get them for you.

It would have been much better for you, I think, if the account had been settled last year; for the Government is getting more systematic, I might say parsimonious, each month, in its accounts with officers. I do not blame it, however; for the people have been swindled out of vast sums during the hurry and confusion of the past two years.

Perhaps you would like to know what we are doing and how we feel here in the Department of the Gulf, so I will take the liberty of writing a longer letter than the rules of business require. There seems to be a sort of jealousy between the Eastern and Western troops. The "Nutmegs," as our boys call them, say the Western boys can't fight, and frequent broils occur; the Suckers, Buckeyes, and Hoosiers, generally coming off victorious. I have seen several fights myself, and in almost every instance the Yankees were knocked down. At all events, they are beginning to respect "Grant's men," and no doubt, in due course of time, they will fight themselves to a good and lasting respect and friendship.

I was sorry to see this, at first, but think better of it now. Soldiers become better acquainted, to meet and adjust their little differences, and are better friends afterwards. Still, I do not approve these set-tos in the army generally; but, under the circumstances, I think, as the Eastern men can not be convinced that we have been the most successful and fought the hardest battles, and by our victories given them the surrender of Port Hudson—and then, for them to be so ungrateful and say we can not fight—I say they ought to be whipped. . . .

I never saw a richer soil than the banks of the Mississippi between here and Baton Rouge. Far as the eye can see on either shore, the vast plantations have been under cultivation, and the vigorous growth of trees around the mansion houses attests the inexhaustible wealth of the soil. Many of the finest sugar plantations have grown up to weeds since the War commenced, the owners having fled or been too stubborn to work them on the apprentice system.

The plan of the Government is that the negro shall be self-supporting, at least. Agents are employed to lease the plantations to responsible men (to the owner if he takes the oath of allegiance) and furnish them with slaves—men, who are not fit for soldiers, at seven dollars per month; women at five dollars; and boys and girls between the ages of twelve and fifteen respectively, at three dollars and a half and two and a half per month. The Government furnishes rations at thirty-three and a third per cent above cost.



In turn the lessee agrees to pay the Government one cent per pound for all cotton raised. The negroes are compelled to work, as a general thing, few of them working steadily of their own free will. They have been so brutalized that it seems impossible to impress them with the idea of working for self-support. Some of them are intelligent enough to realize the true meaning of liberty; but the majority think that, to be free, they need not work.

The people here—as all of them are, south of Memphis—are naturally strong secessionists, and only take the oath for selfish interests. The poor people all speak in praise of General Butler, and even the rich regret that he was removed. . . . His policy was to favor the poor class at the expense of the rich, for the wealthy were most disloyal. The City looks clean and tidy, but is getting more dirty. Under General Butler's reign the people must keep their premises clean, or leave them for some one that would. . . .

We have had two grand reviews by Major-general Banks since we came here, and if bowing to flags and smiling at men be considered as condescending in a commanding general, we may feel quite flattered.

I have been doing duty for several days past on court-martial, and the prospect is that we will be busy as long as we stay. I think the general health of the men is improving; at least, the sick lists are less.

While coming from the courtrooms tonight, I passed a negro prayer meeting. I stopped and listened to a very good prayer until it was drowned in the wailings and chantings of the congregation. Such doleful sounds I never heard before, a sort of harmonious wailing in the minor key. Some of the chords reminded me of the plaintive hymns I used to hear, when a boy, at Methodist meetings. The building was an old barn-like thing, made of cypress slabs split thin and stuck in the ground. The roof was surmounted by a dog-kennel steeple, and all together it was a rude place of worship and a simple, rude collection inside. Yet I thought as I passed along, that God heard them. . . . The blacks are very religious and seem to enjoy a meeting more than the white people; no wonder—the only comfort they could have to cheer their lonely life.

Captain Willard went home sick. I did not think he would live till he got home. The Captain seems to be rather unfortunate in the field.

The boys all want Augustus' picture, and when the rest get back and I can find the number wanted, I will send you the money if you will forward them. They all loved him dearly and still speak of him often as they sit around their camp fires in the evening.

I see that I am writing an unusually long letter; so I beg your pardon for the familiarity implied in its length, and will close. My regards to Mrs. Williams and Mary.

Respectfully your friend, C. E. Henry

A month later he wrote to his brother-in-law, Henry Brewster, at Bridge Creek:

New Orleans, September 26, 1863.

Dear Deacon: I have been somewhat lazy about writing to you, but now when I am still more lazy, or at least in no writing mood, I am compelled to. B. G. Hank, of Hiram, who is clerking at headquarters of the army corps, will start for home tonight or in the morning, and I send three hundred dollars by him for you to put by for my future use. Let it to some man that



is responsible, at as good rates as you can, to be due in six months or a year as the case may be. The package is in four fifty-dollar bills, numbered 6,609; 42,354; 35,402; and 38,252, and one hundred-dollar bill numbered 39,727. You can call for them at Hiram, or may be he will bring them up to you. I was paid for four months the other day. I desire to save all I can of my pay so that I can begin life decently when I get home.

I am sorry I have no time now to write more; but I will, in a few days. The forces have left for Brashear City, all but those who could not stand a long march. Colonel Pardee commands the convalescents of this corps, and detailed me to act as adjutant; but I presume we will start for the Forty-second before long. Write me, on receipt of the money, and direct to Forty-second Ohio Infantry, First Division, Thirteenth Army Corps, via New Orleans.

Respectfully, C. E. Henry

Sixteen days later he wrote again:

New Orleans, October 12, 1863.

Dear Deacon and Sister Ann: I wrote you a hasty note about two weeks ago, promising to write again soon. I thought then that the "short time" would not exceed a few days at furthest. Nearly every day since, I have been quite busy, and one day, just as I was about to write, I was taken with an old fashioned ague chill, so concluded to put off all correspondence and attend to that. However, I have again recovered my usual good spirits.

I said that I was quite busy. I mean by this that I had enough to attend to daytimes, and every night Colonel Pardee seemed taken with a great desire to read the German Testament, and of course I must read with him. We have read the Book of Matthew; but I think he reads more for the German than the religion.

Since I wrote you before, I have moved into a new tent, a very nice one, which I shall take with me when we go to the regiment. How long we may stay here, I cannot say; but probably not many weeks longer. I also drew a very good horse and saddle that I sometimes appear with, on the famous Shell Road that we used to read about. We have plenty of oysters and crabs to eat. Oysters only ten cents a dozen, and beef twenty cents a pound. Apples from five to ten cents each, and oranges—large, nice ones—two for five cents. You see by these prices that what are luxuries at home are staple commodities here.

Nothing is known of the troops that left here towards Texas, only that they are marching about here and there and accomplishing very little.

Tomorrow is election day, and probably all the votes polled, or nearly all, will be for Brough. This voting business in the army is a very good political move, but a bad military one. It seems strange to vote for local or county officers in old Geauga, and we in the extreme South.

The weather still continues warm, but I think the mosquitoes are not quite so thick as they were a few weeks ago. The Northern song-birds begin to make their appearance, and some days it seems almost like spring, everything looks so green and fresh. I believe they raise three crops a year here, of some kinds of vegetables, to supply the market at New Orleans. Go to an eating-house and call for green peas or green corn, and you can get them the same that you could last April or May.



I sent you some money by Hank, of Hiram, which I presume you have got, with the letter, before this. I have not heard from home for over a month; but presume I will, before long. Several steamers have been burned lately, and I suppose some mail matter was destroyed with them.

I have had my picture taken lately and will send you one of the crossiest. I sent one to our folks, taken two days after, so you can see how two days may change a fellow. Bad as it looks, I do not want you to give it away; and show it to none but particular friends. The picture man told me to look at a particular spot, and I did, but knew I was twisting my eyes a little out of place.

We do not hear much from the Cumberland and Potomac armies since the late battle in Georgia, but the general impression is that they will settle down without much more fighting till next winter or spring. I hope, however, that Rosecrans is reinforced sufficiently to move ahead again.

I suppose you are winding up business in Auburn and preparing for, or at least thinking about, moving. I hope you may be as prosperous in your new home as you have in your present one. We have spent many happy days in the old shop. I am almost forgetting them. Still I love to think of them at times. I do not believe I care as much for home as I used to; I have been gone so long that I have got entirely over any symptoms of homesickness. Still, I shall rejoice when I can go home and stay as long as I please.

I have not heard from Becca this long time. I guess her letters must have burned up with the steamboats.

My candle is getting short, it is late, and I am nearly to the bottom of the page—three good reasons for closing, so, with much love for all, and the boys in particular, I say

Respectfully yours, C. E. Henry

Five days after the above letter was written, the convalescent camp of the Thirteenth Corps being dissolved, its commander and his adjutant (with others mentioned in Special Order No. 128 from New Orleans under date of October 17, 1863) "were assigned to duty," says F. H. Mason, "in the provost marshal's department," and two days later "Lieutenant Colonel Pardee and his assistant, Lieutenant Henry," were ordered "to Baton Rouge." On October 20 they obtained, "for two horses, two servants and baggage, and two officers," an order for "transportation to Baton Rouge per *Iberville*." Captain Mason adds:

There, for nearly one year, the responsible and delicate duties of provost marshal and provost judge were performed by Colonel Pardee and his assistant, Lieutenant Henry, in such a faithful and intelligent manner as to win the approval and confidence of both the Government and the people.

The following fragment of a letter, written by Father nearly a month later to Nelson C. Henry, explains, with humorous boastfulness, his duties:

Provost Marshal's Office

Baton Rouge, Louisiana, November 13, 1863.

Dear Cousin: Yours of the fourth ultimo is before me. I am sorry, for the sake of old times, that I can not spend time to write a long letter. I have been in the office all day and feel sort of unstrung for letter writing



—not the Henry laziness bids me to make this excuse. Besides, I have so many other letters to be answered, that I can not give the time necessary for a long one, even to you. Yours came with a dozen others, and to keep up my character for punctuality I must answer soon, as they have been nearly two months finding me.

You have no doubt heard from others that I have been detached from the Forty-second and am on duty in this city as assistant provost marshal, or, in other words, deputy grand pacha, at least a grand vizier. You may not be acquainted with a provost marshal's duties and powers sufficiently to fully understand the significance of the term. His functions here are entirely different from what they are in Ohio. I will tell you. He is mayor, sheriff, town council, justice of the peace, alderman, military governor, and as many other things as you please.

We have a large office and keep at work six clerks, and work like slaves ourselves. And still numbers go away without an interview. Numerous letters and statements from all quarters pour in daily, asking this and that, and setting forth some grievance. For all this, I rather like the business, as the time passes faster than when lying in camp. How long Colonel Pardee and myself will be here, I can not say—may be six months, or perhaps the next boat from New Orleans will bring orders for us to join our regiment. We are Uncle Sam's chickens, and have no election.

I have tried several cases today, taken in one hundred and fifty dollars in fines, and confiscated about four hundred dollars' worth of goods. One case was: two high-born Southern ladies attempted to pass the pickets, with about two hundred dollars' worth of goods in bags tied by strings to their waists and concealed by their dress-skirts.

The watchful lieutenant of the guard mistrusted something and had them searched. They offered him a hundred dollars to let them go. He sent them here under guard, and I took away their goods, fined them one hundred dollars, and sent them home. Their eyes flashed and looked mad; then they shed tears, and finally begged; but I was invulnerable, for I have already learned to be proof against woman's tears. . . .

Many were the ingenious subterfuges and conscienceless evasions practiced, or attempted, for smuggling drugs and other supplies through the Union lines at Baton Rouge and elsewhere, to meet the dire needs of the rebel soldiers and secessionist civilians in the surrounding regions. In their behalf the women of disloyal households were especially unscrupulous in subscribing to the "ironclad oath" with the secret intent of using it as a means of giving aid and comfort to the enemies of the United States, in deliberate violation of its obligations. In a letter written to me from Geauga Lake on September 30, 1904, Father explained their devious ways, and the methods adopted by the provost marshal's office to circumvent them:

All "secesh" women who took the oath of allegiance to the United States (with mental reservations) could get permits to take supplies for home use and drugs for illness of servants. Colonel Pardee, the provost marshal, and I had spies to watch them and see that they only purchased things enumerated on the permit.

Women would come in with oath of allegiance, a miserable humbug, and pass the pickets with produced oath. They would have a ramshackle carriage,



and one or two loads of cotton surmounted by three or four negro women servants. The "loyal" ladies would buy much more of groceries than their permits called for, and I knew it when they started home. They would always visit the principal store and buy a few drugs named on the permit, but purchase secretly many dollars' worth more and conceal in their bosoms. Each colored woman would have something concealed under her slovenly dress skirt.

I always sent an orderly on horseback ahead of them to the picket line to send them back under guard. I had a simple method of examining the negro women on the wagons. I requested them to jump down from the top of the wagon box. They squealed but had to jump, and *chuck* would fall three or four hams on the ground from broken strings under dress skirts.

The guards were very thorough, however, and took them into the examination room to learn that no more hams or bacon was concealed, by strong strings that would not break. The "loyal" lady in ramshackle carriage I treated with the greatest politeness and consideration. She was ushered into a room where the civil polite sister or wife of a Yankee soldier examined her "heaving bosom," or elsewhere, and always found several hundred dollars' worth of quinine and other drugs for "poor, sick soldiers, fighting for their just cause," that is, that "niggers and mules were property from a God-given right."

The woman "loyal to the United States" was generally "a widow"; but on further inquiry through the secret service, it would turn out that she had a husband in Lee's or Bragg's army. Colonel Pardee and I had to contend with such conditions.

As a rule, the jurisdiction of the provost marshal's court did not extend beyond the maintenance of public order and the enforcement of military regulations; but torts and tortious breaches of contract were not always nicely discriminated from crimes and misdemeanors, especially when the public welfare or the protection of the freedmen was in any way involved. Of a comical instance in point, Father wrote to me from Geauga Lake on September 23, 1904:

When I was detailed as provost judge for four counties, or parishes, at Baton Rouge, there were no civil nor police courts. The provost judge must decide with justice, but was not hampered with bungling English law. The provost marshal, a good lawyer, sometimes sat on the bench with me in grave cases. He is now one of the ablest United States circuit judges in the country.

An old Frenchman, born in Louisiana, and a wealthy slave-holder, who claimed protection under the French flag, had rented two arpents of land to an old freedman, on shares, to raise cabbages. The old negro and wife had worked hard on nearly two acres, and started to gather the cabbage and divide equally with the Frenchman. The Frenchman drove him off. The old negro told "Judge Henry" his story. The learned judge, a young lieutenant, sent guards with fixed bayonets for the witnesses. We had no fool process of subpoenas.

The guard brought the witnesses, in a short time, and saluted. Witnesses all testified after kissing the Bible—and not *Thaddeus of Warsaw*, a copy of which some old judge once used for the Bible and found that it served just



as well for truth or perjury. The old Frenchman was also escorted to court by a soldier with bayonet.

He shrugged his shoulders and said in defence: "It is true I give nigare vun half to begin. But my friend, who owned him, give me his vage, so I drove him off. You see, vere honorable, high Judge, I have right to ze vage-vork of ze negro. But I now give him vun half. But he is nigare, and I bought him and his vork, by law, of his master. So you see, most honorable Judge, zat I have rights in ze case."

The young colonel sat beside the sedate judge, a young lieutenant, and whispered in his ear, quick and sharp, "Give the old nigger every damned cabbage in the patch, and send a guard to enforce the order." It was a decision handed down from the Supreme Court! The old plaintiff sued only for half. He got the whole; and the Frenchman was marched off to jail, and released two days later, a sadder and wiser man.

The following extracts from a home letter illustrate the irregularity of war-time mails and the returning optimism in the North:

Pond, November 29, 1863.

Dearest Charley: We write [letters] so often to you, and you get none of them. By yours of the eighth of this month we learn you have received none as yet. We have certainly written seven or eight to you. Every week we look anxiously for your expected letter, and we are thankful not only to you but to a Higher Power that still permits us to hear that you are alive.

Today is your birthday. I have just asked your venerable pa how old you are. He says "Twenty-eight." How time flies away! . . . We are once more alone; only Maria. I wish you could come and take tea with us Christmas. Henry raised his stable yesterday, so S. J. told us. He works there this week. Aunt Chary is quite sick at Hiram, though able to write us every week. Last week Professor Rhodes' wife died, after giving birth to a dead child. . . .

Write often, and you shall ever have the prayers of your mother for your prosperity and happiness in this world, and, in the world to come, everlasting life. Affectionately,

P. Henry

On the other half of the same sheet Grandfather added:

My health is very good, at present, so that I can chop my own wood without any fatigue. My hopes are high that the rebellion is surely, although slowly, going down. Already, like the tree under the sturdy axman's blows, it begins to totter. Grant has struck Bragg's army such a heavy blow that [he] has made it reel like a drunken man. Lee's army will feel the blow heavily, for the effect will [be to] discourage the soldiers in Lee's force.

Many who have heretofore [exulted, have now] given up the rebel cause in despondency, as the promises of wretches who flattered them, in the beginning, that a career of victory was before them; that Washington, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, with all their immense wealth, were to be grasped by the men of the South. Behold! the vain, idle boasts—how empty, is already proved.

I have been reading some Canadian papers of late, and the description they give of some prominent rebels in Canada is laughable. Drinking and idle boasting seem to be the uniform practice of the slave oligarchs, to the no



small amusement of the Johnny Bulls. It is said that the plan of the rebels to capture Johnson's Island, liberate the prisoners, and burn Buffalo, Cleveland, and other lake ports, leaked in a tavern, where the rebels, [who] had been drinking heavily, were off their guard and boasted great things they were going to do, and did not observe a Canadian who was in the room. He had both ears open and got the whole scheme, and informed the Government officials, who had watched them some time with suspicion, thinking something was up. Hence the notice of the Governor-general to Lord Lyons at Washington. No doubt some few miserable copperheads in Ohio knew of the plan. Some of them, I have fears, will not stop till they are hanged.

We shall keep writing [letters], Charley, if you *don't* get them, as we take pleasure in reading yours.

Good-night,

J. Henry

To the Brewsters, with whom he had toiled before the War to get something laid by in store, Father, sure of their kindly interest, readily disclosed his property affairs which are dwelt upon in the following letter:

Provost Marshal's Office

Baton Rouge, La., Feb. 2, 1864.

Dear Deacon and Sister Ann:—

I have not heard from you in some time but nevertheless I am disposed to write once each week if I can.

'Tis now after eleven o'clock and if I don't write before going to bed I may not have a chance for several days. I have been to the theater—just got home. We have quite a good troupe of actors here.

Colonel Pardee has been gone to New Orleans several days—in fact he has been there a good part of the time since we came here. The work is pretty heavy for one but I manage to get along very well. We have six clerks to fill out blank permits, oaths and passes and I have no writing to do but signing my name. In addition to this is answering questions and watching closely on these highborn Southern ladies who dress very gaudily and smile sweetly for favors. When any business is to be done the men stay at home and the women dress up in their best and play the sweet to accomplish their business in the most satisfactory manner.

My health is excellent. I weighed one hundred and sixty pounds when we came up here and now I weigh one hundred and ninety. Thirty pounds more makes quite a difference in my looks.

I will tell you some of the presents I have received the past week. A full uniform suit that cost eighty dollars in New Orleans. The coat is very nice and fits well. The next was a pipe worth forty dollars—the bowl of meerschäum, the handle of gold and amber. It cost twenty dollars in Europe about two months ago. The man who had it brought it from there himself so 'tis no humbug. The next was two barrels of apples and oranges. I wish I could send the barrel of oranges to you. I like the apples the best. Yesterday some kind soul sent a turkey and another a box of cigars. Another a gallon of whiskey and a demijohn of brandy. Two or three days ago an old planter sent Colonel Pardee a forty gallon cask of syrup—sugar house molasses.

These things may look large to you but I assure you they come not for official favors nor bribes, but the people like the good will of the officers they have to deal with. The man who gave me the pipe is a cotton buyer and thinks



less of a hundred dollars than you or I would, or used to, of one. I saw him hand two twenty dollar bills for it and he appeared pleased to see me pleased with the gift.

I have been quite anxious to hear from you. I sent three hundred dollars to you some time ago and have not heard from you since. I am a little afraid of Hattery. I don't like the idea of running after the money when the note is due and asking a dozen times for it and at last be compelled to take the face of the note in some property at a high price just for the sake of getting pay. Nelt is paying six per cent and had just as lieve pay me that as anybody. I shall send some more to you soon. I save about all my wages now, as clothes and living cost but little. I desire to have something to begin life when I get home. If I went out of service now I think I could make ten thousand here in one year. I have had some splendid offers for trade. I will close. Remember me to all.

Very truly,  
C. E. Henry

In a letter to General Garfield, who had been made a major general of volunteers for gallantry in the battle of Chickamauga, but who at President Lincoln's solicitation had resigned his commission on December 5, 1863, to take his seat in Congress, Father described his own new course of life and linked it to the men and things of the past.

Baton Rouge, La., February 9, 1864.

My dear Mr. Garfield:

I hardly know how to address you, but conclude without much delay to come out with the old friendly title. . . .

Colonel Pardee told me today that he had heard from you and that you remarked that you had not heard from me for a long time. So tonight, after we had finished our supper, pipes and billiards, I sat down in my room after eleven o'clock and some way the thought occurred to me to write to you, my old colonel, old teacher and, better still, dear friend. And now I am going to tell you how we are and what we are doing off here so far from you.

We came here about four months ago and have been hard at work much of the time since—I may say sort of father and mother to the people of this parish, for all persons come to the provost marshal's office to have wrong made right. Colonel Pardee is about as good to preserve order in the city as a sentinel at each street corner, and sometimes goes by the name of the "Western War Horse."

Myself, working most of the time to adjudicate cases in the provost court, feel dignified when addressed as "Judge." As we have nothing to do with civil matters, only as they may be specially referred for investigation, common sense is as good as statute law—in fact, I sometimes think, much better. Why should people desire a Civil Code when it is and ever has been a means of getting at injustice according to the forms of law [and] when they can have justice without the forms of law? . . .

I have not been with the Forty-second for some time. For the past six months I have been with Colonel Pardee all the time. I am glad that he started with the Forty-second, but am sorry on his account, for I am fully convinced that if he [had] waited another year and started as colonel of a regiment he would have had a star before now.

Captain Riggs went up the river a few days since, not for good. I think he



was a little sorry about leaving the regiment so near the expiration of his term of service.

Company A boys are all well. I hear from them frequently. They will wait there until the three years expire before enlisting again. There are many of them who would be so much more honorable and efficient as officers than many they are obliged to obey on picket guard that they will not consent to reenlist. I admire some of them so much for their manly forbearance—those who are not always talking about shoulder straps, etc. I will name some of them: Seymour, Gates, Joe [Rudolph]. Pem Cowles too is good and brave, but I do not think he will be with us again. I hear that his health is very poor. Bazel [Hank] and Hattery are clerks at army corps headquarters and are very well suited. Sutton [Newcomb] used to complain some, but I gave him a few kindly hints, and a better soldier for the last few months he was with us I never saw. Now he outranks me and I hear very good accounts of him. Generally, I think, the boys of our company and the regiment are better satisfied than they were eighteen months ago and much better than a year ago at Young's Point, a time when resolution and patriotism were needed to keep the army together.

Concerning the time of ending the War I am still somewhat doubtful. All the appliances and resources should be brought into the utmost activity the coming spring. Their armies must be destroyed, the people subjugated, and State by State brought gradually, on the "hasten slowly" plan, under the direction of the Government. I think after a few more hard fights the thing will resolve into a cavalry war, that is, the fighting part of it. But you know more of these things than I do. Let me speak of ourselves.

Colonel Pardee and myself have had many pleasant hours together since we came here; have read German together and talked of everything that we had been through since the War began and before. I felt honored, I assure you, in his taking me with him, for he is uncompromising, you know, in men as officers. I never talked with him ten minutes before we were at New Orleans. Although he loves the field, he seems to enjoy it very much here. His wife is here, a good woman, and we have here all the necessary articles for house-keeping, that some kind soul left, and fails to come and collect rent.

We will want to go to the field as soon as there is a prospect of doing anything. I hear from Burke [Hinsdale] occasionally and give much weight to his views of the day. I once exchanged letters with Mr. Rhodes quite frequently but have not heard from him direct since I was home last summer. How I would like to see you and talk with you! I hope I shall sometime, but do not much expect to. . . .

Very truly,  
C. E. Henry

About a month and a half after the above letter was written, the Forty-second came up the river to Baton Rouge. While they were quartered there March 26 to May 2, 1864, Father, still on detached duty, found pleasant opportunities of association with them and sought, without success as shown below, to share their fortunes in the field thereafter. For the Hiram boys in the regiment it was interesting to recall that the home of one of their fellow students of three years before was situated near where they were now stationed and that at least three of those whom they had known in school were residents

of the South. In Father's article "Hiram in the War," a part of which has already been quoted, he said:

Hough of Virginia was a Delphic and Pratt of Louisiana and Craig of Mississippi were Hesperians. They took but little part in secession debates and appeared at times reticent and gloomy. They were treated, however, by the rest with great kindness, and so far as I know nothing was said in a personal way to hurt their feelings. All three served in the Confederate army. The fortunes of war brought me in contact with Pratt's family in 1864 near Baton Rouge, La. I was glad to be able to smooth its rough visage for them, and his father and mother were anxious that we should meet. I saw him after Lee and Johnston's surrender, but he appeared despondent and gloomy. He inquired about Miss Booth, Garfield, Dunshee, Everest, and Rhodes, but not about the boys. I avoided any reference to the War or its issues and only spoke of our intimacy as students.

Most of the omitted portions of the following letter I have already quoted in another connection:

Baton Rouge, La., April 25, 1864.

Dear Mother:

Yours of the fourteenth instant came last evening and I am pleased to be able to answer this morning. I have become so accustomed to the routine of the office that I can write and talk at the same time. Your letter made me feel a little sad, and after reading it and going to bed I thought a long time of the hard times you and Father have passed through, and after I went to sleep I dreamed of you. I would like much to see Father and hope to before many months. . . . I would be glad indeed to help you much more, and hope to be better able to show my love to my parents before many months.

I still have some work to do. Today I have four cases of mule-stealing to come up, and they are all rather complex. I have given good satisfaction so far, as provost judge, since I came here, and the experience has been better for me than one year hard study at law.

The late disaster up Red River has killed General Banks for the presidency. As near as I can learn, it was an egregious and a shameful affair. General McClernand went up today, with the Thirteenth Army Corps, and other troops are expected soon.

My health is still good. I applied, a few days ago, to go back to the Forty-second and go up Red River with them, but my application was denied. However, I may be able to go soon.

Only a few months more and we will be out of service, and then I hope to see you. Meanwhile, I hope to be remembered in a mother's prayers and in kind remembrances to all home friends. Direct here and write soon.

Very truly,  
C. E. Henry

Nearly a month later he wrote again as follows:

Baton Rouge, La., May 21st, 1864.

Dear Parents: Yours of the fourth instant reached me yesterday. I am glad that I waked early this morning so I can write to you. The morning is the only time that I have to write. Loyal people feel pretty well here now, but the majority of the citizens look despondent over the late news from Virginia. Our



new general at this post (General H. W. Birge) has given the whole pass business into my charge, and to people living in the country I must be as inquisitive as an old lady. We do not allow them to pass the picket lines now on their oaths of allegiance but each one must have a pass signed by me, which is taken up as they pass out of town. In this way I can keep track of them and find out their business in town.

Colonel Pardee is reinstated here and we move along smoothly once more. Mrs. Pardee and Mrs. Sheldon are still here. The Forty-second has gone to the mouth of the Red River. I should not wonder if the Colonel and myself stayed here all summer. The weather is gradually growing warmer and warmer. Already I feel the sultry sunshine of dog-days in Ohio. The nights are cool, however, and we can sleep nicely.

We have a serenade almost every evening from some of the soldiers or darkey bands around town. The negroes are very kind indeed to us. Nothing makes them more proud than to pay the "Judge" a visit before he is up in the morning and present him with some nice vegetables or eggs, and with grins and bows make a graceful departure. "De Judge" is a very popular man among them for the simple reason that he has ever listened to their trials and complaints and given them the same privileges that he did the whites.

We are still looking anxiously northward, hoping for a continuance of good news. I guess Grant will make few if any blunders and will come out all right yet and get Richmond. The rebels here are selling off their gold like everything; this is a good sign. We will earnestly hope that this year we can make the same progress towards the end of the rebellion that we did last year.

I must tell you of the nice present I received yesterday—fifty dollars' worth of Havana cigars. Wouldn't you like to smoke? I am going to get my photograph taken. I have had my whiskers shaved off. You can see how round my face is when I send a picture to you. I wrote to Eliza a few days ago, also to the Deacon and Ann.

I must close now as I have some papers to look over before going to the office. You are very good to write—I would like to hear from you every day. Direct here. With reverential love, I am your obedient son,

Chas. E. Henry

John Henry—and Mother

From rough notes which, at my request, Father penciled, on October 7, 1904, I insert here a most interesting reminiscence of his service at Baton Rouge, in connection with early experiments at Reconstruction in the Department of the Gulf:

Among the many odd orders issued by General Banks to restore civil government, was one to marry the "freedmen," as they were officially called. Word came to me, in General Order Ninety-five, to marry all the freedmen and women in and about Baton Rouge and the adjacent parishes. This was a new service. I had some knowledge of opening a battle on the skirmish line, and the heart-thumping of moving into line of battle to relieve a depleted regiment. This new order, however, to join in holy bonds of matrimony thousands of freedmen, or "niggers" as they were commonly called, was unique and unexpected in bloody war.

I thought the chaplains should do it. But "orders is orders," as the Irish sergeant said, when he detailed a dozen soldiers to be baptized, by order of his colonel, because of a revival and baptism of ten converts in a rival regiment.





Charles E. Henry as Sergeant (1861-2), and (right) as Lieutenant (1862-1864), and Company A, 42d Ohio Volunteer Infantry at Young's Point, La.





Like the Irish sergeant, I simply obeyed orders. When a callow student, three years before, quadratic equations, Sturm's Theorem, and Horner's Method had given me much trouble; but they caused far less anxiety and thought than this order to join in God's holy ordinance, "till death do us part," two or three thousand blacks. I did my best to avoid a court-martial trial for failure to obey orders.

Providence came to my aid. Scores of colonels' wives came down, after the siege of Vicksburg had opened the Great River "to flow unvexed to the sea." Among these was one of the most gentle, pure and ideal women that I ever knew—our Colonel's wife. I had learned the impressive Episcopal marriage ritual; cutting out, however, the ring solemnities and some other parts, to conform to the conditions of the poor slaves anxious to wed by "orders from Massa Linkum" pleasanter than those of "Old Massa" who had bought and sold them like mules and horses.

The good little lady at once took deep interest in aiding the cause of matrimony among the freedmen. The quartermaster furnished a carriage, and the Colonel's wife went with me to the plantations, where I joined two or three hundred couples in solemn bonds each day. At one large plantation I joined eighty couples, old and young; and I married, in all, two thousand five hundred, and more, pairs, or over five thousand men and women, thus beating the record of our oldest preachers. I am confident that there were fewer divorces among these freedmen than the records show in the higher civilization of our Northern cities.

At length, when the routine of the provost marshal's office became an old story, and returning order made Father's duties less engrossing, he found that he had some leisure for other things. His experience on courts-martial and as provost judge had so familiarized him with the legal procedure of military tribunals, that his services as an advocate came to be much in request by those who were brought to trial before the army courts; and, with the permission of officers in command at Baton Rouge, he was able to accept such employment on several occasions when courts-martial were convened there. One such case arose when the confessions of women, caught smuggling drugs through the lines, incriminated the principal pharmacist of the place as party to their conspiracy. Father told the story:

With sobs and tears they declared that this druggist was the wicked man who plotted the whole scheme to get them into trouble. He was "loyal" and high-toned, but was arrested and sent to jail. The next day he sent for me to defend him. I asked General Herron about the propriety of it. He replied: "All right; do the best you can for him." Officers, privates, and citizens, were in the habit of employing counsel, when arrested, and paying therefor. Common report said the druggist had got rich by underhanded trade—"worth," they said, "a hundred thousand dollars." He said to me: "For God's sake, keep me from Ship Island. I will pay any fine, but get me out of jail." "Very well," I replied, "but keep your mouth shut."

A few days afterwards I asked and obtained from General Herron a permit for the drugstore to be opened under guard and a headquarters clerk, for the benefit of the people. Two or three days later, I asked the General to let the druggist out of jail on bond. "Yes," said the General, and issued the order



for a ten-thousand dollar bond to the provost marshal, Colonel Pardee. Pardee declined all offers of good sureties, and demanded "Mr. Chase." They soon learned that greenbacks must be deposited with the post quartermaster or with General Herron, to be returned at the close of the trial; a simple bond to enforce; no fuss nor feathers with civil courts.

I got Colonel Landram, of the Nineteenth Kentucky, to aid in the trial, as he was a good officer and lawyer and a Christian gentleman, much above the chivalry of some Kentucky colonels. We had become fast friends in former court-martial trials—I, a humble lieutenant, as judge advocate, and he, a colonel, as president of the court. He had called on me in my lieutenant's tent for consultation in some of those cases.

The druggist's trial lasted three days; and, upon our suggestion that Ship Island would cost the Government much expense, and that a fine was needed much more at that stage of the War, the culprit was fined five thousand dollars and not sent to Ship Island which he dreaded. Now comes the joke on us stupid young officers. Colonel Landram and I were much bothered about the amount of our fees. As a maximum, we talked of one thousand dollars, then worth eight hundred in gold. We finally settled on six hundred minimum, one hundred dollars a day for three days' trial for each of us, and agreed to insist on payment.

The druggist soon appeared, after trial, and said, with smiling face: "How much shall I pay you and Colonel Landram? You have done well for me." I replied, as though it were a common, everyday transaction, "Six hundred dollars." The druggist took out a roll of bills, counted out the amount from a roll of a thousand dollars, handed me six hundred, and said, "I told my clerk I expected to pay you gentlemen a thousand dollars," and quietly put the remaining four hundred in his vest pocket. What fools these mortals be!

From his practice before courts-martial, as well as from some commercial ventures which he and Colonel Pardee projected, Father's prospects were now such that he began looking forward to the expiration of his term of military service, when he could visit Ohio and be married; and then, returning with his bride to Baton Rouge, devote himself, for a while, exclusively to these remunerative pursuits. To the balance that his brother-in-law, Brewster, owed him, from their Bridge Creek dealings, together with the sums saved from two years' pay as lieutenant and entrusted from time to time to Brewster to put out at interest, he now added his savings from counsel fees, having accumulated in all perhaps three thousand dollars, or almost enough to buy a good farm in Ohio, if greenbacks did not depreciate too much. To his sister Ann and her husband, "Deacon H. Brewster, Bissell's Office, Geauga County, Ohio," he accordingly addressed the following letter:

Provost Marshal's Office,

Baton Rouge, Louisiana, August 14, 1864.

Dear Deacon and Ann: Yours of [31st] ultimo came a day or two ago. There is a big shower coming up and it is quite cool, so I can answer. You acknowledged the receipt of the first box and money. I have sent two boxes since, which no doubt you have received by this time. I will send you some more money soon.

You ask me what you shall do with it. I answer, just as you would do for

yourself. If real estate has not advanced up there, buy a nice farm at the best figure you can. The Lyman Kent place would do, if they would not ask too much, or your old Auburn place, also, if they would sell. I expect to swing from three to four thousand this fall, probably thirty-five hundred.

I don't wish to urge money from you when currency is worth thirty or forty cents on a dollar in gold. The four hundred and fifty dollars you owed me when I left home was worth to me so much in gold; it cost me all it was worth in hard labor. I consented to take much less interest, at the time, than I could get for money loaned, and now I don't wish [it], at the rate of thirty or forty cents on the dollar, urged upon me now.

True, I can not expect you to pay hard money, but I only wish to show that really to receive currency I do no better than one half the original amount, consequently I don't wish the money until I really want it. I desire to buy a nice farm this fall and pay all down, or nearly all; so keep an eye out and look sharp, and above all keep your own counsel.

Tell no one that I have said a word. I don't want S. J., nor any one else, to know of my business. I hope to see you in October, about the first. I will send letter when I express the next money.

Great preparations are making against Mobile; troops are fast going on there to take the place, or divert in favor of Sherman.

The rain begins to fall so fast I must close and look at it. My kindest regards to all.

Very truly,  
C. E. Henry

August 15, Mobile is ours. A salute is being fired.

The following entry, made at this time in the "Post Department and Corps Order Book," exhibits Father's official status and the continuation of the commandant's confidence in him:

Headquarters District of Baton Rouge and Port Hudson.

Baton Rouge, Louisiana, August 14, 1864.

First-lieutenant Charles E. Henry, Forty-second Ohio Volunteer Infantry is on duty with this command as provost judge of the District of Baton Rouge, Louisiana. By command of

Major-general Herron,  
William H. Clapp, A. A. G.

Six days later, Colonel Pardee rejoined his regiment, and a Baton Rouge newspaper thus complimented his administration:

Lieutenant-colonel John Cowan, of the Nineteenth Kentucky Regiment, has relieved Lieutenant-colonel Don A. Pardee as provost marshal of this place. Since October last, Colonel Pardee has, without intermission, we believe, filled this responsible, important, and—to the people—interesting position. Now that he is about to leave the post and, in a brief season, the service, we may, without being open to the charge of flattering for favor or fawning to authority, say a word in his behalf. His friends know him as an affable and courteous gentleman, and his enemies are willing to concede to him a desire to faithfully and conscientiously discharge his duties. . . .

Many times, during the administration of Provost Don A. Pardee, have we seen him when we thought some such conflict going on between the generous



impulses of his own soul and his duties under orders. This has, we feel satisfied, often caused apparent harshness on his part, which, without restraint, would have melted away into kindness and courtesy.

This is a moderately charitable and forgiving people, and when the "cruel war" has reached its other end, they will remember the Don with kindness. In their behalf and our own, we wish him health and happiness. Judge Henry, Colonel Pardee's contemporary in office, still retains the post of provost judge.

Meanwhile Father was nominally transferred to Company B and made adjutant of the Forty-second on August 22, 1864, as explained in the following letter :

Headquarters Forty-second Regiment Ohio Volunteer Infantry.

Morganza, Louisiana, August 28th, 1864.

Dear Judge: Henry and the horses arrived safely last night, thanks to your kindness, and I got up at midnight to read your letter. My sword was left at your place; belt also. Henderson has a small revolver of mine, Jackson has a demijohn of whiskey, and my overcoat is lying around loose. Can I trouble you to gather these things up for me and send up when convenient? There is no key to that trunk—it is lost—but it fastens with a spring I thought you knew of. Turn the brass piece, that covers the key-hole, to the right about ninety degrees, and then push to the left. The box contains nothing but valuable papers, my tobacco box and gold watch. The papers are important to my future justification if my proceedings at Baton Rouge are ever called in question.

As yet, no order has been received with regard to sending home four companies. I will let you know in time; but Major Williams transferred you to Company B, and then, to procure Clark's muster-in as first-lieutenant, appointed you adjutant. I don't know how this appointment will affect your muster-out, but I will endeavor to prevent its affecting you injuriously. If you wish to be adjutant, that is easily effected; but if you do not desire the honor, I ought to know it before the next muster, which is the thirty-first instant. On receipt of this, telegraph me.

There is no news here. Everybody well. Changed camp yesterday. Ross is hunting for a cook. Eatables are very scarce.

I wrote Jackson the other day. Remember me to Jackson, Clapp, Warren, and other friends.

Truly yours,

Don A. Pardee

A month later the following orders mark the termination of Father's year-long service at Baton Rouge and also of the three-year period for which he had enlisted in the army :

Headquarters Department of the Gulf.

New Orleans, September 28, 1864.

Special Orders Number 262. First-lieutenant and Adjutant Charles E. Henry, Forty-second Regiment Ohio Volunteers, on duty as deputy provost marshal at Baton Rouge, Louisiana, is relieved from such duty in accordance with General Orders Number Thirty-seven, Headquarters Military Division



Lieutenant-colonel Don A. Pardee, Provost Marshal, District of Baton Rouge, La. (1863-4), and his Assistant, First Lieutenant Charles E. Henry, Provost Judge (standing)





of Western Mississippi, and he will join his command without delay. By command of

Major-general Hurlbut,  
C. S. Sargeant, First Lieutenant and A. A. A. General.

Headquarters Nineteenth Army Corps.

New Orleans, Louisiana, October 2, 1864.

Special Orders Number 206.

. . . V. First-lieutenant Charles E. Henry, Company B, Forty-second Ohio Volunteers, his company having been mustered out on expiration of term of service, will proceed without delay to the State of Ohio, and will report to the mustering officer of the State for muster out of service. The Quartermaster's department will furnish transportation. By command of

Major-general J. J. Reynolds,  
S. C. Farrington, Major and A. A. A. General.

Under the caption "Departure of Judge Henry," a Baton Rouge newspaper said :

We regret that we are compelled to announce the speedy departure of our friend, Lieutenant Charles E. Henry, who has been, for just one year, we believe, judge of the Provost Court in this place. The Judge is one of those genial souls whose loss the community at large will regret. During his term of office there have been five changes in the office of provost marshal and six or seven in that of post commander, but the Judge has outlived all, and leaves now, we understand, only because his term of service expires.

He expects to return to his home near Cleveland, Ohio, to be mustered out of service, and we hear it strongly hinted that he intends to return a citizen as soon as he shall have outlived his shoulder-straps. The popularity the Judge has gained while discharging the troublesome duties of the office he is about leaving, renders it a matter of certainty that he will be warmly welcomed, on his return, by the people of the parishes of East and West Baton Rouge. We wish him a pleasant trip and a speedy return.



## 12. *Marriage to Sophia Williams*

WITHIN three weeks after Father's return to his native State he was married by the Reverend Almon Green on November 10, 1864, to Miss Sophia M. Williams at the modest home of her parents, Frederick and Martia (Underwood) Williams, in Ravenna before a small company of their friends. It was now four years since they had first met in Hiram, and they had seen each other only the two or three times when he was at home on furlough in the past three years. During that period however they had corresponded as regularly as the exigencies of the army postal service permitted. Their minds and hearts had long since resolved upon the union which the close of Father's military service now made possible. His fiancée's parents cordially acquiesced in her engagement to their dead son's schoolmate, comrade and friend, who "in schoolroom, mead, and mart, in field and forum" had acquitted himself so creditably. He had now made certain too of his ability to support a family comfortably, so nothing remained in the way of their immediate marriage. Father was almost twenty-nine; his bride had just turned twenty-four.

She was born on November 9, 1840, in the southwest part of Shalersville, Portage County, on a farm of perhaps sixty acres to which her parents had recently removed from the county seat. The family resided there until the spring of 1862, when they returned to Ravenna and ever afterwards made that village their home. Even when they lived in Shalersville they always attended church in Ravenna and their post office was likewise there. The Williams farm lay near the boundary between the two townships and within a short distance south of the county infirmary, of which Grandfather became a trustee in 1840 at the close of his eight years of service as county treasurer. On his death in Ravenna, which occurred on January 10, 1888, in the eighty-ninth year of his age, B. A. Hinsdale, former president of Hiram College, who preached his funeral sermon in the church of the Disciples, thus summed up his life and character in the *Christian Standard* of Cincinnati:

When Father Williams came to Ohio sixty-three years ago, he came to a society offering boundless opportunities for usefulness. Being a man of keen intelligence, quick observation, and large knowledge, he knew what was wanted. Energetic, public-spirited, courageous, and benevolent, he was disposed to do what was wanted. The result was an active and beneficent life that touched society at many different points. He was farmer, county officer, elder of the local church, public minister of religion, promoter of good works, lover of good men, and hospitable householder.

The Reverend George Darsie in his historical sketch of the Ravenna church said :

In the month of September, 1832, . . . the ranks of the little flock were reinforced by the adhesion of Frederick Williams and his wife, who, by Amos Allerton, were baptized in Sandy Lake. Father Williams, reared in the faith of Restorationism, after listening candidly to the preaching of Alexander Campbell, Bosworth, Hubbard, and Finch, and after carefully studying the Scriptures for himself, opened his heart to the truth and joyfully embraced it. His friends among the Universalists having taken him sharply to task for his defection, he said to them in reply: "Appoint a day and hear my reasons for the change I have made."

Accordingly they all met in the Universalist church in Brimfield at the appointed time, and Father Williams for an hour and a quarter made his defense from the Scriptures. So plain and powerful were his reasonings that they shrank from the encounter they themselves had provoked and answered him not a word. Father Williams proved a strong help to the young church, which, discerning his fine gifts of mind and heart, soon after his conversion called him to the eldership, an office he held, with the exception of a year or two, up to the year 1862 or 1863.

The value of his services to this church is simply incalculable. Extending over a period of so many years, his faithfulness, self-denying efforts, his liberality and unswerving fidelity, will never be fully known till in heaven the books of God are opened. Not only in Ravenna, but also in all the churches around, his well-matured and impressively delivered discourses have on many occasions delighted and edified.

Isaac Errett, the founder of the *Christian Standard*, knew Grandfather Williams intimately "and learned to honor him as a wise and faithful ruler in the house of God, as well as a loving and devoted husband and father in his own house." Noticing Grandfather's death editorially he wrote:

There were a few men to whom the Ravenna church is indebted for its steady character—Williams, the Jenningses, Charles Judd, Price, and perhaps one or two others. Among these, Williams and Judd stood foremost because of their ability as public speakers; though quite as much to their high moral standing, their ripe judgment, and their supreme devotion to the truth, as to their capacity to teach, was the church indebted for its prosperity.

Mother's grandfather, Ebenezer Williams, stood sixth in descent from Robert Williams of Roxbury, Massachusetts, where the family lived unto his generation, the line being: Robert, Samuel, Samuel, John, Joseph, Ebenezer. He early removed to the town of Warwick, which, as superintending school committeeman, selectman, and in 1808 as anti-Federalist representative in the General Court, he frequently served. Having married there in 1782 Sarah, the daughter of John, Jr., and Sarah (Johnson) Chadwick of Worcester, he removed in 1815, with wife and six children (two minors and three married), of whom Frederick was the youngest, to Ravenna, Ohio, where he died on September 10, 1816, aged fifty-seven years, and his widow just a year later aged fifty-six.



Soon afterwards two of their three sons, while endeavoring to cope with the unfamiliar forest, met with accidents from falling trees whereby the youngest lost a leg and the next older his life. Despite this terrible handicap Grandfather not only won his own way in the world, but achieved within a few years a place in public esteem unexcelled throughout the county. He married in Brimfield, Ohio, on September 15, 1828, Martia, the daughter of Alpheus and Mary (Wallbridge) Underwood, who was born in Monson, Massachusetts, on April 24, 1805, and came to Brimfield with her parents in 1817.<sup>1</sup> President Garfield once said of the home over which she thus came to preside, that it was "a perfect and complete empire of peace and love" and that he had "found its equal only in the home of Mrs. Rudolph, the mother of his own wife."

Frederick and Martia Williams had four children, of whom Mother was the youngest: Annis, the wife of Rowland H. Newton of Durand, Wisconsin; Mary A., who lived single with her parents until their death, caring tenderly for them in their old age; Major Frederick Augustus Williams, whose life and untimely death have already been noticed; and Marcia Sophia, or Sophia M., as Mother, by preference and for better discrimination from her mother, always signed her name. From time to time in her latter years Mother related, while I took notes of her answers to my numerous inquiries, the following unstudied and fragmentary reminiscences of her early life.<sup>2</sup>

*Birthplace and surroundings.* Our farm of not quite sixty acres lay, not on the main road between Ravenna and Shalersville, but on a north and south road nearly a mile west of it and about three miles from either town. We lived on the east side of the road, the Smiths across, and the Crosbys north of us, Mrs. Smith was the stoutest person I ever saw. With small hands and feet and a frame not naturally large, she came to weigh over three hundred pounds and could not leave her bed without the aid of the tackle they rigged to lift her. Her husband we respected as a splendid man and she too was kindhearted and good. In Mrs. Crosby we had a religious mentor who told us how wrong it was to wear flowers on our hats. Next north of the Crosbys' stood the poorhouse on the county farm, which later included the Crosby farm.

*Cottage Hill home.* My father had inherited an interest in his father's farm next to Aunt Hannah Rawson's, a mile west of Ravenna on the main road.

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<sup>1</sup> Mother's ancestors thus included, from among the first settlers of Roxbury and vicinity, Robert Williams, Deacon William Park, John May, Daniel Brewer, Captain Joseph Weld, Griffith Bowen, Thomas Faxon, and Richard Thayer. Also George Holmes, Clement Topliff, Nathaniel Wales, Humphrey Atherton, Ralph Houghton, Robert Vose, Joseph Underwood, John Marcy, James Hadlock, Joshua Hemingway, Joseph Chaffee, Nicholas Cady, Samuel Davis, Samuel Lee, John Porter, Thomas Stanley, Robert Moulton, and other "first comers" to New England. Genealogists will recognize in this list (which I rehearse for their behoof in case there shall ever be any besides myself to delight therein) many familiar names of heads of American houses.

<sup>2</sup> Among others are the notes taken at my home in Cleveland on May 27, 1910; again on May 18, 1911; and afterwards at Geauga Lake on October 21, 1921, and November 14, 1922.





Frederick and Martia (Underwood) Williams and Children:  
Sophia Henry (top), Major Frederick Augustus Williams  
(middle), Mary (left), Annis Newton (upper right)





He sold this and other lands and later bought the farm in Shalersville in two parcels, the smaller piece a few months before I was born and a much larger one south of it when I was about seven years old. After I had grown to be quite a girl, for I remember it distinctly, he had a man named Hahn build him a new house. This man lived in an old log house on the farm while he was at work there. An old frame house too stood on the place when our folks came. The upper story was not done off; but Ma had it beautifully clean, with three beds curtained off there. Annis and Mary slept in one; I had my little bed, and Augustus had his. We lived on this farm "Cottage Hill" until I was twenty-one, and fifty years afterwards I found the same paper on the walls of the house.

*Grown-up sister Annis.* I feel as if I never saw enough of Annis to know her well; she married when I was so young, hardly eleven. She was twelve years older than I, and was a pupil of Lyman Hall. When she got through he had her teach in his private school. After she had earned some money she bought me a present of a pin in the shape of a silver arrow. It fastened like a safety pin. I wore my hair in two braids then and I used the pin to hold the braids together at the back of my neck, and was very proud of it. Sister Annis married Rowland Hoxie Newton, and they went at once to live in Hudson where for some years before they moved to Wisconsin he superintended the printing department of a publishing house that put out books and periodicals.

*All sorts of apples.* Pa ought never to have tried to farm in his crippled condition; but he raised fine big crops and he had an orchard of an acre or two.<sup>1</sup> The trees were in rows, one for each kind of apples except the kinds we liked least, which did not make whole rows. We had a row of spitzenbergs, splendid apples of fine flavor and excellent for cooking. Baldwins, pippins, seek-no-farthens, greenings, ramboes, nonesuch, and I don't know what all, made up the other varieties. Then there were finneys, a moderately sour apple, not so good, but of large size and fine for drying. We had a little room where the dried apples were ranged in racks. Ma had a machine that pared and cored them. Dried apples were then in good demand and we had quite a revenue from them. We children used to earn small sums that way. Each of the girls had her own store of apples which she pared and cored, and when they were sold they brought several dollars of pocket money for each of us. I remember that I bought a dress with mine one year.

*Careful orchardist.* Pa was always very particular about his orchard. He trimmed the trees so they spread out low. Part of the year the hogs ran there and in winter the trees were mulched, so that they were very thrifty and we always had a fine crop of fruit. His apples were taken every year by his regular customers in Ravenna at a dollar a bushel. He would stand on a

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<sup>1</sup> In plowing he would leave his crutch at the beginning of the furrow and hop on one foot across the field and back, gripping the plow handles to steady himself and guiding the team with "lines" buckled around his waist or over his shoulders.



ladder, pick them into a round half-bushel basket, and lower them by means of a rope tied to the loop handle. Sometimes he had me take the basket and empty it into the barrels, saying, "Be careful, hold your hands under them, don't bruise them." Once while I was helping I sat reading *Uncle Tom's Cabin* between times, and when he called me I was stuck so fast in the bushel basket where I sat that I had to roll over to get out. How he laughed!

*Ophelia of the almshouse.* The district school that we attended was quite a little way north of the poorhouse. Among the queer unfortunate creatures we saw there every day as we passed by I remember Almira Granger, an insane niece of Postmaster-general Granger. Though deranged she had a genteel manner and used to walk around with her head up and hands behind her. Her affliction was not very marked but it made her susceptible to flattery. She took a fancy to me and I tried to please her. At such times I could see her lips curve in a smile when she was not looking at me. Augustus and I used to urge her to sing. She was cross and bade us go away and let her alone, but when we had persisted as persuasively as we could for a long while she would turn swiftly on her heel to conceal a smile and shortly would begin to sing some interminable ballad. If I had been musical I should have learned some of her old-fashioned songs.

*Poorhouse characters.* We used to take our young visitors to the poorhouse to see the odd folks there. Once when several boys and girls went with us, one of them introduced Mattie Rudolph to this Almira Granger as my brother Augustus' wife. With a stately bow she wished Mattie a long and happy life and many children. The young people were somewhat shocked and very merry over this remark. My father would not let us use the word poorhouse. He called it always the infirmary. The afflicted inmates never seemed to be humiliated by our showing them to our friends. They liked to see us. There was one poor woman whose face was terribly distorted by what they always said was a stroke of lightning. Another character, a murderer who had been found insane, was restrained by a chain fastened to his ankle. He was fat and jolly, but we younger children were a little afraid of him. When one of us was pushed almost within his reach he would laugh uproariously as the shrinking youngster just eluded his grasp. The insane and the indigent were alike sheltered in the institution and there was a great number of them. Two half-grown children, brother and sister, were outright idiots, with heads so small that a table bowl slipped over them would rest on their shoulders. There were also some bright children.

*Infirmary officials.* Pa had been chosen a trustee of the infirmary, and Uncle Albert Underwood, kindest and most faithful of men, was superintendent. Everything was neat and clean and I remember especially that the floor was kept very white. We sometimes played blindman's buff on it, and how the old ladies would laugh at the sport! When Mr. Perry Dawley succeeded Uncle Albert as superintendent he found there a bright boy named

Phelps, from Mantua I think, whose father was a drunkard, and he adopted the lad, afterwards the Jay Dawley eminent at the Cleveland bar. Judge Swift from Ravenna was one of the trustees and he used to drive over and get my father and they two would go in the Judge's carriage to inspect the infirmary. His sons, Charles Swift and another, became the founders of the Swift meat-packing business in Chicago.

*School with the Arabs.* The "Arabs"—the first syllable pronounced with a long "A"—were a rather ungenteel set of people whose many children attended our district school in Shalersville. Among the pupils was Bill Meade, much older than I, who once spit on the picture of "Arabs Moving" in my new geography when I maliciously got permission to leave my seat in school to show our "Arabs" the likeness of their nondescript kin. I got to like him afterwards when he snatched me from the red-hot stove against which I had fallen in the schoolroom one cold morning as I stood warming myself. Someone pulled out from under me the poker I was standing on, and my wrists were burned as they touched the stove. Bill promised me a big hunk of tamarack gum if I would quit sobbing, and the next day he was as good as his word. I always thought tamarack gum the most delicious a child ever chewed. The old tamarack swamp in Shalersville is now an onion farm. Bill Meade's sister married an Allen, and their son the Reverend Edgar William Allen attended Hiram College, for his mother's family were Disciples. They were very excellent people and the son afterwards became a successful minister and missionary secretary and is now the head of the research department of the Curtis Publishing Company.

*Crystals in the brook.* A little incident of my school life, of no importance but indelibly impressed on my memory, was the display of beautiful fingers or crystals of ice in the brook which then ran by the woods opposite our schoolhouse but is now drained dry. I loitered so long over the lovely scenes along the icy stream that I was late to school. The teacher inquired the reason of my tardiness, and that is doubtless the reason why I remember so often and vividly the frozen prisms in that delightful brook. How often we used to jump with our poles across this same rivulet back and forth until some of us fell in and then had to sit by the stove in school till our clothes were dried!

*School-girl quarrels.* Helen and Alicia Smith were playmates of mine. Helen was a little older than I and we used to quarrel. Often on the way home from school I would vow solemnly never to speak to her again. But before we got home I would always think of something I must tell her, and my vow was forgotten. I forgot my anger usually as soon as I showed it. She was often not quite so ready to resume friendly relations. Once I stayed out of school for some little illness, and before the day was over I was out picking up butternuts under trees in the roadside on the Smiths' side of the road. I borrowed a wheelbarrow and was trundling them home when the girls came along and



declared the nuts were theirs. Our folks decided that they were right, so I had to wheel them all back again.

*Puritan conscience.* At another time I picked up a package in the road as I was coming home from school. On opening it I found a piece of blue cotton cloth, very nice and fine and embroidered on the edge, quite a rarity in those days. I took it home to my mother and she said, "We will put it away and inquire among the neighbors to find who lost it." We did inquire but the owner was not discovered, and I asked Ma many times if I could not use the cloth. She would answer, "No, I guess we'll keep it a while longer; somebody may claim it." She had a Puritan conscience. It was a year or more before she let me have it for my own. Then I made an apron of it and was very proud to wear it. There were times when Helen Smith's accordion and her family's two-seated buggy in which they drove to church somewhat stirred my jealousy of our richer neighbors. We, too, drove a top buggy a little later. But there was one thing I never could forget. After we had grown to be big girls and were attending Mr. Pickett's school, we once traded compositions. He came to me with the book containing the composition she had copied and I had read. I never told him about it till I taught under him in Alliance.

*A select school.* The select school at the center of Shalersville, which I attended one fall and one winter term, was kept by this Joseph K. Pickett, a splendid teacher and brother of the Pickett who was afterwards superintendent in Ravenna. In the fall I often rode horseback; but a part of the time some other girls, especially Alicia Smith, and I had a horse and buggy and drove back and forth. In the winter my cousins Ellen, Harrison, and Lavina Underwood—Uncle Albert's children—and I boarded ourselves in his house. Doctor Belding's people occupied the other half of the house. Uncle Albert had then, I think, become superintendent of the infirmary. Ellen was older and did most of the work. It was very cold and our bread froze; but I remember how Ellen steamed it and how good I thought it tasted. Girls nowadays would not stand such discomfort as we endured. I remember too that afterwards when in the winter (1856-7) I went to school in Ravenna and boarded at Aunt Polly Williams' <sup>1</sup> I used to stand in front of the glass curling my hair in the morning and as I dampened each strand and wound it around my finger it froze. There in the select school I recited to Miss Lucretia Rudolph, of Hiram.

*Schoolma'am at fifteen.* I had attended school again in our district when Frank Crane taught there the winter before. He was the oldest brother of the Garrettsville Cranes. All the big boys and girls in the district went to school to him. He got me my first school to teach the next summer at Shalersville center when I was fifteen. Though girls did not generally teach center schools in winter, they offered me this school for all the following

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<sup>1</sup> Polly Williams died in Ravenna March 21, 1858, aged 73.

winter. But I was very young and afraid to undertake it, and Pa did not want me to. I taught four months that summer and one term in the Doolittle district in Streetsboro the next winter. After that I taught at Brimfield center two summers and a winter term in the west district of Brimfield. I froze my heel that winter and had to be carried to school for a week. I also taught one winter north of the center of Brimfield. At all these I boarded around. Augustus too taught the center school in Brimfield, during the winter, I believe, between my two summer terms there. Mary taught her only term of school in our home district, and Annis taught in Ravenna, assisting the wife of Lyman W. Hall, who edited the *Ohio Star*, to keep what was known as a very select school for young ladies.

*"We lived genteelly."* Nobody was very rich then and of course our folks were not. But Pa had saved a little money from his pay as county treasurer and we managed to get along so that, with what little we earned from teaching, he was able to send us all to Hiram. Though it was close living for our family there was none more respected than my father and mother. Everyone looked up to them and we lived genteelly. I remember Pa used to be called Squire Williams sometimes when I was a child. I never heard whether his father, who had been dead many years when I was born, was a Revolutionary soldier.<sup>1</sup> Their native town Pa always called "Warick" and his mother's family name "Chadick" instead of Warwick and Chadwick. It was after I had taught a term or two in Brimfield that I first went to Hiram in the fall of 1858 for I remember I had a beau there who came up to Hiram to see me. He was a singing-school teacher, lived in "the stone house," and was very well off. The girls would sing their prettiest in his school. I went, but could not sing. After school he took me riding and the girls were disgusted.

*A dear schoolmate.* In our Hiram days Addie Robbins of Solon was my brother's fiancée and my ideal in many ways. She stood in the first rank, serene, poised, self-contained. Her example, without ostentation or effort or seeming intention, set a standard of gentleness and culture of inestimable value to all of us. It was said of her, "She is the best bred and the best dressed girl in school." Some years after the death of Augustus just when he had won promotion to major in Garfield's regiment, she married Harry Rhodes, the friend of Garfield, and a man of such unusual ability that many felt he was his equal and would mount as high as he.

*Historic wedding.* Near the close of my first term at Hiram and two days after my eighteenth birthday, occurred the marriage of Miss Lucretia Rudolph to Mr. James A. Garfield. As my brother and I were guests, to us of course

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<sup>1</sup> Ebenezer Williams enlisted at Athol, near Warwick, and served from May 14, 1777, for a year and a day. See Vol. 17, *Mass. Soldiers and Sailors in the War of the Revolution*. He was chosen in 1808 to represent Warwick in the General Court, and served the town seven years as selectman, one year as superintending school committeeman, and several more as justice of the peace. See Blake's *History of Warwick*, pp. 102, 194, and 201, and the *Mass. Register*, 1814, 1815, and 1816.



it was a grand occasion. Having been her pupil I loved her very much, and Mr. Garfield was my ideal then, as he has ever been, of all that is manly, brilliant, and good—a Sir Galahad, our knight, without stain and without reproach. Several young girls were asked to attend upon her and we were expected to help serve refreshments and make ourselves generally useful. They were Eliza Clapp (Mrs. Glazier), Tillie Newcomb (Mrs. Ellis), Mattie Rudolph (Mrs. Carlton), the bride's sister Nellie (Mrs. Rockwell), and others whom I do not recall. We were dressed in white, with low necks and short sleeves, and I remember well Harry Rhodes' remark that the bride and her maids were a galaxy of beauty. President Hitchcock of Hudson (Western Reserve) College performed the ceremony, which to us young people seemed very impressive.

*Beaux gestes.* Among the students one year came Henry Clay White, later for many years the beloved probate judge in Cleveland. I decided at once to set my cap for him, but my tricky genius led me to introduce him to Sabrina Capron and from that time my cake was dough. Sometime afterwards Dellie Robbins (Mrs. Blackman) and I were invited to visit Sabrina at her home in Auburn, so I wrote a note to Charlie Henry, my beau, who kept a horse and buggy in Hiram, if he knew of anyone who had a rig that we could get. He answered most politely that he thought Mr. Young had horses for hire. But when the time arrived old Maje was hitched at our door. Frank Mason, our consul for many years at Berne, Paris, and Berlin, made a series of very comical sketches of the affair which I still have at Geauga Lake.

*Student raillery.* One day my roommate and I on our way to our boarding house saw Charlie in front of Mary McMillan's where he roomed, sawing wood and smoking a pipe. As he caught a glimpse of us he threw the pipe away. When we reached him we asked what had become of the pipe we had seen. He answered, "Pipe! The baseless fabric of a dream. Pipe or vision, both have vanished in smoke." One first of April several of the girls wrote notes purporting to come from Miss Booth and asking the boys of our set to wait upon her at her rooms. One of them was heard to say in passing, "We have broken no important rules but lots of small ones." They declared afterwards that they had spent a delightful evening, but a member of the party confessed that when some time had passed one of the boys plucked up courage to say that they had come at her request. She replied, "Young gentlemen, I think you have forgotten the day of the month." Once a lecturer on woman's rights came to Hiram and spoke in derision of "man as the oak and woman as the clinging vine," when someone called out "Let her cling," which sentiment was cheered by the boys.<sup>1</sup>

*Hiram's Campus Martius.* Then came the War, when so many of our Hiram boys enlisted. One day someone said in chapel, "Ed Henry has joined

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<sup>1</sup> See Chapters 6 and 7 for other reminiscences of their Hiram life.

the Twenty-third Regiment." He was, I think, the first to enlist from the school. The boys formed companies and were drilled by some officer sent there, I can not recall whom. The girls too formed a company and were drilled by Pem Cowles, a student from Chardon, afterwards color-bearer of the Forty-second, Garfield's regiment. Could the old campus tell tales it would speak of many a gallant soldier who learned his manual of arms there. Hi Chamberlain—Lord High Chamberlain we called him in those days—asked me one evening to go to Miss Morton's room and hear a new song, and I heard "Dixie Land" for the first time. I do not think many of us took the War seriously. We thought it only a question of a few months. It was a time of very great excitement, however. Most of us left Hiram at the end of that year never to return as students. With the boys all gone and everything changed it seemed too forlorn to go back there.

*War tragedy.* The Hiram boys who volunteered were mostly in Company A of the Forty-second Ohio, Garfield's regiment, and Augustus was their chosen captain. In October while they were in training at Camp Chase, near Columbus, several of the Hiram girls went down to visit them, Addie and Myra Robbins, myself, and somebody else, I think. Mrs. Garfield chaperoned us. We did not call it that then, but that is what it was. The boys gave us their tents. We had a very jolly time, though it was sad too. In the night we heard a terrible rumpus, horses galloping, etc. Dr. Squire of Hiram, who was also visiting the camp, came finally and in his tremulous voice, which I had never heard before, said, "Gi-i-rls, do-o-n't be fri-i-ghtened, Co-o-mpany A has gone to Colu-u-mbus to get some dru-u-nken fellow." At first I *was* frightened by his voice, but he reassured us. The Forty-second's first battle, Middle Creek, won for our captain the commission as major that he was never to use. As soon as Augustus, stricken with camp fever, was left in Cincinnati (March 30, 1862) Mary went down to take care of him. One day a week or two afterwards Pa and Ma went to Ravenna, as they did almost daily to get the latest word about his condition, and left me alone on the farm. I picked up a paper and read about the battle of Shiloh with its awful slaughter. Then upon some suggestion in that newspaper account and while I was ironing in the house by myself, I composed "The German Soldier."<sup>1</sup> Our folks moved back

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<sup>1</sup> Amid that mangled multitude  
On Shiloh's battle ground I stood  
At eventide;  
The glory and the pomp had fled,  
I saw the dying and the dead,  
But naught beside.

Oh it seemed mockery to boast  
That either was the victor host  
On that dread day,  
So many of our brave were lost,  
Such fearful sacrifice it cost  
The price to pay.

Amid the dead and dying there  
Was a young boy with golden hair  
And eye of blue;  
I knew the sting, the pang, had passed,  
For on his brow had gathered fast  
The chill death dew.

I raised him up most tenderly,  
It seemed so sad for him to die,  
That fair-haired boy;  
A heavenly light his bright eye bore,  
He called me Mother—murmured o'er  
Wild words of joy.



to Ravenna that spring, and it was there that after a relapse Augustus died July 25, 1862. They always lived in the same house on the south side of Spruce Street after that. When they had lived in Ravenna before, it was in the house next west which fronted on Prospect Street. Pa had built that house. The one we lived in last had been Aunt Polly's, and I had boarded there when I went to school in Ravenna.

*Teaching in Alliance.* The next two years I taught in Alliance. It was the last school I ever had. My salary? Oh I don't know how much pay I got. Money never cut much of a figure with me. The same Mr. Pickett was superintendent there that had taught in Shalersville. That is the way I came to get the school. I taught the intermediate grade between the primary and the high school. Mr. Pickett had his hand partly cut off by a buzz saw, so I left my school to someone else and took his high-school work. I kept at it longer than I expected, about half a term. There J. Laurence Laughlin, the political economist, came to school to me. He was called Launty Laughlin then. It was in Alliance too that I ripped a boy's coat off his back with a penknife when he refused to take it off for a whipping. He said his father would have me punished for it, but after school I saw his father first.<sup>1</sup>

*War enters Ohio.* Morgan's raid into Ohio in July 1863 caused much excitement in Alliance. The town was full of soldiers and the people could scarcely talk of anything but the War. A regiment of troops was quartered there and the commanding officer, Colonel Oliver, with his wife and sister, boarded at the same place I did. It was a large boarding house and there were several other teachers there. Almost every night on the way home from school we used to drop into the shop of a milliner that we all liked, and Ella Oliver often came there too. Her brother, the Colonel, had just captured General Morgan and she used to carry Morgan's revolver around and show the trophy to everybody. One evening in the shop she began telling me before all the girls about a hateful thing someone had said of me. My face flushed and my hair grew redder than ever. When she had finished I walked over and

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<sup>1</sup> Sometime after the episode of the penknife, Mother mentioned it to Grandmother Henry, who, allowing her but a poet's spunk, naively observed, "I didn't suppose you had energy enough for that." But Grandmother did not yet know her new daughter-in-law!

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He made swift flight across the sea;  
The breezes of loved Germany  
His spirit fanned.  
The cord was loosed, once more he trod  
With eager feet the dear old sod  
Of Fatherland.

He placed his sun-browned hand in mine,  
Along the shell-strewn banks of Rhine  
Again to roam;  
He sang old songs of love and fame  
Which ever ended just the same,—  
"We're almost home."

Poor boy! the turf upon his breast  
Grown green in this far distant West,  
Without a stone;  
Fighting the battles of the free  
Far from his own loved Germany  
He fell, unknown.

gave her a good slap in the face and said, "There, that is for telling me of it." Of course she did not like it, but my anger ended there. It was a good lesson for the girls, for I heard some of them say they would never again tell people unpleasant things said about them.



### 13. *With Bride in Baton Rouge*

FATHER'S homecoming to Pond and Ravenna with his bride concluded their wedding journey, which in that day involved of course a trip to Niagara Falls. Thence they had gone to Forestville, Chautauqua County, New York, where Uncle Newton Henry's family resided. There also his sister, Aunt Maria Goodsell, lived with them while both her brother Newton and her husband were still absent fighting for their country.

Before the first of December the travelers had returned to Ravenna, where Father now prepared to go back to Baton Rouge and arrange for Mother to follow as soon as practicable. In connection with Father's Northern tour Colonel Pardee had entrusted to him twenty-four hundred dollars to be laid out, together with what money he might contribute, in Ohio merchandise for the New Orleans market. He thereupon procured from General Garfield the following letter:

Hiram, O., Nov. 28, 1864.

W. P. Mellen, Esq.,  
Special Treas. Agt.

Dear Sir:—

I desire to introduce to your favorable acquaintance the bearer of this, Lieut. Charles E. Henry, late of the 42nd O. V. I. He has served the full term of three years with faithfulness and distinction, and now desires to engage in such trade in the lower Mississippi Valley as is consistent with the Treasury Regulations. I have long known Lt. H. and I take pleasure in commending him as worthy your fullest confidence, and I trust you will extend to him all the facilities for his undertaking that you [can]. By so doing you will not only aid him in an important matter, but will greatly oblige

Your Ob't Serv't,

J. A. Garfield

Accordingly, Father bought in Ravenna, on December 1, 1864, upwards of four hundred dollars' worth of cheese. On the following day he stopped in Columbus long enough to be formally mustered out of the military service, and from December 3 to 10 he waited in Cincinnati, probably for the arrival of his cheese or the departure of a New Orleans boat, or both. There he bought apples, potatoes, butter, pigs' feet, whiskey, and candles, all of which, with the outlays for cheese, insurance, freight, etc., aggregated \$3331.62. The butter melted on the levee at New Orleans, so that the transaction, when closed up two or three months later, netted the partners the magnificent profit of two dollars and twenty-two cents each.

Father had brought with him to Ohio from Baton Rouge his servant already mentioned, a faithful, unassuming young colored man, named Philip, whom he left at Pond to work there for his board and perform the light farmstead duties that Grandfather Henry's seventieth year and declining strength made more and more burdensome. Expatiating quaintly upon these themes, Grandfather wrote to his daughter Maria on Sunday, February 5, 1865:

We have more quiet than last winter when we had Irish Pat to make all the unnecessary noise that he could. I am not as poorly as I was last winter. Still my complaint is similar to what it was then. The cause is a humor in the blood that leaves the surface and strikes internally in severe cold weather, thus clogging the lungs with the impure particles in the blood. My cough is not very bad and I can sleep well nights. I don't expose myself as much as I did last winter. Before winter came on, I had no cough and felt quite rugged, but had a troublesome irritation on the surface all summer.

Charley's man Philip cuts wood and does the chores; has a little job now and then helping railroad passengers. He is a kind-hearted fellow as ever lived; is a genuine darkey; sings some laughable nigger songs. His affection for his mother is an honorable trait in his character. By his account she was a pious Methodist and taught him the fear of the Lord in his younger days. Such was her influence over him, I don't think he would have ever left her, had he not first obtained her consent. She told him to go and get his liberty.

Earlier in the same letter Grandfather quoted what Father had written on January 22 about the weather in Baton Rouge, where there "had been rain and fog for a number of days; matches so damp they had to dry them by the fire before they would burn; bedding so damp they could almost wring water from it." And on the same sheet, Grandmother wrote:

Ann got a letter from Soph, saying Charley had sent for her to come to Baton Rouge. She started last week in company with Colonel Sheldon and wife and Mrs. Pardee. They will stay some time. Charley is pleading law; gets great pay. He made in one week enough to bear his expenses home and back.

In true abolitionist spirit, Grandmother in the meantime had taught Philip to read, while Grandfather unveiled to him the mysteries of arithmetic. Father, having battled successfully for the freedom of Philip and his race, now felt free to devote all his energies for a season to the furtherance of his own neglected fortunes. The merchandising adventure had proved disappointing, but the practice of law in Baton Rouge brought better results, as attested by the following entries from his private account book:

Received during	January,	\$825.
"	" February	375.
"	" March	390.
"	" April	425.

From April 22 to May 22, inclusive, he received \$235 more, making in all \$2250 for five months' business. The detailed items disclose a practice no less



varied than voluminous, embracing both civil and criminal matters of some moment. There lies before me Father's written argument, presented in May, 1865, before a court-martial, in defence of one John Reynolds charged with murder. The document owes its existence, of course, to the requirement that all court-martial proceedings be reduced to writing. Too long to copy here, it exhibits no mean forensic ability for one who had practiced so brief a time.

Reynolds, while serving, during the previous November, as lieutenant in command of a Confederate recruiting squad engaged in apprehending deserters and impressing conscripts, had shot and killed one Thomas Hutchinson, who, resisting arrest, had fatally wounded one of Reynolds' men. Much prejudice was aroused against Reynolds, partly because of the zeal with which he pressed into the Confederate service men alleged to be loyal to the United States. Apparently he was, and should have been, acquitted. But Grandfather Williams, writing from Ravenna June 1, 1865, in reply to Father's letter to him of May 15, thus moralized:

I am glad to hear that your business is good, but hope you are not trying very hard to screen murderers from justice for money, for the murderer should suffer the penalty of his crime. "He that sheds man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed," is Heaven's decree, and man should not arrest the stroke.

Though Father, within a month after his return to Baton Rouge, felt the condition of affairs there to be secure enough, in both its pecuniary and its martial aspects, to warrant Mother's joining him, he had by no means settled upon the law as his permanent vocation nor upon the South as his fixed place of abode. To my Aunt Mary Williams in Ravenna, he wrote from Baton Rouge on February 4, 1865:

I did not see Colonel Sheldon when he went up, but gave Pardee all necessary directions for him to bring Sophie, and wrote to her all the necessary details for getting ready. I look for them down about the twelfth or fifteenth instant, and shall watch closely for them, to go down on the same boat. I want Soph to see New Orleans and the Lake, Shell Road, etc. How long we may stay in this region, so befitting for saurians, I can not say. If Soph does not like it, we will go back North in the spring.

I had designed, after arriving here and looking around, that I would go on a plantation; but, at the present price of cotton, and high rate of provisions for hands, and wages also, I concluded that little could be made. An old man told me that his son would give me three or four thousand a year, on his return from Washington; but, as he has not returned yet, I am still in uncertainty on that point. Have done better than I could possibly expect in one month's sojourn here; but, maybe for the next three months, I could only make my (our, I should say) board at the increased rates of landlords to sixty dollars per month.

People here are wailing for peace. I think if they feel so all through the South, it is not far distant. Speculation here is on the decline, and it takes a sharp man to turn his hundred in a few weeks after a thousand is invested as capital.



Some officers have called on me and I must close more abruptly than I wish to. My kindest regards to Father and Mother Williams. I hope to be able to drop you a few lines occasionally and would be truly happy to hear from you. Asking to be remembered in your prayers, I am, with much respect, Your affectionate brother

Charles E. Henry

Among other projects, Father, it seems, had some thought of embarking upon the ferry business. Generals Sheldon and Pardee (for both had been brevetted brigadiers) had renewed together in New Orleans the practice of the law, which they had begun in Ohio before the War in their home counties, Lorain and Medina, respectively. But they, too, had their eyes open to other things. Pardee wrote Father from that city on February 26, 1865:

My dear Judge: What about that ferry? I hear that the lines are open to Baton Rouge; if so, ferrying at that point must be a paying business. Let me know how the matter stands. Business here is about as usual. . . . Sheldon is averse to boarding or living in Gretna and is, for the present, boarding at City Hotel. I am favorable to Gretna, and for the present Mrs. Pardee and I are at Judge Bisbee's. I shall probably move into Mr. Hector's house when he moves out. Write me as to the ferry. As soon as we are established, will send for you to come down. Remember me to Mrs. Henry.

Truly yours,

Don A. Pardee

On the same day Grandfather Henry wrote from Pond:

Dear Charlie: I suppose you have the genial atmosphere of spring while we are enduring the heavy damp wind of a February thaw. Ice, which is very thick, is breaking in the streams. Three-fourths of the ground may be bare, but the heavy drifts, I think, will not all be dissolved until April. A few crows and solitary robins are the only spring birds that have made their appearance. Poor Carlos has at last slept in death after a long time of suffering. . . . All the people here are well enough to be around. Deacon and Walter have been quite poorly, but are now better. Edward was there to help, as his school was out. He goes to Hiram in a few days for another term.

My health is quite good now, only I am rheumatic. Philip is hale and hearty; says, "Colonel Pardee said the Judge had none of the black dog about him; he was honest." Philip still is learning well and masters many long words. I have put him to work in division, and he makes handsome figures on the slate. I have just asked Philip what I should write for him. He says, "Tell the Judge I hope he will be successful in all his undertakings," and that he expected "to make a good lot of sugar this spring," and that he had "taken up barbering some, as he had shaved two gentlemen, Mr. Simon and Edward Henry."

Had a letter from J.N. a few days since. He was in Grant's army near Patrick Station; was in good health when he wrote. His duty had been much lightened, as they had sent most of their sick to City Point. He thought that he should commence practice as a physician as soon as he left the army. Have not heard from Maria for some time.

Recruits are posted away rapidly to the front to reinforce our armies. No draft on the Reserve yet. Better men are going forward this time than the



two previous drafts; quite a portion of them old soldiers. Perhaps many who go now will never witness a fight. The rebel soldiers are getting dispirited and despondent. The body of Rebeldom is dead already at the extremities. The Copperhead party have not moved a finger or toe for a long time. The heart beats yet at Richmond, with a velocity that shows death is coming soon.

My love to Sophia, and God bless you both in time and save you eternally in his kingdom.

J. Henry

Meanwhile, late in February, Mother arrived safe in Baton Rouge, after a pleasant voyage down the River. Besides the fellow-passengers mentioned above, she met among others General Lew Wallace, already distinguished in arms, and later, still more so in letters. One of the topics of discussion during the trip was General Garfield's heroism at Chickamauga and his instant rise to eminence in Congress as the leading spirit of the House Committee on Military Affairs. Mother ventured the opinion that Garfield would yet become president. Whatever General Wallace may have thought of this prediction, another officer present saw fit to scout the notion.

In the course of their conversation he asked Mother where she lived. Being informed, he remarked slightly that he had never heard of such a place. "Never heard of any place called Ravenna?" returned Mother quizzically, as she glanced towards General Wallace and read the smiling interest in his eyes. "Never heard the name before," stoutly asserted her questioner, fairly impaled upon his own ignorance of the famous city which shelters Dante's ashes, and in honor of which Mother's home town was named. General Wallace looked his amusement and Mother felt vindicated.<sup>1</sup>

A fortnight afterwards Father wrote to his sister Maria Goodsell:

Baton Rouge, March 8, 1865.

My dear Sister: Yours reached me a few days ago. We were glad to hear from you that you were well and comparatively happy. We are too. Soph arrived two weeks since, and soon we hope to get to keeping house. Spring is upon us in all its genial warmth and beauty. I have been quite busy since coming here and have enjoyed excellent health. The town and country still bear the deep furrows of war, but people begin to hope that peace is not far distant and that the vast lowlands of Louisiana will again erelong thrive in beauty.

Father wrote about the time you did. I am glad he has escaped his usual winter sickness. Soph will write to you, I guess, and tell you more about

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<sup>1</sup> In the *Ladies' Home Journal* for September, 1913, the naming of Portage County's shire-town a century before is ascribed to a traveler in Europe at that time whose elder brother, Benjamin Tappan, had early acquired through the Connecticut Land Company a tract in the Western Reserve which embraced this town site. He spent a winter here, and the first settlers wanted to name the town Tappan, when a letter from his brother abroad urged him to call it after the beautiful Italian city of Ravenna. It was from their kinsman William Tappan, of this frontier Ravenna, and John Tappan, of Boston, that Mother's grandfather Ebenezer Williams bought his farm, then in the wilderness but now in the west part of Ravenna village. There he resided scarcely a year before he died in 1816. See Portage County Deed Records, Vol. 2, p. 463; deed dated July 26, 1815, acknowledged August 12, and recorded November 11, 1815.





Charles E. Henry and Bride during their Wedding Journey  
(November 1864). Steamboat Landing, Baton Rouge, La.





matters here than I can. I don't get much news from home now. I suppose the reason is I am out of the army and my friends there care less for me. I don't know how long we will stay here. Should the warm weather injure Sophie's health, we may go North this summer.

Shelt's time will be out before long, and I suppose you will be glad of it. I would like to see him very much. In case we go North, we will surely come and see you.

I have a splendid law library, worth at least two thousand dollars. I was fortunate in getting hold of it. I am studying, all the leisure time I can get, the *Civil Code* of this State. At present I practice before the military courts and have considerable business.

I must close. May this find you prosperous and happy.

Your affectionate brother,

Chas. E. Henry

Father's law books, as a working library, may have been worth the sum he named, in the sense that they could not be replaced with new books of the same sort for a less amount. But a few months afterwards, when he offered them for sale in New Orleans, withholding Greenleaf, Phillips, Blackstone, Bouvier, Story, Kent, and a few other textbooks, for his own future use, they brought but a tithe of his estimate of their value. The staple books that he reserved laid, however, the welcome foundation of my own law library, twenty-five years later.

According to his promise, General Pardee wrote Father from New Orleans, on March 23, 1865, "We are keeping house now and will be glad to see you and Mrs. Henry whenever you can come down." On receipt of this invitation, Father and Mother went down the River, and stayed until April 3. Four days later, Mother wrote:

Baton Rouge, April 7, 1865.

Dear Sister Mary: On my return from the City on Monday last, I found a letter awaiting me from you, dated March the nineteenth, and it is the first and only one I have received, since I have been here, from anyone. So you can imagine that I was very thankful to get it. You say it is the fourth which you and Pa have written to Charlie and me, but we received none except those which are directed in care of the provost marshal. Charles never received any from me except those which were thus directed. . . .

So Annis arrived safely home, did she? How long after I came away? You must remember that what your letter contained is all I know of what has happened since my departure; and, although it will be rather tiresome to you, I wish you would write all about it again. Where is Mr. Newton? and are they going back to Wisconsin when his time expires? I hope they will not; for I fear I shall not see them, if they do, as I do not expect to come home this summer, unless the heat affects me much more than it has done already. . . .

Now I will tell you about my visit to New Orleans. We went down on the *Lady Gay*, a new boat from Cincinnati. Had a pleasant trip down. When we arrived at the City Hotel, where Colonel Sheldon boards, we found that they were over the River in Gretna, where Colonel Pardee lives, or rather that Mrs.



Sheldon was ; so we went over in a steam ferryboat. They seemed very glad to see me and I enjoyed my visit very much. Colonel Pardee lives in a very pretty place indeed. . . . We went across the River one night to the Varieties Theater and heard "Shylock, or the Merchant of Venice," played by Lawrence Barrett as Shylock. It was very good, I thought ; and then the romance of the thing was, that when we went back, the ferryboat had stopped running, and we had to cross in a little skiff.

Sunday we did not go to church, but looked into the "nigger" church which is close by Mrs. Pardee's. It was a funeral. We could see all the preparations from their porch, and it was very laughable to see how much trouble they had, to get everything arranged to suit. The marshal, or whatever they called him, wore a black crape scarf, and the women all walked together and the men in the same manner. About all the women had black dresses and white turbans, though some wore white throughout. Some wore very elegant embroidered dresses.

And you ought to hear that darky preach ! He would scream at the top of his voice, just as long as he could without breathing, and then lower it until you could scarcely hear him. And in that manner he continued about three hours, part of his audience singing in a low tone all the time, part screaming, and all weaving back and forth. Every once in a while some one would get the power, and then two or three would rush up and hold her screaming and yelling until she would at last fall back perfectly lifeless. We looked in at the door a while until we got tired, and then went to supper.

After supper we walked out on the levee to a plantation, belonging to a Frenchman by the name of Hector, about a mile from Colonel Pardee's ; stayed some time, and when we came home, the meeting was just breaking up. I think that preacher must have been pretty well used up.

All aglow with happy memories of orange trees in white and gold and glossy green ; of Canal Street's famous shops, whereof her souvenirs were a sixteen-dollar bonnet and a sixty-dollar shawl ; and, of the generosity and loveliness of Mesdames Pardee and Sheldon, Mother "came home, tired out visiting, and almost glad to get back," she added, "to quiet and my own room again. It is strange how soon a place seems like home to one." Little Mexican Niná rushes to her room and almost smothers her with kisses ; darkey Mortimor, who brings her coffee every morning before she is up, grins all over ; and all the girls are glad to have her back.

You remember I told you that I guessed Miss Emma and Mary would not succeed in catching any of our officers ; but I find I was mistaken, and nothing makes me so provoked as to see how our Northern officers act. The truth is, if a girl here is not absolutely ugly, she can have her choice out of any number of them, and the consequence is that almost every Southern girl is engaged to or has married a Northern officer. Mind I say "officer," for they do not condescend to look at a private. As long as I have boarded here, I never saw a private soldier in this house. But the officers are plenty, and Miss Mary, who is neither pretty nor smart, is engaged, and going to be married the twenty-fifth of this month, to Adjutant Divine, who would not look at her if he was at home. They seem to be actually infatuated. I can not understand it at all.

Miss Mary told me that she did not know which she did like best, this Adjutant Divine, or a Captain Kirby, who is in a dying condition on her



account. Miss Emma I like very much. She is a good, sweet little girl. She is to be married, at the same time, to Doctor Dean, who is a splendid fellow and whom any girl North would be glad and proud to marry. Oh, it is a shame, and I can not explain it, that they should all marry these simpering, silly Southerners.

Now I want to write something particularly to Pa. Charlie wishes me to say that he expects to send by express soon, fifteen hundred dollars home, and he wishes you to put it into bank in the same shape as the other, if you can and if you think best. But if there is an opportunity of buying a house and lot, that you think would be a good bargain—that you are sure would be—why, do that, as Charlie says the money would be safer in real estate than lying in the bank. You know what would be a good investment.

I have written a very long letter, and I guess you are ready to cry enough. So, good-bye,

Sophie

A fortnight later (April 22) Mother told how the news of Lee's surrender and of Lincoln's assassination was received in Baton Rouge:

What sad, sad events have been transpiring at our capital the past week, following so closely upon our great rejoicing. I am almost inclined to think that if our American people had manifested their joy in some other way than by universally getting drunk, it would not have happened. There was scarcely a sober man in Baton Rouge on the receipt of the news that Richmond had fallen and that Lee had surrendered. But they are effectually sobered now. What a terrible calamity. Brave men, who never quailed in battle, have turned pale with anguish, and tears have fallen from eyes unused to weeping, at the tidings that our good President is dead.

But there is one consolation: it can not affect our success. It can only make our final triumph more complete. And it is almost a satisfaction to know that these cursed rebels will never find another man so ready to forgive and forget as Lincoln was. The loyal people are universally lamenting his death; and, though many disloyal are secretly glad, Charlie says it is only the very foolish ones, for all others know how much their cause must suffer in consequence. . . .

Our folks (Mrs. Allen and Misses Emma and Mary Frank) are very busy (a wonder) getting ready for the approaching wedding, which is to take place on the twenty-fifth, next Tuesday. Miss Emma only is to be married. Miss Mary's is postponed until fall. Our little Mexican is in a perfect flutter of excitement. . . .

I hardly think we shall go to housekeeping, as we have hitherto been unsuccessful in getting a house, and as we were somewhat discouraged when Mrs. Pardee told us how much their furniture cost. And then it is getting to be such warm weather that I don't know how we would ever get settled. . . .

Charlie sends much love. He sent a letter containing ten dollars to pay the express charges on that money. He is going to send five hundred dollars more soon, to make four thousand dollars in bank. I shall be very glad when we have enough to come home. Still, as long as Charlie can do so much better here than North, it seems foolish to go home. But I shall never live South, I don't like it well enough. . . .

Here I can not forbear to quote (for the last time) another joint letter from Grandfather and Grandmother Henry, though at the risk of allotting undue



space to side topics. Several reasons conspire to this decision. First, Father's parents had little occasion to write him after this time, because he saw them frequently; and this is perhaps the latest extant letter to him from either. Secondly, the letter is characteristic of both writers and in it they reveal themselves. Lastly, it reflects the local aspects of historic events.

Pond, Ohio, April 23, 1865.

Dear Charlie and Sophia: Yours, or rather Sophia's of the 7th April, was received two days since, and I offer Sophia my sincere thanks for her kind remembrance of the Old Folks away up in Ohio. Years are bending the old ones into decrepitude and childish weakness; but a letter from my good children in the far off South is quite an antidote, to make me forget, for a time, the stiffness of my old rheumatic joints—as rheumatism is my principle ailment at the present. Old Mrs. Henry has turned out to church today, notwithstanding the inclement weather, as they expected a new minister. The weather, as bleak as March. A furious snow-squall this morning, that whitened the ground. Yesterday was cold and boisterous. The spring is more forward than usual. Fruit trees look quite green, and stock find feed as the pastures and meadows have put on that beautiful green peculiar to this latitude.

Not much home news. The Methodists have bought out Chris Edick in order to get rid of that old nuisance of a grogshop and, as the Southerners say, "get shut of" a drunken set of vagabonds, who used to congregate there on the Sabbath—and their blasphemous language could be heard by the congregation in the Methodist house. Edick's plea was that he was poor and must do something to support his family. Edick is called honest, [and] although a Copperhead, has some patriotic streaks; as they say he declared he would whip old Bonney if he came there and said he was glad Lincoln was assassinated. Quite an excitement was got up against Bonney. As Harpham went there and told him the President was assassinated, Bonney was tugging at a big elder to pull it up. When the elder gave way, Bonney straightened up and said, "Glory to God," which Harpham understood as joy at the news, and so reported it. George Ellis, on hearing of it, started to Bonney's on double-quick, and soon called him to an account. Bonney, in reply, stated that he did not make the expression on account of the President's death, but shouted that he had pulled up the big elder root. George told him he had crawled off well; but if he would repeat his words to him, he would administer such a pounding, he would remember it the rest of his life.

Had a letter from J. N. yesterday, giving the details of the prowess of the Sixth Corps, to which he belongs, in breaking through the rebel lines before Petersburg, and their rapid pursuit of Lee's army. He speaks in high terms of Sheridan's matchless activity in heading Lee and compelling the surrender. He says, when that took place, every soldier shouted with a shout that he never heard before, and never expects to again. Brave fellows! Who is there so base, so recreant, he cannot join in this joy? They who had fought and bled and toiled on the weary pursuit of the traitorous foe, have reached the goal. The rebel foe crushed and humiliated, the end is come. And may all rejoice. Brave men! They deserve well of their country. J. N. says, such was the rapidity of the pursuit, the men would drop on the ground, rest a short time, and then "up and onward" was the cry.

The assassination of President Lincoln has finally exposed the foul fiend of Rebellion to the vision of all, and Andrew Johnson will put a firm hand on



rebels, so that they will say henceforth, "We will be subjects of law, and not follow the dictates of our own imperious will, that has led us to oppress the poor blacks for two centuries." Away with slaveholding Copperhead cant, "The blacks can't take care of themselves."

Squire is a selfish man. He has sent his white hired man away, and keeps Philip, who has worked for him three weeks at four dollars per month. Phil says he don't have to work very hard. Has apples and cider when he wants, and the boys treat him well. Be sure, when you write, to have a word for Philip. He feels sorry when overlooked.

J. Henry

Home, Sabbath evening, April 23, 1865.

Dear Absent Ones: Your honored father permits me to add one half sheet to his epistle, and, although I have little to write that will interest you, I join him in thanking you for your kind remembrance of us. I looked again in the envelope to see if Charley had not written a few lines, but was doomed to disappointment. You know, Charley, how happy your letters make us. Maybe you was afraid I would read them at meeting. I will promise you not to, if you will write in future.

Professor Brainerd came here from Washington and wanted me to take Bonny and carry him to Solon depot via of Mary McFarlin's. I went, and enjoyed my visit with him much. He told Aunt Chary that S. J. was a much smarter man than J. N., although, he said, the latter was a very pious man and doing great good in the army. We know that, without Professor Brainerd's telling us.

I rode over to meeting today and heard an excellent sermon by Elder Stevens. The text was, "Love mercy, deal justly, and walk humbly with God." Mr. and Mrs. Brewster walked up with me. I was thankful I could go. Had a good time. Ann says she has written to you, but thinks it was not directed right. She wished me to send her kind regards to you both, and hoped you would write to her. They are making cheese and butter lots. They get twenty-six cents per pound for butter and twelve for cheese. She bought a piece of cotton cloth for twenty-five cents per yard that last year was seventy cents per yard.

A gentleman from Ravenna called for dinner at Simon's; said he was well acquainted with Mr. Williams, your father; said they were well. He said he was boss of the Great Western Railroad bridges. I have forgotten his name—he was a widower. The only time we have heard from your people since you left. Ann and I have talked some of visiting them. Garfield and lady were on the train last evening going to Hiram. We would like to send you some nice sugar. We will save some for you when you return. I can't imagine what there is in that wretched country; as Charley calls it, that keeps him there. I feel sad when I think how far you are away, and can only pray that God's protecting care may be over you, that we may finally meet above.

Affectionately, P. H.

A letter from Grandmother Henry to her daughter Maria, dated May 21, 1865, suggested several of the reasons that shortly determined Father to quit Baton Rouge and return home. Complaining that nothing was being done on the farm, and blaming (perhaps unjustly) her son Simon's wife for this, she wrote: "I hired our garden plowed, and Pa has planted some of it. I think



things won't go so, long; we will rent the farm if she don't let S. J. work any of it. . . . I wish I could come and see you; but Pa is so poorly, I can't. Charley, I guess will come home soon; he is afraid of sickness."

Confirming the last intimation, Mother wrote on the same day to her sister Annis:

Charlie talks often about going home this summer, and you need not be very much surprised if you should see us sometime in June. If business gets dull, I think we certainly shall come; or, if I get sick again, Charlie says he shall pack me on board the first steamer and send me home. Still, I do not think I shall go North, without he does. I want to see you very much and think it foolish for you to go West; but of course you know your own business best. Charlie thinks, were he to go West, he should go to Missouri, or Texas, or California. If we come home, we shall immediately buy a place, I presume. If Charlie only had the reputation in Ravenna or Cleveland as a lawyer that he has here, he would commence the practice as soon as he gets home. As it is, he thinks there is very little chance for him there. But there is no danger but he will find something to do, and make money at it, too, notwithstanding some people's predictions.

Father and Mother had begun housekeeping soon after the first of May; but, with the increasing heat and drouth, Mother had two or three short sick spells. To her parents she wrote on May 29:

I don't want you to worry about me; I am just as well as I should be at home and, although it is very warm some of the time, I have nothing to do but keep cool. I have a very good girl, who does not expect me to do anything. You would be surprised to see how utterly dependent the white people are, down here. And the negroes never seem at all surprised at any amount of laziness (we would call it) in a white person. They rather seem surprised if [white people] show any inclination to work. . . .

Charlie and I rode out to a plantation, about four miles from here, last evening, which formerly belonged to a General Bernard. Being a great secessionist, he ran away to Texas when the Federals took the place, so his plantation came into Government hands and is leased to a man by the name of Goodale, a great friend of Charlie's. I saw the immense sugar mills and the vats (or cisterns, they call them) where the molasses drains from the hogsheads. They are very shallow and are plastered on the inside. Charlie says the niggers used to get right into them to dip up the molasses.

There are very few mills in operation in this part of the country now. A great many have been destroyed since the War commenced. And then there is a difficulty in raising the cane, as it comes from cuttings and not from seed; and these can not be obtained now without a good deal of difficulty, so that cotton is raised upon nearly all these old sugar plantations. There is a sugar mill not far from here, which Charlie says cost one hundred and eighty thousand dollars.

We went through the negro quarters, which consist of one street, with houses on both sides arranged in regular order. These houses are all alike, with two rooms, and a chimney in the middle. We stopped several times and talked with the people. Most of them seem very happy to be free—think it much better to work for wages than to be whipped about by a cruel master.

You ought to see the little mill for grinding corn. A post is fixed into the

ground, and a little mill, about as large as a coffee mill, attached to it. And in this little mill, which will hold about a pint, a hundred or two hundred people ground their peck of corn every Saturday night. No wonder that sometimes the poor weakly things were obliged to wait until almost morning before their turn came around. I never realized so fully as now the horrors of slavery.

When we returned, we stopped at a soldiers' burying ground. There they lie, just as close as the graves can be dug side by side, brave men from Maine to Oregon, with the little white board at the head of each grave, with the name, regiment, and State of the soldier who lies beneath. Some, however, have no headboard, and this seemed doubly sad, to think that no kind friend would ever weep above these graves.

I would like to see you all very much, and possibly may before fall. Write very often. We have to pay sixty cents for butter and a dollar a dozen for eggs, and everything in proportion. . . .



## 14. *A Fresh Start in Ohio*

SITUATED but seven degrees from the Torrid Zone, and too far from the Gulf to get its tempering breezes, Baton Rouge, as the summer solstice neared, was bound to grow hotter than unacclimatized Yankees would abide. The hint of nostalgia in Mother's letter now rapidly stiffened into the set purpose of returning North as soon as possible. At the same time Father, mindful of his sunstroke of two years before, had about concluded to leave his growing practice and he was now no longer accepting retainers. What proved to be the last entry in his office docket was already a week old when the above letter was written.

His last extant letter from home bears date June 1. Notice was then being published of the coming court sale of the McClintock farm just south of the one on which he was born. He probably wrote to "the Deacon" to bid, in his behalf, for the parts he wanted. On June 30 these were struck off to him. News of this, when dispatched, could but quicken preparations for the departure. He shipped his Louisiana law books to New Orleans, where Generals Sheldon and Pardee were already prospering in their practice of law together. On July 4 the latter wrote: "Your library was received by the *Mittie Stevens* with bookcase all right. . . . Can't you come down here before you go North?"

Three weeks later his brother George K. Pardee addressed a letter from Wadsworth, Ohio, to Father at Pond, saying, "Yours of the 23d ult. is at hand. I was surprised to learn that you were at home." Doubtless "ult." should read *inst.*, for on July 19 Grandfather Henry had written to his daughter Maria, "Charlie came day before yesterday." Thus he and Mother must have left Baton Rouge early in the month and have reached Ravenna not later than the middle.

For the next seven months Mother remained at home, while Father, who also stayed there much of the time, was casting about for a permanent occupation and location. He had some notion of applying for admission to the bar of Ohio with a view to practicing law, perhaps in Ravenna, but the outlook there did not appear to be sufficiently promising.

For nearly three months, beginning about the middle of August, he and J. H. Rhodes, his teacher and friend at Hiram, were somewhat attracted by the flurry over a new petroleum field east of Oil City, Pennsylvania. Each spent some days there, but their small investments failed to enrich them, though

Father, at least, risked little and lost nothing. During this period he wrote his brother-in-law in Bainbridge as follows:

Oleopolis, September 2, 1865.

My dear Brewster: I promised to write you when I should see an opening for a fair business. Well, I see nothing certain yet, and may not for some time. Things are in a chrysalis or embryonic state as yet. I just heard that a good well had been struck a mile and a half above here. If so, property will be high here. An auction came off yesterday of lots in this place. They all went double what I paid. I hope, with care and good management, I can make enough to support my family through the winter. Still we can not tell what will turn up. I can't see any trade here yet—only in the liquor line. Yesterday and today being wet, quite a demand by the Irish is being made for whiskey in the drink.

I can not tell or advise you to come out here yet. You might do well, and might not. Oats have sold and I guess are selling here for a dollar per bushel. It might cost from five to ten cents per bushel to get them here. They may fall in two weeks to eighty cents. They would have to be shipped on the cars to Oil City and hauled up on flats fourteen miles to this place.

I feel a little lonesome sometimes here, but manage to get along and kill time. Teaming is fifteen dollars per day here, and some get twenty and twenty-five dollars jobbing. I think some of buying a team here and teaming a little. I can hire drivers for a dollar and a dollar and a quarter per day, and I think a team will pay for itself in two months. I was offered one rig this morning for four hundred and forty dollars—wagon and harness new and horses good size—and maybe I will take them Monday.

There is no particular market here for butter and cheese. Still, I don't think a man would lose to bring a small quantity out. I will write you again soon, if I don't go home next week. If I see property permanently rise here, I will hold on to it and wait a spell.

Yours truly,

C. E. Henry

Address Pit Hole City, Pennsylvania—if you want to write.

It may have been while sojourning in the oil region that Father wrote "A Temperance Story for My Aunt Mary," the manuscript of which I find among his papers. The scene includes "a forest of derricks," where the hero, a young army officer, takes his bride after the War, and vainly seeks sudden riches, till his convivial habits, the relic of army life, bring them both into utter destitution. Without much difficulty one may discern in this plot some flavor of realism. Certainly the atmosphere of the provost marshal's office in Baton Rouge, a twelvemonth before, had not always been redolent of the principles of the ante-bellum temperance society in Bainbridge. The truth is that some young bloods in town and garrison drank deep and played high.

I have never heard of Father's being particularly addicted to either practice, but recall his hinting of occasions late at night in Baton Rouge, when rolls of whiskey-soaked bills, won at poker, were tossed to him for safekeeping. The story that Father wrote, has little merit as literature, but it was well enough that he felt moved to write it. In after years the distressing fate of a brilliant comrade in arms, who was very near and dear to both Father and his com-



mander, though it could not adorn his tale, forcibly pointed its stern moral. This man lost both hands from freezing while he was intoxicated. Fatal as the alcoholic appetite of army days became to many a promising career, Father held it in firm abeyance throughout the active period of his life; nor did it overmaster him even when waning vitality, with its call for stimulants, countenanced the lesser abstinence of his latest years.

Before the middle of October, the oil mirage having faded, he addressed himself to the problem that perplexed his parents, namely, what to do with their farm, which, during their declining years, they had found themselves unable to keep up. Much work needed to be done there, and Father turned his hand at once to the things that seemed most pressing. It soon developed that his brother Simon desired to sell the land which he had received from Grandfather, and that the latter wanted Father not only to buy Uncle Simon out, but also to take the rest of the farm on such terms as would secure to his parents a separate home and comfortable living there so long as either survived.

To acquire and farm these places, in connection with the adjacent McClintock land, which, as above noted, he had already purchased by way of investment, became, under the circumstances, the natural if not the most profitable thing to do in order to relieve his parents from their anxiety and at the same time to settle down for himself. Negotiations were completed during the winter following, though the conveyances did not all pass until later in the year. Grandmother, with a prudence born of experience, persistently refused to execute the deed which stood ready for her signature, and Grandfather, finally crossing out all reference in the document to her and her dower, signed it alone on October 10, 1866.

Three weeks later Father made a life lease of the premises to both his parents, and Grandmother, soon after her husband's death, providently recorded it. According to the understanding among all concerned, Father, however, farmed the place as his own, save that, with his attentive care, Grandmother, as long as she lived, had the exclusive use of the farm buildings and garden, together with her household furniture, a saddle pony, and a dairy of four or five cows.

Meanwhile, the buildings and fences on Grandfather's homestead required such immediate repairs and renewals that, with the other work to be done and supplies to be procured for their current support, the property must soon, bating some such arrangement, have been literally consumed. The details of Father's outlays of work and money in this behalf, during the next four years, aggregate as much as the forty-three acres that Grandfather conveyed to him were worth when he took the place—reaching \$754.75 by the time Grandfather died on January 10, 1869, and \$1083.40 when the account was discontinued on December 31, 1870. There, too, for ten years more, Grandmother enjoyed in peace and contentment her independent home,

until her decease on January 21, 1881, aged eighty years, eight months and twenty days.

As regards Father, all this was of course precisely as it should be, calling for neither praise nor dispraise; and though he might perhaps, by settling elsewhere, have won greater pecuniary success and toiled less, he could hardly have led a more eventful or, on the whole, a happier life than that which he thus began upon ancestral soil.

For the conveyance by deed dated November 15, 1865, from his brother Simon, of the latter's forty-two acres, including the house which the latter had built in the autumn of 1857 and which Father enlarged and made his lifelong home, he paid, on January 31, 1866, a thousand dollars, partly with United States bonds and accrued interest, partly in currency, and the residue of two hundred dollars by applying, apparently, a previous balance of account.

He had also paid twenty-nine hundred dollars in cash for the McClintock farm of one hundred and six acres, subject, however, to Mrs. Betsey Taylor's dower of forty-two acres, which was then owned by Sylvester Squire, and which, thirteen years afterwards, cost Father four hundred and twenty-five dollars to extinguish. At best, the price was not low, and the unexpected duration of the dower estate rendered it in the end still less so. Besides this, an unpaid balance of something over one hundred and fifty dollars upon an outstanding mortgage of five hundred dollars previously given by Orville McClintock, one of the heirs, had escaped the notice of the attorneys in the case and Father had it to pay. Afterwards the mortgagor cleared the debt by means of boots and other footwear made by him from time to time to Father's order. Confirmation of the partition sale of the farm having somehow been delayed, the sheriff's deed bears date March 1, 1866.

All this, together with about two thousand dollars expended the first year in furnishing the house, stocking the farm, and getting started there, left Father considerably in debt, from which it took him several years to free himself. To cover this, Grandfather Williams lent him fifteen hundred dollars in United States bonds, to be returned in kind, but with interest at the high rate borne by the securities themselves payable meanwhile in gold, which then commanded a premium. Having lent money before specie payments were suspended, and taken his pay in depreciated currency, Father now reversed the process, and of course lost both ways. The evils of an irredeemable paper money could hardly receive more pointed illustration.

Meanwhile Father spent most of the winter of 1865-1866 in Bainbridge hard at work preparing to set up housekeeping and to begin farming there. The week ends generally found him in Ravenna, where Mother kept equally busy to the same purpose. Removing thence, on Monday, February 12, with a wagon-load of household goods, they rejoiced to pass their first night under their own roof and the next morning, as Father's diary records, to "eat our



first meal (breakfast) in our new home." Aunt Mary Williams came from Ravenna with them and stayed for three weeks, helping Mother to get settled.

They could scarcely have chosen a more charming natural location for a farm home. A half-mile directly north of the little lake, with the railroad not too near but in full view between, the house stood facing a little west of south, somewhat back from and above the curving highway, on the crest of a gently sloping knoll shaded by a dozen glorious maples. A part of the old house was incorporated into the new one erected in 1921 on the same site.

In describing Father's birthplace, scarcely a quarter-mile away to the northeast on the same farm, I have already given some idea of the surroundings. Yet they elude description, and I merely add that the eye can never tire of contemplating this rolling countryside, which spreads out before the house in ample vistas of green pastures and upland meadow, of fields of waving grain, like watered silk, and rows of stately tasselled corn; or, as the revolving seasons change, displays its brown expanses of smooth shorn stubble, girt with autumn's reds and golds in infinite variety of hue and shade, until, over hill and dale, the whole landscape dons its winter coverlet of white and sleeps beneath the wheeling sun and moon and changeless stars.

How Father delighted in it all! But most of all, perhaps, he liked, on stormy days in winter, to take his ax "down to the river" and clear some sheltered gully or quiet nook of its brush and saplings, so that the cattle might find better grazing in the late fall and early spring. Thus in this new epoch he responded anon to the call of the wild, harking back to the pioneer days of his childhood. And how skillfully he plied his ax! I can see now his sturdy blow on blow, as true as the swing of a pendulum, while the great shapely chips fell swiftly, till the tree quivered and bowed and crashed down exactly where he designed it to lie.

Of powerful build, strong-sinewed, broad-shouldered, Father stood six feet tall as nature made him, and walked erect with a soldier's carriage and firm tread, spanning a yard at every pace. As already noted, he had suffered a sun-stroke in the army and was again prostrated by the heat this first summer on the farm. Perhaps it was well so, for, hastening to put his property to rights, he must soon have worn himself out with overwork had not this setback forced him to temper toil with relaxation. Then, too, with his penetrating black eyes and deep musical voice, his masterful personality, delicious humor, and genial charm of comradeship, he was too well fitted for mingling with men to become a mere serf of the soil.

So with Mother, though she threw her youth and strength unsparingly into the hard work of making the butter and cheese that for a while became their main source of income, the rôle of a dairymaid, however eagerly assumed while yet they were in debt, fell far short of all-sufficiency as a lifework.

Thus amidst all that they accomplished during that first year in bringing up the farm and reducing their debt, and in spite of the three or four miles that

separated them from stores and churches, they went abroad not a little, visited and entertained their friends, attended church often, and took care that their lives should not sink into the rustic rut of social atrophy. The first Sunday after they set up housekeeping, Father's diary recorded that they "Went to Solon to meeting. B. A. Hinsdale preached. Text: 'Present yourselves a living sacrifice' etc. Took tea with Addie Robbins."

Among their guests from time to time that year, as disclosed by the same journal, there were, besides their own nearest relatives, Myra and Addie Robbins, Wilbur and Mary Henry, J. H. Rhodes, Sabrina Capron (who was married in the same summer to H. Clay White, and with her husband afterwards came again), Joseph and Nellie Rudolph; B. A. Hinsdale and wife, Colonel Pardee and wife, Captain Ross, Hettie Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Glasier, Deacon Bull and wife, S. P. Newcomb and wife, Nelson Henry and wife, Jerusha Pettibone, and Mrs. Nelson Root.

With his cousin Nelson Henry, especially, Father's intimacy continued for several years to be extremely cordial, and there was much visiting back and forth between the two families. With an inexhaustible fund of drollery on either side, they never tired of joking and burlesquing one another, until at last the merrymaking passed from jest to earnest in a way that Father could not overlook. For thirty years they hardly spoke; but towards the last, when Father's sight was almost gone, they again clasped hands in memory of their old time friendship.

Mother recalled an incident of these first years of their housekeeping which illustrates the unfailing exuberance of Father's spirits, ready at any instant to bubble over with fun, notwithstanding his sternness of mien when confronting affairs of serious moment. I never saw a comedian, either on or off the stage, with an apter instinct for the ludicrous, a nicer sense of true burlesque, or a happier gift of mimicry than he. It has always seemed to me that, had he become a player, he would really have rivalled such artists of his generation as Stuart Robson, Billy Florence, Denman Thompson, or even Joe Jefferson and the elder Sothern.

While some of the Solon girls whom he and Mother had known at Hiram, were spending the afternoon with her, he suddenly appeared in the rôle of a flower lass, carrying by its handle a large round willow basket filled with wild blossoms, and singing "The Lavender Girl," the words of which I have quoted herein already. The ludicrous figure he cut in décolleté costume, with short sleeves and red petticoat to comport with his song, convulsed the company with laughter, insomuch that they had to dash water into Frankie Bull's face to keep her from lapsing into hysterics.

Partaking also of the humor and hospitality of this farm home came the "Old Maids' Convention," a whimsical institution, which had been organized in Solon as a war-measure by a bevy of Hiram maidens residing there and elsewhere, including especially the Robbins girls and Mother, in honor of their



schoolmates in the army and in mild ostracism of the faint-hearts at home. After the return of peace this celibate society continued to hold yearly picnics and grew more desperately misogynist than ever.

By Father's and Mother's invitation, it met on their lawn on July 7, 1866, and annually, on the first Saturday after Independence Day, for more than twenty-five years thereafter, until all the original members were married, deceased, or too literally eligible to enjoy its privileges and immunities. Whenever, in defiance of her vestal vow, a member wedded, she incurred a fine of one dollar, payable in large old-fashioned copper cents. Other regulations were invested with much mystery; but they expressed presumably a spirit of implacable hostility to every human being of the male sex, particularly all marriageable males. Father enjoyed, however, in his capacity of host, a special exemption, and each year he made great preparations for the entertainment of the Convention. Among other things he always decorated the house and trees with flags, and built a booth of boughs by the riverside to serve as a tiring-room in connection with the ablutionary or natatorial rites, which the entire membership scrupulously performed in the waters of the Chagrin. Solemn these rites were not, to judge from the inextinguishable laughter which attended their observance and made the hills re-echo far and near.

In spite of frequent defections, the new members admitted from time to time maintained the annual attendance at a score or two; and the membership from first to last must have comprised five times that many. On one occasion in the eighties Father had a large and beautiful white silk flag made, with gilt fringe, and the motto inscribed thereon in gold leaf, *Virtus milia scuta*, together with the initials of the society's name, "O. M. C." This he presented at the annual meeting amidst the joyous acclaim of the assembled maids.

Though *virtus* primarily signifies, of course, the masculine virtue of military bravery, Father, employing it also in the more modern sense of womanly purity, would have rendered the legend, "Virtue a thousand shields," thus associating both ideas as the founders had done. But one fair member, whose imagination brilliantly aided her meager Latin, construed it to mean that the Convention in its might could make a "million men scoot." With loyalty to their ideals thus kept at high pitch, another member nevertheless once had the temerity to approach the very verge of the Convention's meeting-place under the escort of her beau! I shudder to speculate what awful penalty she must justly have paid.

Renewing thus in their own home something of the social life which, in this vicinity as on the Reserve generally, the westward migration of the children of the pioneers had now perceptibly diminished, Father and Mother quickly fitted into their environment and shared the neighborly intercourse and interchange of friendly offices common in enlightened farming communities. Among other young folks who soon began housekeeping in and near this corner of Bainbridge were George Shipherd, with his bride Myra Howard; Father's cousin



King Henry, who married Rose Case; Lyman Brewster, whose wife was Amanda Giles; Samuel Hatch, who married Ellen Heath; and farther away on the road to Aurora, Mortimer Treat; and his charming helpmate, Eunice Rudolph, cousin to President Garfield's wife.

Neighbors of an elder generation, but still active, were Gideon Kent, Sylvester Squire, Clark Blair, and Doctor David Shipherd, men of some education, the last named being of very superior intelligence. He and Grandfather Henry lived close together and, though differing radically in politics, were congenial friends. Father, too, went over often to the Doctor's of an evening to talk science, literature, and politics with him. I myself remember their animated discussions of the piquant editorials, a few years later, in Donn Piatt's brilliant weekly paper the *Capitol*. Near by also dwelt Daniel and Sullivan Giles with their families, and more distantly James Fuller, John Jackson, Norman Root, and Thomas Marshall, men whose education was not extensive but whose neighborliness in different ways Father knew and acknowledged.

Of the older women who lived near, he was especially fond of his Aunt Rachel Henry, and also of Mrs. Jane Kent, who had been almost a mother to him in his boyhood but who later suffered from a clouded mind. Mother's closest friend among her near neighbors was undoubtedly Mary, our "Aunt Mollie," the daughter of Reuben Henry, who then lived with her widowed mother and after her death married Ransom Kennedy. Laura Squire, another congenial neighbor, had perhaps the best education of any young woman in the vicinity. As for those more remote, Mother particularly relished the quiet delicious humor of Nelson Henry's wife Mary, and likewise enjoyed Mrs. Eunice Treat's sprightliness of mind and refinement of manner.

As already noted, too, her dead brother's fiancée Addie Robbins, and the latter's cousins in Solon, all Hiram intimates, still remained within the inner circle of her friendship, increasing the tale of her children's honorary "aunts," despite the miles of mud roads which separated their homes. Accordingly, Father's diary discloses under date of Tuesday, October 2, 1866, that he and Mother "Attended party at Mr. Blackman's in Solon"; and again, on Christmas, that they "went to W. Robbins's. Had a good time. Myra, Addie, Carrie, Thayer, Ed Blackman, and Lyme present."

The same source affords glimpses of their intellectual life at this time. Earlier in the year, while Mother still tarried in Ravenna, Father on a Sunday in January read *John Brent*, and a week later two of the discourses in Chalmers's *Sermons*. In March he was reading the *French Revolution*, *John Godfrey's Fortune*, and Macaulay's *History of England*. Mother meanwhile read *Dombey and Son*. As far back as my own recollection goes Father always took from one to three daily papers, the Cleveland *Leader* and *Herald* and the Pittsburgh *Commercial*. He subscribed also for the *American Agriculturist*, the *Scientific American*, and the New York *Weekly Tribune*, and he brought home each month the *Galaxy*, *Harper's*, and *Scribner's*.



The surplus of dailies came partly, I suppose, as perquisites of his positions in the post office department. Postmaster at Pond from October 29, 1867, to May 28, 1868, or longer, he seems also to have discharged the duties of the place some of the time thereafter under the postmastership of Benjamin Chase until the office was discontinued on January 13, 1870. As will presently appear, he continued in the postal service, in other capacities, until 1881. It was customary with the publishers of daily papers to send out extra copies for the use of postal employes who handled them. For the weeklies and monthlies Father of course paid. His household thus never lacked good reading matter of all sorts.

That these recreations went hand in hand with hard work, appears from a letter of June 20, 1866, to her sister Mary, wherein Mother wrote:

Yesterday I had lots of company—Charlie's mother and Aunt Rachel, Ann, Maria, and Laura Squire; but as I knew they were coming, I was all ready for them, as slick as could be. They praised our cheese very much. We have learned something about cheese-making since you were here, so that it does not take quite so long to pick it to pieces. I can break it as fine as wheat in five minutes. I have got a girl at last—came today. I guess she will do quite well. I wish you could come up again.

Father's diary for the year shows that he, too, kept incessantly busy with the infinite details of farm work, whereby, during the first four years of their life there, the place took on many improvements and reached a good state of cultivation. To reclaim several acres of rich swamp land at the west end of his property required the digging of a broad and deep drainage ditch some thirty rods long, a task at which he stubbornly toiled during spare hours throughout this period, working often in cool evenings and moonlit nights until late bed time. But steadily falling prices and rising cost of labor marked this whole quadrennium, and they made small headway in reducing their debt.

Meanwhile, their two oldest children came. Upon me, born on June 16, 1867, were bestowed the honored names of Mother's father and brother. Marcia, born on October 13, 1869, carried another excellent name into the third generation.

From Mother's letters during the latter year to her sister Mary in Ravenna I make some extracts. On January 11 she wrote:

Father Henry died Sunday about three P. M. He did not suffer at all but seemed just as if he was going to sleep. The funeral is tomorrow (Tuesday) at twelve o'clock. Mrs. Henry (Mollie's mother) is going to take care of Freddie. He has got the chicken pox; is not sick, only cross.

On March 14 she wrote again, on returning with Mrs. Mary Henry from a visit earlier in the month to Ravenna:

We had a cold time coming home, as the wind changed into the north and blew right into our faces almost all the way. However, we survived it. Found Joe Rudolph here. Mary went home the same evening. Charlie and Joe said

they had been to supper. I asked them what they had. Joe said, "Ham and molasses."

A week ago last Saturday Addie and Nellie came here—stayed until Wednesday. On Wednesday Charlie and I went with them up to Walter Robbins's. We stayed in the evening. Charlie got a letter from Rhodes yesterday. He informed us that Robinson had the post office, which I presume you knew before this. We sent Addie and Rhodes a box of sugar and candy last week—have not heard from it yet. Mrs. Kent visited here one day last week. She said as Mr. Kent passed Jason's one day, Mrs. Robbins came to the door and gave him a terrible going over for making fun of the wedding. . . .

The sap is running some today. I think we will have to boil tomorrow. I have not heard from Newton's folks yet. I shall send one of these pictures of Freddie to them, though I don't think they are good. Do you? When I heard from Nelt's last, Mary had not received hers. Where did they send it? I was in hopes they would send it here with mine, as she forgot to give any directions. The post office at Bainbridge center is Bissell's P. O., as there is another Bainbridge in the State.

On June 30, 1869, Uncle Edward Henry finished his course at Western Reserve College, which he attended at the same time with Dr. Josiah Strong, the author of *Our Country*. Making Father's home his base of supplies as a student after his own father's death, Uncle Edward had spent his week ends there, returning every Monday to Hudson with a basket full of edibles which Mother always packed up for his sustenance between times. She and Father attended his Commencement, and on July 4 she wrote to her sister :

We were quite disappointed in not seeing you at Hudson. I did not see a single person from Ravenna that I knew. Ed's oration was very fine—pronounced by many the best of any. I was sorry there were not more of our friends to hear it.

On September 8, 1869, Father attended at Ravenna the first reunion of the survivors of his regiment. They effected an organization with General Garfield as president and Father as secretary, a position which he continued to hold for thirty-seven years, until his death. Each year, with few exceptions, on the last Wednesday in August, Father made it a point to rejoin his former companions in arms at their various meeting places. Except with them he was not over-prone to talk about his army life, though he often wrote about it. They seemed to cherish an unfailing affection for him; while he attested his fondness for them by making the annual reunion of the Forty-second the greatest day in his calendar.



## 15. *Mailbags and Politics*

AT THIS first meeting of the regimental society Father found a comrade who was in the railway mail service, and he then broached to General Garfield the question of a similar appointment for himself. The suggestion favorably impressed his old teacher and commander, to whom he was already indebted "for much long ago" at school by way of inspiration and help that he would "never be able to return." Making this acknowledgment in a letter which he felt encouraged to write to the General four days later (September 12, 1869), he thus expatiated:

Captain Starr tells me he can save eight hundred dollars a year from his salary, which is one thousand dollars. He is at home in Medina one half the time, four days off and four on. His appointment, through Walker, is clerk on detached service, distributing mail between Cleveland and Buffalo. He says a new car will be put on soon, with four additional clerks to be appointed for a night train. I understand that city postmasters are strongly opposed to this change of distributing mail. They want the old way of having mail stopped off for distribution, and give them a larger salary.

Let me tell you my needs, although I am sorry to obtrude my troubles upon you. I am badly in debt, and making cheese reduces it slowly or not at all. I can hire a good farm hand for two hundred dollars per year, and if I can get an appointment at your hands, I think I could save five hundred and pay him besides, even should you secure me the lowest grade which is one thousand dollars. My family would stay here, of course. Mary would stay with Sophia, and Father and Mother Williams would be here part of the time. If you could get me the kind of a place Starr speaks of, I could get home often and see to matters on the farm.

In reply, General and Mrs. Garfield invited Father and Mother to visit them in Hiram. It was an unpropitious time for Mother, who was then in Ravenna, and she went via Hiram under protest when she and Father drove back together. On September 23, about a week after their return home, she wrote to her sister Mary:

They seemed very glad to see us, and Mr. Garfield would make me go out and play croquet against Mrs. Garfield and Charlie. We beat them three out of four games, and Mr. G. complimented me upon my playing. Charlie talked with Mr. G. about that appointment as mail agent—said he thought he could surely get it for him. I was very glad we went. It was so pleasant and warm that I put on my linen dress and black sash in the morning. We did not have breakfast until about nine o'clock. Mrs. G. had on a very light dress. She gave me almost a pan full of peaches to bring home.

The following letter reports General Garfield's progress in the appointment matter, and discloses also how he deliberately brevetted Father at this time with the title of "Captain," which, being readily confirmed by the latter's comrades and being warranted by his actual command in the Vicksburg campaign, clung to him thenceforth through life. Nearly twenty years afterwards his appointment as chief of staff to the Grand Commander of the G. A. R., Department of Texas, followed soon by his election as commander of a post in Dallas, gave him, according to usage in that great organization, the quasi-rank of colonel, thereby justifying in his case the prevalent Southern custom under which he was already accorded there the doubtful compliment of that courtesy title. But except in Texas and during his services as marshal of the District of Columbia, he was always known as Captain Henry, or simply "the Captain." So, therefore, General Garfield now addressed him:

Hiram, Ohio, September 25, 1869.

Dear Captain: I have written to the first assistant postmaster general urging him to appoint you to a clerkship in the postal car service from Toledo to Buffalo. I hope the application will be successful. If it is not done sooner, I will press it when I go to Washington.

Half dead with speaking and travel, I am

Ever yours,

J. A. Garfield

Captain C. E. Henry,  
Pond, O.

The above letter was written on the day after the notorious gold panic of "Black Friday," and General Garfield as chairman of the House Committee on Banking and Currency at once interested himself in the impending official investigation of that piece of dark financial villainy. He finally unearthed the real facts of Fisk and Gould's sordid conspiracy, and his report, submitted five months later, reads like a romance. Meanwhile Father hated to be troubling him about the proposed appointment. But from the chance of embarrassing General Garfield by displacing some other appointee, particularly their friend Captain Starr, he shrank yet more. He therefore wrote the General as follows:

Pond, Ohio, Oct. 21, 1869.

My dear General:—

I do not know whether you have gone to Washington or not. I wish to say to you, however, as you very kindly said you would urge my appointment in the postal car service, that I do not wish Capt. Starr's position endangered in your efforts to get me on. I know you wouldn't intentionally, but have been afraid you might injure or deprive him of his place unknowingly in your efforts to aid me.

You spoke to me, I believe, asking if I wouldn't prefer a clerkship on this road. I said not. My reasons are these: First, Raney, the present incumbent, was sort of crowded on by political pressure, I supposed, and I didn't wish you injured politically a single vote. Second, it takes all a man's time, six days in a week, whereas the Lake Shore only one-half, I suppose because the trips



are longer. I have understood that they would much rather run from Cleveland to Buffalo than from Cleveland to Youngstown, because the Lake Shore is smoother road.

I suppose there are always applicants for this service, and generally somebody must be turned off to get some one else on. If there should appear a necessity, or if it would be for the interest of the service that another agent or clerk should be put on this road between Youngstown and Cleveland, I would as soon take it and take turn about, as an appointment on the Lake Shore.

You no doubt know of the office of special agent in the postal service, a sort of half way provost marshal in the post office department, salary \$1600.00. From the instructions to special agents in the P. O. laws, I see nothing but what I could do very well. There might possibly be a chance to get into that, but I should think not, as it is more of a desirable position than the clerkships.

We have a daughter, born the 13th inst. Soph and baby doing well.

I never knew so little excitement about an election before this fall. I persuaded several to go and vote that otherwise would have stayed at home. I hope a good time for you the coming winter. If old Don and Col. Sheldon are there you will no doubt have a good one now and then.

Soph joins me in kindest regards to yourself and family.

Very truly your friend,

Chas. E. Henry

J. A. Garfield, M. C.

Meanwhile the first assistant postmaster-general, George Earle, had written General Garfield that he knew of "no vacancies of clerkship in the postal car service between Buffalo and Toledo." Five weeks later, however, he wrote, under date of November 4: "The route between Cleveland and Youngstown, Ohio, having been extended to Sharon, Pennsylvania, an additional agent is required. Be pleased to furnish this office with the name and residence of the person you desire appointed." General Garfield passed this notice on to Father, endorsed as follows: "Dear Charlie: You see from this that 'things is workin'.' J. A. G." On the day before, anticipating this communication from the post office department, he had written Father as follows:

Washington, D. C., November 3rd, 1869.

Capt. Charles E. Henry,  
Pond, Geauga Co., Ohio

Captain:—

I have today obtained a promise from the post office department to increase the service on the route between Cleveland and Youngstown, now extended to Sharon, by adding one agent. This will divide the labor and give each one at least two days of the week at home. I think the salary will be near \$1000.00. Write me immediately, at Hiram, whether you would like this position, if so I can get it for you.

Very truly yours,

J. A. Garfield

Being assured that this arrangement was agreeable, General Garfield wrote again three weeks later, showing how he cut departmental red tape:

House of Representatives

Washington, Nov. 24th, 1869.

Dear Captain:—

On arriving here I found the first assistant postmaster general was away and no action taken on your appointment. Yesterday I went to the department and got them to overhaul all the correspondence between them and me. As the result I have this morning received your appointment, with all the necessary instructions, which please find enclosed. With kindest regards, I am,

Very truly yours,

J. A. Garfield

Capt. Chas. E. Henry,  
Pond, Geauga Co., O.

The following extracts from a letter, which Mother wrote to her sister a week later, disclose glimpses of home life during the first few days of Father's service as route agent:

Pond, Dec. 2nd, 1869.

My dear Mary: I was just thinking of writing home as Charlie junior (Newton Henry's boy) brought your letter. Charlie threw it off the train this morning. Little Charlie goes up every morning when the mail comes, and Charlie throws off all our letters and a daily paper. . . . He came home yesterday off Crawford's train and went back in the evening. . . . Charlie will be on the train most of the time for two or three weeks until he gets the run of the thing—then three days in the week. . . . Charlie stays in Cleveland two or three nights in the week. He expects to sleep in the car—the other agent does—as they have to start out before light in the morning. They get in about seven in the evening, so that Charlie can go to any lecture if he wishes to. We send our skim milk once a week to the factory and have it made up. . . . Charlie gets \$1080 a year, which is \$21 a week, for half of his time. That, with what our cows make, will pay some of our debts, I hope, soon. . . .

I am very much disappointed that you can not come up here. If Ma gets able to come and would only be contented not to work except to sew and take care of her room, even if things did look pretty bad sometimes, I should be very glad to have them and you come up here and stay a couple of months, and longer if they wished, and then you could go to Hiram and paint. They could have a fire in the front room and not hear all the noise of the children. Charlie has a man now to help him, and Mother Henry has hired enough wood sawed to last a year, so that he will not care how much wood we burn. . . .

Father remained in the postal car service as route agent and railway postal clerk for nearly four years. By no means a sinecure anywhere, the run between Cleveland and Sharon—later extended to Sharpsville, Pennsylvania—had its own drawbacks, of which, however, Father never complained. At that time the old Atlantic and Great Western Railroad Company operated the Cleveland and Mahoning Valley Railroad under lease as its Mahoning Division. It consisted of a single-track road, but accommodated broad-gauge cars by means of two extra outside rails laid astraddle of the regular track. Thus freight cars of both gauges were commonly hauled in a single train. The rough roadbed



abounded in reverse curves and heavy grades. Mail trains then as always were required to make fast time, and the mailmen found it a hard strain merely to keep their feet.

Every few miles the agent had to catch a pouch from a mail crane and at the same time to throw one out. Meanwhile he must keep up with the distribution of letters and papers and not carry mail matter past its destination. Sorting and labeling, tying and untying packages of letters; locking and unlocking mailbags and tie-sacks; keeping an eye out for the next station or mail crane; ripping open great rolls of newspapers and distributing them into their proper bags or boxes—all this kept him continually on the jump within the narrow mail compartment of the swaying, jolting combination postal and baggage car. Down through the iron region of the Mahoning valley the country had already become populous and the mails heavy. An hour or two before the mail train started from Cleveland in the morning the distribution of newspapers and other early mail began in the car—often by lamp light. All together, the round trip was a long hard day's work of at least thirteen or fourteen hours, not including the noon intermission at the eastern terminus. No one man could stand continuous daily runs, and the two agents took turns, at first, half a week at a time and afterwards week on and week off.

Father's alternates were John D. Raney, and later N. C. Meeker who was promoted from like service on the Lisbon branch when Raney became mayor of Youngstown in April, 1872. During the War Meeker had served in the famous Ohio company which comprised one man from each of the eighty-eight counties, and did duty at the White House guarding President Lincoln. Raney, who was twenty-five years older than Father, had the reputation of being rather crabbed, but they got on very well together when their runs overlapped, as sometimes happened. Meeker had a more congenial temper.

It was Father, however, that the men in the train crews seemed to like best, and long after his death the older ones who were still left never tired of singing his praises. For them he always had a good story, or snatches of song, and a helping hand. Chris Corlett, while senior passenger conductor in service on the Mahoning Division, told me the following incidents as I rode on his train from Youngstown to Cleveland on December 19, 1911:

Your Father had unusual ability, and if he could have had the opportunities of young men of today, he would not have been in the mail car. Garfield was in Congress at that time but he resided in Hiram. In going to and fro, whenever he boarded our train he always headed for the mail car where the Captain stood among the pouches working at his letter-case. There the General would sit and read the papers until the mail was distributed and then they would talk.

The railroad boys all liked the Captain and he helped us in more ways than one. Among others the crews on his run included from time to time Hugh and Alex Larkin, Con Linehan, and Warren Goss, engineers, and William S. Crawford, Homer T. Medbury, and Andy Varnes, conductors, besides Lew Burger, "Yankee Sam," and other brakemen. Those were rough times. The road was new and discipline slack. Some of the boys, even when on duty, used



to drink more than was good for them. We all used to go to a certain boarding house, or hotel, in Sharon to eat together at noon—the Captain along with the rest except when he carried his dinner basket in the car. There he sometimes talked to the boys like a father and gave them a regular temperance lecture. He showed how foolish and wrong it was for a young man not to be sober and decent and strictly honest in everything.

We had many derailments in those days, and with heavy traffic and no block system the rear brakeman of a wrecked train had to hurry back and flag the train behind. One night just as we rounded one of the sharp curves near Chestnut Hill we had a bad mix-up, and the combination car brought up cross-wise between the rock wall and the edge of the embankment, completely blockading the track. Nobody was hurt, but before the boys had fairly got their senses, your Father was out and amongst them. Sobering Yankee Sam with a single sharp command, which the conductor was in no condition to give, he rushed him back around the curve barely in time to prevent a far worse smash-up. The locomotive that he flagged came to a standstill less than a train-length behind us.

One winter a crowd of toughs with gamecocks used to go back and forth across the State line to fight their chickens where they could escape arrest. Returning drunk and ugly they refused to pay fare. I had just been promoted to the position of conductor, and being young and slight, I found the roughs hard to handle. But a word to the Captain always brought him back from the mail car with rolled up shirt sleeves, brawny arms, and stern look. One glance was usually enough to make them pay. Once or twice he jerked a stubborn fellow over the seats, bundled him out the car door, and threw him into the snow drifts.

Writing in the *Cleveland Leader* of January 4, 1903, concerning the untimely death of Engineer Goss, Father, applying to him the couplet from John Hay's "Jim Bludso,"

He never flunked, and he never lied,  
I reckon he never knowed how,

added this tribute:

The engineer, "running for connection" under orders on these stormy, foggy nights, is little better off than to be blindfolded, with his hand on the throttle, on a clear day. Many of these men were good soldiers during the Civil War. Not a few of them were wounded, but returned home at the close of the War still young and brave and were the best locomotive engineers that were known thirty years ago.

They were generally put on the fast trains for the same reason that the picket officer put them on the most dangerous posts on stormy and starless nights when the enemy was near. I have known scores of these old engineers for thirty years. One by one they have passed away like Warren Goss with hand on the lever.

They lost their lives every time through no fault of theirs, by no misjudgment, but by conditions beyond their control. Warren Goss, Hugh and Alex Larkin, Con Linehan, and a hundred other old engineers have won in thirty years the name of brave men.



My own earliest recollections of my father date back to the period when he was "running on the road" as a route agent. I remember well how, on winter evenings at home, we used to look out the window watching for "Train Three" west bound, "Papa's train," as, with a long screech of its whistle for the station, its streaming headlight hove in sight around the curve a mile away. Soon the long row of shining car windows flashed by and, after a second glimpse, disappeared behind the western hills. We lingered till the thunderous roar died away and the intermittent glare of red-lit smoke trail faded out. Then it was "bed time for little folks."

Another memory recurs of Sunday afternoons in summer, when, about sundown, I sometimes went "part way" with him as he trudged off towards Solon, with basket of provisions slung on the umbrella over his shoulder, to catch the train to Cleveland for his weekly run next morning. Once I recall his cautioning me to return home through another field to avoid the uncertainly "disposed" cow, "Sairey Gamp," that was jealously guarding her infant charge near the path we traversed.

In the fall of 1872, when I was five years old, he took me with him to Cleveland to see the great torchlight parade of "Grant Boys in Blue." Wrapped in a blanket on a pile of mail sacks, I slept in the car with him that night, and shared the breakfast of beefsteak and coffee which he there prepared on the coal stove at dawn the next day. Out on the run I was eager to throw off a mailbag, and he stationed me at the ledge of the half-door ready to do so. After repeatedly asking whether it was time to shove it out, I thought he said "Yes," and acted accordingly. A half mile farther on he threw a hurried note out to the waiting carrier to look for the pouch back on the right of way. His brief scolding hardly dimmed the glory of that memorable trip.

Meanwhile Father had, of his own motion, constituted himself a political intelligencer for General Garfield, concerning the drift of sentiment among the latter's constituents in the old Nineteenth Congressional District. Much correspondence passed between them, from which the following letters and excerpts are not without historical as well as personal interest:

Washington, D. C., Dec. 28, 1869.

Dear Captain:

I send you a copy of a letter which I lately addressed to Hon. W. C. Howells, of Jefferson, which explains itself. It is most humiliating to be compelled to parade one's debts and private affairs, but I want a few friends to know the facts. This letter is not to be published, but the facts may be used as my friends think best. You meet so many people that I thought you would be glad to know the facts.

Truly your friend,  
J. A. Garfield

C. E. Henry.

Washington, Dec. 23, 1869.

Hon. W. C. Howells,  
Jefferson, Ohio.

Dear Sir:—

I take the liberty to write you in regard to a series of articles which have been appearing in the Cincinnati *Enquirer* and which have at last culminated in an editorial in that paper of December 15, in which I am charged with having entered Congress poor, and having acquired a large fortune since. In the articles which preceded the editorial it is declared that I have built a house here worth \$40,000, and the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, I understand, has been repeating the same statements, though I have not seen the paper.

The wicked malignity of the attack is aggravated by the fact that the writer knew that he falsified in all his statements. Thus far in my public career I have left personal attacks to answer themselves, and shall probably do so with this, but I want a few of my friends to know precisely how false and malignant these slanders are; and I therefore ask the privilege of stating to you precisely how I am and have been situated in regard to pecuniary affairs.

When the war ended, or rather when I left the army, and entered Congress, I was possessor of my house and lot in Hiram, worth between \$2000 and \$2500, and besides my household effects, had in money and notes, and a small lot of wild western land what would amount to about \$2500 more. I was worth in all not more than \$5000, probably less. During the last six years I have added to this amount in three ways:

First: In the long vacation of 1865, I aided some gentleman in Pennsylvania to sell some oil-lands, and made some profits in the transaction, which I received partly in cash, partly in western lands. I have not yet wholly converted the land into cash, and cannot state precisely how much I made on the whole transaction; but it will not net me more than \$8000.

Second: I received from my clients in the Campbell Will case, in 1867 to 1868, \$3500. The fee was fixed by the attorney with whom I acted in the case, and was entirely satisfactory to my clients.

Third: I have saved about \$800 per annum out of my Congressional salary, except the first year, for which I received only \$750 in all, because I had received pay from March to December as a General of the army.

What I had when I entered Congress, increased from the three sources above named, makes me now worth about \$15,000. A forced sale would not produce that much. A careful and unconstrained management of it would probably bring that much, perhaps a few hundred dollars more. Every winter since the first I have had my family with me. Rather than leave them at home I would leave Congress. But it has cost me heavily to keep them here. Much the heaviest single item has been rent. Two winters I rented rooms and boarded. Three winters I rented a furnished house and we kept house. In all I have paid over \$5000 for rent since I came here. If I had run in debt for a house in 1864 worth that amount, I should now own it, and it would be worth double that sum.

Considering these things and the discomforts of drifting about from place to place in this city with my little children, I was glad to find last spring that Major Swaim, of the regular army who served on my staff during the war, and was then and is now on duty in Washington, proposed to me the plan of building a house; that it would be economical, and more comfortable, and withal a good investment, and offered me a loan on long time, at a low rate



of interest (6 per cent). Accordingly I built a house the past season, and he superintended it, and this is the statement of the account:

The lot cost,	\$ 3250.
The house cost, as per contract,	8600.
	<hr/>
Total,	\$11850.

On this I owe for the lot, and for payments on it yet due to the builder, and for money borrowed over \$6000. My creditors hold mortgages on the house and lot of more than half of its cost. But the payments are arranged to fall due successively at such periods as I hope to be able to meet them without distress. The result is that I have a comfortable home while I am here, and the interest on the investment is considerably less than the average rent I have hitherto paid, and instead of throwing away a large sum every year I use it so as to save whatever profits may arise from the appreciation of the property.

This, too, is the whole story; there does not exist on the face of the earth a human being who can say that I ever obtained from him a dollar to which I was not justly entitled. I am humiliated beyond measure at the necessity which compels me to parade my poverty even to my friends. Of course I shall make no public statement in the premises, unless some one has the hardihood to mention it in the House. But I want you to know all the facts, and if at any time you may think it best to notice these Democratic assaults you may know the whole case.

I may be deceived, but I do not believe there is a man who knows me in either branch of Congress that would not say my whole career in Congress was wholly free from even a shadow of suspicion. But it is clear that my enemies are trying to pave the way for a renewed attack on me next summer should I again be a candidate for reelection.

Very truly yours,

J. A. Garfield

In response to the above Father wrote at once, from Pond on January 2, 1870, to General Garfield and outlined his discreet and effective plan for counteracting these stories of ill-gotten wealth. He, too, had suffered, in a humbler way, from similar slanders. On his return home at the close of the War, gossip had it that he "was worth thirty or forty thousand dollars and had made it out of the Government." He added:

How I writhed, how continually I felt the pains, but it is over now. No one believes it and I feel better. But I never shall get over my deep seated hatred for these gossip slanderers.

I am getting along very well as route agent. I rather like the business and desire to make a good agent.

Joe was here today and told me he had written to you for a similar place, or to make a vacancy by getting me a special agency. I wish to say that I disclaim any connection with the thing. I am thankful, indeed, for my present place. I appreciate it very much, and it would be shamefaced in me to have anything to do with such a thing so soon after you had taken a great deal

of trouble to get the place I have. I hope I can assist you one-fourth part as much as you have me.

Sophia joins me in kindest regards to you and yours.

C. E. Henry

I know your labors are great, so I do not expect an answer to this unless you wish me to use your statement differently than I have indicated.

A few days later he wrote again, enclosing a friendly clipping from the *Cleveland Herald* which helped to set General Garfield right before the people. An old forty-second man then edited the rival *Cleveland* daily and its influence, as indicated below, was also quickly obtained to the same end.

Washington, Jan. 8th, 1870.

Dear Captain:—

Your kind letter of the 4th came duly to hand. The same mail brought me a letter from Frank Mason and a copy of the *Leader* with his editorial. You have done just right in the case, and the *Leader* article is just to the point. You are right in reference to the letter. I don't want my enemies gratified by seeing any letter from me on the subject, nor even by knowing they have hurt me or disturbed me by their lies. But I did want a few friends to have in their hands the means of nailing the lies to the counter. I knew you had been assailed in a similar way, but knew also that a proud silence had been your successful answer and vindication.

In regard to the matter concerning which Joe has written me, I think it is not likely that any increase in the special agencies is likely to be made, at least for the present; but I shall watch the indications.

Crete joins me in love to Sophia and yourself.

Ever your friend,

J. A. Garfield

Meanwhile another source of disaffection in General Garfield's constituency appeared, based on some remark he had made, in a speech in Cleveland, looking to lower duties on iron. He had said in Congress three years and a half before: "I am for a protection which leads to ultimate free trade. I am for that free trade which can be achieved only through protection." With the *Herald* clipping Father had written to him: "I think there is some feeling among the iron men of the district that your views on the tariff on iron are not what they like. This feeling is not universal among them, still enough, if adroitly managed by your enemies, to weaken your strength." Returning now to this subject, the correspondence continued:

Pond Station, Feb. 2, 1870.

My dear General:—

I believe I wrote you something about the iron men of the Mahoning Valley some few weeks ago. The fear of your convictions on the tariff I think created a feeling in that part of the district more widespread than I at first supposed. Was on the point of writing again, not for the object of changing or influencing you, for I thought you knew best, but to give you, as far as I could, the notions of the people on politics generally. I delayed for the reason that I understood several men had gone to Washington to see you.



The slanders about your wealth have gone where the woodbine twineth; you will not be troubled from that quarter any more, I think. The opposition to you henceforth will be from the iron men and greater heights, unless they misunderstand you [to disavow utterly] the points of the stories that you are an out and out free trader.

While some of your friends have averred that you were the strongest kind of a tariff man, I have generally stated, when asked, that you desired, I believed, to fairly represent their interests so far as consistent with the welfare of trade and the agricultural interests of the country; that if you went for the strongest tariff or to keep the present rate on iron, it might be coming in a year or two from abroad for nothing, only cost in Europe and transportation. I have not "blowed" for you, only in this general way, quietly, of course, sometimes asking them to find out just how you do stand before going against you.

Concerning myself, I say again that I fear I can never repay you the obligation I am under to you for getting me a place so I can earn something for the comforts of home. If you could hear Sophie express herself sometimes you would think it hardly safe for Mack or *Plain Dealer* men to say anything about you before her.

About the mail duties, I would say that I have not missed catching or putting out a bag since I have been on the road. Well, I don't know as I am entitled to any credit, for the Government places men in such positions not to carry bags by and not miss catching bags. I have been hardly an hour, certainly not a day on the road without thinking of your once saying that it was best to make the most of what one had for the time being. That is, a captain should be a good captain, the best captain he could possibly be, without thinking what sort of a major he would make. I have saved nearly all my earnings since I went on the road. Soph puts up a basket of provisions every day or so when I am on and it is better than I can buy.

By the way, is Mr. Don P. coming to Washington this winter? I can't find out from Medina County sources, and have sort of lost track of him. He hasn't written for a long time. He told me he would visit you this winter. If there, tell him, please to write me. If I don't hear from him I will take it for granted he isn't there.

Soph joins me in kindest regards.

C. E. Henry

Washington, D. C., February 12, 1870.

My dear Captain:—

Yours of the 2d instant came duly to hand. I hope you will keep me posted on all the movements in our district, particularly in the direction indicated in your last letter. There is a great interest on the subject of the Tariff.

It is clear that there are great and serious differences among the leading members of the Republican Party in regard to it and the most careful and prudent management is now needed not only to save the party from going to pieces, but also to save the Tariff legislation from falling into the hands of the free traders. If both parties insist on extreme measures, great evils will necessarily result. I intend before long to make a speech on the whole subject. I shall hope to give it a wide circulation throughout the district.

I presume I may have been over-sensitive in regard to the treatment I received from some of our iron men. No man is more willing than I to receive suggestions. The thing I complain of is the dictatorial spirit that seems to

treat me as the property of the District to be disposed of with or without my consent as the case might be. I do not know that any of them meant this, but it looks as though they were determined to have a row with me, of some sort.

Our folks are all well and join in kind regards to Sophy and yourself,

Very truly yours,

J. A. Garfield

Capt. Chas. E. Henry,  
Pond Station, Geauga Co., Ohio.

Pond Station, Feb. 28, 1870.

Dear General:—

The enclosed document explains itself. I send it through you to the second assistant postmaster general, Giles A. Smith, thinking perhaps the same complaint was made to you. My desire is to make a good agent on my own account, besides to show people that you had good judgment in recommending me. I hope you will inform me whenever any charge of neglect of duty is made against me. I believe I have the good will of the people generally along the route. The other agent received the same letter from Mr. Smith.

I will state, however, that letters may be delayed in various ways and the agent be blameless; namely letters for Twinsburg, Garrettsville and Niles may go in a through bag to Youngstown. Second, a misthrow may be made by the distributing clerks and off it goes to Chicago or St. Louis, etc., etc.

Captain Barber is installed in his new office. Some of the 42d boys told me that the Captain didn't feel right toward you. I hastened to call upon him and incidentally feel around for his feelings. He said he didn't feel hard toward you, but some few 42d men did. I told him I believed that you were sorry, indeed, to be placed in such a position as you were while the question was pending. That a promise from you meant something and you couldn't turn around and help him if you had given your word to somebody else.

In reply he said that these 42d boys (he gave no names) considered you and other members by resolutions in Congress had a standing pledge to give your influence to soldiers in preference to civilians. We talked pleasantly a few moments and before I left I obtained a promise from him to correct any impression so false as that that you had not stood by the soldier and the 42d in particular. Barber is a good man and will do what he says.

I think the tariff men feel better than they did a few weeks ago, some of them at least. I don't think you will meet with serious opposition from the iron men generally, but perhaps just enough to wake up your friends a little from a few that are bound to growl at anything or anybody. I will try and be as good a political picket as I can and keep you informed of the enemy from time to time as the occasion requires.

Soph joins me in kindest regards to you all.

Your friend,

C. E. Henry

Washington, D. C., March 9th, 1870.

Dear Captain:—

Yours of the first instant came duly to hand. I was surprised to hear that any complaint had been made of your work on the Road. I will see to it that no harm comes of it, if I can prevent it. Your explanation ought to be entirely satisfactory. I am sorry that any of the 42d boys should feel dis-



affected towards me in regard to that matter. I am sure they would not have me violate my pledges, to anybody, even for the sake of helping a soldier of the 42d. When I pledged myself to Rhodes I knew of but two candidates, the former incumbent Swift, who was never a soldier, and Rhodes, and as between the two I could have no choice.

If I had done as many members of Congress do, that is, signed all petitions, I might have escaped censure, but I could not have secured my self-respect. When I promise a man anything I do not promise the same to others. I felt greatly embarrassed when I found that Barber was a candidate, and if Rhodes had not already had the support of two or three other members of Congress, besides myself, I should have tried to induce him to withdraw, but as it was I did not feel at liberty to do so.

I saw Captain Barber here and told him how I was situated in the matter and I have no doubt he will do me full justice with all our regiment. I should be exceedingly sorry to have them think ill of me.

The action on the Tariff Bill is still delayed. There is much division in opinion here in both political parties and very little hope that our party can unite harmoniously on any one view of the case, but I hope we shall reach such a result as will save our manufacturing interests from injury and at the same time hold in the party those who are inclined to a more liberal view of the subject.

With kindest regards to Sophie, in which Crete joins, I am

Very truly yours,

J. A. Garfield

Capt. Chas. E. Henry,  
Pond Station,  
Geauga Co., O.

Washington, D. C., May 31, 1870.

Dear Captain:—

I was disappointed not to have seen you while I was at home a few weeks ago, but my journey was so hurried that I saw but very few persons. I write now to ask you to write the situation of affairs in the Mahoning Valley on the Congressional question. I am aware of the bitter and unreasonable hostility which these people manifest towards me on the subject of tariff, but I do not know what course they propose to pursue in the nominating convention. It is said that they are trying to concentrate their opposition on Ben Wade. Perhaps you can tell me how the matter stands.

From all I hear many of them have reached a point where they will no longer listen to reason. The course I have taken on the subject of the Tariff has been open and above board in all respects, and I have nothing to retract or apologize for. If they will persist in misrepresenting me they must do so.

If I understand the matter I can afford to be opposed by them, much better than they can afford to oppose me. They seem to be perversely blind to the general indications of public opinion on that subject. If I am not greatly mistaken the Congressional elections this fall, especially throughout the West, will greatly reduce the strength of the high protective tariff men. The policy I have recommended would go far towards avoiding a reaction that will surely

come, unless moderate counsels are followed. Please let me hear from you soon.

Crete joins me in kind regards to Sophia and yourself.

Very truly yours,

J. A. Garfield

Capt. Chas. E. Henry,  
Pond Station,  
Geauga Co., Ohio.

Pond Station, June 5, 1870.

My dear General:—

Yours of the 31st ult. came yesterday. I had been carefully watching the effect of your speech on the Tariff before writing. So far as I can learn, the people are generally satisfied with it. At least those who have read it through. At all events, the people throughout the district know where you stand, which is far better for you. Your few enemies cannot make them believe the lies they tell about your favoring the cutting off all tariffs. I was greatly pleased to see your speech circulating when it did. It was well timed.

Concerning the opposition and mode of attack upon you in the coming convention, as far as I have been able to find out from various sources, I think Ben Wade is not their first choice. I understood that Judge Glidden had been sounded and found to be "worse than Garfield" on the Tariff, etc. Tom's habits were too bad to set up against Garfield, and Woodworth of Youngstown was nowhere; besides, neither of the last two were smart enough, so Ben must be tried, but whether "Old Ben" has been sounded or not, I can't say. Of this I am sure, however, the talk and movement for him is not solicited by any considerable number of leading men, but only a few of such men as Woodworth of Warren, men you need have no fear of.

Should the ropes be laid to spring Wade in the convention and attempt to carry the delegates from the quiet points of this part of the district by storm, I think they will fail, for the impression is gaining ground rapidly that a few iron men are determined to run the district and delegates instructed to vote for you will be men who will vote for you the hundredth as well as the first time.

To sum up, I would say that I was anxious about six weeks ago on account of the uncertainty among quite a class of people as to your position on the Tariff. Men seemed too much inclined to believe the stories of your enemies, and not a few swallowed nearly all that was said about you. It was on this account I was so much gratified to see your speech circulating, and I threw them into the bags and boxes with a right good will.

Under the circumstances, I deem it better for the people to know your views, even should they not agree with them. Some of your friends thought differently, but I have yet to learn that it is best for a public man to conceal his honest convictions on all such questions. He may go too far beyond the education of his constituents sometimes, but light is better than darkness in politics as well as other things.

I may be mistaken, possibly, but I consider the opposition to you only large enough to waken your friends and make them active, and your strength will be greater and your hold on the people of the district will be better than any other representative through Ohio. I honestly believe that should Wade be nominated by the regular convention, you could go before the people and beat him.



Of course, I don't talk this, but have told a few leading men in several towns that you were bitterly and unreasonably assailed by a few active rascals who were capable of beating you in the coming convention if your friends remained idle, inactive and confident. "Please see to your primary meetings," said I, "that men be chosen that cannot be bought, scared or fooled." They said they would do it, and I believe they will.

I think if Wade has good sense he will refuse to have his name used. I think the Democrats in the agricultural part of the district would vote for you should you and Wade run, not that they love you, but they hate him the more. I have not mentioned it, however, to anyone. Be of good cheer. You are going to win. Still be ready for a heavy fight is my motto.

One of the things I determined to do outside of my duties in the mail service when I went on the road was to watch constantly your interests and keep you posted as to the sentiments of the people. I have not been remiss in this, only the writing part lately. I have delayed to see the effects of your speech.

Soph says, "I do wish General Garfield would be at Hiram reunion." I have heard many old boys and girls say the same thing in the past three weeks.

Soph joins me in kind regards to you all.

C. E. Henry

Garfield's masterly speech of April 1, 1870, delivered in the House of Representatives on "The Tariff Bill of 1870," so far silenced the opposition in his district that he was triumphantly renominated and re-elected that year.

## 16. *A Friend at Court*

AT THE reunion of his regiment in Ashland, Ohio, on August 31, 1870, the survivors of the 23d, 102d, and 120th regiments O. V. I. met with them. Garfield presided and made the principal address. Father, as secretary of the 42d, reported progress in gathering data for the regimental history, which was later written by F. H. Mason and finally published in 1876:

It was my desire to have it brief, yet replete with dates and facts of all campaigns and marches made by the regiment; of the number of men present for duty at the beginning of each campaign, also at its close—giving the names of all those killed in battle or died of wounds and disease in the service; the number of nights we bivouacked without tents while in the service; number of miles marched (1750); also number travelled by steamboat (5500) and rail (1000); number of days under the fire of the enemy (60); a brief account of each engagement and its results.

Three weeks later General Garfield wrote to him:

Washington, D. C., September 20, 1870.

Dear Captain:—

Your letter came to hand just before I left home. I have sent off the *Gold Panic Reports* in accordance with your request. The list which you gave me on the way from Ashland I have somehow mislaid and am therefore not able to keep my promise directly. I have therefore in order to keep it indirectly sent you a dozen copies, which dispatch to those whom you may remember.

Very truly yours,

J. A. Garfield

Capt. Chas. E. Henry,  
Pond, Geauga Co., O.

For Father the ensuing year brought little of moment beyond the advent of his younger daughter, who was born on June 10, 1871, and named Mary Annis (or Annice as she later spelled it) after Mother's two sisters. Father delighted to recount her early talent for "skimming the cream"—both literally and metaphorically. When she was under two years old, he surprised her in the pantry employing her plump little hand as a skimmer and transferring the product of her efforts directly into her mouth. Her only comment was, "I's Baby."

About the same time he found both little girls in the cupboard at the sugar barrel. "Baby," as she continued to be called, was in the barrel and Marcia stood by it, both busily engaged in consuming the contents. Father thought



to give them their fill of sugar; but Marcia struggled screaming out of his grasp. Baby sturdily stood her ground, while he stuffed her mouth constantly full of the sweet, until, as he always laughingly contended, the "punishment" became too expensive to continue.

Meanwhile Father, with the aid of hired men, of whom John Hill was his main dependence, continued to run his farm, working thereon himself each alternate week, and keeping a dairy of about sixteen milch cows. In this way he rapidly reduced his debt and by the close of 1872 was in a position to pay it all had Grandfather Williams desired it. The final payment was in fact made on the tenth anniversary of his marriage. A tax receipt for \$22.49, dated December 18, 1871, and covering the first half of his taxes for that year, discloses that, besides Grandmother Henry's freehold of forty-three acres, he then owned one hundred and forty-eight acres of land valued for taxation at \$3456, and chattels listed at \$707—probably less than half the real value of each.

The files of his correspondence with General Garfield during 1871 and 1872 appear to be incomplete on both sides; although what remains is too voluminous to quote in full. The following letter points to the first time, I believe, that Father and Mother entertained General and Mrs. Garfield at the farm:

Pond Station, September 3, 1871.

Dear General:—

Yours from Cincinnati received yesterday. The bills announcing you to speak Saturday afternoon the 9th inst. at Bainbridge will be scattered in Solon, Chagrin Falls, Russell, Chester, Auburn, Aurora, and Mantua. The politics of the people in a measure are based on the *New York Tribune*. A few Republicans are wavering toward the Democrats. The few Democrats round about are generally the old Copperhead stamp. All need waking up, and if the weather is good I doubt whether you ever had a larger audience in Geauga County than you will have here. Come by morning train, and Soph says bring Mrs. Garfield and the boys. We will have dinner early and drive over with carriage. If I see Rhodes will have him come if he can.

I have had two days' heavy mails and am tired. Will run till Friday next.

Truly yours,

C. E. Henry

Writing intimately to Grandmother Williams some days afterwards, Mother mentioned having "had a good deal of company," and described with just pride her bountiful table, crowned at noontide with what Mr. Rhodes often celebrated as "one of Soph's famous potpies":

Mr. Garfield spoke in Bainbridge, and he brought his whole family even to French girl. I knew they were coming, and had everything prepared—even potatoes washed and chicken dressed. I had a splendid dinner and supper—chicken, potatoes, tomatoes, corn, coffee, biscuit, sage and common cheese, peach pie, jelly, ice cream, peaches, and grapes, for dinner; biscuits, plum sauce, cheese, tarts, Mollie's black cake (splendid), cake with citron, and jelly cake, cream pie, ice cream, and grapes, for tea.

It was a feast day in more ways than one. Never to be forgotten is the spectacle that followed the midday meal, when, on that or some similar occasion, under the maples in front of the house, General Garfield, Mr. Rhodes, and Father, through the warm autumn afternoon, reclined upon the grassy slope, to smoke and to ply one another with schoolboy raillery and uproarious jest, until now and again they rolled over and over upon the ground and stirred the very trees with their Olympic laughter.

To see grown men act thus like joyful children, when they were not playing with any child, seemed very queer to me. But I soon came to understand something of that attractive boyish enthusiasm which General Garfield, often manifesting, kindled also in those around him, and which in some degree distinguishes likewise the son named after him. Never unseasonably indulged, it found like expression in the same place at other times—once, I remember, when President Hinsdale took part in their gaiety, although he was less given to such moods.

On other topics Mother's letter continues:

If Marcia is not too homesick and you are not too tired of having her there, I guess I will not come for her till Charlie gets his next month's pay, as I want Mary to come back with me and try my sewing machine which he will get then; and she wants to make a corn-husk mattress. That will be in three or four weeks. I have had the thrashers this week, and Harry G. stayed here until today.

Aged seven and four respectively, Harry Garfield and I had at least as good a time as our elders had enjoyed. The annual advent of the threshing machine, with its attendant bustle and crowd, made the barn a scene of joyous excitement, no part of which we missed. There, too, with keen rivalry we explored every nook and hiding place for hens' nests. Finding one, containing seventeen eggs, far under the barn, after the threshers had gone, we gathered them into an old hat and ran to show them to Mother. Harry, being the older, bore the hat; but as we entered the house I felt anxious to share the glory of our prodigious find. From upstairs Mother answered our shouts. Up we started, Harry in the lead and holding the hat high aloft. In a last frantic effort to help carry the hat, I jumped and caught the brim. Down upon the staircase crashed the seventeen putrid eggs. The threshing, it seemed, was unfinished.

On September 28, 1871, Father wrote from Solon to Mother's sister Mary in Ravenna, to explain why they had not come for little Marcia, who was then staying with her grandparents for the first time alone. Hardly two years old, she caused much amusement on the street by shrieking her transports of joy on seeing in front of the courthouse a small capering colt, which she hailed ecstatically as "Baby horsy, baby horsy!" and ever afterwards remembered.

"We have begun the cellar in earnest," he said, "and hope to finish it in a couple or three weeks." Asking that they set a time when he might come to



bring them all up to the farm, he added: "It's a bad place for Marcia at home just now on account of big hole under the house, dirt around it, and work for Mamma changing dresses for her. Jim Giles and Delos [McConoughey] are working on it."

Two memorable tales hang upon this cellar episode. The work was still uncompleted when Marcia was brought home; and Mother, with three small children, in a house on stilts and surrounded with mud, was somewhat distraught. Great-hearted Jim Giles, of massive frame and with voice as stertorous as it was unmusical, essayed the evening task of getting Marcia, who was "teething" and fretful, to sleep. Striding the floor with dauntless patience, he carried her kicking and screaming in his arms, and sang from start to finish, in tones that would have waked the dead, the twenty-eight doleful stanzas in the once popular ballad of "James Bird."

The hero, a young militiaman in the War of 1812, whose home was perhaps near Kingston, New York, deserted from Commodore Perry's flagship, the brig Niagara, after bravely participating in the battle of Lake Erie. Recaptured some time later, he was tried by court-martial and shot at Erie, Pennsylvania; although Perry, too late, endeavored to save him. Three stanzas of the song—the first and the last two—must here suffice to give some idea of its quality. One should hear it sung at length as a lullaby to realize the tranquilizing power of this tragedy of "*Lake Erie's* distant shore."

Sons of freedom, listen to me,  
And ye daughters, too, give ear,  
And a sad and mournful story  
As e'er told you soon shall hear.

. . .

See! he kneels upon the coffin,  
Sure his death can do no good;  
Spare him! Hark! O God, they've shot him,  
See, his bosom streams with blood.

Farewell, Bird! farewell forever  
Friends and home you'll see no more.  
But his mangled corpse lies buried  
On Lake Erie's distant shore.

The other story commemorates a great windstorm which came up in the night while the house above the unfinished basement rested precariously upon posts. Standing on the hill crest, it was braced with fence rails to prevent its tumbling into the deep ravine behind. Mother awoke to find the house rocking in the wind, and fearing that it would blow over, she attempted to rouse Father and have him get up and go with her over to Grandmother Henry's for the rest of the night. Tired and sleepy, Father felt confident that he had made the braces secure, and to calm Mother's fears he droned,

Rock me to sleep, Mother,  
Rock me to sleep.

Unable to induce him to share her fears, she passed an anxious night till the wind calmed down. At dawn she was able to show him where the shifting braces had plowed the ground, and Father acknowledged that the house had been in real danger.

Among my earliest recollections of our life upon the farm is the memory of Father's home-coming from his weekly run and of us children scampering to meet him as he came down the road from the train. By the time the eldest reached him, half way up the nearest hill, the other two were stringing along behind, with fleetness proportioned to their years, and each in turn demanding, "Has you brought us something?" Seldom were we disappointed, for Father, though never extravagantly indulgent, showed much love and small harshness to us all.

His rebuke, indeed, was often severe and sometimes hasty; but I can not remember that he ever whipped any of his children. He would rather laugh us out of our faults with droll irony, or encourage us to do his bidding by rewards of praise or small profit-sharing. Now and then his method, or lack of method, was conceived in a spirit of fun. A decade later, in the presence of his favorite niece, Florence Brown, who had been brought up under kind but inexorable paternal discipline, he told his youngest child, three-year-old Jimmy, to go into an adjoining room. Jimmy rebelled. Florence clearly expected Father to vindicate his parental authority. Glancing at her with twinkling eye, as he rose to the occasion, he said in stern tone, "I will make him mind!" and thereupon, to her amazement, dropped down on his hands and knees. Jimmy, taking the cue, quickly climbed upon the back of the "elephant," and rode, in gleeful obedience, to the appointed goal.

Father was very fond of tousling us youngsters, and in our play with him the amount of punishment that we would take without a murmur was wonderful to see. Singing *crescendo ed furioso*, "Tum-de-tum-de-diddle-de-tum," he would beat time with harder and harder spanks till Mother would call it real cruelty. But we liked it.

When my younger sister was a little girl, he took her, just before Christmas, on a mile tramp across the River to the Russ Place to cut a small evergreen tree; for he had a sentiment about getting the Christmas tree from our own farm. The little one dragged her sled behind her and took advantage of every slight decline to coast. Father, leading the way through the unbroken snow, designedly made little detours through heavy drifts to see how uncomplainingly she would trudge along after him as he wallowed through them. Steadily and silently she followed his trail, uphill and downhill, over and back, without even a sigh. On such an errand and in his company, hardship was remotest from her thought.

Holidays and the children's birthdays had always their proper observance



at Father's and Mother's hands, and the whole family had at least one extra gala day every autumn at nutting time, when we made pilgrimage to the old chestnut tree in the pasture, half-way to the river, with the baby (whichever of us it might be) carried in the broad clothes-basket. Of chestnuts, walnuts and butternuts we each year gathered a good store, for Father often remarked that, like the squirrels, he felt a sort of instinct to make this provision for the winter. He always liked to have some of the children with him whenever he could. Before I can remember, he used to take me in a box on the stoneboat, for a half day at a time, when he went out with the team to clear some field for the plow by prying or grubbing out stones, stumps, and roots, and hauling them out of the way.

My younger sister was a year or two under school age when she first became a pupil. Her teacher, Miss Bidlake, she called "Miss Bigache"—quite ineptly, for none of our young schoolmistresses, "boarding around," was better liked at our house. During the next winter a great snowstorm blocked the road with drifts so that we could not walk to the district schoolhouse a mile away. This state of things made us want to go even more than usual, so Father put us all on horseback with the hired man, four in a row from mane to crupper, and sent us off in high state.

Mother put up our dinner in a round basket, commonly with a tumbler of blackberry jam in the middle surrounded by other eatables. At noon I, as the oldest, plied the spoon from which each of us, in regular turn around, had a mouthful of the jam, and between times munched doughnuts, or fried cakes, hard-boiled eggs, sandwiches, and layer cake, or apple pie. Marcia rather resented the spoon-feeding as tyrannical—"giving," as Webster says, "no opportunity for initiative"—and never forgot it. During our district school days Father was a member of the school board, and no one unfit to teach could survive his thorough sifting of applicants for the instructor's post. At that time they were all young women. Two of the best of these, Marian Niece and Fanny McCollum, lived until 1940, sixty-five years after we had learned our a-b-c's at their knees.

Among other happy memories of childhood, I recall, too, the glorious play, in which Father and Mother occasionally joined us, among the leaves on warm October days after a frost and wind had piled the rustling foliage of the trees in great heaps of crimson, green, and gold upon the ground of our ample dooryard. Every season had its joys in which the whole family participated. Of a Sunday afternoon in summer Father often took us all down to the river for a romp in the water and lessons in swimming to Mother and the girls. He kept a rowboat on the pond (as we called it then) and with one or another of us he frequently went fishing for bass, perch, bullheads, and pumpkinseed or bluegills, generally with good results. Such are some of the little homely glimpses that I recall of Father in the midst of his family, from the early seventies onward.

During this entire decade General Garfield and Father kept up a pretty constant friendly correspondence, chiefly on politics both national and local. About one hundred and twenty-five of the former's letters are in my possession, and a still larger number of Father's was preserved with the rest of the late President's papers in the vault built to contain them at the family home in Mentor, from which they were later transferred to the Congressional Library. Mrs. Garfield kindly permitted me to take copies of these before they were removed, but it is of course impossible, nor would it be profitable, to reproduce many of them here. As further examples of the letters that passed back and forth, I subjoin two which were exchanged on the last day of the year. The context will readily be inferred.

Hiram, December 31st, 1871.

Dear Charlie: I came home this evening from Ashtabula and found your letter of the twenty-ninth instant awaiting me. I was greatly in hopes I should have the pleasure of seeing you and Sophia while I was at home this time, but it is now probably too late to expect a visit.

I am very glad to read what you say on finance. I have passed through almost the same experience you have on that subject. I am satisfied that it is like astronomy, in this, that our first views are generally wrong. I feel far less certainty in my positions now than I did two years ago. The subject is very complicated in itself, and from its connection with party politics is beset with difficulties on all sides.

The question is not simply what is the true theory of finance, but what can be done with all the political and business forces now operating on the country. I hope all thinking men will read carefully upon the subject, for the thing cannot be settled in one year or two. I believe it will yet appear that our safest way of escape, out of bond repudiation on the one hand and the contraction and inflation fight on the other, will be by a safe, steady, gradual return to specie payments. This will lead to honest conditions and settle a battalion of difficulties.

I leave for Washington in two days and will take your memorandum in reference to bounty along and find an answer for it before long.

Crete joins with me in love to you and Sophie. Write to me.

Ever yours,

J. A. Garfield

Pond Station, December 31, 1871.

Dear General:—

Yours of the 26th is received. Soph joins me in thanking you for your kind wishes. We had a Merry Christmas, children and all, and to you more than anyone living do we owe the comforts of a good home, and taking off our necks the Old Man of the Sea, debt. We are not quite clear yet, but begin to see through. We hope another year of hard work, economy, and good luck will take us through. I never expect to repay you for your kindness. I cannot do it, but hope to show my good will in anything pertaining to your interests through life. My children shall learn to honor your name, and should the fortunes of life be such, but I hope not, yours shall receive from mine sympathy and aid as their just due from a brother. I am not much to blow. I feel it,



and more, and can not help telling you once a year anyhow; and Soph, dear woman, she can't help crying sometimes with a thankful heart.

People are generally well this winter, only severe colds. The weather has changed several times the past month from extreme cold to thundershowers, one day cold, the next warm.

I heard a good army story the other day. An Ohio regiment, brigaded with an Indiana regiment, fell to stealing from each other more than was the usual custom in the army; but the Indiana boys were some ways ahead after a two weeks' trial, in rations, shoes, and blankets. One day a citizen came into the Ohio camp with four good-sized dogs and went home without them, said dogs being nicely skinned, quartered, feet cut off, and hung up in the open air back of the tents. The Indiana boys had fresh meat that night for supper, followed by a serenade from the Ohio boys like dogs barking. Uncle Sam is indebted to those boys one day's rations.

This is the last day of the year, December 31, 1871, raining, with thunder and lightning; not a very frosty hand in the old man's beard today.

You asked about postal cars on the A. & G. W. R. R. I suppose you meant the main line. I think if such a service were organized properly, to take part of the immense Western mails that now go over the Lake Shore, the one difficulty mentioned in the postmaster general's report, of not working up large paper mails in transit, would in part be done away with. Two great postal routes from New York City to the West are needed, one via Chicago, which is already established; the other via Cincinnati. One road can not work up a large paper mail; two might be able in part, or wholly so, if the mails were started right from New York City. I will give my views more fully upon this subject should you or Mr. Bangs<sup>1</sup> desire it.

The head clerk on Lake Shore postal cars sent word to me offering clerkship on that road, which I declined. It isn't what I can earn, but what I can save, is the reason I prefer this road.

Soph joins in love to your family.

Yours truly,

C. E. Henry

Can you send Dr. Shipherd some medical or statistical documents; also King W. Henry Agricultural Report for year 1869. Pond Station, Ohio.

During the next twenty months the correspondence between General Garfield and Father at first related mainly to administrative details regarding pensions and the posts, but in the latter part of that period it became largely concerned with the storm of bitter opposition which the future President encountered among his constituents in connection with the Credit Mobilier and Salary Grab scandals. Some envious aspirants for his seat in Congress sought to make all the capital possible out of these episodes, which were indeed serious enough to become matters of National concern. Both have been fully reviewed by the historians of that epoch and by President Garfield's biographers—to his complete exoneration, long since ratified by the people of his district and of the Nation—and I shall therefore quote but a paragraph

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<sup>1</sup> George S. Bangs, general superintendent of railway mail service.

or two from his letters written to Father in the spring of 1873. On March 17 he wrote :

Your kind note of the 14th instant came duly to hand. I think the articles in the *Herald* and *Leader* ought to set the people right on the Salary question. They ought to see the difference between voting for a bill with a thousand important items in it and voting for an obnoxious amendment added to the bill. All great legislative measures are to some extent the result of compromise, and I doubt if any man ever voted for an appropriation bill that did not contain many items which he opposed.

A week later he wrote again :

There seems to be a great contest over the question of taking the additional salary for the late Congress. Now the fact is I have not drawn it at all and have not intended to draw it, but I will not rush into the newspapers to gain a little temporary popularity by saying I have not drawn it. Furthermore, now that their mad is on, if I should draw it they would blame me and if I were to refuse to draw it they would say I was scared to it by the voice of the people. If anything will determine me to draw it, it will be this threatening tone in which the newspapers are treating the subject.

On May 26, he wrote further :

I sent you this morning a copy of my review of the *Credit Mobilier*. . . . I write to acknowledge your letter and to thank Soph for the kind note which she added. I am not able to judge fairly of the situation of the district on the Salary question. There has been a considerable addition of strength to the number of my enemies. Whether it is enough to produce any great results remains to be seen. Those who have read my article on the *Credit Mobilier* think that it is conclusive and covers the whole ground. I must say I think that myself.



## 17. *Guarding the Mails*

MEANWHILE, Father, besides his deep and helpful interest in the utter defeat of the attacks<sup>1</sup> on General Garfield, had been working on a plan for simplifying the handling of the heavy newspaper mails from the East by having such matter routed as far as possible in the offices of the publishers, and there put into appropriately labeled sacks to be furnished for that purpose by the post office department. This system has since been in successful operation progressively for nearly seventy years. Father consulted General Garfield not only about the adoption of the plan but also about securing his own promotion to a special agency in order to aid in introducing it. The sequel is shown by the following letter:

Hiram, O., Sept. 26, 1873.

Dear Captain:—

I take great pleasure in enclosing you a certificate of your appointment as special agent of the post office department. I was in Washington for a few hours on Tuesday last and asked the postmaster general to appoint you, which he did. I will tell you the particulars when we meet. I suggested to him that you might be set at work on the plan of newspaper distribution, and I wrote a letter to Bangs making the same suggestion. You will receive your instructions in a few days, and will probably go to Washington for a while to post up on the postal laws, etc. I want to see you as soon as I can in reference to filling your place. I am greatly pressed by applicants for the first vacancy, but I am inclined to jump them all and appoint Ross.<sup>2</sup> Please say nothing about your appointment to any one but Joe and Sophie for a few days yet until I get the succession determined. Would Ross be ready to go on soon? Your appointment will take effect from October 1st, so you can finish your present run before the time arrives. I return Don and Sheldon's letter. I somewhat expect Don here tonight or tomorrow. If he comes we shall want you with us. Crete joins me in much love to Sophie and the little ones.

As ever yours,  
J. A. Garfield

Capt. Chas. E. Henry,  
Pond Station, Geauga Co., O.

During the month of October Father received no particular assignments to duty from the post office department, and he busied himself in securing

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<sup>1</sup> No historian, after reading, at pages 170-193 of Dr. B. A. Hinsdale's *The Republican Text-Book for the Campaign of 1880*, this scrupulous scholar's "Charges against General Garfield Stated and Examined," can doubt the completeness of its vindication of him.

<sup>2</sup> Jasper S. Ross, late captain Company A, 42d O. V. I.

materials for the history of the Forty-second regiment. Thenceforward, however, he found plenty of work to do in his new position, and on November 3, he wrote to Mother from Mt. Vernon, Ohio, of the novel experience in "my first case," hereinafter detailed. Three weeks later he wrote to General Garfield as follows:

Pond Station, O., Nov. 23, 1873.

Dear General:

I received an order from Mr. Bangs to report to Washington, but will spend a day in Warren before going.

Have just returned from a trip to central and southern Ohio. Settled a post office quarrel and caught a post office thief. Father and Mother Williams are spending a few weeks here.

Although the Cincinnati *Times* has done some mischief, your friends will let it be known that they have a personal spite against you, so they cannot do much harm even if they tried. But I guess they won't try very much hereafter. I seldom introduce your name in talking politics to strangers, but heard you spoken of several times while in Licking, Perry, Richland, and Franklin Counties. They generally spoke of your being in bad shape, and were sorry for it. The *Times* had given publicity to the Warren resolutions, and people seemed to think the spirit of these pervaded the whole District.

I think of starting about the middle of next week to Washington and will tell you further of matters when I get there. Captain Barber thinks you are all right. He defends you on every possible occasion, and goes over the items one by one.

Soph and the old folks wish to be kindly remembered to you all.

Very truly,

C. E. Henry

Father's commission gave him free transportation over all railroads and other mail routes and his salary was sixteen hundred dollars a year, augmented by the allowance of three dollars per diem "while actually employed in the service."<sup>1</sup> With subsequent increases and after deducting his frugal living costs while away from home, his net annual return through more than seven and

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<sup>1</sup> *Postal Laws and Regulations*, 1873, chap. 20, sec. 32; id., 1879, p. 35, sec. 6. A special agent's total annual compensation, including expenses, would thus be \$2695. Directly after the department's law officer, by his opinion dated February 16, 1876, had so construed the statute above quoted (*Rev. Statutes*, sec. 4017) in contrast to Section 4019 restricting such allowance for certain other officials to "not exceeding the amount expended by them as necessary expenses while so employed," the postmaster general, in the exercise of his discretion under Section 4017, cut two hundred dollars from the salary of his special agents while at the same time adding two dollars to their per diem, thus raising their maximum compensation and expense money to \$3225 per annum. The salary cut was restored the next year without however disturbing the increased per diem, and so the maximum became \$3425. Afterwards the awkwardly (or artfully) drafted economy provision in the Act of June 17, 1878, instead of plainly limiting the per diem allowance to "the amount expended," prescribed equivocally that special agents "shall only be allowed for their actual and necessary expenses not exceeding five dollars per diem when they are actually engaged in the business of the department." The word "for" vitally alters the sense, and the word "engaged" adds nothing to the meaning of the concluding phrase. The special agents, however, were not the lawmakers, and with hardly an exception they were of a caliber worthy of their hire, good as it was for that period.



a half years in this position ranged from about twenty-five hundred to three thousand dollars, both his income and the toil of earning it being double or treble what it had been during his four years as railway mail agent.

In order to facilitate the arrest of letter thieves and other violators of the postal laws he was appointed deputy marshal on December 5, 1876, by Noyes B. Prentice, United States marshal for the Northern District of Ohio, and his commission was renewed on March 18, 1880, by Wilbur F. Goodspeed who succeeded Dr. Prentice. Of the nature of his work, and of his conspicuous success therein, some account at this point will be pertinent. In a lecture on "The Mails" which Father delivered first before The Olive Branch Literary Society of Hiram College on Wednesday evening, April 14, 1880, he described the position and duties of special agents in the postal service as follows:

They are the confidential staff officers of the postmaster general, and are responsible only to him and the law for their official acts.<sup>1</sup> All post offices and records are subject to their inspection, and employes to their direction. They are required to have a thorough knowledge of the postal laws, the law of evidence, and the service in all its branches. An agent must be ready to make a journey of five hundred or a thousand miles on a half hour's notice. These agents are the eyes and ears of the department and are expected to be sharp-sighted and long-sighted, but not long-eared.

A prompt postmaster in one of our large cities was in the habit of ordering the special agents, who came there to inspect the service, to do this or that; and to avoid controversy they sometimes complied in a good-natured manner, or paid no attention to his imperious order if it was a matter that did not require immediate attention. A neglect to comply with his request only made him more dictatorial. He was determined to rule. He therefore, during the absence of the agent, caused a wire to be stretched from his office to the office of the special agent in the adjoining room, and attached a bell on the end in the room of the agent and a handle in convenient reach of his own desk.

On the return of the agent from a tour of inspection, he was engaged in his office, when a bell jingled within a few feet of his head. The agent looked up surprised and asked his clerk what it meant. The clerk replied that the postmaster had caused it to be put up for the purpose of calling the agent to his room when he was wanted. The agent wheeled calmly around in his chair and continued his writing. The bell presently jingled again, and a third time, when the postmaster entered and asked, "What is the matter with the bell; didn't you hear it? I rang for you to come to my office." The agent measured him from head to foot with an air of mingled curiosity and indifference, and replied, "It works well enough, only you have got the bell on the wrong end of the wire."

The most difficult and exciting work of agents is ferreting out thieves. The secret archives of the Department contain records that would furnish material for a hundred interesting books. Each agent has been an important actor in many sad as well as comical scenes in the drama of life. A halo of

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<sup>1</sup> The *Postal Laws and Regulations* (July 1, 1879, page 37, section 18) provide that "The postmaster general considers special agents of the department as his representatives, and, as such, all postmasters, contractors, and others in the service are subordinate to them. They are responsible for their official acts only to him."



mystery and romance hovers around him. If he secures the evidence to convict a mail robber he is looked upon by many as a wonderful detective. I here venture the remark that I do not believe in the detective instinct in man. There is some evidence that women may at times possess it. A sharp, observant man can take an apparently unimportant fact, connect it with a supposable fact, and that again with a well known fact, and so work out a chain of evidence. A woman will see some faint sign and intuitively jump to the conclusion.

At that time the mysterious deductions of Sherlock Holmes were still unanalyzed in print. It is probable that success in such work depends upon no peculiar faculty or instinct, but it certainly requires a combination of qualities that is somewhat rare; and those qualities Father's record shows that he possessed. His achievements, during the nearly eight years of his service as special agent and post office inspector, were rivalled by few if any of the two or three score of officers continually engaged in that work. He made on the average one capture a month during the whole period, and nearly half of these were of postal thieves and robbers. Not only did he succeed, with really marvellous patience and acumen, in discovering these culprits, but he put to such good use his practical knowledge of the principles of legal evidence, which he had begun to acquire some years before in Baton Rouge, that those whom he thus caught seldom, if ever, failed of conviction on the proof which he furnished.

His reports of such cases to the department were models of brevity, clearness, and interesting narrative. It is said that one of the postmasters general, perhaps David M. Key, of Tennessee, who served as such for over three years under President Hayes, was accustomed in leisure hours at his office to send for some of Father's reports of difficult or unusual cases, in order to read, by himself or to some friend, the thrilling or humorous episodes which they recounted. The story of his first capture Father long afterwards contributed to the *Ohio Farmer* of October 14, 1905, under the caption "A Post-office Inspector's Experience."

My first letter-thief case was on a star or horse route, among the hills between Salineville and Steubenville, Ohio. I had received a dozen or more numbered and jacketed cases with a short letter from the department to "look after it and find the thief."

I knew that the country along the Ohio river was hilly, and that sheep-raising was common. On thinking over the case, I decided to leave the train at Salineville and travel on foot between there and Steubenville, and stop along the way and inquire about sheep prices. I dressed as a well-to-do cattle or sheep dealer. I had several suits of ordinary clothing at home on the farm. It would have been folly to dress in fine clothes and hire a livery rig. I had a pair of good army shoes, easy for a fifty or a hundred-mile tramp. It was October, and the frosts had colored the leaves of the forests with the rich hues of autumn. I had no grip, and journeyed along up and down the hills, stopping on the highest points to enjoy the splendors of autumn among the rolling hill-side farms and flocks of sheep and herds of cattle.

I had in my pocket a rude but correct map. I guessed that the stealing was



done at a point where two short routes joined the main route to Steubenville. I stopped over night at a tidy country hotel at this crossroads hamlet, and remained the following day inquiring about the price of sheep and wool. This completely disarmed curiosity and suspicion. I could therefore visit the little store kept by the postmaster and see when the mail arrived and how it was handled.

The postmaster was an elderly man, and I saw that he was respected by the people, and by the loungers who linger to visit and gossip in all country stores. The mail, however, was handled by the postmaster's son, a youth about twenty years old. He seemed to be careless, slouchy, and inclined to be impudent. I learned in two days by observation that it was best to test the young man. The postmasters on both short routes had written to the department that many letters mailed for Steubenville and beyond failed to reach the persons addressed. That night I prepared several test letters with small bills in each, and entered in my memorandum book the numbers and small marks that I had made on the bills.

I took a walk the following day to a place four miles distant and made myself known to the postmaster of that hamlet. I showed him his letter to the department and enjoined silence. I found that he suspected the young man that I had decided to test. I showed him my test letters and had him make a memorandum of the bills contained therein, and told him to place them in the mail pouch, while I would carelessly look on and see it done when the mail carrier was waiting for a change of horses. He told me that the carrier was perfectly reliable and could be trusted, but I failed to see the necessity just then of the carrier's knowing anything about it. I made it a rule never to disclose such business to anyone till I needed his help or information.

The postmaster had a good horse, and often drove over to the little village of the intersecting routes. I asked him therefore to take me along, and to keep the carrier just in sight for evidence in the case. I instructed him also to keep out of the store while the young man opened the mail. The pouch was delivered, and the test letters were with other mail half an hour before the carrier on the main line arrived. I decided to stop the main line carrier beyond a hill, half a mile away towards Steubenville. I did so, and showed my mail keys and commission. I opened the pouch and found two of my letters gone; the other two were in the mail. I told him to hurry on and tell the postmaster at Steubenville to get a team and meet me as soon as possible.

I returned to the village, and called the postmaster who had brought me over, to serve as a witness. I searched the young man, and found the marked money from the rifled letters in his pocket. He broke down at once and confessed. Here was a complete case. We started for Steubenville and met the postmaster of that town. The prisoner confessed to him also. I wired the United States marshal at Cleveland, and put the culprit in jail over night.

We took the morning train for Wellsville at a station about fifteen miles from the little village in the hills. We saw a number of people gathered peeping in the open windows of the cars. The prisoner said they were men of his town who had ridden across the country to see the United States officer. As they looked in and saw me with the prisoner, one man called out, "Why, that's that Yankee sheep buyer! Who'd have thought it."

The prisoner pleaded guilty before the United States district court at Cleveland, and the peoples' letters were safe in those parts thereafter. I had been ten days in the sheep hunting business, and got only one—a black one which I had to turn over to Uncle Sam.



On February 11, 1874, Father made a more significant conquest, the details of which he recounted in the *Ohio Farmer* of October 7, 1905, as follows:

My first hard case to find a letter thief was in the St. Louis postoffice. I had caught two letter thieves during my first three months' work, and, like a young coon dog, was anxious to catch another. I reported to Colonel Filley, the sharp, able St. Louis postmaster, and found that he had had his plans, and the special agents had had theirs. In short they were like a balky team and failed to pull together. Filley had good plans, and I saw at once that if I made any discovery, it would be best to work in harmony with him. I found no difficulty in this, and merely suggested some little changes in his plans, to which he readily agreed.

I found they had not narrowed the field down enough. It covered the whole pay roll of clerks and carriers. I determined therefore to learn if possible the hours, whether by night or by day, when the stealing was done, and whether it was an office clerk or a carrier. Hundreds of test letters had been put through and hour noted when mailed. Some were stolen, but no evidence had been discovered against any one class of clerks or carriers.

It was winter and short days. The carriers reported about four o'clock in the morning to make up their routes for early dawn. I instructed my assistant, a bright young all-round clerk, to watch the carriers after they reported. He found one carrier, always prompt to come early, fussing about among the mail of the carriers. I asked my helper to engage the carrier in conversation on his return from his route. I could then size him up from the postmaster's private office without arousing the carrier's notice that he was being watched, as everybody called on the postmaster. It would not do for me to be poking about the mailing room. I also asked my helper to ascertain the man's habits.

He reported that the man was a pretty good carrier, but was loose and dissipated at times when off duty. I asked the helper to report the exact time when this man went below to the washroom. He reported the next day that he visited the washroom twice after his mail was made up. "What was he doing for five or ten minutes before his visits?" I asked. "He was strolling along here and there, appearing to examine the mail of other carriers."

I said to Mr. Filley, "I think we know one of the thieves, and have only to secure evidence of guilt." "I hope you have," he answered, "for this stealing has given us much trouble for many months." I replied, "I will take him in the act in the washroom in less than a week."

I judged that the carrier, if he had stolen letters, would be anxious to get rid of them as soon as possible after he had rifled them, and that his regular visits to the washroom were for this purpose. I was very anxious to work with the greatest care, because more experienced agents had failed. A pair of stairs led down to the basement inside the washroom. It would not do for me to be seen there. A narrow stone stairway led from a back alley. One closet, with a locked door, contained some trumpery and was unused. I visited this when no one saw me. The rusty lock worked hard, and the door creaked on its hinges. The helper cleaned the truck out, and oiled the lock and hinges. He also at my request provided me with a small bit brace and half-inch bit.

I then began my watch about three o'clock each morning. I soon found that an hour earlier was better. I had my helper unseen above to respond at once to my signal. The night clerks, having finished their work, would come down to wash hands and faces, and then would go home to sleep. Soon the carriers would come to wash and get ready to go on their routes. I bored several half-



inch holes in the inch pine board door, at different angles, and enlarged them with my knife from the inside. Several mornings passed and no discovery. Mr. Filley told me that he thought the thief had taken the alarm. We learned afterwards that he had, but not from me. A sour carrier had asked him, "What are you fussing about my mail for? Let it alone."

However, he soon began on other mail. After a few mornings I heard a carrier come down whistling some lively tune; but it was not the happy whistle of the plowboy in the furrow. I saw through the peek hole the quick motion of his hand to his inside vest pocket; then the ripping and crunching of letter paper, and a motion of his right hand to place something in his right vest pocket. He went through these motions five or six times; then I opened the noiseless door, gave the signal to my helper, and seized him by the collar. He was strong and young, but I held him fast. He tried to pick up the torn letters from the floor.

I jerked out a little short six-shooter, held it in his face, and said, "Throw up your hands!" He did so, and just then my assistant appeared.

"What is in your right vest pocket that you took out of those broken letters?" I asked. He replied, "Money, I guess."

In his pocket were about twenty dollars, corresponding to the sum total enclosed in the letters. He had also seven unopened letters in his inside vest pocket. I told my helper to take every letter and envelope and go to the postmaster's house, six or eight squares away, and I would follow with the prisoner. I told the thief to keep just a few feet ahead of me. I showed him my revolver and told him I would wound and cripple him if he tried to run.

It was now about five o'clock in the morning of a bitter cold February day. I made the prisoner ring the door bell. The postmaster responded at once. He was delighted, and remarked, "Hello, Dielman! You are here at last. I have been looking for an early call from you for some time."

The postmaster sent my helper on the run for the United States district attorney, who lived three or four blocks away. He came and wrote down the confession. One question was, "How long have you been at this work?"

"About three months." He really had been at it for over two years.

I returned to Ohio in a happy frame of mind, in the full confidence that I had earned my salary for that month in guarding the mails from depredations. It gave me confidence, and for many years after, I never had a hopeless case, but always a belief that I could by hard work unravel the mystery.

All complaints of lost letters are duly numbered, provided with a jacket cover, and entered in large books in the division of special agents, or inspectors. Hundreds of these complaints had been sent to different agents, from time to time during the preceding two years or more, of lost letters and money mailed or received at the St. Louis office. These cases had generally been returned to the department with the comment, "No discovery." Dielman finally acknowledged that his thieving had covered two years, but he must have been at it nearly three years. All these cases were charged to Dielman, and credit was given to me for the discovery. On being called to Washington the following April, I was informed by the chief of my record. I felt half ashamed of the honor because, when I was first appointed, I disliked the work and hated being a detective, having in mind the Old Sleuth stories of false hair and whiskers and goggles as disguises.

But I now began to love my work because it enhanced the efficiency and honesty of the postal service. When a case was sent to me, I had the zeal of

a boy with a good coon dog, listening on the edge of a cornfield on a still sultry night in August. I learned that a gentleman is not required to sacrifice his self-respect in the anxious study and watchful care necessary to catch a letter thief.

In the preface of a volume of illustrative sketches, published in 1876, and entitled *Guarding the Mails, or the Secret Service of the Post Office Department*, by P. H. Woodward, chief special agent under Postmaster General Jewell, the author justly observed:

Though the contrary is often assumed, there is no reason why the persons who make it a business to hunt down evil-doers should not at the same time be gentlemen, pure, truthful, and just, above suspicion and above reproach. In the post office department at least, the operators most eminent for skill in the detection of crime have almost uniformly been men of incorruptible virtue. Like the chivalric soldier, they often resort to feints and stratagems, but never to falsehood. It is a cardinal principle inculcated in the management of the corps that the escape of a thief even is a less evil than the violation of one's word.

On the flyleaf of Father's copy of the work, I find in his handwriting, under date of October 28, 1876, the following comment:

This book gives an account of only a small number of difficult cases worked by special agents during the past ten years. It appears that the author selected only those of dramatic and humorous interest. Several of the best agents are not mentioned. The charge is therefore made that favoritism is plainly indicated in the selection of such cases as will display the skill of Shallcross, Furay, and a few others. Woodward probably wrote for the reader and not for the agents. As my name is mentioned among the few, I have no reason to complain.

In chapter eighteen, on "Swindlers and their Tricks," the last sketch, at page 444, is entitled "A Formidable Weapon," and details the arrest by Special Agent C. E. Henry of one Wilcox, who, under the style of Wilcox and Company, near Ashtabula, Ohio, in the summer and autumn of 1875, was doing through the mails a fraudulent business by advertising a worthless toy as "Allan's New Low-Priced Seven-Shooter." Wilcox sought to justify this representation by explaining that if the popgun were loaded seven times it would shoot seven times!

In August, 1876, Woodward was succeeded as chief special agent by David B. Parker, a remarkable man with an eventful career, who continued in that position during the remainder of Father's service in the department. In his volume of uncommonly interesting reminiscences, entitled *A Chautauqua Boy in '61 and Afterward*, which was published posthumously in 1912, with an introduction by Professor Albert Bushnell Hart, the author made, at page 291, the following appreciative though somewhat inaccurate mention of Father:



I knew General Garfield quite well. While he was member of Congress, I had on my force a Captain Charles E. Henry, who was perhaps General Garfield's closest friend. They were schoolmates at Hiram College. They went to the army together, and after Garfield was made a General, he had Captain Henry on his staff. At the close of the War Garfield got Henry appointed a postoffice inspector, and he was one of the very valuable officers of the department. When Garfield was inaugurated President, he appointed Captain Henry United States marshal for the District of Columbia in order to have Henry near him. The Captain and I boarded in the same house, and were always intimate. General Garfield, whenever he met me, would say, "Well, how's Charlie doing now?" or something of that sort.

In making a record creditable alike to himself and to his sponsor, Father's tenure grew to be largely independent of political favor, secure from disturbance by department upheavals, and immune to the malicious attacks of those whose dishonesty his zeal had uncovered or whose jealousy his success had aroused. By the spring of 1874 he had settled into the long stride of prosperous effort in his new vocation. The pursuit of postal law breakers of all kinds, and especially the detection, arrest, and conviction of letter thieves, lent to his work an intense dramatic interest. The newspapers, eager to publish stories of his captures, gave him a wide and favorable reputation.

Thus in the course of four or five years the depredations of dishonest postal employes in and around Ohio began noticeably to diminish. Meanwhile the extent of Father's acquaintance throughout this region became almost unrivalled, and his strong, sagacious, genial personality made him the valued friend of many public men throughout the State and of leading citizens in nearly every community on the Western Reserve. Although his freedom of movement was unhampered by minute instructions or personal surveillance, his own conception of his duty required him to be pretty constantly on the go. In allusion perhaps to this, his old time friend and preceptor, J. H. Rhodes, with characteristic humor, styled him the GAD, and interpreted it to mean, "Great American Detective."

With all his travelling—and I estimate that it amounted to at least three or four hundred thousand miles during his lifetime, and to more than half of that distance while he was in the postal service—he found much time for reading and for cultivating the social amenities of home and neighborhood life at the farm, of hospitality given and received, and of attendance on public entertainments.

Of books and reading, besides the periodicals and the beginning of a library already mentioned, and the miscellaneous additions which he made to his shelves as time went on, he found satisfaction now and always in Macaulay's *Essays*, the novels of Dickens, the literature of the War, and works on American and English history and politics. To choose at random some examples of his reading at this particular time, I find him mentioning in his correspondence Judge Jeremiah S. Black's blistering review of contemporary politics in the January, 1874, *Galaxy*, and Albert G. Riddle's new novel *The Portrait* which

he liked even better than that writer's earlier story, *Bart Ridgely*—both of peculiar interest to people in Geauga county where the scenes were laid.

Riddle had been in Congress during the first years of the War, and was looked upon as the most eloquent orator on the Reserve. With other members of Congress he drove out from Washington to witness the first battle of Bull Run. When panic overtook the Union troops and they fled towards Washington, fear-stricken soldiers clambered on the carriage in which Mr. Riddle rode. Writing home to his wife an account of the causeless rout, Riddle told how in his vexation he beat off the terrorized fugitives.<sup>1</sup> His account of their flight was so realistic that when it was incautiously intrusted to a newspaper editor, the temptation to disregard Riddle's instructions not to publish it proved irresistible. The effect upon the public was swift and disastrous to the writer. His great popularity was banished by the stroke of his cane.

But the lapse of a dozen years had now restored it, so that Father was able to say: "Riddle is almost worshipped in a peculiar way in Lake, Ashtabula, and Geauga counties. A word from him would go farther than a thousand from anybody else. He told me at Hiram that if necessary he 'would go to Ohio and fight on every hillside and in every jungle for General Garfield.' "

Writing again to the latter, Father recounted another instance of Mr. Riddle's impulsiveness.

Cleveland, O. May 5, [1876].

Dear General:

Riddle's attack on Blaine reminds me of a story I heard of Riddle years ago. It was said that if a knife or fork did not suit Riddle when he sat down to eat, he would hurl it spitefully out of the window. Sometimes a plate met with the same fate.

On one occasion when a defective knife was found by him at his plate, he gave evidence of his disgust and infirmity of temper in the usual manner by landing it in the yard through the open window. The roguish girl soon replaced the same knife quietly beside his plate. He did not notice that it was the same one, attempted to use it and threw it out again. Being engaged in conversation he did not notice that it was the same knife until he had repeated the performance five or six times, when he saw the joke and good naturedly submitted to it and enjoyed his dinner.

I could not see how Mr. Blaine assaulted the reputation of Mr. Knowlton, and I do not believe what he said could be construed into an attack, but to our friend it may have been a defective fork and impulsively hurled back on to the floor of the House.

Very truly yours,  
C. E. Henry

Another friend of Father's was Ed Cowles, as he was everywhere known—the able but somewhat eccentric founder and editor of the Cleveland *Leader*. He suffered from a congenital defect in his hearing which prevented him from apprehending certain sounds, especially high or sibilant noises, such as the

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<sup>1</sup> *Recollections of War Times*, Riddle; G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1895; p. 51.



songs of birds and the pronunciation of the letter "s." His opinions were positive; his speech emphatic. Father quoted him as saying: "Garfield ith the betht abuthed man in Ohio."

Although a severe man, of whose presence every one on the editorial staff stood in awe, Mr. Cowles had yet some sense of humor. A young chap in the office, who could imitate his pronunciation perfectly, used in his absence to make all the force scatter to their desks by mimicking "the Old Man's" voice just outside the room where they sometimes congregated. On one such occasion they heard the well-known positive accents of their chief in the anteroom, declaring that "The *Leadah* ecthpecth evwy man to do hith duty." They waited to hear no more but hastened to their posts. The jeering laugh of the mocker was stifled, however, on the sudden appearance of Mr. Cowles himself, who smiled grimly and exclaimed, "Well, Mithtah Thmith, I couldn't have done that bettah mythelf."

Harmon Austin, then one of the foremost men of Warren, yielded to no one in unfaltering fealty to General Garfield. With Mr. Austin Father had frequent occasion to confer about political matters in the Nineteenth District, and found him always resourceful and tireless, although somewhat over-fearful. How they contrived to prevent the foisting upon General Garfield of an unwelcome nomination for Governor of Ohio is told in the following letter.

Cleveland, O., March 31, 1876.

Harmon Austin,

Dear Sir:—

I beg leave to return your letter to General Garfield as he was not in Columbus to receive it. I urged the views set forth therein to Messrs. Ford, Thorp, and Dr. Streator. The Cleveland district delegates were united and determined to present the General's name before the Convention, while about one-quarter of the delegates from the Nineteenth District were opposed and displayed the old spirit of two years ago. Thorp pitched into them in our district caucus meeting, somewhat to the disgust of some of the General's friends, but I don't think he did any harm. Of course the wisdom of your views is now apparent to all. So determined were the Cleveland fellows to present his name that I felt alarmed and there appeared a necessity of some other influence besides my own. I therefore took the liberty of showing your letter to Dr. Streator, but to no one else.

I trust my action will meet with your approval, especially as without that influence, the General's name would in all probability have gone before the Convention and, aside from the embarrassment spoken of by you, there would have been the risk of a botch, as in the case of Sherman's friends. Of course, no one saw or knew of the letter but Dr. Streator.

Mr. House will or has informed you of the details in the Convention. I hope to see you before long and talk over matters.

Very truly yours,

C. E. Henry

P. S. I am inclined to think that the General could have been elected but it would have been close. A political Silas Wegg had the south part of the State well worked up for himself.

Charles B. Lockwood, then of Solon, but afterwards of Cleveland; Dr. Worthy S. Streator, also of Cleveland, Julius O. Converse, editor of the *Geauga Republican* at Chardon; A. A. House, of North Bristol; John Gould and Reuben P. Cannon, of Aurora; Messrs. Meharg, Beatty, and Hall of Ravenna, and Dr. H. W. Curtiss of Chagrin Falls, comprise but a small part of the circle of Father's active friendships during the early part of 1874, when he was chiefly concerned with the rebuilding of General Garfield's political fences after the Credit Mobilier and Salary Grab storms.

Practical politics and petty partisanship may sometimes be compatible with straightforward statesmanship, but they lay mostly below the plane of General Garfield's mental and moral horizon. In the long run, his generous foeman-ship, singular eloquence, and genuine cordiality did him far better political service than office-mongering and wirepulling would have done. His enduring success in politics grew from the practice rather of sound statesmanship than of personal or partisan expediency. Still, had he been as wary as he was honest, he would never have encountered these difficulties; or, having encountered, would more easily have escaped them. He sought to advance neither his own nor his party's political fortune by means of partisan spoils. Thus on December 30, 1873, Father wrote to him:

I have thought many times of suggesting the propriety of your recommending none but those who in a small way at least would be of some political advantage to you, your particular friends and relatives excepted. In looking over the list of your recommendations, however, it shows that you have totally disregarded your political interests—some of your appointees moving out of your district, some were outside when appointed, and nearly all taking not the slightest interest in working for you or even observing the public temper. I am well aware of the importance of selecting only men of judgment to meddle in that dangerous thing, politics.

Father sought, as well as he was able, to make his own efforts in General Garfield's behalf supply this lack throughout the district. It was pretty generally conceded at the time that the latter's triumphant renomination and re-election, in spite of the great Democratic landslide in 1874, were due in no small measure to the thoroughness and efficiency of those efforts. Meanwhile, Father's official duties suffered no neglect, and he was able at frequent intervals to report further captures of delinquent postal employes. Some six months after his appointment, he had occasion to report in person at Washington at such time as might be convenient, and on the suggestion of Mrs. Garfield's brother Joseph Rudolph that they journey together, the following invitation came:

Washington, D. C., April 7th, 1874.

My dear Captain:—

Yours of the 3rd inst. is received. I am glad to hear of your success in your office. I have just now only time to say that you must not fail to come with



Joe and bring Sophie along. You will all be very welcome and I hope we can make it pleasant for you.

As ever yours,  
J. A. Garfield

Capt. Chas. E. Henry,  
Pond Station,  
Geauga Co., Ohio.

Three weeks later Father and Mother arrived in Washington. She had never been there before. For an entire week they enjoyed the genuine hospitality of General Garfield's comfortable but unpretentious home at Number 1227 I Street, visiting meanwhile, as Father's diary records, the capitol, the patent office, the Smithsonian, Arlington, Mt. Vernon, and other places of interest in and about the city. On May day, for example, he mentions, "Went with ladies to Soldiers' Home." Mrs. Garfield, amid all the cares of her numerous household, played the hostess with charming ease and dignity, happily infusing the homelike atmosphere of old Hiram into the courtly air of capital society, and Mother was made to feel at her best. She found the week in Washington a notable treat of course, but no more than Father planned to have her enjoy in one way or another as often at least as once a year.

He, too, had now frequent contact with men and things of note. At the reunion of the Society of the Army of the Cumberland in Columbus on September 16, 1874, he "took dinner with Generals Sheridan and Custer," and stayed over for the banquet the next evening. General Custer had then just published *My Life on the Plains*, and his long curling hair and merited fame as an Indian fighter made him a picturesque character, the chief object of Young America's hero worship.

Thus it happened that William Doyle, the farm hand on whom at that time Father principally relied, became so much impressed with exploits of this sort, that he enlisted in the regular army the next spring and was said to have shared the fate of Custer and his men in the awful slaughter by the Sioux under Sitting Bull at the Little Big Horn on June 25, 1876.

The day after the banquet at Columbus, Father attended the Northern Ohio Fair with General Garfield and Judge Pardee. On Friday evening of the next week he went with General Garfield to Chagrin Falls, where the latter spoke to a large audience. The General stayed at our house overnight, and the next morning both went to Garrettsville. Mrs. Joseph Rudolph returned with Father, and her husband arrived later.

That evening the whole household went over to Doctor Shipherd's home, where there was a piano, for all were anxious to hear Mrs. Rudolph play and sing. Her maiden name was Elizabeth Phillips, and she inherited the musical talent of her Welsh ancestry. Among other things she played some weird Gaelic tunes and voiced the folk music of several lands. One of her songs, "I's Gwine Back to Dixie," Father straightway learned. This plaintive negro

melody became a favorite with him, and thereafter throughout his life he sang it often and well.

In Warren, a fortnight after this musicale, Father "saw John Sherman and others" of the Ohio Republican leaders, and in December he again visited Washington. President Grant at that time nominated General Pardee for United States district judge in Louisiana. But on account of political jealousies there and in the Senate, of which Pardee became the wholly innocent victim, his appointment, after dragging painfully for some weeks, finally failed of confirmation. A few years later, however, when General Garfield became President, he was able to gratify his old friend and companion in arms with a higher judicial office.

Calling at the White House with General Garfield and Judge Pardee some months after the latter's disappointment, Father for the first time was presented to President Grant on March 6, 1875, just twelve years after the great commander's hopes of worldly glory seemed to his men to be engulfed in the collapse of "Grant's Ditch," which the Forty-second regiment had helped to dig opposite Vicksburg before that stronghold fell.



## 18. *Defamed and Vindicated*

ALL THIS broadening of Father's outlook upon life tended but to increase his fondness for the old farm home among the maples, which was freed now from debt, and always a welcome refuge after weary vigils in the discharge of his official duties. No anxiety perplexed the fronts of its calm hills or ever broke the mystic charm of its still valleys. No reeking stacks veiled the blue above or sullied the green below. Remnants of the ancient wilderness offered sheltering depths upon his own domain wherein he could lose himself and become a boy again. In half a score of springs bubbling forth from its hillsides, he could slake his thirst, without dread of any taint lurking in the cold sparkling waters. If, in his constant traveling, busy cares chafed, and the turmoil of men and things seemed at times almost to overwhelm him, here at least were home, healing peace, and freedom. Here he could wash away the dust and grime of life and lave his body and soul in the clean waters

Of that glorious little river  
By misnomer called Chagrin.

In the spring of 1875 he added the east wing to the house. The main part had been built by his brother Simon in the autumn of 1857. With minor improvements and repairs made from time to time thereafter, the old home, half hidden by the noble trees, stood throughout his life as then completed, a comfortable, unpretentious farmhouse, with its quiet dignity of white paint and green blinds.

On Thursday, September 2, 1875, Father noted in his diary, "General Garfield and family and Hinsdale came in evening." On Saturday evening the General, I believe, spoke in Mantua, and on Sunday he and Mrs. Garfield went with Father and Mother to church in Chagrin Falls. Meanwhile, they rambled over the farm, drove through the region round, and renewed the glorious visit of the year before, when Rhodes instead of Hinsdale had shared their joys.

But though a red letter day in life's calendar may brighten many another day with happy memories, it can not always avert the coming of a dark one. Later in the same month a dismal affair occurred, the gloom of which never quite disappeared. Father's younger brother Edward, always full of boyish pranks and drollery, somehow failed, after receiving the awful wound in his head at Antietam, to recover a full sense of manhood's responsibilities.

On several occasions, both before and after his marriage, at Evansville,

Indiana, in 1871, to gracious, patient Annie Langworthy, he incurred merited reproofs from Father for various irresponsible antics, conceived, indeed, for the most part, in a spirit of fun, but by no means justifiable as mere practical jokes. In the minds of most of his family these lapses were largely redeemed by his heroism on the field of battle and by his devotion in after life to the wife who, always delicate, became at length a helpless invalid.

In the summer of 1875, Father rebuked him, perhaps too harshly, for wheedling from Grandmother a considerable part of the revenue from her little dairy, and bade him return to his work, instead of living all summer on her willing bounty and hence virtually at Father's expense. At this Uncle Edward took deep offence and some time later by way of reprisal he wrote two pseudonymous letters under the name of "Duncan Ely, Chairman Republican Committee, Bissells, Ohio," purporting to emanate from the "Nineteenth District Republican Rooms, Geauga County, Ohio."

One of these he addressed to the Honorable Marshall Jewell, postmaster general; the other, to the Honorable John Sherman, United States senator from Ohio. Both letters recommended Father's dismissal from the Government service for his "insolence of office," whereof false particulars, carefully specified, were declared to be a menace to local Republican success. Fortunately Father had become pretty well acquainted with Governor Jewell, both in Washington and on a railway journey which they had made together from Pittsburgh to Ravenna early in that summer.

With Senator Sherman his acquaintance was then but slight. The latter sent the Duncan Ely letter to the postmaster general, who, though much disturbed, promptly referred both communications to General Garfield in order that the latter might take the matter up with Father personally. No sooner was this done than the identity of the writer and the falsity of his charges stood revealed.

From Doctor H. W. Curtiss of Chagrin Falls, and Mr. A. G. Kent of Bainbridge, both of whom were then prominent in the Republican politics of the vicinity, Father readily obtained letters completely exonerating him, but without disclosure of the forger's name. These General Garfield at once sent to Governor Jewell with a vigorous comment of his own. The postmaster general's reply, dated October 15, 1875, closed the incident so far as the department was concerned. He wrote:

I never doubted Captain Henry's honesty and ability, nor his good nature, and he is evidently very enthusiastic in his work; so I guess it is not worth while to say any more about it. As the letter came from Senator Sherman, however, I was in duty bound to send it to you. I shall file all these letters away together and call the Senator's attention to them when I see him.

The following letter suggests that Mother had meanwhile taken a hand in the matter and addressed to the postmaster general a characteristically spirited and effective epistle.



House of Representatives

Washington, D. C., November 5, 1875.

My dear Captain:

Yours of the 29th was received and read with interest. I am glad to hear of your success. I have no doubt the department will believe that the "detective instinct" is improving. It was just like Soph to do as she did. I received a letter from an old Hiram student, enclosing an Eclectic Commencement programme for 1861, in which I noticed one essay entitled "My Castles in Spain" by Myra E. Robbins, and "The Mother's Last Offering" by Sophia M. Williams. I wonder if the latter then thought that she should so soon be inditing "A Wife's Offering" and bringing a cabinet minister down from his high horse? Don't be troubled about Jewell's construction of the case. I will see to him if he gets into a fever again, which I don't think he will.

I wonder how the Democracy are feeling in their minds by this time? The election of last year and this have put both parties on their good behavior.

I am hard at work at some law cases, and bringing up arrears of correspondence and literary work.

Crete joins me in much love to Soph and yourself.

As ever yours,

J. A. Garfield

P. S. I spoke a few moments at the Teachers' Institute at Solon the morning I left there, and saw Ed in the audience, smiling as though he had never carried a message from Duncan Ely to Uncle Sam.

J. A. G.

Uncle Edward and his wife are both dead, and they had no children. In these circumstances, I feel warranted in narrating, with all extenuation and without malice, the foregoing facts. Although I would rather ignore them, they call for utterance in order not only to explain a record which is doubtless yet preserved in the files of the post office department, and which, as it there stands, might still imply a mysterious reflection upon Father from some unknown source; but also and chiefly to relieve him from undue criticism for the permanent estrangement which ensued between these sons of the same parents.

The character of Father's duties required him at times to use the remarkably severe look and tone for which his piercing black eyes and deep voice were by nature adapted. I doubt if he realized how fearfully effective these were to penetrate the very soul of anyone against whom on occasion he directed them. Seldom did a culprit accused by him fail to weaken before his compelling demand for a full confession. I have even heard it remarked by some unlucky wight, who had felt his power in this regard, that "he could make an innocent man feel like a criminal."

It was thus not unnatural that those whose remissness merited only a mild admonition, should sometimes feel injured by the unconscious over-emphasis of his rebuke. But if he made some enemies in this way, he won scores of friends by his kindness. I know not how many young men obtained employment in the Government service and elsewhere through his friendly interces-

sion. And many outlawed notes, which have come to light among his papers, attest his readiness to lend a helping hand to those in pecuniary distress.

Although intolerant of cheats, parasites, and ingrates, no man was fonder of his friends or better liked than he. For every man that fell afoul of his austerity, there were hundreds who knew and prized his sincere smile and whole-souled good nature. Some even of the felons whose conviction he obtained asked and received his ready counsel and aid in their penitent efforts to begin anew after serving their sentences. James B. Morrow, sometime editor of the *Cleveland Leader*, with whom Father sustained in later years most cordial relations, felt moved to publish an illustrated appreciation of him in his lifetime, which attested that "his intellect is keen and his heart is kind."

Since it happens that for the decade ending with General Garfield's election to the presidency in 1880, his correspondence with father—each party to it having preserved the other's letters—constitutes the main source extant for the writing of these chapters, I must risk criticism for transcribing so much thereof, though it is only a tithe, and for seemingly parading an intimate friendship, of which, indeed, Father's descendants may well be proud, by inserting here a couple of frank and interesting epistles which passed between them at a time when, among other circumstances of interest, the General had talked of joining a prominent law firm in Cleveland.

Geauga Lake, Ohio, January 22, 1876.

Dear General:

I have been too busy to write you before. Have heard from several sources that you made decidedly the best speech on the Amnesty Bill. Whatever you may think of its merits, I assure you that no speech of yours in the House for the past four or five years has pleased the people so well.

General Negley returned to Pittsburgh and reported that Hayes is looming far ahead of Blaine for the Presidency. A recent objection to Blaine is that he can not be trusted on the Catholic question, as he was early trained in that faith. I have heard this several times in Pennsylvania and Ohio.

It is alleged by those in favor of Hayes that no story will speak of him to his injury; that he was born lucky on that score, and is just the kind of man to run, because no nickname or slang phrase can be pinned to him. Oh, flowery beds of ease! Silence is his strength, while Blaine must depend upon his guns, their noise and accuracy of aim.

I have made some little inquiry concerning your proposed business in Cleveland. Your friends, I think, do not fully approve of your contemplated alliance, although they would be glad to see you among them in Cleveland. When I last heard from Estep he had "sworn off," but whether in a Rip Van Winkle sense or an honest purpose, I have not learned.

I have not heard from the Cincinnati agent to whom I gave your railroad ticket to sell. I do not understand it; he is the soul of honor, so I have always been informed. I will see to it before long.

We are all well yet. Soph joins in kindest regards.

Very truly,

C. E. Henry

General J. A. Garfield, M. C.



House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.  
January 27, 1876.

My dear Captain :

Yours of the 22d instant came duly to hand. I am glad that you are pleased with my speech on the Amnesty Bill. Since its delivery I have received not less than four hundred letters from all parts of the country thanking me for it. The debate has consolidated our party here and filled them with enthusiasm. I will send you a package of the pamphlet copies of my speech in a few days.

I presume Ohio will give its united vote at the National Convention for Hayes, but I doubt if he will be able to secure the nomination. We ought of course to go in for Hayes as long as there is any chance for him, and then give a solid vote for the next best man, which I think is Blaine. That Catholic story can do Blaine no harm. His record is clear.

All the family are well and send love.

As ever yours,  
J. A. Garfield

Captain Charles E. Henry,  
Geauga Lake, Geauga Co., Ohio.

Among Father's lifelong intimates hardly one stood closer than the friend for whom he named his second son, a winsome child but brief of days. Don Pardee Henry, born on January 27, 1876, lived only long enough to take his first unaided steps and to speak his first baby words. It was no doubt the birth of Little Don that led Father within the next fortnight to join the church. Frequently and very naturally, men have taken this step in grief for the death of a child. But his decision seems rather to have been occasioned by gratitude and joy.

There was at all events no hysteria about it. He came, as has been indicated, of a God-fearing stock. But some aspects of pioneer religionism produced in him an early revulsion of feeling, which, with his subsequent bent for scientific reading, had inclined him towards materialism. Never, so far as I know, an outright disbeliever, he had not, until he was forty years old, felt constrained to declare publicly his Christian allegiance.

No one could come into the family of Grandfather Williams and remain untouched by the compelling power of his fervid faith, born as it was of intellectual conviction, and confirmed by constant study and practice of Christian doctrine. The essentials of that doctrine, as interpreted by the Disciples of Christ, had been powerfully and effectively preached for more than half a century in this region, and thence afar, with a simplicity and cogency of logic verging on mathematical demonstration, and with a directness and sympathy of appeal which profoundly touched the heart at the very time when the mind became convinced.

In this movement Grandfather Williams had taken an active part for forty years. The religious environment of Father's life at Hiram was thus continued after his marriage, and his heritage of Methodism gradually yielded to the influences of this new relationship. He was in Cincinnati on Sunday, February

6, 1876, when as his diary records, he "Attended church on Ninth Street. Sermon by Mr. Moore. After discourse, went forward. P. M., went to Bethel Sabbath School. Evening, was immersed. Sermon on 'Baptism' by Mr. Moore." Two weeks later he adds: "Went to Aurora to church. Wife and I joined. A good meeting."

Curiously enough, his presence in Cincinnati on the Sunday when his formal connection with the church began, was due to an arrest which he had made on the day before, and which, on his return home, he thus detailed:

Geauga Lake, Ohio, February 9, 1876.

P. H. Woodward, Chief Special Agent,  
Washington, D. C.

Sir:

I have the honor to report the arrest, on the fifth instant, of Whitcomb Henderson, deputy postmaster at Dresden, Ohio. Several cases referred to me by the department in November and December last indicated trouble in the vicinity of Muskingum and Coshocton counties. I immediately commenced the investigation and was able after a little observation to locate the depredations at the Dresden office. I used a number of decoys on my first and second visits, but without satisfactory results. I learned afterwards that young Henderson had taken the alarm by hearing complaints of losses.

I returned again on the third instant and soon had the pleasure of knowing that \$4.50 mailed by me was lost. Before I could return after learning the loss, he had taken the train for Zanesville and I was compelled to "groan and sweat under a weary life" until the following day when I took the first train after him. Learning that he had spent the night at poker, seven up, and pin pool, I was afraid to arrest him until in some way I could find out whether he had any of my money left. I induced a young man to play billiards with him, but unfortunately after several games the wrong one had to pay.

Soon after, however, I had a chance to see his money at the bar of the saloon. One look at a particular piece convinced me that the bar of justice was not far off, and, as a great general once said, "I felt like ending the matter before going back." Sending for Colonel Douglas, postmaster of Zanesville, and taking Henderson to a room, I searched him and found \$1.50 of my marked money in his possession, whereupon he broke down and begged to be allowed to go West never to return. I took him to Cincinnati, and waiving a hearing he was committed for want of bail of \$2500. He will endeavor to extenuate his crime by pleading youth and innocence.

Very truly,

C. E. Henry,

Special Agent Post Office Department

On Tuesday, April 25, 1876, Father made a much more important capture in the arrest of Alfred C. Van Tine, a man of middle age, and of such standing that President Grant had appointed him postmaster of a city office. In the lecture already mentioned, Father thus narrated the circumstances:

One of the most singular cases that for months baffled the department occurred a few years ago in Sandusky. Reports of rifled and missing letters



were made from time to time, and the several cases were placed in my hands for investigation. The postmaster was a small, inoffensive looking man. He had lost his right arm close to the shoulder in the battle of Fisher's Hill.

I visited Sandusky at night and conferred with him upon the subject of losses. He appeared anxious that the stealing should stop and that the thief should be found out and brought to justice. We went over the whole ground of probabilities and possibilities and made a careful analysis of the character of the clerks. The postmaster, Mr. Van Tine, thought it must be a distributing clerk named Cherry. I could only form an opinion from the information he furnished.

The letters were rifled in a neat manner and resealed with mucilage. A bottle of mucilage stood near where Cherry worked. His duties kept him in the office for an hour each night after the clerks had left. I prepared several test money-letters and gave them to Van Tine to place in the mail that Cherry worked. The letters passed through undisturbed. I tried every conceivable plan again and again, but my letters were unmolested. I made a dozen nightly visits to Sandusky without success. I gave up in despair after exhausting every possible test. At last I heard that Van Tine had told people that I was testing the office. I accordingly recommended his removal, which was done. He, however, went to Washington and begged a few weeks' continuance, which the postmaster general kindly granted.

The stealing continued. At last Van Tine telegraphed me that several registered letters were stolen and asked me to come at once. I went, but did not at first see him. I was in the city twenty-four hours without his knowledge and made good use of every moment. Every little fact I could pick up pointed towards Van Tine. I began to wonder why I had not suspected him before; then the fact of rifled letters neatly resealed and Van Tine's right arm gone stared me in the face. It was worse than a fifteen puzzle.

After getting all the information I could, I saw Van Tine. He was swift and ready to accuse some one of the robbery. He claimed it was committed by a route agent named Seigling, and told a plausible story of fact and falsehood to prove his charge. From his story it was easy to prove that no one could possibly steal the registers but Seigling or Van Tine, and I was soon able to prove that Seigling did not take them, as they were seen through a glass door on a desk after Seigling left the building. Van Tine was the last person in the room before the registers were missed. The door was locked; the upper part of it, and indeed the whole side of the room adjoining the working room of the office, was of glass.

Step by step I began to unravel the mystery—I began to read it like the puzzle of a book. The day after the robbery Van Tine placed \$400 with the money order funds that were short that amount, saying that he drew the money from the First National Bank.

I was soon able to prove that he did not get the money from any bank in Sandusky. One of the bills that he placed in the money order drawer answered to the description of one in one of the lost letters. Before night I had the evidence. It was cumulative and complete. But his right arm was gone. How could he rifle those letters. I accused him of the crime and he defiantly asked the question. How can I rifle letters with only my left hand? I replied, "You can tell better than I how you rifled them—but you did rifle them, and you and I both know it."

The people believed him and for a few hours I faced a storm of indignation. I, however, succeeded in convincing a few of the leading citizens of his guilt



and the storm quieted down. A few facts came to light in a few hours and his crime could be read like the page of a book. Several people remembered that after his recovery from his wound at Fisher's Hall, he was employed in the provost marshal's office to examine the letters of rebel prisoners and became very expert with his left hand assisted by paper weights to open and reseal letters. He went to the penitentiary. His salary as postmaster, \$4,000 per year, and his right arm gone were two facts to clear him from suspicion of stealing small sums from letters. His faithful wife stood by him in his trial. Indeed the blow fell heaviest on her and her little children. I saw him some time afterward in the Ohio Penitentiary. A sad and touching sight—the broad white and black stripes of cloth, the garb of a felon, and an empty sleeve.

On July 30, 1876, still another case of first importance was brought to a successful conclusion after many weeks of critical study to locate the thief and many a weary night of watching to catch him in the act of stealing. In the same lecture Father related the interesting story of his apprehension:

For several years, losses of letters occurred in central and southern Ohio that exhausted the ingenuity of the special agents to locate. Sometimes letters were lost on one route and again on another. Letters passing over two or three railroads were sometimes lost. I spent several weeks in picking up little bits of information, and at last was able to locate the losses at the Columbus office. No letters were stolen that were mailed there, but those passing through the office in packages or pouches, were sometimes missing.

In pioneer life a bee hunter goes to the forest and places a piece of honeycomb on a log or stump. Presently a bee alights, loads itself and flies off in a straight line towards the hive, a hollow tree in the forest. The hunter observes the line of flight, which is too rapid for him to follow. Taking the piece of comb he moves off at a right angle from the bee line to a point half a mile away and repeats the experiment. Two or three bees will appear, load themselves and fly homeward. The hunter is soon able to tell about where the two bee lines cross, and finds the hive in the immediate neighborhood. Unlike the bee's, the ways of thieves are crooked. We sometimes, however, locate a thief on a like principle, using a letter instead of honey.

After becoming satisfied that the depredations were committed in Columbus, I commenced a series of tests that in time would lead to the discovery of the thief. I resolved to take no one into my confidence who could by any possibility commit the depredations. About thirty men were employed, including the carriers. We soon found that twenty employes were undoubtedly innocent, as several letters were lost while each one was absent. The remaining ten were tested by watching and passing test or decoy letters through their hands.

At last, after months of watching and waiting, the oldest and most trusted of the employes, the head clerk of the office for thirteen years, known as honest John Reeves by the people of Columbus, was discovered about two o'clock one night deftly opening and resealing letters.

I had rented a room unknown to the employes in the second story of a building across the way, and with an opera glass watched every movement of the clerks through the window. The high character of Reeves made it necessary to get the most convincing proofs of his guilt. I therefore did not arrest him when first seen, but waited until another night when I had two good witnesses with me and General Comley, who was the postmaster, near at hand, to be present when we confronted Reeves with evidence of his guilt. Two or



three more nights passed. Reeves worked at his case but opened no letters. Thieves, like fish, do not bite at all times.

About four o'clock one morning, we saw him open several letters, one of which he crushed in his hand and thrust in his pocket. The other hand, containing a bill taken from the letter, went into the other pocket. I rushed out of the room and down the stairway and across the street at breakneck speed, followed by the two witnesses. Confronting Reeves I told him to hold up his hands.

"Good morning, Captain," said he, with a smiling face.

"John Reeves, hold up your hands."

In an instant he was white with terror. I directed the witnesses to search his pockets, and out came the crumpled letter and the money. He shook as with ague; great beads of sweat stood out on his forehead. His heavy breathing and gasping could be heard throughout the large building. "John Reeves, why did you take money from letters?"

The canting hypocrite stammered a reply, "Because my family was extravagant, and I had to take it." I felt like spurning the miserable scoundrel with my foot, as I knew his wife was an industrious, saving woman, and that he had a good property.

Reeves held high places of trust in several societies, and the news of his guilt fell like a thunderbolt on the people of Columbus. His poor wife and children suffered most by the downfall, yet she stood by him through it all, often visiting him in prison until the expiration of his term. He is now a miserable outcast, sneaking through the streets of the capital, where once he walked with head erect, meeting the foremost citizens of the State on terms of social equality.

Nearly every thief when first confronted with evidences of his crime, when he sees the portals of the prison open before him, breaks down and groans in anguish, "Oh! my poor mother," or "Don't tell my poor wife and children," or "My poor father, he is too old to bear this; don't tell him, it will kill him." It is always poor something that the miserable wretch thinks of too late. Poor indeed and bankrupt are they who gave the wealth of priceless love and confidence to the miserable being so undeserving.

It is impossible within reasonable limits to present a tithe of Father's record of interesting achievements of this sort, but the following letter will serve to show how they were appreciated at the time.

Washington, D. C., December 18, 1876.

Dear Captain:—

Yours of the 7th instant came duly to hand and was read with interest. I also received your report of your recent capture of a letter thief, which I was pleased to read and return at your request.

I called today on the postmaster general and spoke to him in regard to yourself. He said there would be no trouble in reference to your reappointment, that you were one of his best agents.

If we were to go by the talk of the Democrats, we should come to the conclusion that they really mean war, but I doubt if they have the nerve to carry out their threats. At any rate their talk will not swerve us from doing our

duty in accordance with law. Our winter will be a rough one politically, very full of excitement and grave responsibility, but I trust we shall get through it without serious mistakes.

As ever yours,

J. A. Garfield

Capt. Chas. E. Henry,  
Geauga Lake, Geauga Co., Ohio.



## 19. *Politics, Work and Play*

THIS talk of real war grew out of the Hayes-Tilden election controversy. The contest was finally decided, although by no means set at rest, by the Electoral Commission which was appointed under the Act of January 29, 1877, and of which General Garfield was a conspicuous member. This act was drafted mainly by Senator Thurman of Ohio, and at that time he felt very proud of his work. Father delighted to tell how he soon came to think otherwise of it. The two most conspicuous characters then in the Senate were Thurman and Edmunds, political opponents but social cronies. Each had served on the supreme bench of his State and both were rated as great constitutional lawyers. Judge Thurman showed his bill to his Republican colleague, explained its ingenious impartiality, and sought his criticism.

When Judge Edmunds had carefully read the momentous document, which conferred on a National Electoral Commission of nicely balanced membership "the same powers now possessed for that purpose by the two Houses acting separately or together" for the ascertainment of the result of the disputed presidential election, he praised it effusively, and then, apparently as an afterthought, added that, in view of the controversy about the powers of Congress to count the electoral vote and especially to go behind the returns of the State electoral boards, the reference to such powers "now possessed" by Congress should be qualified by inserting the words, "if any," after the word "powers." Otherwise the bill was "perfect." Thurman readily fell in with this trifling but subtle suggestion.

The law as thus passed, instead of binding the Electoral Commission in advance, by a legislative declaration or assumption of the plenary power of Congress in this behalf, left it to the newly constituted tribunal to make its own judicial construction of the existence and extent of the powers thus sought to be delegated to it, with the result that on this naked point of constitutional law Commissioner Bradley's casting vote denied to Congress and hence to the Electoral Commission the power to review or revise the count of ballots for presidential electors as certified by the constituted authorities in each of the disputed States. It is thus hardly too much to say that the peaceful seating of President Hayes hinged upon the interpolation by Senator Edmunds of the words "if any" in Judge Thurman's draft of the Electoral Count bill.

Years afterwards on the floor of the Senate, when the two rivals were playfully voicing their mutual regard by framing appropriate epitaphs for one

another, Senator Thurman, who had never before referred to the way in which he had been outwitted, thus disclosed his appreciation of the keen mind housed in the gaunt frame of his friend: "Here lie the remains, *if any*, of the distinguished Senator from Vermont."

Prior to the passage of the Electoral Commission Act, General Garfield had, with other prominent Republicans, been visiting the principal seat of trouble in the South. On his return he wrote to Father as follows:

Washington, D. C., December 8, 1876.

My dear Captain:—

I have just returned from New Orleans, and found your two favors awaiting me. The one in regard to George Wilson, I sent to the supervisor of railway service and requested Wilson's promotion. The other of the 19th, my birthday, I will attend to and send the books as you suggest.

I had a long and tedious three weeks of it in New Orleans, doing about as much hard work as I should do in the House. I believe our visit there was of real service to the country. Whether we shall steer clear of the great difficulties which beset the Presidential question remains to be seen. But I think we shall come out right.

I stayed at Pardee's while in New Orleans and had a good visit with him and Sheldon. They both agreed to join me in endorsing your action in borrowing the money to pay the debt of the regiment. You had better put the matter in shape for our signatures and send it to them and they will forward it to me.

I shall be glad to hear from you at any time and to know how our people are feeling.

My position here is one of unusual responsibility and difficulty, but I hope to get through it satisfactorily.

As ever yours,

J. A. Garfield

Sharing from the beginning of the campaign the prevailing public interest in the presidential race, Father in addition had at stake his own official position. While in Cincinnati for conference with Chief Special Agent Woodward in June, 1876, he attended the National Republican Convention and heard the nominating addresses, including the famous "Plumed Knight" speech of Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll nominating James G. Blaine, who would have been victorious but for a tampering with the lights whereby the balloting was delayed overnight. In September, at Cleveland, he heard Ingersoll again, and a few days later he heard and met Blaine in Warren. In the following month he had planned to take Mother and me to the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia, but my critical and prolonged illness from diphtheria, which began on October 20, prevented our going.

On November 8, the morning after election, the newspapers reported that Tilden was elected. That afternoon Father started for Philadelphia in company with General Garfield and Mr. Edwin Cowles. By evening they found the "news better," but it proved to be only the beginning of a four months' struggle. Father saw the Centennial in one day and then hurried back to my



bedside; but he always insisted that he had observed more in that brief time than others saw in a fortnight. In December he went twice to Columbus and there had pleasant interviews with Governor Hayes, who was placidly awaiting the outcome of the tremendous contest. On the first of these trips he mentioned attending the theater with General Comley, the accomplished editor of the *Ohio State Journal*, to witness a dramatization of Jules Verne's *Around the World in Eighty Days*.

Father, though not a constant attendant, was always very fond of the theater and opera. He liked very much to witness good Shakespearean productions, such as those of Booth, McCullough, Ellen Terry, Madame Modjeska, Barrett, or, in the comedies, Robson and Crane; and of operatic performances, especially Gilbert and Sullivan's, he was quick to catch up the clever song hits. "The Bohemian Girl" was likewise one of his favorites always, and the high class comedy and melodrama of Jefferson, Boucicault, Sothorn, Florence, and Denman Thompson, he relished exceedingly. An especial local pride in Clara Morris, who became for a short time after the War a member of Sylvester Squire's family at Geauga Lake, and also in Effie Ellsler, who long lived and played in Cleveland, by no means lessened Father's and Mother's regard for the dramatic talent of Mary Anderson, Kate Claxton, and other actresses of the period.

Meanwhile Mason's history of the *Forty-Second Ohio Infantry*, materials for which Father had been assiduously collecting for three years, at last appeared in the summer of 1876. Concerning the annual reunion of the regiment and the means of defraying the cost of publishing this book, General Garfield wrote as follows:

Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 28, 1876.

My dear Captain:—

I left Cleveland with the confident hope and expectation that I could return and be with our noble boys of the 42d on Wednesday. I have never so much desired to attend any of our reunions as this, but I have just received a telegram which makes it absolutely necessary for me to be in New York on Thursday, on the business of the "Boys in Blue" of which I am Commander-in-Chief; and I must go on the next day to Maine. I am very sure that none or all of our dear old regiment can regret my absence half so much as I shall. But I hope that they will appreciate the fact that I am a soldier under orders and must obey.

Give every one of them my love and warmest greeting, without regard to race, *sex*, color, politics, or any other consideration except the noble comradeship of service in the 42d.

Tell Sheldon and Pardee that I propose to have all the money raised on the spot for all the expenses of the history that can be, among the officers and men there present, excepting us three, and that we three divide the balance between ourselves equally, leaving the books to be sold as you and Soph and Captain Mason suggested. Write me at Hiram, where I shall be about the

10th Sept., stating my share and I will pay it at once. I would send it now if I knew what it would be. The regiment must close it all up at once.

Ever and forever yours in the bonds of the Forty-second,

J. A. Garfield

P. S. Please send me at Hiram the *Leader* and *Herald* of Friday last. You can hardly imagine how jaded I am.

J. A. G.

In home affairs at this epoch, I recall frequent pleasant glimpses of our cousins Jennie and Kate Goodsell, as well as of Fred, Walter, Ernest, and John Brewster, all of whom with their parents lived at or near the center of Bainbridge; also the families of Father's cousins, King and Nelson Henry, on the southern route that we usually traveled to the Center. Mother's parents and sister Mary came often to visit us for two or three weeks together, and three or four times a year our whole family would take the familiar drive through Aurora and Streetsboro, past the never finished grade of the "Clinton Air Line" railroad, the splendid Olin and Doolittle farms, the Cuyahoga river, and the old disused canal feeder, to Ravenna, sixteen miles away, to visit "Grandpa, Grandma, and Aunt Mary" Williams.

As we neared the end of one such journey and were about to turn the corner into the lane alongside Grandfather's house on Spruce Street, Father whipped up the horses, threw out his chest, held the reins at arms' length, and announced, "Now we'll cut a swath!" The team jumped forward, struck the slippery crosswalk while rounding the curve, and fell flat. Meanwhile the jerk of starting loosened the rear seat of the long buggy in which the whole family were assembled, so that one of the little girls turned a back somersault into the roadway. She took no serious hurt, but her screams, mingled with the alarmed outcries of the rest of us, swelled a chorus very different from the expected glad acclaim of our arrival. The house door flew open, revealing anxious faces within, while Grandfather came crutching out to help Father, who had leaped to the bits of the struggling horses. Mother could not forbear the remark that he had "certainly cut a swath."

I remember, too, our pleasant drives on Sundays to church in Aurora. While homeward bound and beyond earshot of the few travelers and dwellers along the road, Father used to sing "The Sweet By and By," "Ho Reapers of Life's Harvest," and other favorite hymns, his splendid bass voice ringing out gloriously. On Sunday evening, September 10, 1876, the Bible School of the Disciples in Aurora had elaborate special exercises which the whole family attended and in which we children took part. Mother, always skillful in fashioning our costumes, quite outdid herself on this occasion, insomuch that we all went to Cleveland the same week and had our first family photographs taken, Father and the girls in one group and Mother and I in the other.

Among the official successes which Father scored during the following winter, I venture to quote his reports of two. The bracketed interpolations in



the first of these were made afterwards by his senior colleague, Colonel John B. Furay, of Omaha, one of the ablest special agents in the service.

Hamilton, Ohio, Dec. 15th, 1876.

David B. Parker, Esq.,  
Chief Special Agent,  
Washington, D. C.

Sir:

I have the honor to report the arrest of Walter P. Moore, late clerk in the post office at Hamilton, Ohio. Soon after receiving cases 33458, 33460, and 33462, I went to Hamilton and learned that Walter P. Moore was discharged Oct. 1st, 1876, but remained in the office until the 16th of the same month. A careful inquiry into his habits led me to believe that he was the rogue. I considered the plan of taking him back into the office and testing him with decoys, but an analysis of the character of the postmaster clearly showed the plan to be impracticable.

I therefore determined to gather all the facts concerning the career of young Moore, in short to make myself familiar with his life, together with the minutest details of the lost registers and their contents.

After several hours' study and review of the whole case I was prepared for the grand bulldoze or bounce. Thus far all the facts developed were not enough to even warrant an arrest, and I had a sharp wily young man of twenty-four to confront. In one of the stolen letters was a two dollar bill. I therefore concluded that he would sooner forget what disposition he made of it than he would of bills of larger denomination. [This was good—very good.—Furay.] Taking a two dollar note I made pin holes in the eyes of Thomas Jefferson and an ink mark below, also taking a complete description thereof. [This was exactly what I did in the "John Middleton" case written up by Mr. Woodward.—Furay.]

Going to Moore's home I took him out into the cold chilly air of the morning [That was also a very strong point for you to observe] and began my part of the dialogue, of retributive justice, the all-seeing eye, and the mighty power of the department to follow criminals, etc., but the rascal stood firm in denial.

Taking the two dollar bill and holding it up to the sky before his face, I told him how a pin hole or ink mark would tell the story of crime, and could be as fatal to him as though the letters were found in his pocket.

Under the combined influence of fear and cold, with chattering teeth and tearful eyes he broke completely down and for a time seemed to suffer the torments of the damned.

His brother paid the amount stolen, \$69.00, which is herewith enclosed. Out of sympathy and consideration for his family, also for the reason that trouble exists within a radius of a hundred miles from Hamilton, I refrain from giving the facts to the Associated Press. In the coup de grâce I was careful to make him no promise and told him no untruth. [And that was the best thing of all.—Furay.] He goes with me to Cincinnati tomorrow to be turned over to the tender mercy of the southern judicial district.

Very truly,

C. E. Henry,  
Special Agent P.O.D.



Charles E. Henry and Daughters Marcia and Mary ("Babe")  
Mrs. C. E. Henry and Son Frederick (September, 1876)





Cleveland, Ohio, January 17th, 1877.

Hon. David B. Parker,  
Chief Special Agent,  
Washington, D. C.

Sir :—

I have the honor to report the arrest on the 9th inst. of Henry Deardorff, a clerk in the post office, at Springfield, Ohio.

In November, 1876, I became satisfied that trouble existed in that vicinity, but important work kept me at other points till near the close of the following month. On my arrival at Springfield I made myself known only to those who could give me information, and who would not betray me to persons I desired to test. Renting a room on a second floor opposite the post office, I commenced an attack at every vulnerable point, watching constantly and keeping a large number of test letters in the office night and day. Several pouches arrived at the depot at two o'clock in the morning daily, and remained in the baggage room till five o'clock, when they were taken to the post office for distribution. This enabled me without leaving town to get as many decoys as I could prepare each day into the several packages of letters.

Through a side window I found a good oblique view of the clerks at the distributing table assorting mail for the lock and call boxes. It was only from 5 A.M. till 6:30 A.M. that I could watch with safety as I was compelled to stand in the street and the alarm might be given to those inside. The intense cold, frosting part of the window, besides unfitting me for work during the day, induced me after several mornings to concentrate the attack in another direction. Enough had been seen, however, to satisfy me that the rogue was one of two clerks. Obtaining a list of reliable business men who had lost letters, I procured their box keys and for several days kept test letters passing through the hands of these two clerks, examining the boxes immediately after every distribution.

On the morning of the 9th instant a test letter was missing, and in thinking how I had suffered those cold mornings, while watching, I repeated the words, "Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer." No fabled giant ever waited more eagerly for his victim than I waited for those clerks to come from the office. As young Deardorff stepped out, I whirled him up into my room and found the fatal money in his pocket.

From a fine looking high-toned young man he was changed in a few moments to a poor crushed being, groaning in agony. After a time he begged me to tell his parents as gently as possible, as he could not.

In a splendid home, in which were every comfort and luxury, he was met by his fond mother and sisters. His father, General Deardorff, a gentleman of the old school, greeted me with courtly dignity, and I felt that the hardest part of the task confronted me. With all the delicacy I could command I gave the father the facts and he told the mother. If the charred remains of the son had been brought from the Ashtabula disaster, the cry of distress from those loving ones could not have been more sorrowful. With a heavy heart I left, and a wail of anguish in the saddest tones floated from that home out on the frosty air.

He went with me to Cincinnati, and after a hearing before the U. S. commissioner his bail was fixed at fifteen hundred dollars.



I am under obligation to Mr. Chas. Shewalter, Assistant P. M. at Springfield, for assistance. He complied faithfully with all my instructions.

Very truly,

C. E. Henry,  
Special Agt., P. O. D.

Meanwhile General Garfield was arranging to transfer his Ohio home from Hiram to the farm in Mentor, which he had bought in 1876, near the residence of his lifelong friend and adviser, Doctor J. P. Robison, who had recently removed there from Bedford. Soon afterwards the General Assembly gerrymandered the State and put Portage County into a probably Democratic district, hoping that the lower house of Congress would thereby be deprived of its Republican leader. But to the chagrin of the Democratic legislators, they discovered too late that the Nineteenth District, which was left safely Republican, embraced within its limits as rearranged the new Lake County home of its distinguished representative.

General Garfield, preoccupied with the Hayes-Tilden imbroglio, had, through his brother-in-law, Joseph Rudolph, consulted with Father about the best means of getting things properly started in Mentor, whereupon the following letters were exchanged:

Springfield, O., Dec. 20, 1876.

Dear General:

It is not best generally to offer advice, but Joe asked me last night concerning the management of your place in Mentor. After a little reflection I thought best that Dr. Robison should employ your man. It would please the Doctor to receive an invitation from you and, as he has a place near by, it would cause him little, if any, inconvenience. You probably do not want the care of enforcing details of a contract. The Doctor is fitter for that business. His special mission on earth is to see that his fellow man earns his bread by the sweat of his brow. His greatest delight would be to place himself once a month on some hillock of your farm and give the awful nod that will put dollars in your pocket and potatoes in your cellar. He is a first class bulldozer of laziness. If he says one spoonful of milk in tea, there will not be two, unless he gets further off than Cleveland. By getting the Doctor to look after things, you would run but little risk of embarrassment and anxiety.

I saw Governor Hayes today. He thinks the House may possibly decide to vote on the question under the excuse they may raise about Louisiana. People generally have no fear about war talk, only now and then one feels gloomy, Burke among the rest. There is going to be a strong pull for Bangs for postmaster general. I think it should start from Illinois and be backed by Blaine and his friends to succeed. . . .

Very truly yours,

C. E. Henry

Washington, D. C., Dec. 25th, 1876.

My dear Captain:—

I agree with the views expressed in yours of the 20th inst. and have written to Dr. Robison to take the matter in hand for me and set the farm going.

The political sky does not get brighter very fast and there are some troublous signs, but I still hope that we may be able to find our way through without a tempest.

I shall be glad to hear from you at any time.

As ever yours,

J. A. Garfield

Capt. Chas. E. Henry,  
Geauga Lake,  
Geauga Co., Ohio.

Doctor Robison, although a man of ability and piety, had a blustering way of ordering everybody about. To his benevolent dictatorship General Garfield habitually lent an amused obedience. The Doctor was wont to brag about his farm manager. Father chanced to overtake the two one day while walking up Superior Street in Cleveland. With boisterous greetings, the good Doctor, who had discoursed to each separately about how to run General Garfield's farm, now growled delightedly: "I am glad to get you two men together. I want you to know each other. This is the first time I have had a chance to introduce you. You ought to have been acquainted with each other long ago." Continuing in this strain for half a block, he finally in desperation blurted out, "Well, introduce yourselves; I have forgotten both your names!"

In this multitude of counselors, General Garfield, it must be inferred, found wisdom to solve his farm perplexities. They became indeed the least of his trials, for the political pot in Washington now began to boil furiously. But with all this, the news of Father's success in the Deardorff case, elicited from him the following note of congratulation and encouragement.

Washington, D. C., January 15, 1877.

Dear Captain:—

Yours of the 11th inst. came duly to hand. I am glad to see you have such fine success in your work. I will see the postmaster general soon and try to get your pay advanced.

Everything is going well here except the behavior of some of our senators. It now looks as though Senator Conkling were going to break with us and be able to carry off several senators. Whether he will carry enough to prevent the election of Hayes remains to be seen, but I hope not. We are standing on guard every day almost as literally as we did in the field during the War.

As ever yours,

J. A. Garfield

Capt. Chas. E. Henry,  
Geauga Lake,  
Geauga Co., Ohio.



## 20. *Four Years in Cleveland*

ON JANUARY 22, 1877, Father started for Salt Lake City and the Pacific coast. En route, as disclosed by his journal, he tarried in Chicago and saw Special Agents Stewart and White; visited Aurora, Illinois, and "Stopped at Wilber's over night"; "saw Furay and Tidball," his valued fellow workers in Omaha; "went in evening to reception of Governor Saunders" at Lincoln on the 25th; the next day "Went out beyond salt marshes to see Marvin Henry," his cousin "Supe," whom he had not seen for twenty-five years; and the same evening "called on Becca Peabody, Mrs. Mather," another friend of his youth.

Arriving in Salt Lake on Monday, the 29th, he finished within the week the official business which had taken him to that city. He had gone there "on an important mission," by special request of the department. It occurred to him at first that he was thus sent out of Ohio so that he "would not say anything for Bangs for postmaster general," but it soon appeared that the compliment was of another kind. Judge Poland, of Vermont, had procured the appointment of a worthless brother as route agent between Salt Lake City and Ogden and, with his great prestige acquired from the celebrated report of the Poland Committee on the Credit Mobilier scandal, the discharge of his brother, except for cause incontestably proved, would be most embarrassing to the department officials. To lay bare the facts was for Father no uncongenial assignment to duty, because Judge Poland had done General Garfield less than justice in his report. On reaching Salt Lake City, he found the Judge's brother "drunk every day." He therefore "took his key from him and put a substitute on. Poland said that he would get his brother, the Judge, to see Tyner"; but as for the former Father did not "care for the old rascal," since he had the evidence to support his course and could truthfully say, "The Governor and all good citizens speak in high praise of my action."

Resuming his journey to the coast, he arrived in "San Francisco about sunset" of Monday, February 5. On his return home twelve days later he first "Heard of Little Don's death—died on the 5th instant at eight P.M." Allowing for the difference in time, the hour was the same. As Father confronted the Golden Gate of the Pacific Ocean, he little dreamed that the child who had first walked alone on the day before he started, and whom he had left in apparently perfect health, was at that very moment entering the Golden Gate of Paradise.

In the face of the dread diphtheria Aunt Mollie Kennedy stood staunchly

and lovingly by Mother through this period of anxiety and sorrow. Very tender and consoling, too, was this message of sympathy from Mrs. Garfield:

Washington, D. C., February 18th, 1877.

My dear Sophie:

A letter from Joe yesterday gave us the first knowledge of your bereavement. I know so well how your hearts ache and how desolate your home seems, but it can not be quite so hard to bear as would have been the loss of Freddie which we all so much feared when little Neddie died. I read a little while ago a few sentences from a Swedenborgian, which have in them so much beauty that I will give them to you.

"Those who pass into the other life in infancy and childhood will always have a delicate organization, will be beautiful, will be the embodiment of loveliness."

Then again, "They will like the privacy and sweet peace of home." And the thought came to me that perhaps our babies, who seem to be so unaccountably taken away from us here, were taken to people our home in the spirit world. Our children who grow to mature life, go out from us to be centers of new homes, and, were all to grow to man's estate, perhaps we would be childless in the spirit life. And maybe the little ones are taken to people the new home.

It is a very bright thought to me that the little girl for whom my heart so mourned and my dear little Neddie are waiting for Papa and Mamma—developing in all that is beautiful and excellent—to be the children of our home through all the ages.

Whenever you feel that you can write and tell me all about your sorrow—the illness and death of the little boy—I shall hope to hear from you. All the family join in love and sympathy for you in this sad hour. We all feel that we know so well how you feel and what is your sorrow.

Ever sincerely your friend,  
Lucretia R. Garfield

A further extract from Father's lecture on "The Mails" shows how strangely apposite were his reflections at that very time.

Three years ago I stood on the shore of the Pacific Ocean. It was almost sunset. Hundreds of sea lions mingled their hoarse barking with the roar of the surf on the rocks below. A steamship stood far out on the water, making its way towards the entrance of the Golden Gate. My companion, an old Californian, lifted his hand to shade his eye a moment, and remarked, "It is the regular mail steamer from China." A black ribbon of smoke stretched back from it over the water. To the left and far out on the mighty ocean the sun stood just above the water like a huge globe of melted iron. In a moment more it rested red and gibbous on the vast surface of the sea. The countless billows seemed capped with liquid gold. A few seconds more and only half the disk was visible; then, changing from half-round to a broad belt of light, flashed back over the golden waves a good-bye to a continent. In an instant it was gone, and left the vast expanse of sea sombre and solemn, chanting its vespers on the shores of the New World.

The ship was rapidly nearing the entrance. I was absorbed by the solemn thoughts inspired by an ocean sunset. I faced eternity. Would civilization cul-



minate and terminate here on the shore of the Western world? We call it "new," yet the ancient metamorphic rocks facing the Golden Gate, and the great sand hills blown up by the winds for miles back from the sea, tell the story that it is very old. Will the land sink below the waters in some far-off time and some new world rise from the depths of the sea? How long will the rolling globe follow its lonely path around the sun? Is this the morning, noon-day, or sunset?

The ship is ready to enter the gateway after its four weeks' journey. Let us step on board with the pilot and hear the tireless, throbbing engine move it through the channel to the harbor, seven miles inland. The great rocks of either shore echo a welcome to the puffing steam. The passengers are eager to land. The hundreds of Chinese immigrants gabble like so many geese. It is now dark and we suddenly enter the magnificent harbor, safe from storm. It is large enough to float all the ships of the world. Thousands of lights are gleaming in San Francisco from the water far up on the hills, till they seem to mingle with the stars. The huge steamer slowly swings alongside of the wharf and is at rest.

We go ashore with the passengers, and in company with a policeman stroll for an hour through the Chinese part of the city. Thousands of Chinamen in their pigtailed throng the streets; strange sights, sounds and smells greet our senses; falsetto strains of Chinese music fill the air; strange smells come from the shops and stores; the penitent and superstitious are thronging in and out of the Joss houses; the vile and the vicious lounge in the gambling and opium dens—nothing celestial in anything to be heard, seen, or smelled.

Meanwhile the whole force of clerks in the post office are ordered on duty with an all-night job before them, to assort the mail just received from the steamer, and have it ready for its long journey across the continent. Several tons of British mail, sealed in stout canvas pouches, are only handled in bulk; all for the United States must be assorted to separate the California, Oregon and Arizona mail. Early the next morning ten tons of mail were loaded on wagons and driven down to the ferryboats and taken across the narrow part of the bay to Oakland and placed on the cars of the Central Pacific. That to be worked was delivered to the clerks in the postal car.

Then, all day, as the rolling train went eastward, past the rounded hills of San Francisco Bay, up through the Coast Range, on over the broad *tule* lands of the Sacramento, stopping for dinner in the beautiful city of that name, thence onward over the rolling plains of wheat fields, sheep-walks and great cattle ranges, the snow-crowned summits of the Sierras coming plainly into view,—still the busy fingers of the clerks kept at work as we neared the golden mountains. Up grade all the afternoon the puffing engine wound among the foothills, stopping now and then at some town, grown from a camp started by gold hunters back in the fifties. About sunset we rounded Cape Horn at American Fork Canyon, Bloomer Cut, and Dutch Flat, now covered with orchards and vineyards, where seventy million dollars in gold was taken out of the ground in an area no larger than Hiram township.

Onward and upward rolled the train, the hills becoming more rugged and grand, till night found us in the heart of the Sierras. All night we rolled through miles of snowsheds and thundered along the verge of deep canyons, and still the busy clerks worked on. At midnight, however, the assistant lay down exhausted to sleep. The head clerk, a man of great endurance, stood at his case. At 3 o'clock the following morning he also sank down in heavy slumber, and the assistant arose to plunge again into the work of distribution,



and put off mails at way stations as we were nearing the settlements on the eastern slope.

On, all the following day and night, through the desolate Humboldt River country, once the bottom of a great sea—on till we reached Ogden, in Utah, almost a thousand miles this side of San Francisco. The weary clerks sought rest, and the mail was transferred to the Union Pacific to continue eastward another thousand miles to Omaha. No wonder the early emigrants were from early spring till late autumn in making the almost endless journey across this trackless waste.

Father and Mother had for some time meditated the need of better school facilities for their children and had seriously considered removing to Cleveland where the schools were excellent and where, moreover, Father would find a much more convenient center from which to discharge his official duties. Mother, too, was reluctant, while Father was absent so much, to continue longer in the old home which had recently known so much sickness and sorrow. As soon, therefore, as it was settled that Father's position would not be disturbed by the change of administration at Washington, he began to look about for a tenant for his farm, and for a suitable house in Cleveland. Meanwhile the whole family remained most of the time in Ravenna; though Father, in March, ran down to Washington to attend the Hayes inauguration, and took me with him. Arriving on Sunday, we called on the Garfields and were invited to remain there. Father wrote that evening to Mother as follows:

Washington, D. C., March 4th, 1877.

Dear Soph:

Freddie and the boys have just gone to bed. We found the people well and they urged me to stay, from Grandma down. Tomorrow is the great day. I wish you were here. So they all do. I have not been to the department yet, but hear that my pay had been raised to sixteen hundred. The General is out this evening—so much to be done about the cabinet-making. It is not known yet who will be postmaster general. Will write to you again tomorrow.

Love to you all.

C. E. Henry

On Wednesday, April 18, 1877, we moved to Cleveland and for the next year occupied a rented house at 18 Morse Avenue, now 2031 East Seventy-seventh Street. The farm was rented for the same period to Martin Miner, a thoroughly competent and responsible neighbor, surviving still, after many years as a foremost citizen of Bainbridge and Chagrin Falls.

General Garfield and family removed from Hiram to Mentor at about the same time that Father was changing his own abode. Concerning these shifts and the appointment of Aunt Mollie's husband, Ransom Kennedy, to a postal clerkship, as well as sundry topics political, they now exchanged the following letters.



Cleveland, Ohio, April 19th, 1877.

Dear General:

I have never meddled with appointments much, but Rap and Mollie were in deep distress and excited my sympathy. I made a special condition with Vail that the appointment should not be charged to you or the Nineteenth District. Joe was deeply interested in the matter also, being acquainted with them both, and can tell you more about it. They lost their property while in Illinois, returned to Ohio sick and disheartened, and were very kind to Soph in her affliction when I was in California. Notwithstanding this, I would not [have] recommended him for the place had I not believed that he would make a good clerk. He is a good Republican and an ardent friend of yours. It is understood in Aurora that you did not know of the appointment.

We are getting settled in the city near Sherwin's and Lockwood's, and the glory of the move is that the children can go to school.

It is generally understood that you made a sacrifice in withdrawing as a candidate. I state this from what I heard while in the south part of Ohio. I want to see you and talk over matters politically. Ardent Republicans are fretting but I think Hayes's policy will give us strength. The question is, How much force can we use to prevent Southern Democrats from using force?

I leave the city tonight. Please return the enclosed letter at your convenience, and believe me,

Ever yours,

C. E. Henry

P. S. The latch-string is out.

Mentor, Ohio, April 23rd, 1877.

Dear Captain:

Yours of the 19th came duly to hand. The appointment of Kennedy is all right.

We are up to our eyes in getting started and clearing away old rubbish. I want you and Soph to come and see us when we get settled.

I have no faith in our getting the speakership. If we did not meet until December we might, but the Democrats will elect their man.

In haste,

Ever yours,

J. A. Garfield

On February 25, 1878, Father bought a modest, comfortable house, nearly new, at 187 (now 3315) Cedar Avenue, about a block east of Sterling School, and on April 1 following moved into it, having meanwhile added some improvements which made the total cost nearly four thousand dollars. There we lived until the summer of 1881, though spending the long vacations at Geauga Lake.

Among those who held responsible positions in the Cleveland Public Schools during these years were two Hiram schoolmates of Father and Mother, Henry M. James, a supervisor, and Myra E. Robbins, the principal of Outhwaite School, who was one of Mother's most intimate friends. With their interest and aid we children on coming to Cleveland had found ourselves promptly and advantageously placed among pupils of our own ages in the primary grades of Euclid School, which stood where East Eighty-first Street has since been

opened into Euclid Avenue; but a year later we were of course transferred to the school nearest our new home. This change involved no loss of standing, for in the former place, despite our haphazard country school advancement, we had soon become fully adjusted to the graded system of instruction, and under it made steady progress throughout the four years of our residence in Cleveland.

Father had been elected in 1876 a trustee of Hiram College, and he continued such for thirty years, being chosen president of the board for six successive terms from 1892 to 1898. Many of the ante-bellum Hiram fellowship lived in Cleveland at the time we came, including especially, besides those above mentioned, J. H. Rhodes, H. C. White, and A. W. Fenton, with their wives, as well as Mrs. Eliza (Clapp) Glasier, Mrs. Julia (Clapp) Gerould, and others. The Euclid Avenue Christian Church,<sup>1</sup> to which Father and Mother on June 24, 1877, brought their letters from the Aurora church, embraced several of these and still other old friends within its membership, flourishing then under the long and successful pastorate of the Reverend Jabez Hall. With Doctor Worthy S. Streator, who was at that time and for many years thereafter, until his death, its chief pillar, Father had already come, as I have mentioned, into close relations, through their common interest in General Garfield. Doctor Streator had made a fortune out of railroad construction contracts and real estate and was afterwards appointed collector of internal revenue in Cleveland by President Hayes. Another close friend, as before remarked, was Charles B. Lockwood, then also a prominent member of the same church. He had recently come from Solon to Cleveland to engage in the wholesale hardware business, which he conducted with great success. Both he and Doctor Streator were leading spirits on the Hiram board of trustees, although neither had been a student there.

Father had become warmly attached also to Postmaster Nelson B. Sherwin, a fellow Williams College alumnus with General Garfield, whom Sherwin greatly admired. He was an appointee of President Grant, and upon his excellent official record, for which at his request Father, in an interview at Columbus to introduce him to President-elect Hayes, had gladly vouched, the latter subsequently reappointed him. He and Father had offices together in the Federal building, and during their official service and afterwards, they continued in close and congenial association.

Among Father's colleagues in the postal service, besides Colonel Furay and Captain Tidball, the capable special agents already mentioned, and A. G. Sharp, who afterwards succeeded Chief Inspector Parker, there was one in particular, the dean of the entire force in both ability and length of service, Thomas P. Shallcross of West Virginia. He had, says Colonel Parker, "a very wide acquaintance among public men," and ranked as "one of the ablest

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<sup>1</sup> They were dismissed thence to the Dallas, Texas, church, by letter dated January 20, 1889.



detective officers I ever knew." He served for over forty years, beginning when the office was first created with only two incumbents. From him Father received many valuable hints about his duties, and the two became great friends.

Of Special Agents Schaurte, Henderson, Camp, McDanolds, Edgerton, Stewart, White, and Field, men of signal character and ability, with all of whom Father co-operated from time to time, I must be content merely to make this passing mention. In the work in Ohio, however, Father collaborated oftenest with his colleagues Walter Cox, of Cincinnati, George J. Lund of Marietta, and later, for a brief period, with his own brother-in-law, J. H. Brown, of Cleveland. For several years, Mr. Lund worked up many a difficult case with him, at first under Father's guidance, but afterwards on his own skilled initiative. He was an excellent official and a faithful friend.

Very pleasant also were Father's official and personal relations with Colonel William B. Thompson, the general superintendent of the railway mail service (afterwards treasurer of the Republican National Committee), and with his subordinate, C. Jay French, in charge of the fifth division at Cincinnati. Still closer and more lasting was his intimacy with Chief Inspector David B. Parker and with Henry D. Lyman who later became second assistant postmaster general. These men continued in the department until after Father's time, Colonel Parker at length going with the Bell Telephone Company, and Mr. Lyman becoming eventually the president of the American Surety Company. With each of them he afterwards sustained pleasant and profitable business connections, enjoying their friendship and confidence as long as he lived.

During the last week in September, 1877, Father took Mother to visit her sister Annis Newton and family, who lived near Durand, Wisconsin, and whom she had not seen since the close of the War. The Newtons were pioneers in that region and had suffered the privations of settlers in a new country. Especially anxious about the education of their children, they readily consented to let their second daughter, Sophie, Mother's namesake, return with her to Cleveland and live with us while she went to school. Cousin Sophie was then nearly sixteen years old, and during the four years she stayed in our family, she did excellent work in her studies, made herself extremely useful to Mother, and became very dear to us all. The Brown girls, Cora, Marion, and Florence, Father's nieces, of whom we were also very fond, moved into Cleveland from Newburgh about the same time and thus Sophie and Florence, who were of nearly the same age, soon came to be like sisters in their affectionate companionship.

In many ways, of course, life in town became ampler for us all than it could have been in the country during those growing years. The libraries, for example, afforded a welcome abundance and variety of reading beyond anything that had been available to us before. From Burrows Circulating Library we had the latest books, and our card in the Cleveland Public Library had constant use. Mother became a member of the ladies' society known as the

"Conversational," which maintained most respectable social and literary standards and which still flourishes.

Father's duties kept him from home so much that he had little leisure for social organizations; but he continued to progress in Freemasonry until he had taken the thirty-third degree and had become a knight templar, with membership in Oriental Commandery, Number Twelve, in Cleveland. While most of his close friends were likewise of that great fraternity, the sources of his most familiar relations lay chiefly outside of it—in the bonds of kinship, the associations of youth, and the sentiments of school fellowship; in the stern comradeship of war, the collaboration of politics, the neighborliness of home and business life, and in the unity of church brotherhood. With some intimates, notably President Hinsdale, who frequently came to our house and who ever remained in the inner circle of his friends, he had no Masonic ties whatever. During his active years, however, he retained his interest in that order, and through it he formed many pleasant acquaintances not only at home but also on his travels, particularly the foreign journeys which he made in later life.

Constantly engaged in railway travel, he made many friends also among railroad men everywhere, not only the employes, with whom he was widely popular, but also the officials; including, among others, General Manager P. D. Cooper and Superintendent J. M. Ferris of the Atlantic & Great Western, or N. Y. P. & O., now the Erie, Kennedy of the Pennsylvania, and Townsend of the Tuscarawas Valley. They all belonged to the school of practical railroaders of their day who maintained personal relations with their men and generally managed to keep on good terms with them.

With many of his Hiram schoolmates and teachers, the friendship of years past was kept green. Besides frequent references to others already mentioned, his journal during this period records, for example, his going over to the West Side to hear John Atwater preach in the Franklin Circle Church, entertaining Moses Richards as dinner guest at home the next day, and attending the reception given by General and Mrs. Garfield to Joseph Rudolph and his new wife at the Forest City House on October 15, 1879.

It was during these years, too, that he became acquainted with Amos Townsend, who represented the Cleveland district in Congress, Major McKinley, from the Canton district, General J. Warren Keifer of Springfield, who afterwards became speaker of the House; James Monroe from the Oberlin district; and especially with Charles Foster, another member of Congress from Ohio, who, in 1879 and again in 1881, was elected Governor of the State, and later became secretary of the treasury under President Harrison. Governor Foster, I remember, once stayed overnight at our house at Geauga Lake, and he and Father were fast friends.

These men were of a generation of sound politicians, most of whom believed that the best public servants were those specially chosen for loyalty as well as fitness for their work. The theory, being easily perverted, was wrong; but it



must in justice be said that they, at least, seldom picked poor material. Neither was there any excuse for a civil pension list when rotation in office prevented superannuation. Apropos of a vacancy in the Niles post office, Father thus wrote to General Garfield on May 29, 1876:

My experience has been that none but the best men should be appointed as postmasters, without so much regard to political services. When great stress is made of active political work, to urge the appointment of men as postmasters, I find the appointment often ends in embarrassment and failure. You have generally been careful to select the best men, and you therefore have had but little difficulty of that nature. I have also noticed that this is the policy pursued by the department.

In spite of this, Father never had much sympathy with the new civil service system which was afterwards introduced, believing that it perpetuated mediocrity in office; and he always insisted that the postal service was better manned and more efficiently conducted before competitive examinations became the sole basis of appointment and the filing of charges the only means of removal. Under the old order of things the service could never have been unionized, and without the security of tenure afforded by the new merit system, the department would have escaped the fresh crop of embarrassments which are now arising from the demands of organized labor.

Although post office and railway mail clerks long ago found shelter in the fold of civil service reform, the higher grades of postmasterships lingered long among the spoils of politics, and every change of administration lifted the lid of Pandora's box, letting loose a jarring tumult. When this practice was at its height, it frequently became Father's duty to inquire into and adjust post-office quarrels. He thus came into contact, and occasionally into collision, with Republican leaders in all parts of Ohio. Sometimes local politicians sought to shield their favorites from deserved discharge or punishment; but in general they were glad to have the department rid them of political parasites whom they themselves feared to shake off. In this and other ways Father's acquaintance with public men became almost as wide as that of anyone in the State.

Newspaper folk, too, sought him out because his "stories" of men and things political, as well as of his own official doings, made excellent copy. Besides his more or less intimate acquaintance with Editors Cowles, Mason, Howells, Comley, Converse, and others, already mentioned, and with many more whom it is impossible now to name, he stood on a friendly footing also with John C. Covert of the Cleveland *Leader*, George A. Benedict, A. W. Fairbanks, and Richard C. Parsons of the Cleveland *Herald*, John T. Mack of the Sandusky *Register*, and especially with George A. Robertson, then a young reporter and correspondent, but afterwards connected with various Cleveland papers as editor and publisher. Father used to say that Robertson had the most remarkable faculty of anyone he ever knew for taking in, without notes, a whole evening's conversation, and later transcribing it for his paper or news syndicate



almost word for word. Even George Alfred Townsend—"Gath"—and James B. Morrow, the celebrated correspondents whom Father afterwards knew, though men highly gifted in their calling, had not Robertson's peculiar skill in this particular.

With the officers and practitioners in the Federal courts, especially in Cleveland, Father of course had frequent meetings. Judge Martin Welker, Commissioner Bushnell White, and the successive district attorneys there soon realized that they could depend not only on his every statement of fact concerning the cases he brought before them, but that he had always armed himself with evidence to convict. Of others in the legal profession in Cleveland, he was most intimate doubtless with his old Hiram teacher, J. H. Rhodes, and scarcely less so with Henry C. White and Virgil P. Kline, both of whom had been Hiram students. These were all men of talent, and they excelled as public speakers. The first named accumulated a modest fortune by careful and fortunate investments, in connection with an office practice that took him but rarely into court, where, however, the laurels of advocacy, had he cared for them, lay easily within his reach. He and Judge White each died in the prime of life, though the latter survived to become the most widely loved man in the community. Mr. Kline's forensic powers were doubtless greater than those of either of the others, and his leadership in the local bar has withstood even the unpleasant notoriety of The Standard Oil Company, to whose service for many years until his death in 1917 he largely and worthily devoted his high ability. Later a younger Hiram friend, Andrew Squire, became Cleveland's best known lawyer.

Another member of the Cleveland bar, William Robison, brother of the redoubtable Doctor Robison, and husband of Father's boyhood neighbor, Jennie Heath, dwelt near us in Cleveland. As a criminal lawyer his powers of extempore speech won him some reputation in spite of an erratic temperament. His daughter Bertine, who became an actress, was as a little girl a favorite with Father, and until she was well grown he used often to swing her up by the arms to a seat on his shoulder.

Of these lawyers, Rhodes had in a marked degree the faculty of unbending without loss of dignity. Brilliant but physically indolent, affable, well-poised, social, but no drawing-room exquisite, he united the scholar's gravity with the courtier's wit. His sparkling conversation was attended with little outward demonstration beyond the inflections of his rich voice and a lifting of the brows above his expressive eyes.

He and Father took their wives on a visit to General Garfield's family in Washington in the spring of 1880. They could hardly have expected (though Father thought it not unlikely) that within three months their host would become the presidential nominee of his party and within a year the Chief Executive of the Nation. Father bore a gift of maple sirup from his farm to Mrs. Garfield, and persisted, despite Mother's protest, in carrying into their



Pullman car the two ponderous stone jugs containing it. Mr. Rhodes joked him unmercifully about the jugs, and they plied one another with outrageous puns and such repartee "in jugular vein" as "Jug not that ye be not jugged." Their car was the "Car of Juggernaut," and to General Garfield, who was of course expecting them, they even sent an enigmatic telegram, "The jugglers are coming."

While in Washington, they all went one evening to the White House and called on the President and Mrs. Hayes. After a half-hour's pleasant chat with them, the visitors took their leave, Mrs. Hayes having graciously presented her bouquet to Mother. They then called on Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, who had recently published *That Lass o' Lowrie's*. At her home, amid a lull in the conversation, Mr. Rhodes, who had been contemplating a beautiful marble which portrayed the poet Schiller with waving locks, suddenly and with great gravity inquired of Mrs. Burnett, "Madam, is that your bust?" She laughingly undeceived him, and her callers soon afterwards departed. But they had scarce quitted her door when General Garfield demanded of Mr. Rhodes what he meant by such a question; and mimicked with sepulchral voice, "Madam, is that your bust?" until poor Rhodes felt that he had really somehow insulted the lady. Thus with friendly raillery and jovial reminiscences of school days, they relaxed anon from weightier discourse through the few brief days of what was destined to be their last informal carefree, good time together.

Among the multitude of interesting cases with which Father had to do officially during the years we lived in Cleveland, was the celebrated Charlie Ross mystery. Some three years after the boy was kidnapped, Chief Special Agent Parker transmitted to Father, under date of December 12, 1877, certain correspondence between the post office department and Editor W. M. Singerly of the *Philadelphia Record*, and requested that he follow up a new clue at Troy, Ohio, concerning the fate of little Carle—"if," he added, "you can do so without interfering with important official business, with which I know you are overburdened."

Like all other efforts to find the lad, this also proved unavailing. Christian K. Ross, the father, continued the search for twenty years longer, enlisting the sympathy of the entire country, as well as the aid of the Government itself, in his hopeless quest. He died broken-hearted in 1897; and his forlorn widow, cherishing still the vain hope of finding her lost child, survived until December, 1912, when she, too, passed away in Philadelphia at the age of seventy-nine.

Another case had some comic aspects. One Byron H. Robb embarked in what he called "the advertising business." Among his first ventures was the exploiting of a fluid, called "Curlique," which was warranted to transform into curly locks the straightest hair on human heads. Being nothing but scented rain-water, the stuff soon began to bring its proper results on the vendor's own head; whereupon he diverted his talents to the marketing of

another original commodity. This time he offered the seeds of a new and wonderful species of gourd, whose shapes were such that they could readily be adapted to divers domestic uses through a wide range of household utensils from ladles to washtubs.

Harriet Beecher Stowe was among the victims. After sending a dollar and planting the seeds, she later enclosed another dollar for more, because the first lot had refused to germinate! But sterilized pumpkin seeds, if they would not grow gourds, soon bred troubles; and again the versatile young man changed his line of business. His unpleasant notoriety induced him now to make application for the judicial alteration of his name. The ground assigned by him was characteristic. He alleged that he was desirous of forming a business partnership with a man named Steele, and that he feared the firm name of Robb and Steele might hinder their success!

Robb's next venture was the organization of a detective bureau which he styled "The United States Secret Service Company." For a suitable fee paid to him in advance, aspiring young men were rapidly added to his force of inspectors. They received a glittering badge, and an official-looking commission, besides impressive instructions enjoining strictest secrecy; but they waited in vain for the promised lucrative business to be referred to them from the home office. On October 23, 1877, Robb and his associates were arrested by Father for misusing the mails; but he was soon released on bail. Always resourceful, he straightway trumped up mythical inquiries for members of his force to pursue, and before his trial took place he had paid several of them liberally for their efforts, so that they stood ready in good faith to swear that the enterprise was by no means a swindle but a virtuous and successful business.

Robb got off too lightly, but his ingenuity was henceforth more cautiously exercised. One day when we children emerged at recess from Sterling School in Cleveland, a string of Shetland ponies paraded past the schoolyard to a neighboring vacant lot converted into a miniature driving park. There the little chaises, landaulets, and pleasure vehicles of every description, as well as the harnesses, bridles and saddles of the richly caparisoned steeds, quickly called forth the school children's nickels for two rides around the ring. When we went home we besought Father to return with us and see the ponies. He good-naturedly complied, and was met by the proprietor with a hearty, "How are you, Captain?" It was Robb.

"I have quit the advertising business, you see. You knocked me out of a good many dollars, but now I am in a business that the law can't touch. Are these your children? Here, take these"; and he handed out a generous supply of his tickets, saying: "Tell them to come around whenever they want to. It sha'n't cost them a cent."

Father was never without interest in his children's recreation, and, though he did not care for formal games, he frequently took part in our frolics. We



spent our summer vacations at the old homestead in the country and at least once every autumn, while we lived in Cleveland, Father took the whole family and usually some friends to Geauga Lake for a day's nutting. During this period the farm was enlarged by the acquisition in May, 1879, of the McClintock dower already mentioned, and on March 31, 1880, by the purchase of the Squires' Place of fifty-five and a quarter acres from Lyman Brewster for the sum of \$2762.50. These lands added to the abundance already at our command of walnut, butternut, hickory, and chestnut trees, from among which the farm tenant Thomas Marshall, with his hospitable family, always contrived to save untouched for our coming some of the heaviest-laden. After a happy day's nutting, Father and Mother would sometimes join the young folks in a hilarious twilight game of hide-and-seek.

In the Pioneer Picnic at the Lake, an annual festival which always brought out the whole countryside, young and old alike, as well as many former neighbors from Cleveland and elsewhere, Father took a lively interest and sometimes served as one of the officials or on the committee of arrangements. Once or twice also he welcomed to the farm a great Fresh Air Excursion of Cleveland bootblacks, newsboys, and young street waifs.

Indoors, with his younger children and later with his grandchildren, he liked no less than they to play at romping games, especially "The Two Friends and the Bear," from Webster's *Spelling Book*. Nothing could be more intensely realistic. When the two friends, traveling on foot together, encounter the bear, one of them, careless of the other's safety, takes refuge in a tree. But the other quickly falls to the ground, feigning death. After nosing the body all over, the bear finally makes off, for it will not prey on the dead. When the friend in the tree descends, he asks the other: "What did the bear say to you, my friend, when he was whispering in your ear?" "He said, 'Never trust a wretch who in the hour of danger would desert a friend'."

It was usually the part of the youngest to fall upon the floor, and of the next older to climb a chair; while Father, as the nosing bear, listened delightedly to the little thumping heart that could deceive only a play-bear, and again to the scornful baby accents with which the resuscitated friend made ironical reply to the cowardly one. Aunt Eliza said that her father used to play the same game with his children.

Father's droll letters to the little ones always afforded amusement to them and to their elders as well. In after years when writing to his grandchildren he assumed, as against their parents' fancied opposition, to be in full sympathy with their desire to come out to the farm. But he gently deprecated any display of temper should they be disappointed. Such misconduct he classified into three degrees of seriousness: "Feelings, tantrums, and rampage." The children entered gravely into his philosophizing upon this subject, and became skillful in appraising their own delinquencies accordingly. With some of the babies, he had a game called "post offices," which, before they learned to creep,

materially hastened their acquisition of that infantile accomplishment. Putting his watch on the floor just out of baby's reach, he would watch it squirm and wriggle to grasp the coveted prize, after the manner, as he said, of office-seeking politicians.

Early in 1880 Father wrote, for delivery at Hiram College, his lecture on "The Mails," from which I have already quoted freely; and during the ensuing year he repeated it half a score of times in as many different places. In the following winter the secretaries to the President-elect, supposedly tireless in the pursuit of all governmental information, and really much interested in Father's stories of "life among the mail-bags," had expressed their desire and eagerness to hear his lecture. Therefore, in sending to Mentor the handbill announcing his address either there or in Painesville, he thus wrote:

Cleveland, Ohio, January 12, 1881.

Dear General: Please say to those young men, Brown and Judd, who are thirsting after a knowledge of postal affairs, that they can receive instruction on the subject tomorrow evening at the place named. I will come down at noon and no doubt they will be anxious to go with me to the lecture. I have just come in from the country and write this, four p.m.

Very truly,  
C. E. Henry

Like any well told story of stirring adventures narrated by an actor therein, this lecture possessed peculiar interest. Furthermore it conveyed useful information and pointed a wholesome moral. In Father's letter files I find enough appreciative comment on his addresses to warrant the belief that he could have had a permanently successful career on the lecture platform. But politics meanwhile intervened to turn his attention elsewhere. In January, 1880, General Garfield was chosen Senator by the Ohio legislature to succeed Allen G. Thurman the next year. In June, under most dramatic circumstances, he was nominated for President by the National Republican Convention; and in November, after a singularly interesting and bitterly fought campaign, he was elected to the chief magistracy of the Nation.



## 21. *Political Piloting*

VERY little is said in the biographies of President Garfield about his election as United States senator except to note that he made no personal campaign for the place and that in the Republican caucus he received the unwonted compliment of a unanimous nomination. In truth however this harmonious result followed an earnest but never really doubtful contest among four candidates. Three of them withdrew at the last moment after their friends had played politics until convinced that the game was up. It was really home influence, skillfully and cleanly marshaled for the victor, that induced his rivals to retire.

For a year preceding the choice of a senator by the General Assembly of Ohio, Father in his continual travel over the State had systematically sought to survey and develop in every legislative district the trend of public sentiment towards his friend. As early as February 23, 1879, he reported, "Everything looks hopeful to me and I shall be very much disappointed if you do not have a walkover." In the same letter he counseled, "Your friends should not make war on rival candidates for the Senate but carry the Garfield banner high and proudly, and the people are with them."

A month later it looked for a time as though the Republican gubernatorial nomination would be forced on Garfield and spoil his senatorial prospects. Father wrote to him on March 25, "Everybody knows that you don't want the governorship, yet everybody says that you can be elected." On April 2, referring to General Garfield's speech of March 29, 1879, in the House on "Revolution in Congress," he wrote, "It may make you Governor in spite of yourself. It is more likely however to raise the cry, 'We can not spare him.' " Three days later he asked, "Will it be the same cry if we carry the legislature this fall?" Happily the nomination for Governor soon fell upon their friend Charles Foster, who was duly elected in the following October. But as will presently appear, Father's query was justified. On October 17, 1879, after the State election, he wrote to General Garfield:

I have examined the list of senators and representatives-elect and make out forty-three voluntarily pledged to you. There may be more. I have been secretly informed that Sherman will be a candidate. If so, thirty or more of the forty-three will consider him as attempting to steal your woodpile and treat him accordingly. I think a quiet canvass should be made, without letting the fact be known, to find out the exact strength of your friends and opponents. . . . I feel confident that you will have a walkover, that the wood-

pile is yours, and your friends will only have to keep Sherman from carrying off an armful at a time or secreting a colored man beneath it.

By November 10 Father, writing from his office in Cleveland at three P.M., was able to report the progress of his "quiet canvass" as follows:

I now count sixty-four of your friends among the members-elect. I would go and see you today, but Soph and I were married fifteen years ago this hour, and I go home instead to my first love. I may go to Mentor in the morning for a few hours.

On December 4 he wrote again:

The senatorial question remains about the same, only the fact is more generally known that you have nearly all the members. I heard yesterday that Dennison still acts and talks as though his chances were good.

The method of getting a constituent to work on a member is a good one, but fortunately for you the constituents of members throughout the State are doing that in your behalf without the asking. The greatest objection your friends will have to meet will be the argument you can not be spared from the House. That argument would have kept you on the canal at sixteen, or in Hiram at twenty-six, or in our own State senate when Copperheads were thickest. On that principle Tom Scott would still be a conductor or stableman in charge of relays of horses. All bosh! . . .

I see no danger, however, anywhere, and you can say to Mrs. Garfield that the prospects of our Viking never looked brighter.

Two days later Father wrote further, "Dennison, Taft, and Matthews will not combine, and if they do they have but a handful." But Secretary Sherman's possible candidacy loomed again with his request that General Garfield write a letter for publication espousing his cause for the succession to President Hayes. On December 10 Father wrote:

I don't know just what Sherman is at. If he wants the Presidency and nothing else, it is mean to push you into a corner now when you would do him more good in February or March next by letter. I fear it means a demand which, if not complied with, will be a pretext for running for Senator himself, and if complied with raises the shout of bargain from all over the country, in which he will be the least hurt, and gives him the pole in the Senatorial contest. I think you can beat him if he enters the field. . . .

Mrs. Garfield's intuitions on such subjects are clear and correct, better than a dozen politicians'. I know the Republicans of Ohio want you for Senator. If John Sherman or anyone else tries to cheat you and the people, your defeat will lead to victory as Lincoln's did after his contest with Douglas. I would go no further in promises to Sherman. It looks to me that he sees the Grant boom and has concluded to hedge and take the senatorship after embarrassing you by getting you committed to him.

General Garfield's compliance with Secretary Sherman's request was deferred until the senatorial contest was over, but the Secretary's apprehended candidacy for the Senate never came to light. Therefore Father was moved to write to the former on January 8, 1880, "Ohio's vote must be solid if possible in



the next convention for Sherman. If he can not make it then we will not be blamed. From all over the land comes joy over your election."

Father had charge in Columbus of General Garfield's interests until the caucus on January 6 had determined the result which eight days later was formally ratified by the two houses of the General Assembly. How well he handled the matter may be inferred from the letter quoted below. What other senator-elect has ever had to express dissatisfaction because his campaign manager had no occasion to be reimbursed?

House of Representatives U. S.

Washington, D. C., January 10, 1880.

Dear Captain:

I have received your list of members with notes and comments appended and have read it with great interest. It is a fine analysis of the character of the Legislature. I did not half see you before I left Cleveland. There were two things I wished to talk with you about, but was compelled to hurry away. I was wholly dissatisfied with your report on one subject, but I shall get even with you in some way. Let me quote a sentence from a letter just received from General Robinson: "I can not close my letter without adding my tribute of praise to the excellent management of your interests by Captain Henry. He was cool, calculating, and never for a moment disturbed by Thorpe's marvelous stories of impending combinations that would sink your craft." I do not believe any management of a similar case has been superior, if equal, to yours.

It was very thoughtful in you to send dispatches to Mother and Crete. They sent you an answer by telegraph to Columbus. Did you receive it?

I have concluded not to go to Columbus until after the election, and possibly not for some time after, for it will be difficult for us to go just as the boys are leaving home; but I suppose I must go before very long.

All the family join in love to Sophia and yourself.

Very truly yours,

J. A. Garfield

Upon his formal election General Garfield did, however, come to Columbus to address the legislature. Many years afterwards in an interview from Columbus in the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* of January 19, 1896, Father indulged some interesting reminiscences of that time:

I was here in Columbus when Garfield was elected to the Senate. He would not come to the capital during the contest; and while certain worthy Ohioans, who have recently had much to say concerning him, have found it wise to establish headquarters here during senatorial campaigns, Garfield did not.

Ex-Governor Dennison, Judge Alphonso Taft and Stanley Matthews were all contestants for that nomination, but their friends one by one withdrew and he was made the unanimous choice of the party.

He did come to the election, of course, and it was in his speech of acceptance that he used that beautiful figure, "The sweetest flowers of public life are those that grow over the wall of party." That tribute was paid to Allen G. Thurman, whom he had defeated for the office. There is a little story connected with that event that I do not think has ever got into print.

Thurman at one time had made a most bitter campaign speech, in which he had arraigned the Republican party as only he was able, and had attacked many of the leaders personally. In it he had stopped to say a good word for General Garfield, expressing his belief in his honesty and integrity in his entire political career. It was to this that the newly-elected senator referred in his speech, and he took occasion to remember it in a much more substantial manner after his election to the Presidency.

Thurman was then in private life. Ohio was solidly Republican, and his chances for return to the Senate were practically removed. It came about that Garfield was called upon to appoint the members of the Monetary Conference that was to meet in Paris. Instantly his mind reverted to his defeated opponent for the Senate. He nominated Allen G. Thurman as a member of this Commission. It came like a bolt from the blue. No one expected it, for Garfield had not said a word of it to anyone.

I happened to be in the White House when Senator Thurman came to Washington to thank the President for the unexpected honor. It was just what Thurman had wanted. He had set his heart on going abroad, and this gave him both an opportunity for travel and a congenial and honorable occupation. Mr. Thurman came in with a large number of visitors and the President happened to see him. He advanced toward him and extended his hand, saying, "How are you, Judge?"

The Old Roman extended his hand but he could not utter a word. The tears started down his cheeks in torrents and his frame shook with emotion. President Garfield soon broke the spell by some reference to Ohio, and the Senator grasped his hand and passed out. It was a beautiful example, however, of Garfield's happy figure and showed the sincerity of his words.

On Garfield's arrival from Washington a few days after the caucus victory and just before his formal election, Father called "to relate the details to him of his unanimous choice for Senator"—how it had been necessary "to handle matters with much care, for some of Garfield's friends were anxious to fight and quarrel to prove their loyalty and devotion," and "the friends of Taft, Matthews and Dennison wanted to knife each other"; so "the real hard common-sense work to do was to stop it and permit them all to come into the fold of the real favorite son." But "before I had time to shake his hand," Father continued,<sup>1</sup>—

he threw both arms around me, lifted me from the floor and swung me around with his old time boyish way. He seemed so happy to be six years in the Senate where he could measure swords in dignified and courteous discussion, instead of the rough-and-tumble, witty, sarcastic Cave of the Winds of the House. The Senate that he never logrolled for was his Elysian Field for six years ahead.

To assure the Senator-elect that his manager had not assumed even a small burden of campaign expense Father sent him an itemized statement showing his disbursements in Columbus for hotel rooms, "meals for others—not my own, carriage hire, and messenger boys, \$148.60, leaving due you \$1.40, which I enclose." He added:

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<sup>1</sup> Letter to author, Oct. 9, 1904.



Sometime I will tell you many interesting things that occurred during those few days. I may add that I did but little and made no claim of being your manager. You needed none, as it was the result of your labors for years gone by. Your interest was mine, however, and I slept but three or four hours each night; as I could not, on account of my anxiety in watching and attending to little details. You have done for me more than I ever have or can for you.

To this General Garfield replied:

Washington, D. C., January 26th, 1880.

My dear Captain:

Your two letters came duly to hand. I note what you say in regard to your expenditures. Notwithstanding your detailed statement of the account I have a lurking suspicion that you have cheated yourself.

The last week has been full of congratulations in my behalf, so much so as to be almost amazing, but I think the rush will soon be over and I can settle down again into quiet work.

I have today written a letter to Senator Horr,<sup>1</sup> in answer to one from him asking my opinion on the presidential nomination, and I presume he will publish my answer. It will put to rest the loose talk in the papers which is connecting my name with the presidency just enough to embarrass me. I suppose my letter will offend Sheldon and a few others of our good friends, but I can not help it.

With kindest regards to yourself and all your household, I am

As ever your friend,  
J. A. Garfield

Capt. C. E. Henry,  
Cleveland, Ohio.

As disclosing General Garfield's previous attitude in reference to the Republican presidential nomination of 1880 that finally came to him, I quote the Horr letter above mentioned:

Washington, January 26, 1880.

Hon. R. A. Horr,  
Columbus, Ohio.

Dear Sir: I have received your letter of the 26th inst., in which you ask what course I think the Republicans of Ohio ought to pursue in reference to the presidential nomination to be made in Chicago in June next.

The answer to this inquiry should not be made on personal grounds, but upon these two public considerations, first, the best interests of the whole country as represented by the National Republican party, and second, the harmony and effective action of the Republicans of Ohio.

The first consideration can not be satisfactorily determined until after a free and full consultation at the National Convention by the Republican delegates of all the States and Territories, but in the meantime the Republicans of Ohio may properly express their opinion on the subject.

The second consideration must be determined by Ohio Republicans alone. They should bear in mind that Ohio is still a close State; for great and

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<sup>1</sup>Horr was a friend of Sherman's and represented his home county in the State Senate.

decisive as the victory of last October was, their majority over all opponents was less than one per cent of our voting population, and any serious disagreement among themselves will imperil their chances of success at the next election. The vital question then is, "On what candidate can the Republicans of Ohio most effectively unite?" I have no doubt that a decisive majority of our party in Ohio favor the nomination of John Sherman. He has earned this recognition at their hands by twenty-five years of conspicuous public service, a period which embraces nearly the whole life of the Republican party. He deserves the special recognition of the Nation for the great service he has rendered in making the Resumption Law a success and placing the National finances on a better basis.

I am aware of the fact that some Republicans do not endorse all his opinions, but no man who has opinions can expect the universal concurrence of his party in all his views, and no man without opinions is worthy the support of a great party.

I hope the Republicans of Ohio will make no attack on other candidates. They should fairly and generously recognize the merits of all; but I think they ought to present the name of Mr. Sherman to the National Convention and give him their united and cordial support.

Very truly yours,  
J. A. Garfield

From Cleveland on January 31 Father wrote to General Garfield about the rivalry among the various candidates—Northway, Howland, and Taylor—for Garfield's place in the House of Representatives:

Your old friends, Austin, Crouch, Stiles, and men like them, feel like sitting down with folded arms to witness the struggle to climb into the larger shoes. Taylor will be opposed in Ashtabula because he went to Jefferson to hold court and, to quote a phrase common to the people there, got "drunker than a b'iled owl." I am unable to state the degree of intoxication that an owl would be [in] boiled.

Prescient of coming events, but with no responsive sign from the chief figure therein, Father recurred often to the large possibility of Garfield's nomination for President, and in the same letter he added:

Your letter to Horr is received with approval by your friends. You said just about enough and not too much. You are mistaken, however, about its relieving you of embarrassment by talk of the presidency. The talk will not stop but will increase. I wish some of your discreet friends could talk in confidential terms with the friends of Conkling. Your friends should act in good faith towards Sherman so that he can not say that he lost it on account of Garfield's friends. "There is a tide in the affairs of men." I feel that it comes for you. Your friends more than ever should be discreet.

If Blaine don't get it on first ballot he is lost. He and Sherman will lose strength if they follow the tactics of cow-yard politicians. You are pronounced by good judges as the best dark horse. Keep straight on. You are strong where the rest are weak. So was Lincoln in 1860. I haven't lost my balance; it is in the air and the hearts of the people.



I have many things to say, but want time. Soph joins in kind regards to you all.

Very truly,  
C. E. Henry

A week later (February 8) he remarked abruptly in a postscript, "I wrote Nichol at Racine." Four months afterwards at Chicago the Wisconsin delegation, of which Nichol had become a member, broke the long deadlock by voting solidly for the "dark horse." In full accord as he was with Garfield's views on the currency, Thomas M. ("Hard Money") Nichol may thus have been instrumental in leavening the "Badger" lump.

From Norwalk, Ohio, on March 8 (as often, *passim*), Father writing again to General Garfield, resumed his cherished theme:

A vote was taken for president in this town among business men and farmers, about one hundred, with following results: Blaine, thirty; Garfield, thirty; Grant, thirty; Sherman, seven; three scattering. That was a fair expression through the county. Since then Blaine has gained, mainly from Grant. It is understood that you are not a candidate. Blaine was second choice of most of those who voted for you. This district will probably send Blaine delegates.

I find people hostile towards Sherman about here. He is second choice of none. "Cold and selfish" is the verdict. He formerly represented this county. Plenty of men here who would knock a man down for calling you or Blaine liar or thief. Who is there to knock for Sherman? Not one. I give these as straws.

On March 12 General Garfield wrote to Father:

Every day makes the presidential situation more and more an uncertainty. Nobody can tell how it will come out, though I think at present the outlook for Grant is better than for any other candidate. I see the *Leader* has hauled down the Grant flag and raised one for Blaine.

He continued to deprecate any effort in his own behalf or any disaffection towards Sherman in Ohio. On April 30 he asked in a postscript about home affairs, "Is Sheldon mollified any towards Sherman? How will Major Williams stand?" To these questions Father replied from Cleveland on May 3, "Major Williams is a Sherman man if *you* have no chance. Sheldon remains the same." Continuing, he argued at length that President Hayes should appoint Tyner rather than James postmaster general, because of his superiority in standing and ability, and also because "the party needs his judgment and discretion in the coming contest." The letter concludes as follows:

Burke and Mary stayed with us last night. He is depressed by his mother's death, and the children say that Burke is the only one who can manage their father and that he must take him home. I think he will. You and I must see that the cross does not weigh him down.

I think you would have been in a bad fix if you had refused to be a delegate. People would have taken your refusal as proof of insincerity. They will

force you to nominate Sherman. Make a good speech and my word for it you will be all right.

On the same day Father wrote again, having "forgot to mention Rhodes's case" "in connection with the appointment you spoke of"; and he added, "He was at our house last evening" and "I assured him you did not need any reminder to look after his interests." On the subject of the approaching National Convention the letter continues:

You will be urged to go to private houses, but you will probably not have much time. You will need a room at Ohio headquarters. If you can get another *small* one near by, it will suit me.

To this on May 4 General Garfield responded, "Some days ago I wrote to Governor Foster requesting him to secure rooms for me in Chicago, and I have written him again telling him not to fail to get a place for you near us. This I think he will do." On May 12 he wrote again, "I do not know what arrangements will be made in regard to the tickets of admission to the Convention, but you may be sure that if it is within my power to get you a seat I will do so." To General Garfield on May 15 Father wrote:

We talk of starting Sunday afternoon, May 30, in Streator's car for Chicago. Foster will go Thursday. I have just returned to the city, tired and with a bad cold, to find that I am advertised to speak tonight at Y.M.C.A. rooms.

The Convention was held in Chicago from June 2 to 8, 1880. In the *Plain Dealer* interview from which I have already quoted, Father told how unexpected and in a sense unwelcome to General Garfield the final result was:

I don't think he ever quite realized it all until he was declared the nominee. I remember one evening in Washington, a few weeks previous to the nomination, General Garfield had gone over to the White House to see President Hayes about something, and we walked out to his house together. We got to talking about the coming Convention and the candidates, and I asked him for his opinion about the result. He told me that it seemed very problematical, but that it looked very much as if General Grant would succeed. I then said that I had heard a good many people speak of him as a possibility, and he said: "This thing called public opinion is a good deal like a great good-natured ox. It casts its great mild eye about the landscape to see what there is going on and I think it may have rested a moment on me. If it did it has simply passed on and is engaged in watching others."

Of course I have read all that has been said and written of late about General Garfield and Governor Foster and other friends of Senator Sherman being disloyal to him, but I know whereof I speak when I say no man could have been more loyal to another than these men were to Uncle John. The trouble was not with Garfield or Foster. It was with Sheldon and Mack and the other disaffected members of the Ohio delegation who were openly opposed to Mr. Sherman and who saw that he could not be nominated.

In fact it soon became apparent after a few days that Mr. Sherman was not gaining and could not gain. I think Senator Sherman was kept in ignorance of the situation or he would have openly absolved his friends from further



obligations. He had a friend, Mr. Warner M. Bateman, of Cincinnati, in charge of his personal affairs and Bateman kept the wire busy all the time, telling him that he was sure to win, and Mr. Sherman was ignorant of the real situation. Any man of ordinary intelligence could see the trend of things, and one day Foster, who could not close his eyes to the facts, told General Garfield: "Garfield, I think you had better get out of this. It is becoming rather dangerous around here. I do not see but when this break comes it is going to strike you."

Garfield asked me what I thought about his getting away. I told him he could not afford to do so; that it would bear the mark of desertion, and he said: "Yes, my duty is to stay and I am going to stick."

The very morning he was nominated I walked to the Convention with him and on the way I said: "Well, General, who is going to win the battle of the wilderness?" for it looked like a political Battle of the Wilderness then.

"The same little man that won the first will win it," he replied deliberately, "and I am afraid it will mean the destruction of the Republican party."

I sat by Garfield when the change began to come. You remember it was Wisconsin, away down at the foot of the list, that first cast its vote for Garfield. This was sent out as a feeler. The galleries went wild and the Convention did, too. Another ballot was ordered and one State after another voted for Garfield.<sup>1</sup> I was watching Mr. Conkling. He was in the aisle with the "stalwart" delegation at his side, the nineteen "half-breeds" sitting in the rear. "Keep steady, boys," he was saying with great coolness, "Grant is going to win on this ballot."

Maine was called and her solid vote was cast for Garfield. Then Conkling saw the coming smash. He saw that Garfield was getting the Sherman vote and the Blaine vote and something must be done. He at once sent the word around for delay. Maryland was called and General Creswell, who had been in Grant's cabinet, demanded a poll of the vote. This was kept up to give the Grant men a chance to rally, but it was no good. State after State was rushing to Garfield, and before the roll was finished he had more votes than enough to win.

I told Foster to help get Garfield out, and rushed for a carriage and took him around to the Grand Pacific. But Garfield was not happy. When he was elected to the Senate from Ohio he was like a schoolboy, and threw his arms around me in glee. When he was nominated at Chicago he seemed like a man benumbed. He seemed to be dazed and appalled at the responsibility. I do not know whether it was a premonition or not, but Garfield never seemed the same man after he was nominated for President.

Another old-time Hiram friend, Mr. Joseph W. Robbins, who had been round the world with General Grant, writing from Council Bluffs, Iowa, under date of October 6, 1881, to the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, of which he was a staff correspondent, confirmed this impression of General Garfield's state of mind:

Those who called upon him at the Grand Pacific Hotel on the night of his nomination need not be reminded of the silence and sadness of his demeanor then. On the ride over to Cleveland next day Governor Foster, General Shel-

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<sup>1</sup> Garfield instantly struggled to head off the stampede, but Chairman Hoar effectually blocked him. See Smith's *Life and Letters of James Abram Garfield*, pp. 981-2.



don and other friends endeavored in vain to divert his mind from the train of solemn, if not sad, reflections which seemed to engross it.

In the Cleveland *Herald* of October 19, 1881, the Washington correspondent quoted Father as doubtful if General Garfield ever passed a happy day after his nomination at Chicago.

He had happy moments, but they soon gave place to that depression of spirits which would cling to him in spite of all. Some have attributed it to a feeling of superstition. He was too great a man to be superstitious in the narrow sense in which the word is generally used, but he was influenced to a great degree by the feelings of his friends. From his earliest years he expressed deep love for his sister, Mrs. Larabee, and whenever she was sad he was oppressed with a feeling of sadness, and when she was elated in spirits he was correspondingly joyful. She never felt just right about the nomination for the presidency, and the forebodings of danger, which she seemed to be haunted with, were shared by him as well.

Just previous to his death the intervals of happier moments began to grow longer. President Hayes had told him that after the first two or three months of his term there would be smoother sailing; there would be more opportunity for that quiet and leisure for study which General Garfield so much enjoyed and which he longed so much to experience. Just as the clouds were passing away and the sky began to grow brighter, he met the Destroyer.

Mrs. Larabee, it should be noted, was a sensible woman, but not a few who knew her affirmed that she had inherited the faculty of "second sight" from her mother's people, the Ballous, of whom "Old Conjurer Blue," near Warwick, Massachusetts, the childhood home of my Grandfather Williams, was the hero of several wonder-stories that Grandfather used to tell. Certain it is that she forecast her distinguished brother's untimely death.

From notes of a conversation on January 14, 1905, I quote: "Tonight Father told me two stories about President Garfield":

After the General's nomination at Chicago, he told me as we were coming home on the train that two men had on two occasions done him transcendent service. One was General Hazen, who refused General Buell's offer to send Hazen after Humphrey Marshall, and recommended Colonel Garfield instead. Hazen and Buell were West Pointers, and Garfield was not. For this reason Buell was reluctant to heed Hazen's advice, but was finally prevailed upon to have Garfield meet him at Louisville, with the result that the credit of driving the rebels from Eastern Kentucky went to Garfield. "The other service," said General Garfield, "was rendered me by Sherman when he sent me here to nominate him."

I have never said much about this, for there was some criticism of Garfield for going to Chicago to nominate Sherman and coming back with the nomination for himself. Sherman all but complains of this in his *Recollections*. Garfield was perfectly sincere in his advocacy of Sherman's nomination. It was not in him to be a false friend. I was talking with him about this once during the campaign. We were walking out to the north of his house in Mentor, and I said to him that some of Sherman's friends complained that, though his nominating speech was magnificent, it did not say enough in praise of Sherman. Garfield replied that Lincoln used to tell the story of a boy that he saw



playing with some mud. The boy had made a church and Mr. Lincoln asked him why he did not make the preacher. "Laws," said the boy, "I ain't got mud enough."

Garfield did not mean that Sherman's record could not be extolled, but that his nomination could not be accomplished by any attempt to obtain it through admiring enthusiasm. Still, Colonel Mack, of Sandusky, who was also a delegate from Ohio, but bitterly opposed to Sherman, had kept running to Garfield with the picture of Sherman's check, his negro delegates, and his railroad passes for them from South Carolina. He said, "Garfield, when you make your speech, you ought to hold this picture in your hand." Garfield was Sherman's John Alden.

During the Convention Conkling sent a note to Garfield, "If Ohio will bring out her real dark horse we shall have something interesting." Garfield replied, "Ohio has too much horse sense."

Whatever misgivings about the great honor that was thrust upon him the Republican candidate may have felt, the old friends who had recited to him at Hiram, followed his leadership in the army, and striven for him in political campaigns, were radiantly happy. Father kept on with his duties as post office inspector for most of the next twelvemonth, but found frequent occasion meanwhile for visiting Mentor to attend to some of the intimate matters that General Garfield could no longer personally look after and hence wished to entrust to one or another of his close friends. In a letter to the *Cleveland Leader* written just after the death of General Hancock some years later, Father said:

On a bright afternoon in July I was at Mentor talking over some business matters with General Garfield when the operator came out of the office and announced that he had just received a message from Cincinnati that Hancock was nominated. Garfield had been nominated six weeks before at Chicago, and had been under constant fire, as he expressed it, from the whole Democratic press. He received the announcement apparently with the utmost unconcern, and kept on talking upon the subject we were discussing until a conclusion was reached.

A moment later he took my arm and said, "Let us take a walk." As we passed through the gate into the lane he strolled along in an easy enjoyable manner for a moment, and finally asked, "What do you think of this nomination?"

I replied that I thought it a strong one from a party point of view, as Democrats almost to a man would support it, but I added that we had a better fighting chance to get first voters and independents or those who claimed to carry their sovereignty under their hats. He appeared to meditate a moment and said, "I think you are right as to Hancock being a strong candidate," and added with much feeling in his tones, "General Hancock must not be assailed by personal abuse from our people if I can prevent it." Several times during the campaign I heard him urge our party leaders and managers to discourage and prevent if possible any unfair criticism or personal abuse of General Hancock.

After General Garfield became President I had several conversations with General Hancock, and on one occasion he told me that he learned soon after he was nominated at Cincinnati that General Garfield had requested his party



friends to avoid abuse and slander, and, said he, "I advised my friends to follow the same course. I did not believe we would gain any advantage by calling him a bad man, for he was not, and moreover, the people generally knew that he was not, and besides I did not think it right even in politics to attempt to gain votes by deceiving the people."

General Hancock denounced the Morey Letter forgery in unmeasured terms. He said, "Such methods are a disgrace to the American people."

Garfield and Hancock both despised trickery; both were by nature honest, manly men. Hancock's military training and high conception of the honor of a soldier led him away from dishonorable pathways and methods. Garfield always abhorred anything mean or ungenerous.

"The fairest flowers bloom over the party walls" was a favorite expression of Garfield's, and so far as I know originated with him. And this brings me to relate the following incident. Soon after he became President he learned in some way that General Hancock had, on several occasions during the eight years that Grant was President, tried to secure the well-deserved and just promotion of his adjutant general, Captain Whipple. Grant having served through the War at the head of great armies, always personally knew of from a dozen to fifty good and deserving men to fill every vacancy that occurred in the regular army. So Hancock, after several ineffectual efforts, waited patiently till the mills of the gods should grind out another President. Judge Thurman was God's miller in the Senate during the winter of 1877. His electoral count bill gave the people a good Republican President, who also had served through the War and personally knew of many meritorious soldiers for each vacancy that slowly drifted past.

Hancock gave up discouraged in trying to secure what he thought by right belonged to Whipple. When Garfield became President, he quietly found out all about the history of the case, looked up Whipple's army record, learned that he was entitled to promotion, and surprised Hancock by sending Whipple's name to the Senate for confirmation.

During the afternoon and evening of July 1, the day before the assassination, I spent several hours with the President, and, among the subjects talked over, he told me what he had done, or rather the history of it, and his motive for doing it. I laughed at his efforts to be constantly cultivating flowers to bloom over the other side of the party wall, when a messenger entered and gave him a card. He glanced at it and said, "Here is Whipple's card," and turning to the messenger said, "Show him in." The late captain and new major entered, shook hands, and expressed in a graceful and earnest manner his deep obligation to the President. He also assured him of the earnest thanks of General Hancock. I never saw Garfield look more radiant and happy. It was one of those acts that he always delighted to do.

Now comes the finale, or General Hancock's part. I had a long conversation with him on the funeral train from Washington. He said concerning the above incident that, on the morning of July 2, he dipped his pen into the ink, in his office on Governor's Island, to express in the strongest terms his thanks for the generous and noble act of the President. He had written these words:—

"Dear Mr. President: Please accept my heartfelt thanks—" when an orderly called from the telegraph office, "The President is shot!" and in an instant all was excitement and terror. Said the General, "It was more terrible than a surprise and shock of battle. I saw the letter, just as I left it, a few days ago among some loose papers. Sometime I intend to finish it and send it to Mrs. Garfield."



## 22. *Aide to the Commander in Chief*

NO SOONER had General Garfield returned from the Chicago convention to his home in Mentor than he began to be pestered by campaign writers. He at first thought of having George Alfred Townsend, "Gath," write the story of his public life. But it was soon settled that President Hinsdale, of Hiram College, should prepare the *Republican Campaign Textbook*, to consist of brief biographies of the candidates, selections from General Garfield's speeches, and a refutation of the old political slanders that were now resurrected against him.

There were, however, many others, who desired to write his life, and among them was J. R. Gilmore, who, under the pen name of Edmund Kirke, had written the war novels, *Among the Pines* and *On the Border*. To him General Garfield dictated an outline of his public services, which was afterwards printed verbatim in the *North American Review* and became the main support of Gilmore's claim to the title of being President Garfield's "Parson Weems" when he afterwards sued several of his fellow biographers for infringement of copyright.

In a letter to Mrs. Garfield on July 7, 1880, from Cleveland, Father, after rendering his account of outlays made at her request against the household emergency caused by her husband's unexpected nomination, mentions also the progress of President Hinsdale's *Textbook*:

Burke is doing well. He is writing a good work. I wish he could have an interview with Governor Jewell about it at Mentor. Burke is at the Forest City. I am looking over his work tonight.

This book, the title and general tenor of which was suggested by Thomas W. Phillips, afterwards a member of Congress from the New Castle, Pennsylvania, district, furnished the pattern for similar manuals in every subsequent presidential campaign. After the election General Garfield wrote of it to Hinsdale:

Few men in the country made more solid contributions to our success than you have, and our long and intimate acquaintance and friendship made your work exceptionally valuable.

Of General Garfield's intentions concerning Hinsdale,<sup>1</sup> Doctor Boynton wrote to Father a fortnight after the President's death:

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<sup>1</sup> The President had already apprised Hinsdale by letter of his purpose. See Smith, *op. cit.*, 1167.

The late President Garfield informed me on two different occasions that B. A. Hinsdale was to be appointed Minister to the Sandwich Islands. At Long Branch in the month of June he told me of the valuable services rendered the party by Mr. Hinsdale, of his lifelong friendship for him, and that he was to receive the appointment above mentioned. He again referred to the subject about two weeks after he was wounded.

Here, too, should be mentioned another short and for the occasion perhaps unexcelled biography of General Garfield, written a few months later by Captain Frank H. Mason, then and for more than thirty years afterwards in the consular service of the United States, but previously a fellow student with Father at Hiram, historian of Garfield's regiment, and editor of the *Cleveland Leader*. In a letter to Father the brilliant author tells the story of his book:

Consulate of the United States of America  
Basle, 1st March, 1881.

My dear Charlie: I was greatly gratified by your letter and likewise by the copy of Major Bundy's book which you sent me, and which seemed to have come as a special dispensation of Providence. Let me tell you why.

A few days afterwards I went with my wife to London to see her off on her journey to America, where she goes to rent our house and arrange things for our prolonged stay abroad. Our old friend Bret Harte came down to meet us and, as he is a royal American lion throughout Great Britain, we had a good time with him for a week and met a great many pleasant literary people. Everywhere we went there was a consuming desire to know something about the new American President, and at dinners, etc., Harte kept drawing me out to tell about him. This happened one evening at the house of Mr. Trübner, the eminent publisher, who after dinner took me into his library and demanded that I should write a biography of General Garfield for him to publish about inauguration time. This was the 14th of February. Harte and my wife chimed in, so there was nothing to do but break for Basle and sail into it.

You can see how valuable Bundy's book was to help me fix dates and give some quotations from the General's speeches. Well, in five days I had completed what will make, I think, 125 or 130 pages, a biographical sketch that an Englishman can read in an evening and which is not burthened with details that might weary him. The idea was to tell just enough to give Her Majesty's subjects a clear idea of the kind of man who has become our President and rub into them some of the fundamental facts about our War which they were wholly unable to see or understand at the time of it.

Harte is to write an introduction, and Trübner, who is really the ablest publisher in Europe, thinks it will be a hit. Three hundred copies are to be distributed to the newspapers on the night of March 3rd, so that they can refresh themselves before writing on the new administration. You will find if you see this little book that it is very condensed and perhaps incomplete as compared with other biographies of the General; you will also see that it contains only quotations from the same speeches as those quoted by Burke and Bundy, because I had no others to quote from. But as not a single copy of either of those books has ever been sold in London or seen in Europe so far as I can learn, the want of originality in the quotations is no defect for this country. I am stuffing you up with these dry details, Charlie, so that if you can talk the matter over with the General you will know how to make my apologies.



There is an American boom on in Europe now, particularly in England. They just begin to realize that Uncle Sam is a devil of a fellow. Their cordial admiration of our country and their courtesy to Americans is as new as it is gratifying. I hope that Trübner and Harte are right in thinking that my sketch may do something to help on the boom. At all events if they read it and believe it they will have to concede that there is a big full-brained man in the White House, dam um!

Now a word about ourselves. I am alone with Mrs. Mason's mother and the children, and am unusually busy. There is ample work for any one man to do in this consulate if he will only do it. I am better in health than I was a month ago and think that with reasonable care of myself I shall come out all right. I read the cabinet twaddle in the American newspapers, and how States and wards and townships pass resolutions and send delegations to try and palm off a sixth rate politician on the President-elect as a cabinet officer and I get mad. Then I console myself with the thought that when these fellows get all through with their cabinet making they will find that J. A. G. does his own thinking and doesn't need any primary lessons in politics.

I feel sure, Charlie, that you will have some responsible place near the throne and that you will be a source of comfort and strength to the President, whose fidelity to old and tried friends is one of his best points. There is only one thing I dread for him—that the rush and scramble of place-hunters will wear the life out of him. He is so kind-hearted that, for a time at least, it will be a disagreeable thing to say "No" so often; but he will become used to that long before his eight years are over.

Won't you sometimes, Charlie, write to a fellow and tell me the inwardness of things? I feel like old Hewitt, for instance, back in the rear, doctoring a sick mule while the rest of the boys are up at the front and fighting. Give my kindest regards to Sophie, who I think must step pretty high these days when she thinks of all that has grown out of the Forty-second. And if you come within hailing distance of Mrs. Mason, who will be in Cleveland until some time in May or June, tell some of it to her.

Yours always faithfully,  
Frank Mason

In one of his subsequent letters telling of the success of his book and of its prospective reissue in French, Mason speaks of the joy of Garfield's friends and adds: "Charlie, doesn't it sometimes almost make you cry to think that Miss Booth couldn't have lived to see all this?"

Towards the last of July, 1880, when the campaign was getting under way, Father went to New York, at General Garfield's request, to learn what he might about the advisability of a visit by the candidate to the Republican National Headquarters for the purpose of harmonizing if possible the bitter factional differences within the party. He reported as follows:

Headquarters Republican National Committee,  
No. 241 Fifth Ave., New York, July 26, 1880.

Dear General:

I can't quite see my way clear about your coming here, but from what I have heard, am inclined to think that you should come. You can come to confer with the National Committee—that will do to go to the country. You can

come to a better understanding with the New York senator. The independents, or anti-Conklingites, I think, will be satisfied if they can call on you.

Your friends, who were opposed to your coming, now think best for you to come. The Conkling men have got the idea that you will continue Hayes's policy and let Sherman and Schurz run New York. You can clear up any misunderstanding. Your friends can not do it so well.

I will risk any trouble so far as you are concerned after you get here. I can not believe Conkling wants anything unreasonable. He simply fails to understand, and is jealous of his enemies.

I think you have little to fear from the independents if you come to see the National Committee. It looks hopeful in New York, but the Headquarters haven't got fairly started yet.

I may see you soon. I send this by Nichol.

Very truly,  
C. E. Henry

In further letters written the next day Father observed that "Both sides are unreasonable—the Conkling side perhaps the most so," and that "The whole subject of New York politics is too contemptible and too intricate for me to grapple with." He added:

The greatest danger I can see at this writing is jealousy from Conkling if you spend too much time with his foes. Mr. Pickwick was astonished to see his lawyer, Serjeant Snubbin, shake hands with Serjeant Buzfuz and say, "It's a fine morning."

I can see no other way to cure the bellyache in these New York politicians than for you to come, and the result of your trip, as you said of battles, is in the hands of God. Let it be known that you come to see prominent members of the party from all parts of the country.

How would it do to invite Logan to come? It would not be proper for you to speak much on the way, but you should have some one along who could.

Put yourself in Conkling's place, also in Logan's and Cameron's. The scratchers are happy because the bosses were defeated. They have no wounds to heal, but only scoff and mock at the discomfiture of the consuls. Recollect Hayes had to heal Schurz and other scratchers. Now the other extreme is sore and needs nursing.

General Garfield went to New York accordingly and conferred with both sides together. Senator Conkling sulkily absented himself, but in his absence the factional breach was patched up. In October at a great "opener" in Warren, which Father attended, Senator Conkling and General Grant began their speaking tour of Ohio and Indiana, and though the former afterwards boasted that he did not in any of his speeches mention General Garfield's name, his campaigning undoubtedly helped to bring success. I recall being taken to hear Senator Conkling speak in Cleveland. When Father complimented him on his address, he responded with a courtly declension of the Hyperion Curl and a theatrical, "You are very kind, sir."

During the campaign the weekly issues of *Puck*, with its colored political cartoons and brutal humor, were usually hostile to Garfield and friendly to



Hancock, but of course attracted the interest of the whole Mentor household, young and old alike. In the number for August 25 the double-page illustration by Keppler depicted a marriage about to be solemnized by a robed figure representing the ballot-box, in the presence of the leading Republicans of the day in gowned or trousered wedding garments, but with strangely excited looks, though Conkling and his followers seemed less dismayed.

Uncle Sam was the groom and Garfield the bride. At first glance one might infer that *Puck* was predicting or conceding the latter's success. But a frantic figure in the background is running forward and loudly forbidding the banns. It is the National Democratic chairman holding aloft a shrieking infant labeled "329" and "Credit Mobilier." The startled groom stares sternly around, while the simpering bride murmurs, like Midshipman Easy's wet nurse, "But it was such a little one!" When Father showed the picture to Mrs. Garfield her first reaction was an expression of pleasure at *Puck's* apparent prophecy. But she soon caught its true purport and her smile at once froze into a look of intense disgust.

On one occasion, by invitation of Mrs. Garfield, Father brought me with him to Mentor to visit Harry and Jim. At dinner General Garfield had a little handbook of *Words Often Mispronounced*, from which he put questions to everyone in turn around the table. If one missed, he passed the word on to the next, until someone pronounced it correctly. After General Swaim and one or two others had failed on some word—I think it was "recondite"—I pronounced it in the only way that was left, and my cheeks flushed at the General's hearty "Bravo!" He added, "This is the first time in all my experience as a teacher that I have had father and son in the same class."

At dusk after a hot day brimful of roistering play, we boys wanted to go to the creek for a swim; but a great storm was at hand and Mrs. Garfield thought our clothes would be drenched. The result was that after dark General Garfield had us go out behind the laundry (a building that stood a little apart from the house) and after we had stripped for our bath, he played the hose on us through the window, on the ledge of which he and Father leaned to watch our capering.

After the election Father wrote to the President-elect as follows:

Cleveland, Ohio, Nov. 9, 1880

Dear General:

Only a few months ago you started for Washington. Between here and Wellsville we looked over the map of Ohio and noted the supposed weak points north and south of the National Road. We parted with the strong hope that victory would come in January.

Had we been told the simple fact that you would not take a seat in the Senate, one of us at least would have felt sad indeed. Had we been told the reason, it would have strengthened the faith of many years.

I feel that I must say a few words about a trait of your character that is

much talked of from time to time among your friends.<sup>1</sup> The newspapers are now taking it up. I believe I have heard you say the same thing several times—that you must learn to be a better hater. I think people generally think that is a weakness in you—that you can not or do not hate people who treat you badly or unjustly. I have been thinking about this alleged weakness and have come to the conclusion that it is one of the strongest elements of strength, not only in your character but in the character of any Christian gentleman—a manly man. Many people hope you will not speak to Hewitt, Black, and Rosecrans. Supposing you had followed that rule through life—of hating and refusing to speak to men who had spoken ill of you—you would not be Garfield. I think you will agree with me on reflection that it would not be the full measure of the Christian gentleman.

I have been perfectly astonished at the number of people who want office. The poor postmasters have been writing me scores of letters asking fair play and protection from those who threaten to get them removed. I found myself saying aloud the other day, Poor Garfield, what will he do? He will be beset a thousand times—more, ten thousand times more. Have you thought of it, dear General, that your circle of acquaintance and friendships is far greater than any other man elected President? Think of it—1st, the school-room; 2nd, the church; 3rd, the campfire; 4th, political friendships covering eighteen years; 5th, a whole world of jolly good fellows. And every one knows Garfield and wants some office for himself or a friend. What an army of classmates, scholars, brothers in the church, comrades of the war, politicians—more than twenty of whom claim the sole honor of starting you over twenty years ago on the highroad to the White House.

Among many things that disgust me, I have observed some instances of disinterested friendship and interest in your public welfare—Harmon Austin, Dr. Streator, Burke, Harry Rhodes, and a score of others, have done nobly and with no hope of reward. Austin commenced this presidential campaign eighteen years ago and never let up. What I have been disgusted with is the action of some sixty-day friends, as Webster used to call them, wanting this, that, and the other thing because they had got a vote or made a speech or two. Ah! General, I fear the trouble has just commenced.

God bless you, my best friend.

Goodnight,

C. E. Henry

An interesting domestic episode furnished the theme of another letter:

Cleveland, Ohio, November 10th, 1880  
10 P. M.

Dear General:

After your election was over Soph and I began to watch with some anxiety for the returns at home. Well, tonight at eight P. M., just sixteen years and

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<sup>1</sup> Illustrative of this trait was General Garfield's attitude towards Donn Piatt, who in recent years had frequently criticized him unmercifully in his weekly the *Capitol*, published in Washington, an ably edited but rather venomous sheet. Garfield finally determined to ignore Piatt, but his frown faded and his resolution broke down when they next met. "You old rascal, how are you?" was his greeting; and their personal friendliness was not yet ended. But there came a time when Piatt published some slurring remark on Mrs. Garfield, and then their acquaintance ceased. The brilliant but ruthless editor was afterwards quoted as saying that he regretted the break as much as any incident of his life.



three hours after we were married, Soph cast a ballot for the Republican ticket and feels much better for it. It will be counted twenty-one years from now—an unintimidated, intelligent vote. The children were away, so the election passed off quietly without bulldozing.

I suppose that there are at least ten thousand Andrew Jacksons in the country. Poor fellows, I always pitied them, for my father taught me that Andrew Jackson was an ignorant old blockhead, with a bad temper, to name boys after, and Soph thinks she will help count the first ten thousand babies named James Garfield by naming hers after you.

Your friend,  
C. E. Henry

Father's prophecy concerning the coming elector fell just short of fulfillment. Twelve weeks before his twenty-first birthday, James Garfield Henry, the youngest of the family, died at Geauga Lake of typhoid fever contracted at an alumni banquet. A fine manly fellow, he brought no dishonor to the name he bore.

From numerous other letters during this period I select one more, which relates to some of the concerns of army and other friends of the President-elect to be weighed and decided amid the details of preparing for the inauguration.

Office Special Agent P. O. D.,  
Cleveland, O., February 5, 1881  
4 P. M.

Dear General:

I think Mrs. Sheldon is the proper one to talk with on that subject. I do not think Sheldon fully comprehended the question from your standpoint.

The Major settled the subject of transportation in a very satisfactory manner, so there will be no cause for embarrassment on that score.

When I see you looking troubled and harassed, I begin to feel like David when thinking about Micawber's debts. So don't be troubled any more, for if you do, you worry me, and that won't do.

Very truly yours,  
C. E. Henry

From Father's diary I quote:

February 28, 1881. Started for Mentor at 7:30 with General and Mrs. Sheldon. At 12 M., started with General Garfield and family. March 1. Arrived in Washington 9 A. M. Breakfast at Riggs House. Went to Department and called at White House. March 4. Inauguration of President James A. Garfield. Immense crowd and cold day. March 6. Attended church with Hinsdale, Austin, Rhodes, and Kent. President Garfield and family attended. Evening, dined at White House.

Father had arranged that I should go with President Hinsdale to Washington and meet him there. I remember well that Sunday evening dinner at the White House. Besides the group of friends that attended church together that morning, there were present, Lockwood, Phillips, and others, who also had long been on intimate terms with the President. Mrs. Garfield, learning that

I was in Washington, kindly invited Father to bring me with him. I recall vividly how the President, on entering the room where all these tried and true friends were gathered, went around the circle greeting them with boyish enthusiasm and calling each by his Christian name. As he was about to pass by the deep window where I, as a lad of thirteen, stood half hidden behind the curtains and not knowing what to do or say before the President of the United States, he caught sight of me and quickly put me at my ease with a hearty grasp and, "Why, here is Fred."

Sitting together at the long board, the youngest sons of the President—not yet in their teens but generally well-behaved—suddenly engaged in fisticuffs, and were promptly exiled in disgrace. I sat next to Mollie Garfield, now Mrs. Joseph Stanley-Brown, and when finger bowls were placed before us—they were less common then than now and quite unfamiliar to me—I inquired of her and learned quietly by her pleasant example the manner of their use.

During the dinner the question of Indian schools came up, apropos of Major William H. Clapp's connection with that work, and the President said, "I was the originator of that law."

Hinsdale then asked, "Why didn't you tell us that last fall during the campaign? I should have been pleased to put that in my book."

The General smiled and answered, "Well, you can put it in my obituary."

General Garfield had already made known to Father his intention to appoint him United States marshal for the District of Columbia, in succession to Frederick Douglass, the eloquent leader of the colored race. Until the latter's incumbency, this office had long been considered as pertaining peculiarly to the Executive; and so again President Garfield now treated it. Father's postal chief had, however, a different forecast of what was in store for him. He wrote:

Post Office Department,  
Office of Chief Post Office Inspector  
Washington, D. C., April 1st., 1881.

Dear Henry:

Everything is chaos here—wars and the rumors of wars. I hope our New York senators will not add to the general anxiety. They could very well afford to trust General Garfield's sense of justice and fairness; in the long run they would have no cause to complain. I want to see firmness.

You did splendidly at Pittsburgh—you must come to our Department, first assistant.

Your friend,  
D. B. Parker

For ten weeks after the inauguration Father was busy with his work as post office inspector, and much of the time in investigating for the President the merits of various appointment problems in the department. I select a few of the many entries, personal as well as official, from his diary during this period.



March 7. At the Department. 20. Mentor. 26. Started for Pittsburgh by direction of Judge Tyner, First Assistant Postmaster General. In A. M. Conferred with Shallcross. . . .

April 2. Aurora and Geauga Lake. 4. Started for Canton. Saw Major McKinley. 16. Returned to Cleveland and in conference with Post Office Inspectors Camp and Henderson. . . .

May 1. Went to West Side church. 7. Geauga Lake with Children. 14. Received telegram from President to go to Washington. Started on midnight train. 15. Arrived in Washington at night. Saw President Garfield. He told me of illness of Mrs. Garfield—how anxious he felt; how small and insignificant was the Presidency compared with her life. She is removed from danger but still sick. I spent an hour with him, during which time he often went to her bedside to see if she had awakened. 16. Today I was confirmed by the Senate. Mrs. Garfield thought to be better, but still dangerous. Saw the President again today and in the evening. He read me a letter he had written to General Grant. Sworn as United States Marshal. Commenced duty as Marshal. 17. Saw the President and dined with him.

After the breaking of the deadlock which arose in the Senate from the opposition of Senator Conkling and the "Stalwarts" to the appointment of the "Half-breed" Robertson as collector of the port of New York, Father's name was sent to the Senate with many others on May 13 and, as above noted, was promptly confirmed. His commission bears not only the President's signature but also in his handwriting on the corners of the document the words "Hiram" and "42d."

Father of course immediately resigned his position as post office inspector and received from his official superiors the following appreciative letters:

Post Office Department  
Office of the Postmaster General  
Washington, D. C., May 18, 1881.

Captain Charles E. Henry;  
United States Marshal,  
Washington, D. C.

My dear Captain:

You have severed your connection with the Department and have been "called up higher," but I can not let you go without first expressing the sense of loss which we all feel, officially and personally, at parting with you, and being deprived of the invaluable services which have so long been at the command of the Department. Your promotion from lower to higher grades of the service has been steady and always for merit. Your work has been distinguished for its painstaking care as to detail, its comprehensiveness as to plan, and its thoroughness and sagacity as to execution. I am sure you will be as successful in your new field of operations as you have been in the old; but I do not expect that we shall be able to fill your place.

With most cordial well-wishes, I am

Very respectfully,  
Thomas L. James  
Postmaster General



Marshal Charles E. Henry of the  
District of Columbia (1881-2)





Post Office Department  
Office of Chief Post Office Inspector  
Washington, D. C., May 18th, 1881.

Captain C. E. Henry,  
U. S. Marshal,  
District of Columbia.

Dear Captain:

With this please find the Postmaster General's acceptance of your resignation as inspector. I desire to add that your brother inspectors as well as myself rejoice at your advancement but at the same time regret your loss to our service. You have long been regarded as one of the most competent and reliable officers, and your selection for the appointment the President has bestowed upon you dignifies us all, in saying to the public that a good post office inspector is worthy of the most important trusts. Our loss is your gain but we shall still have your advice at times, and force of habit will draw your thoughts back to the field of labor which has occupied so long your thoughts and energies. Good luck to you.

Your friend,  
David B. Parker  
Chief Inspector

In answer to a letter of thanks for an appreciation of Father which, when his name was sent to the Senate, his old time teacher and friend, J. H. Rhodes, contributed to the *Cleveland Herald*, the latter wrote:

Room 3, 225 Superior St.,  
Cleveland, O., May 18th, 1881.

My dear Marshal:

Yours of the 16th at hand. I was pleased to see you so promptly confirmed, and hope that you will soon get your deputies and bailiffs all fixed so that you can feel you are monarch of all you survey, if not a boss equal to Roscoe.

We here watched with painful anxiety the bulletins touching the health of Mrs. Garfield and hope now she is decidedly on the mend. What a calamity to the General and the country her death would be. The whole subject has roots that run back into tender and tragic memories of my early life and I have been in the keenest suspense about her condition. I think her one of the noblest women that ever lived, and if she survives to play her part in the White House for four years her name will be conspicuous in the annals of history. No death outside of my family could be a greater sorrow than to see that sweet soul borne hence in so untimely an hour.

We have been all excited over Roscoe's last theatrical performance and everybody is praying he may be overwhelmed in the Red Sea he is crossing. Let him be returned to private life and there will be a happy deliverance of the party.

I am sorry to see the President looks worn and troubled. Of course he must be; he would be more than human if he did not. But I hope he will soon be under clearer skies. When the Senate adjourns and his wife is restored to health let him leave Washington occasionally and seek rest and quiet and distraction from care elsewhere. He has been through an awful struggle, but thank God he had fibre and toughness to stick. He has risen immensely in popular



estimation and got credit for a backbone he was never thought by the masses to possess.

We are all pretty well. Last Sunday night I was at your house and tried to console your forsaken wife. Burke dropped in, and then went home with me and spent the night. Let me hear from you often and I shall be happy to respond. Tell the President I am proud of his magnificent pluck and that the people *en masse* are at his back.

Sheldon is waiting for his wife. He says he is ready to go any day. He has not yet made known to me his wishes about the business he leaves behind.

Yours,

J. H. Rhodes

Concerning Mrs. Garfield's convalescence Father wrote on May 21 to Mother: "I was at the White House till eleven o'clock last night. Mrs. Garfield is sleeping more but is worn and wasted."

Governor Charles Foster of Ohio, whose correspondence with Father continued at frequent intervals for many years, now wrote to him, in part, as follows:

My dear Henry:

Accept my congratulations upon your recent promotion. You deserved anything the President could give you and I am glad you are near him. I trust your natural modesty will not prevent your calling on the President frequently. I confess to a feeling of awe in my approach to the White House. I hope you have none of this feeling.

I thought the President ought to have made war, cruel relentless war, on his opponents until he won the fight at Albany. Perhaps I am wrong, but nevertheless that is the way I feel.

In contrast to this last sentiment, President Hinsdale, Editor John C. Covert of the Cleveland *Leader*, and others opined in letters to Father that, the New York senators having resigned, the Administration should remain aloof from their fight at Albany for re-election. But Mr. Edwin Cowles, the founder of the *Leader* wrote: "I hope and pray Conkling will be pent up in his Utica for the rest of his conceited life." Although the President kept hands off, Vice President Arthur did not. His strenuous efforts at Albany in behalf of Conkling invited the tragic sequel.

## 23. *Marshal in the Mourning Capital*

WHEN the school vacation in Cleveland began, about five weeks after Father's appointment, his family removed to the farm. In some of the four years of our residence in the city we had all spent the long school vacations at Geauga Lake, and "camped" upstairs in our old home while the farm tenant, Thomas Marshall, and his family were occupying the ground floor. Father provided for a separate access to our cramped quarters, which made them more endurable, by equipping one of the upper west windows with a temporary outside staircase and landing. This year, however, Grandmother Henry's death on January 21, had left her home vacant, so now the Marshalls moved over there and we occupied the whole house once more.

It was a numerous household which in Father's absence took possession of it, comprising Mother, and the four children ranging from seven months up to fourteen years old (the youngest of whom, Jamie—later "Jimmy" and "Jim"—had been provided by Doctor Boynton's advice with a wet nurse, Ruth), besides Maggie Mulligan, our housemaid, and Delos McConoughey, man of all work, as well as frequent summer house-guests. This was certainly one of the most thrilling years of our childhood. Not that it was always irenic, but there was excitement and interest even in our quarrels. Of one, wherein Mother decisively intervened, she must have acquainted Father in Washington. He was now, of course, in excellent spirits, never dreaming of the woe that was about to fall upon the Nation, and from this bit of home news he derived not only amusement but inspiration for one of his immortal "poems":

### HOW MAMMA BEAT AT CROQUET.

*Marcia:* Come, dear Sister, come and play  
A nice pretty game with me—croquet;  
Fred will join us. Won't you, dear?  
Yes, little Sister; I am here.

*Fred:* You play first, dear; take my bat—  
It is the best. Babe, wear my hat,  
For the sun is hot, my little sister;  
It will burn your pretty face to a blister.

*Babe:* Fred, take the red ball; Marcia, the blue;  
They are the best, besides they are new;  
I'll take the old, it will do for me,—  
What a lovely game, croquet for three!

\* \* \* \* \*



*Medley:* Don't play that way, play on the blue.  
 I'll do as I please for all of you.  
 You're always bossing. Give up my bat.  
 I won't do it, but I'll take my hat.

Mind your business and let me be  
 Or I'll tell Mamma, Mam—ma, Fred struck me.  
 You struck me first with a croquet ball,—  
 Out comes Mamma to *beat* them all!

On the evening of July 1, Father left Washington for home. He had got as far as Warren, where he fell in with Hinsdale, and the news came that the President was shot. Together they came on to Geauga Lake, but Mother had gone to Cleveland to watch the bulletins, and the next day Father hastened back to Washington. Some weeks later Hinsdale wrote to him characteristically as follows:

Hiram College,  
 Hiram, Ohio, August 18, 1881.

Dear Henry:

My mental history since I left the Lake I need not give. Mary and I met the first wave of the new flood at Russell's an hour after we left your house, and from that time they continued to come in until we were almost overwhelmed. Still at no time have I been quite where you and I were July 2 and 3 when we buried Garfield to all mental purposes, and today we are feeling a good deal of hope again. The turn in the tide came last night.

Grandma Garfield is here. She has borne up better than could have been expected. Today she is feeling most encouraged. She asks, "Why was I suffered to live to see this day?" Tell Harry that his dispatches are very grateful. It is better to let Grandma know the facts as they are. She is very restive if she thinks anything is concealed from her. Please to see that a dispatch is sent daily until there is no longer need. Have them sent to me.

Tomorrow I am going to a yearly meeting to be gone until Monday. Should you need to send a dispatch, send to Kent, Ohio, care of Reverend F. M. Green. Should matters become desperate at the White House—still more in case the General should die—advise me immediately as to what I should do. The term opens Tuesday and it will be harder for me to get away than it was July 2. Since Tuesday I have been so broken down or up that I can do nothing. Mary is in bed half the time; her anxiety is very great.

I have seen to your boy's wants. Do not let us suffer for lack of news.

Yours,

B. A. Hinsdale

Meanwhile Father wrote to Mother as follows:

Executive Mansion,  
 Washington, July 4, 1881. 5 P.M.

My dear Wife:

We are still anxious and in doubt, but we hope. I feel that if he is alive when this reaches you the critical danger will be nearly past. I have strong faith. His good health and habits, his pure life, enable his body to still hold

the great soul. I have been almost broken down. So has Burke. You can read all the particulars in the papers, more than I can write. The cruel wound makes great demands on life, but I have faith that God will spare him. Another forty-eight hours and he will pass the danger point if he lives. God bless you and my dear children.

C. E. Henry

In about ten days, the President's ultimate recovery seemed assured, and Father, having done the little he could in Washington, returned worn out to Ohio, leaving the marshal's office in charge of his trusted and capable chief deputy, Major Leander P. Williams. He remained at the farm for a month and went back to Washington about the middle of August, the President's condition having again become alarming. During the next few days, August 17 to 19, Father's telegrams to friends in Ohio were given to the press, for it was almost impossible to communicate separately with all who had requested him to keep them advised by telegraph. The people hungered for news, and the physicians' formal bulletins could not satisfy their hunger. So Father's dispatch of August 19 closed with these words:

In these letters so kindly published by the *Leader*, I have endeavored to give a faithful picture of the condition of the President—such facts as would not be noticed by others, and in the main not obtainable by the ordinary methods of getting information. I believe the people have the right to hear all the facts and incidents that would enable them to know the whole truth. I do not however distrust the doctors. I think they state the facts in their bulletins; while the zeal and industry of the newspaper correspondents, in separating the wheat from the chaff and sending correct news, awaken my admiration. To sum up, let us bear in mind that the President is weak, sore, and dangerous, and that he must continue to improve for many days before he will be entirely out of danger. He has passed several dangerous points—the doctors think the worst—during the seven weeks of days of danger and nights of waking.

Near the last of August when the President was apparently emerging from another and longer setback, Father sent three more hopeful telegrams. He mentioned the President's cousin, Doctor Silas E. Boynton, "who is with him almost constantly night and day" and to whom his distinguished patient on awaking that morning (August 29) remarked, "Oh, Silas, how many more stations must we stop at before we get through?"

After quoting Doctor Bliss the dispatch proceeds:

I saw Mrs. Garfield today just as she was completing a letter to the President's mother. She wore the same cheery look of sunshine, but she was not as enthusiastic as some of the papers have stated about the favorable symptoms and improvement of the President. She is thoughtful, watchful, careful, and cheerful, but not enthusiastic. She asked me yesterday if the President's old regiment would hold its reunion this year, and when I re-



plied, at Galion, Ohio, the 31st instant, she seemed pleased and said the President did not like to have such meetings put off on his account.

On September 4, the President was removed to Elberon, New Jersey, and there he died on September 19, 1881, the eighteenth anniversary of his promotion "for gallant and meritorious services at the battle of Chickamauga" to the rank of major-general. His secretary telegraphed Father as follows:

Elberon, N. J. Sept. 20, 1881.

Captain C. E. Henry,  
Cleveland, Ohio.

President will remain in Washington till Friday; from there be taken to Cleveland, from which place he will be buried. I need not say that Mrs. Garfield has expressed the wish that you meet them there.

J. Stanley Brown

Father was, however, already starting back to Washington. On his arrival, September 21, he wrote to Mother: "I never saw universal woe and sorrow before. I have not heard a laugh, jest, nor oath since I left home. The thousands of faces I see, look sad." After the public obsequies in the rotunda of the Capitol on Friday, September 23, he accompanied the family on the funeral train to Cleveland, where the late President was laid away as kings are buried.

The next fortnight Father spent with his family at the farm. I was at school in Hiram, but often came home over week-ends, homesick at thought of being left in Ohio all winter while the rest lived in Washington. About December 11, Mother, my two sisters, aged ten and twelve respectively, and Jamie, with Maggie, his nurse, left Geauga Lake for the winter. They all boarded at the National Hotel, until their return to Ohio about May 15. The girls attended the public schools and made many friends, while little Jamie, with his golden brown curls, was a general favorite in the hotel. He quite won the heart of Mrs. Blackburn, wife of the Kentucky senator, who also boarded there.

Gentle-souled Alexander H. Stephens, another guest, with his shrunken crippled frame, wheeling about the corridors in an invalid chair, was soon on good terms with the little girls, and gave to each of them a book of his own authorship, with their names and his in tremulous script on the fly-leaves. One was the *Life of Linton Stephens*, his brother; and the other, his *History of the United States*, with its curious efforts to justify impartially the Lost Cause while loyally accepting its outcome.

Meanwhile, plans were being laid in Congress for the Memorial Service to the late President, which was finally held on February 27, 1882, when Blaine made his splendid eulogy. The first suggestion of a program was, however, quite different, as shown by the following letter:

Senate Library Committee  
Washington, October 31, 1881.

Charles E. Henry

My dear Sir :

Mr. Pendleton and myself, after full consideration, have decided that the memorial services in honor of President Garfield had better be had in the hall of the House of Representatives some time in December next, and that addresses should be made by one senator and one member, which should be full and ample and equal to the occasion, and have selected Senator Hoar and Randolph Tucker to make these addresses. Other ceremonies can be added, such as music, prayer, etc., about which I would be very glad to have your opinion and that of Mrs. Garfield. Indeed any suggestion on the subject will be gratefully received.

The arrangements thus made will be more imposing and dignified by substituting complete orations for desultory speeches.

Very truly yours,

John Sherman

The question of official precedence among the courts in the District on this great occasion gave Father some concern. How it was solved to the satisfaction of his friend, the Honorable David K. Cartter, chief justice of the supreme court of the District of Columbia, Father told me in the winter of 1904 as follows :

The Judge frequently dropped into my private office and in many ways showed a fatherly affection for me. I surmised and in fact knew that this was due to my personal attendance officially at the opening and closing of Judge Cartter's court. Marshal Frederick Douglass had always entrusted this office to one of his deputies. So disgusted with this had Judge Cartter become that when I was sworn in, the Judge's advice to me was, "Now Marshal Henry, I want you to be marshal. I will be a father to you."

General Grant had appointed his own brother-in-law marshal of the District—by custom the President's nearest friend. The new judges on the court of claims hoodwinked the brother-in-law into giving them official pre-eminence. Judge Cartter affected to despise formality and ceremony, but he was much displeased with the marshal's order which gave precedence at all state functions to the court of claims, so that the members of that tribunal ranked higher than the judges of the supreme court of the District of Columbia. The grim old judge always appeared perfectly indifferent about "the fool ceremonies common to Indian tribes and the Chinese," but in private talk he called the new court "that d-damned c-committee on claims." He was pleased when, on the occasion of Blaine's Eulogy of Garfield, I, without saying anything on the subject, had one of my deputies bring the court of claims to the House by a different door from that through which I simultaneously conducted the supreme court of the District, so that the former's precedence was not noticeable.

Judge Cartter had good reason to insist upon the unique dignity of his court, for the United States Supreme Court afterwards held that, its seat being "the very heart of the Union," it was bound to be in "closer contact with, and more immediately open to, the influences of the legislative depart-



ment, and to exercise a more extensive jurisdiction in cases affecting the operation of the general government and its various departments" than any other court which Congress had created.<sup>1</sup>

Its origin during the Civil War was tersely described by A. G. Riddle, then a radical representative in Congress from northeastern Ohio, who said: "The supreme court of the District of Columbia was a court of *our* creation and for which we cleared the ground by sweeping the alleged disloyal circuit court from the boards." President Lincoln appointed the five original judges, of whom, besides the chief justice, Judge Wylie was still serving while Father was marshal, and, as we shall see, displayed a sincere regard for him. His calm courage had been shown in the wild hour when, but for the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus* by that President, the writ actually issued by Judge Wylie would have saved Mrs. Surratt from being hanged with the three other confederates of Wilkes Booth.

Among other reminiscences of Judge Cartter, Father also related the following about his appointment by President Lincoln.

He lived in Akron and was a delegate to the Republican Convention of 1860. At that time the rule had not yet been adopted forbidding changes in the vote of any State pending the announcement of the ballot wherein they are cast. Cartter had been keeping count of the votes of the different States as they were announced during the final ballot, and saw that Ohio held the key. Ohio had been supporting her favorite son, Chase. But the real contest was between Lincoln and Seward.

At the critical moment Cartter, who was a big man, mounted a chair and in stentorian voice announced the change of enough votes from Chase to Lincoln to nominate the latter. Lincoln was appreciative, and it was well understood that Cartter would receive some appointment. When he called at the White House some months later, the President said he had determined to bestow on him "the highest office in the gift of his administration." Then he tendered him a diplomatic post in a South American capital—the "highest" place in the service. Later Cartter tired of this and was appointed district judge instead.

Father did not quite approve of the Judge's lack of gallantry as disclosed in the following anecdote which he also narrated to me:

Judge Cartter stuttered, and this impediment often gave piquancy to his speech. Mrs. Belva Lockwood was a member of the District bar, but the Judge disliked her—probably for that reason, for a woman lawyer was not to his taste. She was trying a case before him and got into such a tangle that she lost her wits and, wringing her hands woman-like, said "Judge Cartter, what shall I do?" Keen but unsympathetic came the answer: "M-Mrs. L-Lockwood, I w-would adv-vise you to emp-ploy a l-lawyer."

After Mother's return to Ohio, Father wrote to her as follows:

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<sup>1</sup> *O'Donoghue vs. United States*, 289 U. S. 516.

Washington, D. C., May 27, 1882.

My dear Wife:

The courts are adjourned for the day and the people have left, so I have a little time to write. I called last night on Will Clapp's folks. He has been gone a week to Topeka as a witness. They were quite well and had many questions to ask about you and the children.

I suppose you are in Ravenna by this time. If I knew the days you intended to be there I would address you there. I fear that the Star Route trial now coming on may keep me from going to Ohio as soon as I would like. The hot weather is about on us and I become more restive than ever to get home. It looks some like a general strike of mill and iron men in the country, notably in Pennsylvania, and, if so, we may expect a swarm of tramps.

I just received a letter from Judge Pardee. He reports his people all well; says they will be in Ohio sometime during the summer.

Nothing done yet in Tilden's judgeship and Myra [Robbins] thinks he will fail to get it. People at the hotel still ask about Jamie. Mrs. Cameron has gone to see her daughter graduate. Some others have left and new faces appear.

If I knew Lund were at home I would go to Baltimore tonight and see them. As it is I may go to church somewhere. Our church is on wheels to be moved off and the services will be held somewhere else. I would give five dollars to be with you and the children tomorrow—yes, ten.

If Grandma will be able, I hope they will stay with us three or four weeks and let Mary rest. I haven't said much about it but I have felt very sorry for Mary for a year past, her burden is so continuous. We must aid her all we can. I feel very tender towards Grandpa and Grandma and I hope we can make it very pleasant for them and teach the children to treat them tenderly. How strong should be the faith in immortal life with us all and how much that faith becomes a staff in old age.

A fearful storm is coming up and it is so dark I can hardly see to write. There! I have closed the windows and lighted the gas. The storm is severe. I've seen scores of people, wet through, hurrying home and to shelter; among them a woman and baby carriage with somebody's baby wet as a drowned rat. It pours down, and the thunder and lightning are terrific. How you would cringe and shiver in this! I am storm-stayed in my office, but it already begins to brighten. How a storm calls up old memories! I just now think of one I had forgotten for thirty years, about my getting under a haystack in haying during a wind and rain storm, and how I never repeated the act, as a new haystack may blow over and smother one under its lea.

Judge Blackburn sent Jamie some pictures.

Goodnight, my darling one,

C. E. Henry

In the winter and spring of 1882 Father had sold his house in Cleveland for \$5250, and bought from Henry B. Shipherd for \$4000 the Russ Farm of about 165 acres,<sup>1</sup> which touched at the river bridge the northeast corner of the old homestead. This new farm, with its forest of maples and evergreens, its far reaching views across the Chagrin valley, its scenic splendor of pebble

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<sup>1</sup> It was on the tax duplicate as 155 acres, but was supposed to be 160 acres, which would make the price \$25 an acre.



rocks and caves, its great springs and cool mossy dells, and above all its memories of his boyhood, had for him a peculiar charm so that its sentimental value far outweighed the scant worth of its rough acres for mere tillage. Through the hot summer in Washington he longed to ramble over his new domain and to be with his family at the old home under the maples. But except for two or three hurried trips to Ohio, he remained at his post until the close of the first Star Route trial in September.

His spare time was mostly occupied with inquiries at the pension office and elsewhere in aid of the many claims of his old comrades and other friends, and in helping still others who merited such preferment to keep or obtain places in various branches of the public service. In reviewing his correspondence for the period of his marshalship, I marvel at his good-natured industry in these gratuitous tasks. In many of them, however, he took real delight. This was especially true of the request of Doctor Boynton, our family physician in Cleveland, from whose letter dated "Cleveland, September 21, 1882," I quote:

You have unsolicitedly done me many favors in times past. Allow me at this late day to express to you my sincere thanks for the same. I wish now to ask you to do me one more favor. I am advised by my friends to present to the Board of Audit a claim for professional services rendered the late President during his illness. I very much dislike to do this. As a matter of mere justice I do not hesitate one moment, for I was called into the case by a telegram from Mrs. Garfield and was retained at the request of both the President and Mrs. Garfield. To the outside world my responsibilities in the case were certainly not less than any of the other physicians, and the physical labor performed by me both by day and night was greater than any other physician in attendance. Although I shall never in all probability regain the strength and vitality lost at that time, I do not wish to publish this fact to the world.

The expressed determination of Mrs. Garfield to recompense me has determined me to present a claim. I do not wish to receive anything from her nor do I wish her to feel that she is under pecuniary obligations to me. Now I wish you would investigate the matter and determine just what is necessary and best to do.

Amid the satisfactions from being helpful to friends and taking a humble part in large affairs of state, Father's fondest thoughts were always of home. To Mother he wrote on July 14, 1882:

How I would love to be there with you a few days. We would live over again those days so full of love and hope. How I love to put my mind back to those days and put my arm around my love again and travel over and over the days of old. How anxious I was to get a home and enough to make you comfortable and happy.

At Akron, Ohio, on August 30, 1882, the Forty-second regiment held its eighteenth reunion. There Father made the principal address as follows:

Comrades: A year has almost passed, and we are still in the shadow. Our hearts are still heavy with the great weight of sorrow. In vain we still ask,



"Why was this murder?" Twenty-one years ago we gave our lives into the keeping of our colonel, James Garfield; yet we did not doubt or falter, for we knew him.

How we loved him, and how deep his interest and affection for us! How boundless was our faith and confidence, and what a soldierly pride we had in our colonel! He was our Caesar, our Cromwell, our comrade, and our teacher. He taught us discipline as soldiers, and by his example taught us manliness as men. Across a bridge of twenty years we still hear his word of command like a bugle call that nerved us to battle. The life of General Garfield was composed of many chapters, and one chapter, to us the most sacred and glorious of all, was his connection with the Forty-second regiment. Hundreds of fathers and mothers gave assent for their beardless sons to enlist in it because Garfield was colonel.

A few weeks in camp and field gave him the love and confidence of those who saw him for the first time on the parade ground. In the years of war that followed, we took part in some of the great campaigns, and often saw mistakes in leaders; but Garfield, amid winter storms and through mountain torrents, led us to victory in the most difficult and hazardous of all, and made no mistake. The fortunes of war took him to another army, and as a regiment we saw him no more; but our hearts went with him along the flight of years, through storm and through trial, to Elberon. What a life was his! What toil, what hardships, what conflicts, what triumphs!

To us he was perfect, unless at times we thought him too generous and too forgiving. We often measured him with the great leaders and statesmen; but he was greatest of them all. History will sustain our judgment. He will appear greater as we recede from his time. We are anxious for the world to read his speeches in Congress and compare them with the speeches of other great statesmen. What a heritage for our children that we were his soldiers! As the troopers of Cromwell after his death became noted for their industry, integrity, and manly bearing, so let us try to be worthy of Garfield.

Fifty millions of people still mourn his death. The generations to come will read the story of his life and be taught purity, fidelity, industry, and courage. Every man was his brother, and every heavy heart that went to him left him with new hope and a brighter sky.

During the afternoon and evening before he was murdered I was with him for several hours. He spoke of meeting "the boys," as he called them, at the next reunion. He said that he should make no engagements that would prevent his attendance.

As he lay on his bed of pain, seeing no more of earth for him than an open grave, he again spoke of the coming reunion of "the boys." He wanted to meet us; but it was not to be on earth. His chair is vacant, and his voice comes to us only in echoes of the past. His life went out in a few days on the darkened shore of the sea. Can there be a more cheering faith, a brighter sky, than the hope of a reunion of "the boys" with him on the other shore?

On my return to school at Hiram in the autumn he wrote to me from Washington on October 22, 1882:

I used to think, when I was at Hiram, if I *only* had the chance and opportunity of boys who had money or whose fathers were well off, so I could devote my whole time to a course of study and not be obliged to work out and teach to get money to pay expenses. I look back over twenty years



and can not recall a single one of those boys who is as well off today as I am. I can name several boys of my time, who were poor as I was, who are better off in property than I am. But property and money are only incidents. The main thing in human life is healthy and perfect growth.

Regretting the deficiencies of his own education, he tried always to encourage me to make the most of my school opportunities, especially in the practice of forensic speech.

During the year and a half of Father's incumbency, the marshal's office had to do with two memorable state trials,—the Guiteau case and the first Star Route prosecution. In the former, the grand jury made its presentment on October 4, 1881, and returned the indictment on the 7th. A week later the prisoner was arraigned and his trial set down for November 7, but it was later postponed to the 14th. At the request of the accused, his brother-in-law, George M. Scoville, of the Chicago bar, took charge of his defense. Another attorney, whom the court assigned from the local bar to assist him, retired from active participation when the prisoner shouted to him in open court, "Get out of the case."

To assist District Attorney Corkhill, Judge John K. Porter was retained, and, assuming virtual charge of the prosecution, he parried the insanity defense with consummate professional learning and eloquence. Throughout the ten weeks trial, the accused kept up a continual running commentary on the court proceedings. His insolence and egotism were uncontrollable; but in order to give the expert alienists ample opportunity to study his mentality, as well as to obviate any possible risk of a mistrial, Judge Cox, who presided, permitted him to sit by his counsel during most of the time, instead of confining him to the dock or banishing him from the court room. Nearly everybody deplored the unseemly show, as involving our jurisprudence and the memory of the assassin's illustrious victim in a sickening forensic farce. It was, however, not unlike the criminal procedure of southern Europe, as exemplified in the Camorra prosecution in Italy.

Meanwhile two attempts were made to shoot the prisoner while he was in, or on the way to, the jail. The perpetrators were arrested; but anonymous letters addressed to Father declared that a successful attempt would yet be made by "The Avengers," and warned against undue zeal to foil or find them. Another anonymous writer, apparently of unusual intelligence, urged that, in case President Arthur were called as a witness, every person entering the court room be searched for concealed weapons, lest another tragedy ensue. The prisoner's sister, Mrs. Scoville, complained that Father did not protect her brother and that it was his duty to do so; also, that her husband was in danger and should have a guard. Of the latter complaint, Father in an interview in the *Washington Critic*, was provoked to say:

She came into my office with a bundle of letters and said that her husband was in danger. I told her that I did not think anyone would hurt him; but if she did need a guard, I had not the men at my command to furnish it.

She said she would see Justice Cartter. She wanted the authorities to be warned and on the lookout to prevent harm from being done.

Mrs. Scoville is a peculiar woman and reminds me considerably of Guiteau. I think they are a good deal alike. She says that the whole country is against her brother, and the Government with its hoards of money is doing all possible to hang him. At the same time she is pushing down in her pocket two hundred of the Government's money that she has been paid for coming here to testify for her brother. She doesn't think how much money the Government is paying out to let the man have a fair trial.

She is a strange woman. Why, look at her in the courtroom. Do you know any lady of your acquaintance that would go into that room and question witnesses being examined on the stand? Then she will sit there and laugh at the sayings of Guiteau as if she thought them smart, and it only encourages him to keep it up. I think that he should have been put in the dock long ago. I would take the guard away from around him, move the ladies from the locality, and let men occupy those seats. I think then he would behave himself and be more decent.

On January 25, 1882, the tedious case finally went to the jury, and they promptly returned a verdict of "Guilty." Although this was expected, Father had, of course, no previous assurance of it, and the result was a relief to him and to all those who feared that by an acquittal or disagreement justice might miscarry. In an interview in the *Cleveland Herald* of January 26, Father said:

I never went near the jury any more than I could help because Mr. Scoville is captious, and as he knew that I was no friend of the prisoner I did not intend that he could make any complaint. I often went to Judge Cox to know if it was his pleasure to let the prisoner have so much latitude. He was anxious that there should be no loophole for a new trial and felt constrained to bear it longer. "It is very embarrassing," he said, "but we'll try and get along."

There were two extremes in the case: General Garfield was the noblest man I ever knew, and Guiteau was the basest. There is another point,—the name of William Wirt will be inseparable from the great Aaron Burr trial, and John K. Porter's name will be remembered so long as the trial of Charles Guiteau is recalled.

After the overruling of the motion for a new trial, the assassin was sentenced to be hanged on the 30th day of June 1882. Statements appeared in the newspapers throughout the country that the marshal of the District of Columbia was to be his executioner. In fact, Colonel John S. Crocker, the warden of the District jail, had this grewsome duty to perform, though Father had to do with the admission of witnesses on that occasion. He was therefore besieged with applications from those who wished to view the hanging, and many black caps and ropes were sent to him to be used in that ceremony. Among them was a silken cord, well greased and ready knotted for its intended service; but none of these was used, and for some time afterwards Father had at his farm no lack of ropes with which to tie calves. Not a few collectors of curiosities asked for pieces of the rope actually used, and one



group of men offered twenty-five thousand dollars for the assassin's body. Many suggestions also were made to the marshal by letter, as to the manner of tying the rope and springing the trap, and several men aspired to the performance of those duties.

The sentence was carried out with all possible decorum. Newspaper men, nearly all of whom were at first denied admittance pursuant to an ill-considered order of Attorney General Brewster, quickly raised such a clamor that he reversed his decision, and the marshal's apportionment of the few admission tickets among special deputies whom he appointed to be present was accepted by everybody as fair.

Some years afterwards Father wrote to me from Cincinnati under date of September 20, 1901, concerning the assassin's motive:

An alleged "Reverend" Mr. Hicks, a delegate from Florida [to the Republican National Convention of 1880], one of the Conkling 306, turned up in Washington after Arthur was sworn in. I can not prove it, but every evidence and move showed that Arthur's friends wanted him as spiritual adviser of the wretch. He was so announced and daily visited him.

Guiteau demanded that Conkling and Arthur save him in some way. Three days before the execution the "spiritual adviser" told him there was no hope. Guiteau then wrote out his final prayer and showed it to Hicks. In it were these words, "Arthur is a traitor and a coward." The Reverend Mr. Hicks talked long and earnestly to him to strike out the words from the final prayer. Guiteau would not do it, as Hicks had told him there was "no hope."

Guiteau then wanted to see me. I hated the snake but I saw him. The deathwatch guard was in the corridor outside the cell. I entered and the trembling wretch, when the last hope had fled, told me he was sorry he had "removed the President"; that Garfield was a far better man than Arthur; and that he never thought of removing Garfield till Vice-president Arthur went to Albany to aid Conkling for re-election. I regret that I did not have him write it out as he did his prayer, but I was dazed and crushed with sorrows of months gone by. The motive, however, was the keynote to me. Why did not Arthur keep away from Albany?

A word more about unwritten law. Arthur, forgetting his high office, was advised by sensible friends that he ought not to go to Albany. He went as "Chet Arthur" to aid his chief, Conkling, who always classed men as slaves and enemies; and the poor wretch, found sane enough to be hung after twelve weeks' trial, decided to "remove the President." It was common report in New York State that the Vice-president of the United States for weeks lined up men at the saloon bars in Albany and log-rolled for Conkling and Platt.

On the morning of the 2nd of July, 1881, Ex-senator Conkling and Vice-president Arthur landed at the wharf at New York from the Albany boat.<sup>1</sup> They heard the newsboys cry, "The President is shot." Conkling had not been vindicated by the legislature. They both sneaked off and were not to be found for two days. Conkling, grim and sullen, was glad to hear the news. The Vice-president was frightened. After a few days his friends told him that he must visit Washington and say something. He went and stammered out to the grief-stricken wife, "Madam, God knows I don't want to be President."

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<sup>1</sup> They actually came by rail.

## 24. *Scapegoat for the Star Route Fiasco*

ON JUNE 1, 1882, a month before the execution, the first Star Route trial began. It is fitting here to recall the particulars of the case because they involve a crisis in Father's life. He desired to hold his office until after the assassin of Garfield was hanged; and President Arthur, being more than willing to leave the wretch in the custody of his victim's friends, expressly and repeatedly encouraged Father to retain the marshalship for the rest of his term. Before the execution took place graver personal reasons now to be narrated impelled him to stay through the Star Route prosecution.

From before the commencement of Garfield's administration rumors had circulated of frauds in the star route service of the post office department. This service embraced all contracts for carrying the mail except by railroad and steamboat. Star routes were so called from the use, at the head of the printed contract forms, of three groups of asterisks, or stars, representing the "celerity, certainty, and security," prescribed by the statute. The frauds in question covered inordinate allowances made by the department to several groups of contractors; and the Star Route case was a prosecution of certain officials, postal contractors, and others, for conspiracy to defraud the Government in this manner.

At that time the country was divided into four contract sections, embracing about ten thousand star routes. A general letting for one of these sections occurred every year, and contracts were then made for terms of four years. For the western section the term then current had begun on July 1, 1878.

Routes once let could, under the department regulations, without further competitive bidding, be "expedited" to obtain greater celerity in the transmission of the mail. They could also be "increased," to obtain greater frequency. In rapidly growing communities such changes were of course common, and the granting of applications therefor lay largely in the official discretion of the second assistant postmaster general. Thomas J. Brady had for years held this post and had latterly been so prodigal of such allowances that a committee of Congress near the close of Hayes's administration, subjected to special scrutiny the request of the department for a deficiency star route appropriation of several million dollars. At that time no crime was bared; but General Brady was criticized, and later he was accused, together with two powerful Republican senators from the South, one of whom, Stephen W. Dorsey, of Arkansas, had been secretary in 1880 of the National Republican Committee.



No senator could lawfully become interested in a Government contract; but immediately after the expiration of his term on March 4, 1879, Senator Dorsey acquired a large number of star route contracts which had originally been taken during the year before by his brother, John W. Dorsey, and his wife's brother-in-law, Colonel John M. Peck. Just or unjust, the accusation of Senator Dorsey and General Brady was so loudly attributed to malice, that, mingled with the rancor of the Conkling episode, an ugly undercurrent of hate was stirred against the administration—with tragic effect.

As General Garfield's campaign manager, credited with placating the Stalwarts and so achieving victory, Senator Dorsey had presumed to protest bitterly and almost insolently to the President-elect, by letter dated February 7, 1881, against certain suggested cabinet appointments:

I am tired of this blathering talk about MacVeagh to go into the cabinet from Pennsylvania and James from New York. Such detestable rot should be smoked out at once, and you ought to do it in some public way. As I have repeatedly urged upon you, there is but one appointment you ought to make from New York, and that is Chief Judge Folger to be secretary of the treasury. You don't need any Bliss or Knox to ascertain or to prove his character, capacity and standing in New York.<sup>1</sup>

To Senator Dorsey, emphatically a practical politician, devoted to party discipline and solidarity of organization which defined the Stalwart ideal, Senator Conkling and his followers were the Republican party in New York; and as for MacVeagh and James, especially the former, they were to him odious "snivel service" reformers, of the type afterwards known as mugwumps, who knew no real party allegiance. But in spite of Dorsey's peremptory advice, MacVeagh was appointed attorney general and James, postmaster general; and they were human enough to lend a willing ear to Dorsey's renegade secretary, a conscienceless informer, Montford C. Rerdell, who had aided the Senator's relatives when the latter, with a friend named Miner, were entering upon their star route contracts.

Rerdell readily persuaded MacVeagh and James that Senator Dorsey had all along been a silent partner; that he had corruptly conspired with General Brady and a subordinate named Turner in the post office department to obtain fraudulent changes in the firm's contracts; and that one Harvey M. Vaile, an experienced postal contractor, was later taken into the dishonest combination. The Government at once employed special counsel to prosecute the conspirators, and after one or two false starts, an indictment was procured against the two Dorseys, Peck, Vaile, Brady, Turner, and Rerdell. The case was twice tried, for four and six months respectively. By the first verdict, Peck, who had meanwhile died, was exonerated; Turner was acquitted; and Miner and Rerdell, though convicted, were, on the motion of the Government counsel, granted a new trial, along with the chief defendants—the Dorseys, Vaile,

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<sup>1</sup> New York *Herald*, Aug. 15, 1882.

and Brady—concerning whom the jury had disagreed. In the midst of the second trial Rerdell changed his plea to “Guilty,” and became openly a Government witness; but after the jury had acquitted all the others, he was discharged, because, as the court dryly remarked, “he could hardly conspire alone.”

The defense, which thus ultimately prevailed, was in substance that Senator Dorsey, though deprecating the connection of his relatives with Government contracting, nevertheless did all he could to help them financially when they persisted in their intention to file bids. In the spring of 1878, Miner, Peck, and John Dorsey unexpectedly found themselves low bidders on more contracts than they could handle; and to enable them to stock their routes and go on with as many of the contracts as possible, the Senator from time to time lent them divers sums amounting to eight or ten thousand dollars each. Still they were hard pressed, and he further lent them his credit by endorsements secured by their “postal drafts” which anticipated their dues from the department.

Even this did not suffice, and in Senator Dorsey’s absence and without his knowledge, these drafts were rendered worthless by the subsequent subletting of the contracts to Vaile in consideration of his financing them. When Senator Dorsey returned and found his paper protested and the security gone, he angrily insisted upon some reparation, and immediately after the expiration of his senatorial term he obtained a settlement whereby Peck and John W. Dorsey stepped out, and the contracts were divided among Vaile, Miner and himself. The original contractors, to whom the Government would still look, promised to execute any papers that might become necessary to secure to the new owners the benefits of their settlement.

Harder to explain, however, was how nineteen of the one hundred and fourteen routes, which had been let to Miner, Peck, and John W. Dorsey, could be honestly raised from \$41,135 to \$448,670.90, when the average annual net income to the Government from all the offices served by those nineteen routes was only \$11,696.61 for the three years ended June 30, 1881, and varied from that average less than \$1500 in any of those years.<sup>1</sup> Such extenuation as there was, consisted of the wild underbidding which had procured for these men the award of so many contracts, together with the piling cost of adequate mail service to towns that meanwhile grew overnight from mere mining camps.

General Brady had always advocated most generous postal facilities for remote settlements, however swift their growth, and the West approved this policy in opposition to the self-sustaining test which had been imposed by former Postmaster-general Jewell. In expediting or increasing such service, the statute required that regard be had to “the productiveness of a route and

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<sup>1</sup> *Testimony Relating to Expenditures in the Department of Justice*. Government Printing Office, 1884. Doc. Vol. 2234, table facing p. 227, and table on p. 228.



other circumstances," and General Brady seldom disregarded the other circumstances. The Dorsey contracts were not the only ones to benefit by this practice; for the Elkins-Kerens, Saulsbury, and other routes enjoyed equally flagrant and prodigious favors. When a contractor came into General Brady's office and said, "I have got Senator So-and-so to recommend an increase of service and expedition, and here is my affidavit as to men and horses," he was very apt to get the order before leaving; although of course the department was supposed to scrutinize the facts.

It was charged that Brady exacted for himself thirty percent of the added allowances and that he had thus grown rich enough to acquire two newspapers, the *Critic* and the *National Republican*. He himself ascribed his enrichment while in office to a profitable patent; and, though he denied the alleged exactions, it was whispered that one of the real beneficiaries was the Republican Congressional Committee, for which Mr. Jay Hubbell as secretary had long levied political contributions. This hint betrayed a vain effort to stifle the prosecution by entangling the President, who, little dreaming of the sinister substratum of fact untouched in the star route probe by Congress while he was a member, had unsuspectingly written, in the midst of the presidential campaign of 1880 and perhaps at the artful prompting of Chairman Dorsey, to "My dear Hubbell: Please say to Brady that I hope he will give us all the assistance possible. I think he can help effectually. Please tell me how the departments generally are doing."

On assuming office President Garfield at once took cognizance of the growing rumors of star route frauds and directed Postmaster-general James to investigate them in cooperation with Attorney-general MacVeagh. Their revelations, concerning Dorsey and Brady especially, shocked the President. Without hesitation he instructed his advisers "not only to probe this ulcer to the bottom but to cut it out," and on April 29, 1881, the postmaster general by direction of the President requested and obtained the immediate resignation of the second assistant, General Brady.

At about the same time Henry D. Lyman of Geauga County, Ohio, became the chief clerk and later the successor of Richard A. Elmer, who succeeded Brady. After three years of the new regime, Mr. Lyman was able to testify as follows before the Springer Committee of the House of Representatives, which, in March 1884 investigated the star route prosecutions:<sup>1</sup>

During the term when Mr. Brady was second assistant postmaster general, he expedited about one hundred and twenty-eight routes. His predecessor expedited five or six, and the previous second assistant, some half dozen, I believe. We have expedited three or four; but that expedition has not cost the Government anything. Well, the net savings to the Government on the changes in the star service and steamboat service is in the neighborhood of \$2,500,000 a year and the mileage has increased about 1,700,000 miles.

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<sup>1</sup> *Testimony Relating to Expenditures in the Department of Justice*. Government Printing Office, 1884. Doc. Vol. 2234, p. 404.

No official of the post office department outside of those directly implicated had been more conversant with the scandal than Colonel John B. Furay, post office inspector, of Omaha, whose field covered many of the star routes involved. From that city he had written to Father on March 25, 1881:

My dear Captain:

We out here are far from the center and we only know such things as the public press dispenses, and recently I saw it noted that you were probably the coming man for the position of first assistant postmaster general.

Captain, while this is not the place I had selected and prayed that you should have, and for reasons given not to you only but to dozens and scores of others, still I want you in the department, and my reason is because I regard you as a conscientiously honest man. I am so much afraid they will succeed (I mean the thieving contract rings) in getting the President to put in Brady's place some man just like Brady that I am alarmed. Where there is so much money and so much interest and so much politics as these contract rings control, mixed in, and all hell-bent on securing the second assistant, I fear they will win and thus perpetuate the only cause of scandal to which our department has for years been subjected.

All this can be obviated by the appointment of some man of well known integrity and firmness in the place of second assistant, such a person as will be beyond approach by these people, and who, when he comes to go out, will not, as did those who have gone before, do so with a square good million of money, which you and I and the public know must have come by methods outside of salary and lawful allowances. This is why I have said I'd like you for second assistant; but if this is not done, then I want you there as an adviser of James, whom I regard as one of the most apt and good appointments it was possible for Mr. Garfield to have made.

Write a fellow occasionally and believe me,

As ever thine,

John B. Furay

While events soon showed that President Garfield was fully alive to the need of an incorruptible second assistant postmaster general, the Government departments which had in charge the investigation of the frauds were less fortunate in being saddled with the activities of A. M. Gibson, who as correspondent for the *New York Sun* had, indeed, done a great public service in ferreting out many details of the looting, but who was himself sordidly sensational and venomous. At President Garfield's request Father, only a fortnight before the assassination, gave his impressions of the investigation as follows:

U. S. Marshal's Office,  
Washington, D. C., June 20, 1881.

Dear General:

The methods and men used in the star route investigations are bad, with the exception of the post office men, who are honest. I am getting some information of the way the investigation is being conducted. If any one says that Gibson is a bad man, the reply comes that the accuser is bought by the ring. From whatever direction I approach it I see the hand of Gibson. I have never known the Government before to employ bad men knowingly, except temporarily as spotters of counterfeiters.



I believe Gibson would prefer to ruin innocent men than find out the guilty. I enclose slips of the *Capital*. Gibson's reply is that Buel is one of the worst men of the ring. The point I look at is, Does the *Capital* tell the truth? I don't know Buel, but I do know that much of what he says is true. Can not honest men be employed to catch thieves and swindlers? The star route frauds could all be carried out according to the forms of law, and I believe were. Where the use, then, for them to do an illegal thing?

If honest men were conducting the investigation I would feel much better. I will try always to get at the truth and tell you.

Your friend,  
C. E. Henry

It was even as Father had declared—the forms of law had been so carefully followed by the malefactors that the only way to punish them was by indictments for conspiracies to defraud the Government. But the long interval of comparative inaction during President Garfield's languishment, the change of administration, and the damage already done to the Government's case by Gibson's indiscriminate accusations, proved fatal to the success of that difficult mode of prosecution.

A year and a half later Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll wrote to Father about the employment of Gibson by Attorney General MacVeagh:

Garfield told me that it was an outrage—that MacVeagh had explained his action by saying that he did not know that Gibson had ever assailed Garfield in the *New York Sun*. "But," said Garfield, "now that MacVeagh does know all about it why does he not discharge him? I suppose he intends to make me ask it, so that if he fails to convict the defendants in the Star Route case he can put the fault on me."

Now MacVeagh pretends that Gibson was employed at Garfield's request.

At the outset of the first trial of the Dorsey coterie before Judge Wylie in Washington, on June 1, 1882, ten jurymen were selected before the regular panel was exhausted. It was then after half past three in the afternoon, the usual time for adjournment; but contrary to expectation the court said, "The marshal will bring in four talesmen. I propose to have a jury sworn this evening before we leave here."<sup>1</sup>

From the talesmen thus asked for, two were peremptorily challenged by the defense; and, without any objection whatever by either side, Hugh T. Murray, a clerk in the House folding-room, was accepted as the eleventh juror, and Zachariah Tobriner, a broker and the father of a member of the Washington bar, as the twelfth. The Government counsel at once cast an anchor to windward by publicly intimating out of court that these two talesmen were selected by the marshal with gross carelessness, at least, from among persons whom the defendants had stationed conveniently near. Months afterward, however, it became known that Murray and Tobriner voted unfailingly against the defendants.

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<sup>1</sup> *Record of First Star Route Trial*, Government Printing Office, 1882, Vol. 1, pp. 50, 52, and 53.

Colonel George Bliss, of New York, who was mentioned somewhat slurringly in the quotation already made from Senator Dorsey's letter to President-elect Garfield, became the leading counsel for the Government in the Dorsey prosecution. He and Attorney-general Brewster, who had succeeded MacVeagh, seemed to be at least as much interested in serving their personal and political interests as in promoting justice. Bliss voiced in an interview his slanderous intimations, and the attorney general, calling Father to his office the morning after the selection of the jury, cross-examined him on the same subject, while a stenographer behind a screen took down what he said. Six months later the attorney general gave out for publication the stenographer's report. Of this the Washington correspondent of the Cleveland *Leader* said in the issue of November 30, 1882:

The general verdict is that the Attorney General has done a most unfortunate thing for himself in this publication, as, if the report be in any way correct, it shows in his argument with the Marshal an unreasonable and persistent disregard of anything but his own opinion. It places the Marshal in by far the best light that any phase of the case could suggest, and he certainly needs no stronger vindication than the quiet, manly explanations contained in this interview.

The Cincinnati *Gazette* of December 1, 1882, said editorially:

The shorthand writer's record, as Mr. Brewster has printed, shows a consciousness of Mr. Brewster that he was talking for the public ear. When it is considered that the two jurors taken from Marshal Henry's talesmen gave verdict for conviction, the question arises, What was Mr. Brewster's object in trapping him in this way, to protest so much of his own good intentions, and to cast so much uncalled for suspicion on the Marshal, all contrived for the public ear?

In the Cleveland *Herald* of November 30, its Washington correspondent said of the report:

However, the friends of the Marshal are pleased to see it in print; it serves only too plainly to show the animus which prompted the Attorney General to question the Marshal. It exhibits him in the role of a brutal taskmaster, unwilling to hear the truth and anxious alone to vaunt his own importance as attorney general of the United States.

What the attorney general said, after inquiring minutely about the talesmen, especially Murray, whose character Colonel Bliss had slurred, focused significantly as follows:

"If this miscarries, the censure shall fall upon you. You will never escape it as long as you live."

The Marshal: "I am not one who will try to escape responsibility."

A little later the inquisitor returned to his scapegoat theme:

The Attorney General: "I only sent for you to learn what you had done."

The Marshal: "I challenge the closest investigation into [my] conduct."



The Attorney General: "If there is a just acquittal by twelve responsible men I will rejoice. If one man holds out against eleven the people will say 'How came that jury to be put in that condition?' This thing of jury fixing I will not tolerate."

In reply to the stories circulated at the time in the press by Colonel Bliss and Attorney-general Brewster, Judge Wylie in open court on June 9, 1882, soon after the beginning of the first Star Route trial, said, with earnestness and deep feeling, that his attention had been called in the last day or two to certain articles which appeared in the papers of this District and New York City in regard to certain jurors in this case and especially the talesmen. These articles it appeared to him did great injustice to the marshal as well as to the jurors. He then reviewed the circumstances and said that he was convinced that the charges were without foundation and that he thought it the duty of the district attorney to take official notice of these newspaper articles.<sup>1</sup>

Four days later, while returning through Youngstown to Washington from a week's visit to Ohio, Father was asked, "What is there in the statement made by Bliss that you had been subjected to the influence of John W. Dorsey, and had made promises not to push the star route cases against him vigorously?"

"Not even the substance of a shadow," he replied.

Though unaware that he was being interviewed, Father, when falsely charged, could not stand mute; and the *Youngstown News-Register* of June 13, 1882, records the further outpouring of his righteous wrath on that occasion, as follows:

I understand that Bliss says that, while the jury was being drawn in the Star Route cases, Dorsey called at my office and remained several hours, and that while there he extracted from me promises that I would favor him, and not use active measures in assisting the prosecution. The only time that Dorsey was ever in my office was one day when he called for a match to light his cigar. A deputy that was in the room when Dorsey entered, arose and securing a box of matches tore off the stamp and handed the box to him. Dorsey said, "I guess I'll take three or four." The deputy replied, "You can have as many as you want." Dorsey placed several in his pocket, and handed the box back to the deputy. Dorsey then passed out. I was in an adjoining room and recognized Dorsey's voice, talking to the deputy; but he did not come into my room, neither saw nor heard me, and made no inquiry after me.

That is all there is to this sensation that Bliss is trying to make. He don't amount to much, anyway. He is too full of genuine, downright meanness to ever amount to much as a man. Why, he's the fellow that Horace Greeley suggested should be branded "Decoy Bliss," and the appellation suits him well. His efforts to override the commonest laws of decency have been met by a stern rebuke by Judge Wylie each time he attempted to carry on his bravado in court. Judge Wylie is a stern old Virginian, incorruptible as justice, and hews to the line, no matter where the chips fall. When Bliss intimated that the defendants in the Star Route cases were not in court

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<sup>1</sup> New York *Herald*, June 10, 1882.

through the connivance of their attorney, Bob Ingersoll, one of their counsel arose and, pointing his finger at Bliss, while his eyes sparkled with suppressed passion, thundered out, "That's a lie, and you're a liar," Bliss cowered like a dog and had still further cause to regret his insinuations when Judge Wylie gave him a most stinging reprimand.

Any person whom Bliss distrusts, and I have yet failed to find one he doesn't, is liable at any moment to feel the venom of his treacherous tongue coming from some unexpected quarter. It is probable that he even suspects himself at times, as when he carries his pocket-book in his left pocket, his eyes are continually wandering towards his left hand, through fear that it may give him the slip and get hold of the money without his being aware of the fact. Bliss is continually trying to hedge and throw distrust around the administration of President Garfield, and those who know Bliss best pay but little attention to the pompous fellow.

Meanwhile Judge Pardee wrote to Father from New Orleans, on June 11, 1882:

I am a little concerned about the attempt to blame you in connection with the Star Route jury, for I have been of the opinion for some time that the administration did not desire a conviction, even if there is a case, which is doubtful, but would want a scapegoat.

Ten days later he wrote again.

Somehow I have felt all the time that the Government has no case against the Star Route crowd. I know that when I was in Washington and things started, it was a game of bluff. I have no doubt of the conspiracy as charged, but where is the evidence coming from? And when there is a failure, then there will be a racket. Then there must be a scapegoat.

I suppose Guiteau will be hung in proper shape. Don't you have to superintend the operation? And can't the Forty-second have a piece of the rope?

Father's tactless criticism of the chief counsel for the Government in the Star Route case, on strong provocation though it was, by no means lessened the likelihood that, if the prosecution failed, the department of justice would find in Father a desirable sacrifice. The circumstance that the marshal's talesmen were among the jurors who voted "Guilty," could no more defeat this purpose than the direction of the current, in the rill where the animals drank, could avail the lamb when accused by the wolf of roiling the water upstream.

There was, indeed, sufficient reason why Colonel Bliss should have sought by some means to defend his own reputation, however specious his method—that of blackening another's—might be; for, after he was retained by the Government and before the first trial, he joined in purchasing for a round sum the *National Republican* from General Brady, and the sincerity of his efforts against the other chief defendant was also brought in question when, near the close of that trial, he publicly declared in an interview in the *New York Herald* that the case against Senator Dorsey was "admitted to be the weakest of the lot."



In the public prints it was freely charged that he was playing into the hands of the defendants and even that he had been bought with a great price. His co-counsel afterwards concurred in the view that he had not really desired a conviction.<sup>1</sup>

On November 25, 1882, nearly three months after the close of the first Star Route trial and just before the beginning of the second, acting on written recommendations by Colonel Bliss and Attorney-general Brewster, President Arthur summarily removed from office for alleged sympathy with the Star Route defendants in obstruction of justice, the marshal of the District of Columbia, the postmaster and assistant postmaster of Washington, the public printer, and the Government director of the Union Pacific Railroad. Concerning Father's removal, the *Cincinnati Gazette* said editorially in its issue of November 28:

A more brutal sentence could not be written. No end of justice can be forwarded by injustice. The honest prosecution of the Star Route accused can not be advanced by accusing the innocent. The statement which the Washington dispatches of the *Gazette* of the 27th gave of the conduct of Mr. Bliss in the Star Route cases shows that he is not the proper man to make charges against the integrity of a man of the standing of Marshal Henry, and that the besom which is to sweep out of the way all those officials who have hindered the prosecution should begin at Mr. Bliss of the Government counsel.

The New York *Tribune* of the same date said:

A good deal of sympathy is expressed for Marshal Henry. While his action in reflecting on the Government counsel was open to censure, no one who knows him doubts for a moment the entire honesty of the man; yet he has been grouped by the President's action with men who may be said to have a guilty sympathy with the defendants if nothing more, and several of whom are actually tainted with Star Route frauds.

Father returned to Washington on the evening of November 27 and submitted to this interview:

"The papers," said a *Tribune* correspondent to him, "say you are going to make a fight. Do you intend to try and defeat the confirmation of your successor?"

"No, sir, that is a public matter, and my private interests ought not to interfere with the official act of the Senate. I will fight to defend my character against this infamous attack, and against the charge that I have in any way sought to obstruct justice."

"What are the charges against you?"

"Nothing so far as I know, except those contained in the letters of Bliss and the Attorney General. The latter says the marshal of the District is responsible for much of the opposing sentiment, etc. There is not the shadow of foundation for that charge."

Father had come to Geauga Lake, a few days before his abrupt dismissal, to prepare for the removal of his family to Washington, and was hastening

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<sup>1</sup> *Testimony Taken by the Committee on Expenditures in the Department of Justice*, p. 544; *Cincinnati Gazette*, Nov. 27, 1882; *Indianapolis People*, July 25, 1882.

back alone, when the news came to him while waiting for the train at Solon that he had been removed. The correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* who sought him there, found that "He accepted the situation philosophically, only growing warm over the intimation that he had not been square in his connection with the Star Route cases," and saying, "Any charge made that I have been in sympathy with criminals, or in any way favored the defendants in the Star Route trial is simply infamous."

On the day following the removals, the Cleveland *Leader* said editorially:

Captain Henry called at the *Leader* office during the past week, while in Cleveland, and in a conversation upon the subject of the Star Route jury, protested emphatically his innocence of any effort to influence the jury in the case. He said he was anxious to see the defendants convicted, as he believed them guilty, but did not allow his feelings to govern his official action in any way.

Whatever profit from the removals the Government hoped in the second trial to gain, its virtuous opening flourish of trumpets but heralded the final collapse of its case. The whole Star Route prosecution was a shuffling and sordid affair. No one connected with the case derived any particular credit from it, except perhaps Judge Wylie, who presided at both trials, and Colonel Ingersoll, the great free-thinker and orator, who defended the Dorseys. Under an intemperate, vain, and foxy attorney general, attended by a swarm of spies, the department of justice stooped to divers sorts of trickery, including the alleged testing of jurors by the tender of real or pretended bribes to thwart or offset similar efforts ascribed (and, as Mr. Lyman always maintained, ascribed truly) by the prosecution to the other side, and to avert the acquittal which the incompetent handling of the Government's case invited. The lace frills on his shirt bosom and cuffs, which, after the mode of by-gone generations, Attorney General Brewster affected, were but typical of the man. Concerning both Father and his exalted accuser, the ultimate verdict of the press of the whole country was such as to soothe the former's feelings wounded by unmerited humiliation at the latter's hands.

From a score of reassuring letters which Father at this time received, I select but one:

Law Office of Henderson & Kline,  
209 Superior St., Rooms 6 & 8.  
Cleveland, Ohio, Nov. 28, 1882.

My dear Henry:

I have only time to say that you need have no fears of the continued confidence and regard of your friends here, despite the malignant slanders of your enemies at Washington. The case against you is too transparent to prejudice you even where you are not known, and where you are known it is simply characterized as a "cheap invention of the enemy."

Yours,

Virgil P. Kline



## 25. *Farming and a Startling Scene Shift*

AFTER the loss of his office, Father returned, by no means dejected, to husbandry for a livelihood, and the next three years, 1883 to 1885 inclusive, were devoted mainly to his farm. Indeed he had now, with the Squire and Russ places, each having its complement of buildings, three distinct farms, with no incumbrance. The Home Place, too, besides its barns and other structures, had two dwellings, one of which had been his parents' home and was occupied, after Grandmother's death in 1881, by his farmer, Thomas Marshall. Father now decided to dispense with tenants for a while at least and to farm the land himself with the aid of hired hands. Early in 1883 he therefore purchased teams, took over his dairy and his farm implements, and having employed a newly arrived German immigrant, Christian Hirschmann, became once more a "dirt farmer."

Hirschmann was first of a numerous train from Württemberg who in the course of the next year or so came to Bainbridge, and generally to our farm. Among those who thus followed him were the families of himself and of his much talked of "bruder," besides a couple of good-natured young bachelors, Gottlieb Frisch and Friedrich Dietz. None of these on arriving could speak a word of English, and it was amusing to hear and see Father trying, with indifferent success, to summon a remembrance of his German learned at Hiram and, with very loud voice reinforced by extravagant gestures, to communicate his wishes to the puzzled newcomers. The commoner words which he managed to recall, and whose German inflection he gaily travestied, produced some ludicrous combinations. Waving his arms largely towards the stable and the plowland he would shout, "Go out and geschirr die gepferds and gepflug das gefeld"; and Chris, grinning understandingly, would do as bidden.

Delos McConoughey and George Marshall, whom Father often hired both before and after the advent of the Germans and who were descended from earlier comers and a different race, seemed to feel a Celtic antipathy towards these Teutonic competitors, whom they designated, with alliterative adjectival accompaniments, as "the Dutch." The latter, however, regarding this as but the Americanizing of their "Deutsch" origin, accepted the appellative complacently. It is strange that, although Father never used profane language, almost the first English words the Germans learned were oaths, and of these they quickly acquired a diversified vocabulary. One day while boiling maple sap, Father turned, in response to an inquiring cough, and seeing Gottlieb poising a great

dipper of cold sap as if to pour it over the boiling sirup that was just ready to be drained off, shouted in denunciatory tone, "No, No! don't do that"; to which the startled youth rejoined mutteringly, "Gotemmit, I *esk* you," with such a grieved circumflex intonation of the emphasized word that we all burst out laughing.

Another scene, in which some of these newcomers figured, I remember with pleasure because, though of no importance in itself, to Father it remained a picture which he often liked to recall. A late afternoon in early spring had brought a heavy snowfall, through which near dusk the Hirschmanns and I were returning cross-lots from the Russ Place. The air was mild and the great snowflakes came tumbling down so thick that one could see only a few yards ahead. Below the shoulder of the ridge east of the house, the Chagrin valley with its branching gullies lay mysteriously veiled from view. A singular charm pervaded it all, as if the spirit of romance had transfigured our farmstead. So it appeared, I think, to Father, as he and Jimmy came out to meet us, a little concerned perhaps because we were late, and watched our shadowy snow-clad forms looming into view over the brow of the hill and presently assuming familiar shapes.

Akin somehow to this in place and sentiment, though of another season, has always seemed to me the sudden feel of the chill moist east wind of midsummer, with its rare foretokening of rain. Towards the same hill crest, and into the sweep and freshness of a wind different from any other, one turns and by sudden impulse presses forward baring head and throat instinctively and breasting the misty gusts with one's hands and face and soul uplifted and elate.

How intimately Father knew and loved all these enchantments in the valley of the Chagrin, whose ever changing, ever recurring moods through the impassive years are figured as in a pageant by the clouds of mist that roll back and forth over its bottom lands and weave in and out among its hillocks under the moonlight of a summer night! The spell never loses its sovereign power, it matters not what the season is; for our valley always displays the royal livery of nature, whether in the immaculate fleeces with which winter mantles her shoulders, in the gorgeous embroidery of vernal gaiety, or in her autumnal vesture of princely purple and old gold.

During vacations I, too, worked at home, and through the winter term of 1883-1884 at Hiram, as well as the entire academic year of 1884-1885, I stayed out of college, with Father's acquiescence, for the experience of farming and of teaching district school, but chiefly because I could not bear to burden him with my college expenses so long as his finances remained at low ebb.

Our own home, which until the abrupt termination of Father's marshalship in December, 1882, he had expected to close for another winter's stay in Washington, was now instead made ready for cold weather occupancy, and there, in spite of the sudden turn in the family fortunes, happiness still reigned. With the acquisition of the new farms, Father had more than doubled the



number of rock maples that he possessed, and he prepared at once to make sugar and sirup on a scale proportioned to his three thousand trees. For three successive seasons he himself boiled the sap, transforming it skillfully into the highly seductive saccharine delicacy for which the Western Reserve, and particularly Geauga County, is rivaled only by Vermont.<sup>1</sup> His wide acquaintance enabled him to work up a list of special customers who were willing to pay the highest prices for his maple products and whose orders as a rule thereafter came annually with little further solicitation.

During the winter of 1883-1884 he wrote a series of three or four articles entitled "Among the Maples," which were published from February 2 to March 8 in the *Ohio Farmer* and which afforded much practical information on "Tapping Trees," "The Arch," and "Evaporation and Skimming." In the use of modern methods and appliances he became at once an acknowledged leader.

At the meeting of The Western Reserve Sugar Makers Association held in Garrettsville on January 16 and 17, 1884, he read a paper describing the "Methods of adulterating maple sirup, and the consequent dangers to honest producers." Of this the *Cleveland Leader* said: "The address of Captain C. E. Henry, of Geauga Lake, was a fine presentation of the danger lurking in the camp of the maple sugar makers who allowed or practiced adulteration of sirup with glucose." The *Ohio Farmer* declared that he "actually carried the convention by storm." The Association then elected him president; and at the next annual meeting, which was held on January 21 and 22, 1885, his official address was equally well received, both essays being published by vote of the convention with its other proceedings in pamphlet form.

In the spring of 1883, Mr. Riddle, the scene of most of whose published stories lies in or near the Chagrin valley, and to whom the thought of sugaring there was of the very essence of romance, wrote to Father in part as follows:

Washington, Sunday, April 8.

My dear Henry:

We have had four decidedly warm days in a row, and today, though the air comes a little sharp from your high-up North, the sun is bright. It has been and is so dry that there is scarce a gleam of green on the grass. Save a little, the only moisture of March was snow. It went out, under four inches, a week ago.

I imagine the sun coming warmly into the narrow beautiful valley of the Chagrin, and so up in your lovely maple woods, the tiny plants must be already in bloom. I wonder if there are still any leeks to be found there. I am sure the little tinted spray of the ground-nut, like a tinged flake of snow, can be found in abundance; and the white and purple liverworts, and sprangling spring beauties, the white bloodroots, and lots of the strong-shouldered man-

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<sup>1</sup> In a certain northeastern Ohio village store and express office that has forwarded quantities of Geauga maple sirup to a firm in Vermont, I have often seen exposed for sale in neat cartons bearing the same firm's name and address and labeled, "product of Vermont rock maples," little cakes of maple sugar molded into attractive shapes,—coals to Newcastle, either way.

drakes are pushing their heads up through the dead leaves. I should not wonder if you had the anemone there. The squirrels are out sunning themselves and there may be a few pigeons. I am sure you must be making sugar, somewhere,—a man of your strong and tender nature, with all your memories, with such a wife, and such girls and boys, with such lovely woods—woods in which one can lose sight of all clearings, if not lose one's self in. You must be making sugar, or have been making. O dear! will I ever be in a sugar camp again, in some of the long soft wondrous days of late March?

Things are a little stagnant here, even in our now extended city hall. I've not been in the new marshal's new office and don't know where it is. As you know the Star Route is slowly drooling on to some end.

I am at my office writing opinions and briefs and sighing for the notes of robins and bluebirds, who don't come back to our parks. I heard the notes of one of our native song sparrows the other day—very cheerily it came to me.

Kindest regards to Mrs. Henry, the young ladies and gentlemen. Mrs. Riddle and the young ladies send regards.

As ever yours,  
A. G. Riddle

The next spring when I was at home, helping with the farm work, Mr. Riddle wrote to Father, suggesting that I keep a little journal of sugaring and of the woods in springtime; but to me with my arms ready to drop off each evening from the toil of gathering sap, the idea carried little appeal at the time. Yet somehow, for us all, the poetry of these things survives or gilds the memory of arduous days. Father read with delight some years later the humorous verses by W. Foss widely republished from the *Yankee Blade* and entitled "Uncle Seth's Spring Poem,"—recalling, he wrote to me, our sugaring on the "Russ place with the Dutch'ns." He put the clipping in his scrapbook with the note, "I know how Uncle Seth feels." The first stanza runs:

Early every spring I must  
Either poetize or bust.  
Poetry biles in all my natur'  
As hot water biles a 'tater;  
I go off alone a while  
By myself and let her bile.

Besides those of Father's writings already mentioned and the other titles from February 1, 1884 to March 12, 1886, which are listed in the margin, the purity of farm products, especially sirup, milk, and butter, furnished the themes not only of his addresses to the Sugar Makers Association but of several papers which he contributed during this period and afterwards, mainly to the *Ohio Farmer*.<sup>1</sup> He urged the passage by the legislature of a better law

<sup>1</sup> In the *Ohio Farmer* were "Cutting Timber," January, 1885, and two articles, March 6 and 13, 1886, on "Currency and the Coinage." "Bogus Butter and Sirup" appeared November 21, 1885, in the *Cleveland Leader and Herald*, which also published "Grant-Johnson," October 6, 1885; "Worse than Snakes," January 7, 1886; "Old John Brown," January 26; "Garfield and Hancock," February 14; "The Spaulding Manuscript and the Book of Mormon," March 14. In the *Cincinnati Enquirer* of November 3, 1885, appeared an interview, "The Cold Water Crowd."



on this subject, and from time to time took an active part in procuring the nomination of candidates for the General Assembly who favored such legislation. Had he not been called to other duties outside the State, it was Governor Foraker's declared purpose to appoint him dairy and food commissioner. He did tender to him the state railroad commissionership a few years afterwards.

Throughout these years of farming, Father kept up also a considerable correspondence with his old friends, including Pardee, whom Garfield had appointed a judge of the United States circuit court for the five Gulf States; Hinsdale, who had in September, 1882, begun his four years of distinguished service as superintendent of the Cleveland Public Schools; David B. Parker, then with the Bell Telephone Company; Joseph Rudolph, who was interested in a hotel project in Mississippi City; George A. Robertson, the Washington correspondent for one or another of the Cleveland dailies; Henry D. Lyman, then recently promoted to second assistant postmaster general; several of his old colleagues still in the corps of post office inspectors; and many others.

Major Williams, his deputy in the marshalship, now closed up the accounts of that office, from which Father received in all for his service of a little over a year and a half \$9283.16 in official fees. A part of this sum he had expended for shares of the Bethesda Mineral Spring Company, of Waukesha, among the stockholders of which were Thomas M. (Hard Money) Nichol, Virgil P. Kline, Amos Townsend, General Keifer, and other friends. There was virtue in the water but not in the investment, and after losing the use for several years of the money which he had put into this project, he was glad to retrieve most of the principal and get out of it.

In June 1884, Father attended the Convention in Chicago which nominated Blaine and Logan. He was not a delegate, but took an active part among the members in opposing Arthur's candidacy and was no small factor in defeating the President's aspirations for an elective term. His own feelings about the nominations are to some extent reflected in a letter to him from Colonel William H. Clapp of the regular army, whose son Harry I afterwards roomed with in Hiram:

Apache Mountains,  
Near Fort Davis, Texas,  
June 8, 1884.

My dear Henry:

The result at Chicago has just reached me here in the mountains and I can not refrain from sending to you my congratulations on such a proof of the loyalty in the hearts of the American people. Whatever his merits, and they are many, they are no greater than they were four years ago, and indeed, except that Mr. Blaine bore a prominent part in the events of the summer 1881, he has personally less strength than he had then, less hold on the hearts of the people than he had when actively before the public. And so I read his nomination as a tribute to the memory of the man who loved him so well.

Equally is it a rebuke to those who drew prizes in "the lottery of assassination."

I am certain you must feel something as I do concerning Mr. Blaine's nomination, and find deep down in your heart a song of rejoicing that the heart of the public is so true and loyal to the memory of him we both loved so devotedly.

Remember me kindly to Mrs. Henry and believe me

Always your friend,

W. H. Clapp

The result of the election, by which through the defection of the mugwumps, Grover Cleveland succeeded Arthur, was of course disappointing, the more so because it was soon followed by the dismissal of many of Father's friends in the public service, the appointment of several of whom in the railway mail service he had himself procured. Among others, Samuel G. Hatch, postal clerk, was charged, truly enough, with "offensive partisanship" for having carried in a Republican parade a banner inscribed, "Vote for brains, not beef"; and Uncle Henry Brewster, soberest of Methodists, was indecently ousted from a like post on a Democratic affidavit of—save the mark!—inebriety.

Senator Sherman continued to be a candidate for the Republican nomination for President; and he renewed his inveterate efforts four years later, as disclosed in several letters which in 1887 and 1888 he wrote to Father. The following letter written in 1884, has, therefore, historic interest.

United States Senate,  
Washington, D. C., March 12, 1884.

My dear Sir:

Your note of the 9th is duly received. I can appreciate the points of objection made, but I think they are easily answered. While Ohio has twice recently furnished the candidates for President, and formerly in General Harrison, yet the entire term held by Ohio men is less than five years, while Illinois has had sixteen and Virginia much more. I think, however, that in a convention this objection does not have much weight. Ohio is the important position in the present contest. The real struggle must be made to carry it and the dangerous effect of defeat in the October election would incline the convention naturally to make a nomination with a view to success in Ohio.

As to the wool question, that seems to have been pretty much dissipated. I did all that anyone could do, and more than anyone else did, to prevent the reduction of duty on wool. I never yet have seen anyone, not even Mr. Delano, who would have advised me to vote against the bill of the last session and thus defeat it against the judgment of every other Republican Senator. The bill was an enormous relief to a great variety of interests although it did do injustice to the woolgrowers, and my own sense of what was right as to the policy of the vote compelled me to support the bill in spite of the objections to it. I think all this is now better understood than it was during last fall.

I know from personal intercourse with Blaine that he does not desire the division of Ohio and he frankly says so, and I think if you would write him



upon the subject he would say so to you. If his nomination appears to be probable the whole delegation from Ohio might readily be turned for him, but if the fight of four years ago is renewed in Ohio and Blaine becomes a formidable candidate, he certainly will not receive the united vote of our delegation. In this respect he would now be in precisely the position he was four years ago, when at least ten or twelve of the delegates from Ohio would have voted for Grant rather than for Blaine, and mainly because of the division in our own State.

I am taking no part in the contest, but remain entirely neutral and quiet, and write you this rather as an exception to my rule and in the belief that you will hold it as confidential.

Very truly yours,  
John Sherman

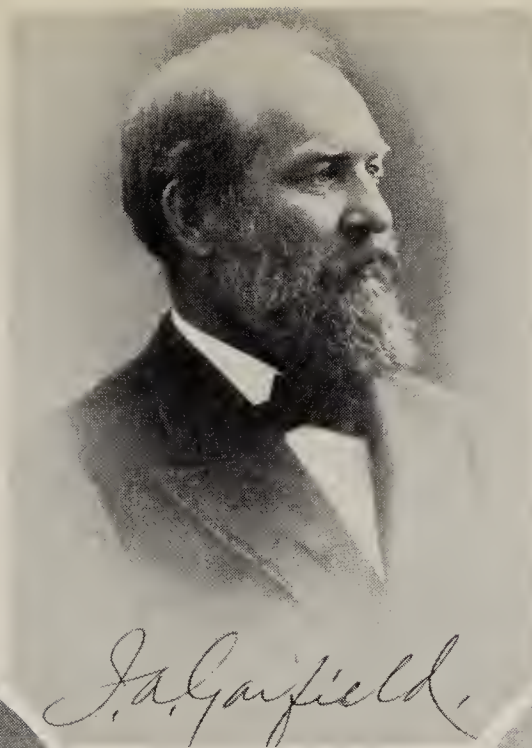
Poor Sherman!—a man of distinguished merit but without magnetism, and in his passion for the Presidency he oft and vainly stooped to conquer. A year or so later (February 25, 1886) Governor Foster wrote to Father: "I do not think so lightly of Mr. Sherman's *storage* bill, as you call it. In my opinion there is much to say in its favor, unless we decide at once to demonetize silver." But after arguing the question he added naively, "Garfield pronounced me unsound on this question years ago."

Early in 1885 (January 27 to February 12) Father took Mother and Jamie to the New Orleans Exposition, and visited Judge Pardee and Joseph Rudolph. Next to General Garfield, they, with Rhodes and Hinsdale, were Father's lifelong closest friends. Judge Pardee at this time began watching for a chance to find him some more remunerative employment, since the farm alone could hardly provide a college education for all his children. Furthermore, the busy sultry days of summer often sharply threatened a recurrence of his heat prostration of army days. Uncle Henry Brewster, who often worked with him before the Civil War, has told me that, although Father could outdo any other man that he knew in winter work, he never could stand even then, the wilting heat of midsummer.

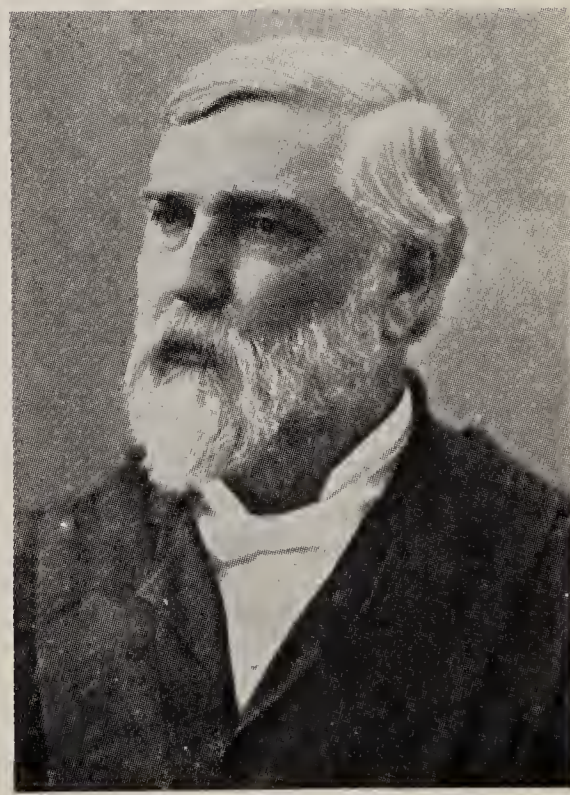
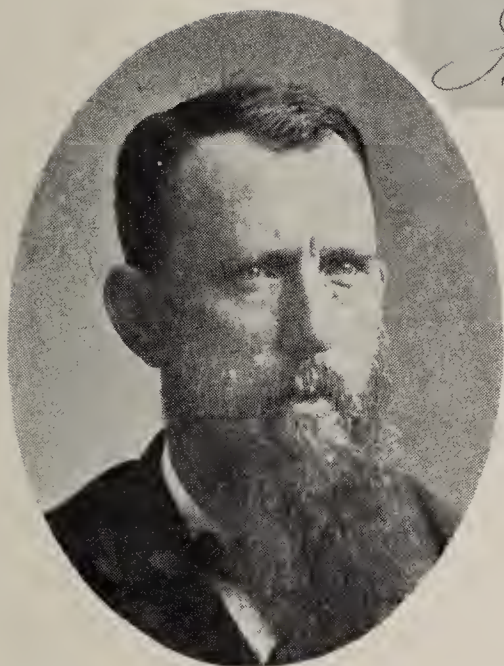
In the spring of 1885, Father accordingly rented the Home farm to Lewis R. Morris, and the other places to the "Dutch'ns," as the Hirschmans still allowed Jamie to call them. (By now the double "n" in their name was dropped.) Friedrich Hirschman had been a non-commissioned officer in the Franco-Prussian war, and the children of these two German immigrants, have since vindicated their good blood, one of them having won an Ohio intercollegiate oratorical contest. From the leases, Father reserved a few acres of land for his own use, and also the sugar bush.

While he was just beginning to boil sap on the Russ Place in the spring of 1886, he received a telegram, dated March 11, from Judge Pardee, requesting him to go to Marshall, Texas. That railroad center was then the point of most disturbance in the great Knights of Labor strike on the Gould roads of the Southwest. One of these, the Texas and Pacific Railway, was in the hands of receivers, John C. Brown and Lionel A. Sheldon, who had





*J. A. Garfield.*



Captain Henry's Lifelong Earliest Friends: James A. Garfield, B. A. Hinsdale (left middle), J. H. Rhodes (right middle), Joseph Rudolph (lower left), and Don A. Pardee





been appointed by the United States circuit court. The strike leaders evidently scented trouble, for Kary E. Baringer, the station agent and telegraph operator at Geauga Lake, who brought the dispatch to Father in the Russ woods, told him confidentially that he had better not go, because the operator who sent or relayed the message had followed it with another and anonymous communication in substance that it would be "healthier for Captain Henry to stay away."

Baringer was a good friend of ours who lived for a time in our family and the next year married Cousin Mattie Henry. To his word of caution Father at once replied, "That settles it; I will start at once," and using the bottom of a bucket for his desk he then and there penciled a message to Judge Pardee to that effect. Afterwards in a published article entitled "A Great Strike" he wrote the story of his going, a single incident of which is as follows:

On my way to St. Louis I wired Tom Furlong to meet me at the depot. He was chief of the secret service of all those lines and one of the best detectives I ever knew. He was an old friend, and was skillful about evidence necessary to convict a criminal. Jay Gould always had a car on his special train for Furlong and a few of his men when he passed over his western lines once a year. Tom had pride in his business, and met me and gave all the information he had relative to the strike [though] he knew that I never professed to be a detective and cared not for such honors. He told me to look out for derailed train, for it was a long ride from St. Louis to Marshall, and bid me Godspeed. The train, with United States mail, crept along at twelve miles an hour for two days till we arrived at Marshall.

This commission from the court proved to be a turning point in Father's life and marked the abrupt finish of his personal functioning as a "dirt" farmer. He was now turned fifty, and henceforth it was only by proxy that he tilled his four hundred acres, though the farm continued always to be his principal place of residence and his loved "home." On reaching Marshall he received the following letter:

United States Circuit Court,  
Fifth Judicial Circuit,  
At Chambers, New Orleans, Mch. 14, 1886.

To Captain C. E. Henry  
Marshall, Texas.

Dear Captain:

I telegraphed you on Thursday last to go to Marshall, Texas, and ask for letters. I did not want to telegraph anything more because the labor organizations have their agents everywhere, particularly in everything pertaining to Jay Gould. I knew you to be a man of sense who could grasp the situation from the news filling the daily papers. As a preliminary to your being employed on



the Texas and Pacific as soon as it can be brought around, I thought I wanted your services to give me exact information as to the cause and probable extent of the labor troubles on the T. and P. Line, with some good suggestions as to what course is best so as to secure peace and the eventual good of the property.

I do not desire you to do detective work, but practically to do just what I would like to do myself if I could go on the ground and not be conspicuous until I had a tolerable knowledge of the situation. I have every confidence in the receivers and in their judgment, but I am likely to be called on to take strong action, and as neither the receivers nor myself can be on the ground, I feel that I want a reliable man on hand.

I enclose herewith an order appointing you a special master of this Court to investigate the labor troubles on the line of the Texas and Pacific Railway and to report to the Court, and I leave to you to determine how soon or how late your business and authority shall be made public. Under the appointment you have authority, if you deem it desirable, to summon, swear, and examine witnesses.

I desire you to write me fully and frequently as to the state of affairs in advance of your official report. General Sheldon knows of your appointment and this letter and I will see that Governor Brown is also advised. You can communicate with either Sheldon or Brown if in your opinion there is anything important for them to know, or if you deem best you can run over to Dallas and see Governor Brown. See him anyhow the first chance you have. I enclose a pass over the road to use if you find it necessary to visit other points on the line.

I leave here tonight for Florida and Georgia, so in writing me enclose the letter to E. R. Hunt at this place. He is clerk of Court and forwards my mail. I notice that in a proclamation of the Knights of Labor published in *Marshall Herald* of 11th instant is a statement that Judge Pardee agreed to investigate, which is not true. I told some chairman that, if complaint were made to the Court, the Court would investigate. They have not yet complained to the Court. I do not send you at their request.

Yours truly,

Don. A. Pardee

P.S. I do not send the pass because Sheldon is not to be found, but one will be sent you tomorrow.

If you find it necessary to take testimony call on receivers for a stenographer. I send you copy of *Marshall Herald* of 11th.

Yours etc.

D. A. P.

Father's appointment as a special master was made by Judge Pardee on March 13, 1886, in the case styled "*The Missouri Pacific Railway vs. The Texas and Pacific Railway Company*, Number 11,181 in equity, in the Circuit Court of the United States, Fifth Circuit, Eastern Division of Louisiana," by a supplemental order entered in consequence of the filing on March 4 of the "Petition of the receivers for authority to suspend the running of trains, etc."

On the third day after reaching his destination Father wrote to me in Hiram from the Hotel Pickwick—"a nice hotel; Mr. P. would have enjoyed such a one":

Fort Worth, Texas  
Saturday, 3 P.M.  
March 20, 1886.

Dear Fred:

I was two days and three nights on the road from Cleveland to Marshall. Going to the post office for letters I found my appointment. I was furnished with an annual pass over the fifteen hundred miles of line, including branches, also occupation of the Company's private cars. I think the labor strike will continue several weeks yet. I will go along the line observing and inquiring and get at the facts.

Yesterday I had a long talk with Deputy Marshal Jack Manning, known all over Texas as the rapid shooter. He has killed a score of men, yet is gentle and pleasant in manner, frank in look, and uses good language. I am going to Big Springs, one hundred and seventy miles west of here on the line, and will see more of him. He fascinated me by his gentle ways. Yet, in the language of the poet I found myself repeating after he left,—

Light and free was the touch of Manning on his revolver;  
Great the mortality incident on that lightness and freedom.

I enclose two slips to Pawpaw's little Marcia, with much love and paternal solicitude for you both.

C. E. Henry

The quaintly reduplicated name of that sweetish southern fruit, the pawpaw, so struck Father's fancy that in writing to his children he now habitually applied it to himself. In the same connection he began to use the phrase, "Little Marcia," or simply "L. M."; and the nobler her stature grew the fonder he seemed of this whimsey.

Three days after writing the above letter, another talk he had with the same deputy was set down by Father at the time in the following penciled

Notes taken March 23d, 1886, of an interview with J. L. Manning, who had a desperate fight with the notorious criminals, Pitts and Yeager, February 21st, 1885, on the cars, when he and U. S. Marshal H. L. Gosling were taking them from Austin to the penitentiary at Chester, Illinois; in which Gosling was killed and Manning received five wounds. Pitts was said to be related to the James boys.

Mrs. Drown, called the "Old Hen" of the gang, was shot by Manning while she was handing another pistol to Pitts. The prisoners were shackled together wrist to wrist, each with one hand free. It was about sundown. Gosling, being a kindhearted man, gave the women permission to go along. Also seven men relatives and friends of the prisoners got aboard the train. The women secretly gave the prisoners revolvers, and, forty miles out of Austin, in an instant they flashed the revolvers past the women and said, "Hold up your hands, gentlemen." Whereupon Manning out with his; but before he could cock it they shot Marshal Gosling through the head. He was sitting, and sprung in the air and fell over across Manning. They shot Manning through the shoulder before he could get Gosling's body off from him when he jumped towards them—closing in on them to avoid hitting the women. With their shackled hands they held him by the collar, punching their pistols into his breast. He had nineteen shots through his clothes and they were set on fire. Also five wounds. The end of the car was a pool of blood—



two dead bodies. Yeager pulled the shackle from Pitts's hand, and was found about a mile away the next morning.

Gosling was president of the Texas Press Association and editor of the *Castroville Quill*, was thirty-two years old, fine looking, gentlemanly, and had a wife and two children. Manning emptied his revolver twice; reloading once, he put five shots through Pitts and two through Yeager.

Mrs. Drown was in the act of handing Pitts a fresh revolver when Manning shot her. As he was aiming at Yeager's heart the other woman jumped from the seat between them and the ball wounded her in the hip. She nearly bled to death, but recovered.

Manning was born February 28, 1849, in Huntsville, Alabama; went to Texas in 1869, and is well known all over the State as a terror to criminals. He has for years been a Federal or State officer and it has been his fortune to be in many desperate encounters with criminals. He is a little under medium size, quick in motion, light complexion, grey eyes, well built, and a perfect gentleman in deportment.

From Colorado City, Texas, on the same day, and while under the acknowledged spell of the Jack Manning type of frontier peace officers, then being recalled from obsolescence into special activity to quell the great strike, Father wrote a sprightly recital of his "Notes along the Line," from which as published in the *Cleveland Leader and Herald* for March 30, I excerpt the following:

When the Texas farmer or stockman is not sleeping or eating or drinking, he is generally on horseback. He is indifferent about the fit and texture of his clothing except his hat and revolver. No true Texan toilet, hereabouts at least, is complete without the wide-brimmed, fine white wool hat, with its gayly braided band, and the ivory-handled shooter resting harmlessly just back of the right hip. The use for the latter, however, slowly disappears before the inroads of the tenderfoot from the East. Like the Indians and Buffalo, the cowboy acts upon the advice that Horace Greeley gave to young men. With the coming of spring the vast herds are rounded up for the long journey north to Kansas and Nebraska; so the cowboy and the birds start north together, and both pour forth their notes of song, praise, and ejaculation as they journey onward.

I will not, however, permit their siren voices to keep me from first telling about the strike in the Southwest. Throngs of men all the way from St. Louis to Galveston and from New Orleans to El Paso have been standing around the stations or gathered in groups, with their hands in their pockets, during the past two weeks, like so many Micawbers. More than half of them can not tell why they stopped work, further than that they were free men and wanted their liberty, and in order to get their rights and liberty they were ordered out of the shops by somebody whom they did not know and never heard of. Now in this reason it appears, to the average Texan of horse sense, that the railroad employe confesses himself the most abject slave to somebody who tells him to stop work, and he stops; also of whom he shall buy, and whom he shall boycott.

In short, the average Texan, who loves justice and fair play, and especially freedom, although he sometimes resorts to the revolver, can not see anything sensible or wise in the strike. Hence the resolutions and meetings all over



Texas condemning it. I have seen some good citizens of Texas, inspired by State pride, public spirit—and a little of some other—who expressed a willingness to aid in settling the question according to their time-honored custom, if someone would only tell them where and how to begin. They do not understand the phrase of Thomas Carlyle, “shooting Niagara,” and often no more do they understand shooting a strike or boycott.

As near as I can find out, the present labor troubles had their origin in what is called the Hays agreement one year ago. It provided that whenever a reduction in the pay roll of any shop should be contemplated by the company, the men in the shop, or a committee thereof, should settle the question of a cut in the wages or a discharge of a part of the workmen. Some other articles contained kindred provisions, such as serving thirty days' notice in case of discharge, or submitting the question in conference with a committee of Knights of Labor where an immediate discharge was contemplated by the railroad company.

This agreement, like the Treaty of Ryswick, was full of future wars. Under its provisions a large number of the men in the shops became not only careless and idle, but complaining, noisy and dictatorial. The most indolent and worthless ones became the most noisy, until at the end of the year the average cost of piecework in repairs had advanced more than fifty per cent in cost of labor. A short time before the strike, a pump to an engine needed repairing. The master mechanic examined it and saw that the expense in labor would not exceed two dollars. He put a man to work on it who knew how to do it, as he had repaired them before; but he had become noisy about tyrants, and capital robbing the poor man of his labor, and went at the job of repairing the pump. When he finished, the cost in labor alone amounted on the pay roll to seventeen dollars and fifty cents.

With a deepening impression of the sheer bigness of the Lone Star State and its contents, Father wrote from Dallas on March 25, 1886, a description of Texas in which he remarked that the great southwestern commonwealth exceeds in area the row of northern States from Pennsylvania to Iowa, inclusive, and equals two hundred and forty-two States as large as Rhode Island. The vast farms reminded him of the land lust of a boyhood neighbor:

We were working on the highway one day, when some one said, “Henry Haskins has bought another farm.” A quaint old Quaker, Job Warren, looked up and gravely replied, “If thee would give Henry Haskins all the land he could walk around, he would start off without bidding his family good-bye, and it's the last thee would ever see of Henry.”

The following letter addressed to me at Hiram contains, besides the news of his doings and prospects in Texas, the clue to the sudden revulsions in Father's treatment of farm tenants and others who abused his confidence or generosity.

Dallas, Texas,  
10 A. M., March 29, 1886.

Dear Fred:

I came up from Marshall one hundred and seventy miles yesterday in special car with Governor Sheldon and wife. Mr. Sherwin has gone North for a week or so. How long I will stay in Texas I can not say. Quite likely I may go



home in a few weeks and fix up matters and return. Governor Sheldon and Judge Pardee desire me to stay in Texas in connection with the Texas and Pacific road. I have been pretty much over it and find that it is an empire in itself, with an immense land grant and fifteen hundred miles of rail. The place Governor Sheldon and Judge Pardee want me in will enable us to repair all our barns and houses in less than a year; but they are environed somewhat and may not be able to do all that they desire.

After I left home I pondered with great satisfaction over the zeal and interest you displayed in getting our home business settled up. I felt and appreciated it at the time—that now you would share the burden of keeping business snug.

I am generally too good-natured and disposed to take men at their word if I have confidence in them. I am disposed too much at times to oblige and yield, and men often take advantage when I oblige them, by invading my peace and rights far beyond what I intended or they dreamed of. I am then disposed to shut squarely and sharply down, if it involves too much to lose; but if a small amount, I let the man severely alone thereafter.

I have written two letters to the *Leader* and two to the *Farmer*. I think I will write another today.<sup>1</sup>

Corn is planted and up. Oats are up. The soil about Dallas is very fertile, but around Marshall rather poor. Today is like a cold, rainy, chilly day in May in Ohio. I have not heard a peep from home although I have written ten letters. I am going to quit writing if I don't hear soon. My letter (the last one) to the *Leader* was somewhat humorous. I don't know what they will do about publishing. I wrote up the cowboy some, and Texan laws.

I hope you and Marcia improve each shining hour. Mrs. Sheldon, the "boofer lady," takes great interest in you both. In the language of Sloppy in his eulogy of Betty Higden, she is "one in a million million." Pawpaw sends love to little Marcia.

C. E. Henry

The peeps from home that Father had vainly expected finally overtook him in his journeys to and fro along the line; for Mother's letters to him now in my possession prove that she wrote from Geauga Lake regularly as usual during this period. In one of them she said:

I read the accounts of the strikers with great interest, but am worried and afraid to have you in any way connected with them. Think it was most unfortunate that I should have re-read Reade's *Put Yourself in His Place*. I feel that it must be dangerous to ride in the trains even.

Besides this anxiety, she had no easy time looking after the sirup shipments and other farm business which Father had so hurriedly left on her hands. At home with her, the family comprised my younger sister "Babe," five-year-old Jimmy, and Kary Baringer. With the help of Cousin Fred Brewster and the

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<sup>1</sup> The titles and the dates of publication of the *Ohio Farmer* articles were "How They Raise Wheat in Chicago," March 14, and "Texas—Extent, Railroads, and Agriculture," April 9. Those in the Cleveland *Leader and Herald* were "Notes Along the Line," March 30; "The Animal Kingdom—the Jack Rabbit," April 4; and "Cowboys and Pistols," April 11.



farm tenants, Morris and the "Dutch'ns," they finished the sugaring, from the maple trees to the market, and kept everything going as usual.

From Big Springs, Texas, on March 30, 1886, Father, resuming his favorite themes in a narrative of "Cowboys and Pistols," recalled that Texas "was born into the family of States in bloodshed, and for nearly half a century the revolver and rifle played their part in preserving the honor of the State and in enforcing respect for the administration of law, order and justice." "Far more effective, simple, and speedy," he observed, "than *Parsons on Contracts* have been the works of Colt and of Smith and Wesson in this branch of jurisprudence. Winchester and Spencer also, of late years, have been favorite authorities in some parts of the State upon the subjects of deferred payments and slander," as well as "in cases of ejectment, trespass, and of those appropriating property not their own."

The good citizen, thus taking the majesty of the State, with its judiciary, legislative, and executive, Goddess of Justice, scales and all, into the saddle with him, armed with revolver and Spencer, proved the truth of the old Latin proverb, *Verbum sat sapienti*, a word is enough for the wise man, by laconically saying to the trespasser, "You git!" and the pending suit of ejectment was swept from the Texan docket.

I have had a fine opportunity to see and converse with a class of citizens who have risen far above the common level of mankind to the rare and fine art of rapid shooting during moments of great danger. Under orders of the United States court the marshals were directed to protect the Texas and Pacific Railway, extending east and west through Texas about eight hundred and fifty miles and, including branches, fifteen hundred miles. At many points the property had been destroyed by the strikers, who had been paid off in full by the Company, and under the principles of common and statute law had nothing whatever to do with the Company or its property except to let it alone like all other good citizens or to demand a ride on payment of fare.

The receivers took the ground that the men had the right to stop work if they desired to do so, and that it was their duty to pay them off and employ others. They also claimed that the late employes had no lawful right to turn switches, stop the running of trains, burn bridges, nor in any way to molest or destroy the property; whereupon the United States marshals were called upon to swear in deputy marshals to protect it. So the marshals sent far and wide over the vast domain of the State for men who had the best and highest record for shooting. It was not numbers they wanted, but only those who bore the best reputation in the practice of the early Texan code. These they found in the old Texan Rangers, or mounted State police they would be called in the North, and from the cowboys.

I have just seen ten of them, and I actually shook hands and conversed with them. All have killed men in their day, and always in the execution or enforcement of Texan law. The underling among these men has only killed three; the others range from five to twenty-two each. I spent two hours in gentle converse with them, and I did not hear an oath. They appeared modest and peaceable as a flock of Texan lambs in their gambols over the mesquite grass. I thought to myself, "What a bonanza here is for dime novels. How the good influence of a hundred or more Sunday schools in the North could be destroyed by writing the story of these cowboys!"



I also saw a retired cowboy pointed out by the marshal as having made a unique record in one exploit five years ago and got his picture into some of the pictorial papers in the North. He was under the influence of animal and other spirits one day when an engine came along going slowly up a grade. The cowboy had lassoed many a heavy steer; he sighed for more worlds or steers to conquer. His face lighted with inspiration and firm resolve, he mounted his horse, and with the speed of the wind he overtook the laboring engine. Whiz went the lasso and round and round the smokestack went the end. He had caught it fast and now came the tug of war. The horse braced, the rope came taut, and in an instant horse and cowboy were in a confused heap dragging along beside the track under the influence and power of civilization. The engineer, being good-natured, stopped and cut the lasso near the saddle, keeping the longest end for a trophy, invited the cowboy to try again, pulled the throttle, and moved onward.

Father's published articles, written for the Cleveland *Leader* and the *Ohio Farmer* during the first four months of his stay in Texas, to the number of sixteen or more, together with several written at intervals thereafter, would alone have made an attractive and successful book, had they been put forth in that form while they were fresh. Among others, his accounts of "Sam Houston's Day," in the *Leader and Herald* for April 11, 1886, and of "A Brave Man," in the same paper on July 18, are real thrillers. The latter detailed the remarkable story of Charlie Dunbar, the hero of the Texas strike, who as a Union man in the Civil War had suffered at Andersonville, and later was shot by Indians and carried into captivity by the Comanches. Father always thought this was one of the best things he ever wrote.

"Texas Statesmen" (*Leader*, May 9, 1886), "Southwestern Farming" (*Farmer*, May 26), "More about Texas" (*id.*, May 29), and several installments of travel "Notes from the Southwest" (*id.*, July 3, 17, and 24, 1886; June 11 and 25 and July 2 and 23, 1887) were the titles of other letters, besides two or three humorous skits by "Carl Darewin, R. C. B." (Retired Cowboy) in which a vagrant nephew of Charles Darwin, the naturalist, was supposed to deliver scientific lectures to his fellow cowboys on the "Animal Kingdom" (*Leader*, April 4, 1886) and the "Natural History of the West" (*id.*, June 14). In somewhat similar vein, "What Was It?" (*id.*, June 20) tells of a Western sign that puzzled a conventional temperance lecturer from the East.

He was a gentlemanly, mild-mannered man, yet with a look that gave evidence of convictions and duty to perform for his fellow men. His gold rimmed spectacles and general make-up advertised and bespoke him as a leader in prohibition. He gazed out of the car window and from time to time expressed his opinion that the West was a wonderful country. He evidently wanted to find out all he could about the country and the new towns at frequent intervals along the road. Reaching forward he placed his forefinger upon the arm of a free-as-the-air-we-breathe cowboy sitting in front of him.

"My friend," throwing a focus of benevolence upon the young man through his spectacles—"my friend, I am very curious to learn something about this

remarkable country. I see a word quite frequently over the doors of these newly built houses standing just across the way from the cars in every village we pass through. At first I thought it might be the owner's name, but I have seen the word so often that I have come to the conclusion that it can not be that, and I therefore conclude that it means some business or trade with which we from the East are not familiar."

"What's that, pard?" replied the good-natured C. B.

"I do not know just how to pronounce it," said the old gentleman, "but I think it must be pronounced, be-*er*-on-i-ce, with the accent on the second syllable, or bee-ro-*nice*, with the accent on the last."

"Pard," replied the C. B. thoughtfully, "you've got me now; you've set up a cold deck on me. I never heerd sich a word, and I've heerd the Mexican jabber and a heap o' Injun dialect, but I can't meet your ante on that."

"I believe," said the professor, "I have no aunt, or 'aunty' as you call it. But, I am sorry—I only asked for information; I beg pardon."

Just then the air brakes went on and the train stopped.

"Ah," said the old gentleman, "I see the word again at this station; one, two, three, four—yes, five places, just across the way."

"What, them!" said the C. B., "Why them places is where they sell tanglefoot to tenderfeet; gin-slingers and jerkers, where you can add a nail to your coffin every time ye enter and lay down a quarter. What you call 'be-er-o-nice' is sort o' run together. You see, pard, they paint their signs their selves and naturally 't isn't what you call well done, good and faithful servant. That reads, if you divide the letters right, BEER ON ICE. Savvy? Where was you educated, pard? What college put its brandin' iron on you? An ordinary tenderfoot must have a hoof alongside o' you."

"My young friend," replied the professor, "you have given me a most valuable piece of information, and I am very much obliged to you. In the forcible language of the West you have taught me a valuable phrase that I will make use of in my lectures on the great subject of temperance. 'Add another nail to his coffin.' Yes, yes. I'll make a note of it now so that I may not forget it."

By the time the entry was finished in the professor's notebook, the C. B. had fished out a quart bottle from his roll of blankets and coil of lariat rope, and with the natural gentility of the Southwest asked, "Pard, will you join me in taking a little family disturbance—*stimulus fermenti*, as you college fellows call it?"

"No, thank you," said the professor very decidedly, "I never take any; not under any circumstances."

"Now, pard," replied the C. B., "let me give you a little piece of advice. I'm good-natured now and inclined to give it. If I was you, I wouldn't say that out here, or some of the boys may have two or three drinks in 'em and if they hear you say it they may just take a notion to make you drink or bust you. You'd a durn sight better make a note of these here words I am utterin' than what you did put down, if you want to avoid trouble. Will you try a hand at seven-up, pard?"—producing a worn pack of cards.

"Well, really," said the professor, "I know nothing about it. Will you please excuse me?"

"Big Springs Junction," yelled the brakeman; "twenty minutes for 'freshments.'"

On April 7, from Marshall, Texas, Father wrote me "of what Governor Sheldon said to Jim Garfield upon the study of law."



He told him that it would be far more valuable to him to pitch right in and try all the cases he could get before justices' courts, little cases, and thereby gain experience in practice, than to spend two or three years after admission to the bar in some clerk's office learning forms.

I am now taking testimony along the line to make up a record for the court. I have a stenographer and typewriter and will be engaged in the work two or three weeks. I think of home when not at work and sigh to be there.

On May 1, Father, having finished hearing evidence, had got as far as St. Louis on his way home, when he learned that the Congressional committee, which had been appointed to investigate the strike, would begin its hearings before he would have time to return. It was Judge Pardee's desire that he should appear before the committee, and so he returned at once to Dallas. The hearing occurred in St. Louis during the second week of May, and as showing the significance of Father's testimony, I insert here part of a long editorial in the *Nation* for May 20, 1886, "The Way the Southwestern Strike Was Ordered":

The exhaustive treatment which every important event in our times receives from the daily newspapers, seldom leaves anything of consequence to be developed by the more leisurely inquiries of the authorities. For this reason nobody expected that the Congressional Committee appointed last month to investigate the great strike in the Southwest would bring to light much that was new or important, and the press associations sent East shorter and shorter abstracts of the testimony given at St. Louis as the investigation neared its close last week. But, contrary to all the precedents, we have found, by a careful reading of the full reports in the St. Louis papers, that the evidence given by a number of the witnesses before this Committee is of the most vital importance to a correct understanding, not only of the strike itself, but also of the secret oath-bound organization by which the strike was ordered. The "true inwardness" of the despotism which has been established by the Knights of Labor has here for the first time been thoroughly exposed.

Everybody knows that the whole gigantic disturbance of industry in half a dozen States grew out of the discharge by the Texas-Pacific Railway Company of a man named Hall, who was foreman in the company's shops at Marshall, Texas. The Texas-Pacific is in the hands of a receiver appointed by the United States Court of the Fifth Judicial Circuit, and some weeks ago Captain C. E. Henry of Cleveland, Ohio, was directed by the court to make a thorough investigation into the causes of the trouble on that railroad. Captain Henry visited Marshall, Jefferson, Texarkana, Dallas, Fort Worth, and Big Springs, where he diligently prosecuted his investigations, obtaining data sufficient to enable him to make an exhaustive report on the subject. A reporter of the *Globe-Democrat* interviewed him as he passed through St. Louis on his return last week, and thus summarized Captain Henry's statements:

"From what information he had obtained he considered that the property of the road had been in great danger for three or four weeks, and that it was only through the greatest vigilance that more of it had not been destroyed. The most active and zealous among the Knights of Labor considered it their duty to assault every man who asked the privilege of working without being molested. He commenced taking testimony at Marshall on April 9, and the evidence generally obtained was that most of the men engaged in the strike



did not know what it was for. *He inquired specially into Hall's case, and the testimony showed that he was a worthless workman by reason of his indifference to his duties, his attention being absorbed in studying the rules of the Knights of Labor, and devoting time to committee work for his order that should have been given to the railroad company.* Everything in his (Hall's) estimation appeared to be secondary to the Knights of Labor, and he assumed in his imagination the responsibilities of the general manager, legal adviser, and general executive officer of the road, and wanted everything subordinated to the organization to which he belonged. Captain Henry said he had examined the company's books, which showed that under Hall's foremanship the work in the company's shops had cost the company fifty per cent more than it did under his predecessor. He thought the company would have saved a great deal of money if it had paid Hall a good salary to keep away from the shops."

The editorial goes on to describe the man, Martin Irons, chairman of the district executive board, who ordered the strike by the Knights of Labor, not only on the Texas and Pacific, but on the whole Gould system of railroads, and to quote at length from his evasive testimony. Slovenly, vain, cunning, and with no sense of real responsibility in the exercise of his great and arbitrary powers, he was utterly unable to give any intelligible reason for precipitating this tremendous industrial convulsion without first taking steps to obtain a settlement, except that the discharge of Hall while the delegates of the Knights of Labor were in session at Marshall, Texas, and the furnishing through Hall himself of but three passes for a committee of five delegates to go to Dallas for the discussion with the Company's officials there of his discharge, etc., were insults to the order.

Father's report to the court was filed on May 29 with a transcript of the evidence taken by him. The former as printed is found at pages 299 to 308 of the record of the case. In it he pointed out that "the most active and zealous among the Knights of Labor considered it their knightly duty and honor to assault and threaten every man who only asked the freedom and privilege of working each day unmolested"; that before the strike and "at the time the receivers took charge of the property, a general demoralization existed among many of the laborers that no discipline could have corrected except by a general discharge of the workmen"; and that therefore "Mr. Irons performed a valuable service to the receivers and management of the road when he ordered the men in the shops to stop work." He continued:

Strikes have become so common within the last few years that the word has a meaning and significance beyond the mere act of quitting work. It means the forcible seizure of property and, if necessary, its injury and destruction. It means the intimidation and personal injury, and loss of life even, of all those who take the places that the strikers voluntarily left. It means the commission of acts that for centuries have been considered unlawful except, may be, in time of war. It means a resort on the part of some of the strikers to cold-blooded attempts to assassinate and murder, as shown by the testimony of the wounded policeman, Fulford, and others.



It is unnecessary to add that such teachings and methods are hostile to free labor. According to recent statistics of the Bureau of Labor and the statements of Mr. Powderly in his testimony before the Congressional Committee, the organization of the Knights of Labor numbers less than five per cent of the laboring population of the country. It does not need this fact, however, to convince the most ignorant member of the order that what they call a strike would be a mere farce, a simple quitting of work for good, unless vigorously followed up by continued unlawful acts. Every man among them knows that some other man, and generally five or six, stand ready to take his place.

I am instructed by the letter of advice to recommend what further action, if any, should be taken in the premises. I can recommend nothing further than the impartial enforcement of the law in all violations thereof respecting the rights of labor and property along the line. This the marshals and district attorneys appear willing to do in the several Federal judicial districts through which the property extends.

It may be proper to add that the people along the line have by public meetings and resolutions expressed their condemnation against the unlawful acts of the strikers. I do not think that the methods of Mr. Irons and leaders of the organization of the Knights of Labor will be repeated in Texas.

On June 3, Father filed his application to the court "to fix and allow him reasonable compensation" for his services for a little over two months from March 13, 1886, and alleged that "his personal and traveling expenses in the performance of said duties were about three hundred and twenty-five dollars." This petition was referred by the court to the clerk, E. R. Hunt, as special master, to ascertain the proper compensation, and pursuant to his report the sum of fifteen hundred dollars was allowed and paid.

## 26. *Railroading in the Southwest*

AFTER a brief trip home in the middle of May, Father returned to Dallas to take the position of stock claim agent under the receivers, at three thousand dollars per year, to which he was appointed on May 17, 1886. For this reason he was unable to accept the chairmanship of the committee, of which Professor Colton was secretary, to enlarge and reconstruct the main College building at Hiram, wherein he and Mother had recited under Garfield and Miss Booth nearly thirty years before, and two of his children were reciting now. While at home he got for me from Superintendent N. F. Wood a job of railroading at Geauga Lake station; and of these and other things he wrote to me at Hiram as soon as he reached Dallas.

Dallas, Texas, May 27, 1886.

Dear Fred:

I arrived this morning and have been at work all day. I found my office, desk, and stationery all ready for me. I will go to New Orleans in a day or two and work this way. My clerk thinks it will take thirty or forty days for me to clear up the work between New Orleans and Dallas.

I saw Wood and he told me that he had employed you. Do your level best, and keep out of the way of trains. I adopted a bull-headed custom when I first went on the road in 1870,—that was, *never to walk nor stand between the rails*. I still follow the rule, as it comes natural and just as easy.

The *Leader* paid me twenty-five dollars for my Texas articles and gave me a package of printed stamped envelopes to continue. My *Farmer* letters come to about thirty dollars. I want to earn three hundred dollars per month; you earn thirty-two dollars, and the farm one hundred dollars. In that way we may be able to save a little for schooling, books, and repairs on buildings.

I have just written to Colton saying I could not serve. Love to Pawpaw's little Marcia.

C. E. Henry

A month later General Sheldon wrote from the "Office of the Receivers, New Orleans, La., June 28, 1886," to "My dear Henry," declaring that "there is no man who has been appointed under the management of the Texas and Pacific Railway in whom I have so much confidence as in you. I know you of old, in army life, in political and in civil life; there can not be a question but what you will do your duty vastly to the advantage of the railroad which in part I have the honor to represent."

Father's new employment, though it made him, as he later complained, an "exile" in Texas, was heartily welcomed as a potboiler. He wrote to Mother:



"I love home too much to be away from it, but I saw the impossibility of paying the expenses of three at Hiram from my feeble efforts on the farm. When I came home from Washington we had but few farm tools and but little stock, and the income from the farm, and the income from the stock, on account of reduced prices, had become less."

Dairy farming in those lean years was indeed a sorry business, when the cheese factories paid only sixty cents a hundred pounds for summer milk. Now, as I write, thirty-two years afterwards, farmers are selling August milk in Cleveland for three dollars and sixty-five cents a hundred, less freight. But this is war time.

During the summer Mother found very pleasant companionship in the presence of two Cleveland teachers, the Misses Nora and Martha Evans, whose application to become summer boarders or "paying guests" at "Maple Farm" she readily granted. Through some mix-up of train orders, Kary Baringer lost his position at Geauga Lake and went away. Father came to Ohio again for the reunion of his regiment the last of August and stayed through September. On returning to Texas, he wrote:

Dallas, Oct. 4, 1886.

Dear Fred:

I arrived this morning and found everything in good shape except some questionable and doubtful subjects and claims that were left to clear up. I stopped eight hours at St. Louis and spent the time at the Exposition very pleasantly. The journey here was without incident; long and monotonous. The general officers are all gone except the auditor, and I can not tell what I can do for Kary yet. My opinion is that he had better stay in Ohio and go under Wood on the Valley road.

The weather here is delightful, cotton coming into town and the great compress squeezing five hundred bales per day and sighing like a lover with each bale compressed. Think of it—cotton, light as feathers almost, squeezed in five hundred pound lots so that a ton, four bales, about fill a wagon box.

Love to Pawpaw's little Marcia.

C. E. Henry

Over the Christmas holidays Father made a three weeks' trip to Ohio and took Mother and Jimmy back to Dallas with him, leaving Marcia and me at Hiram and our younger sister with Grandfather Williams and Aunt Mary at Ravenna.

The Hiram College building committee, whereon his absence in Texas prevented his serving, had just finished the remodeling of the Eclectic Institute's original structure which for thirty-six years had stood unchanged. After seven months' work and with the surprisingly small outlay of \$19,500, it now became, if outwardly less classic, at least more commodious within. To my account of the dedication he replied:

Dallas, Texas, January 22, 1887.

Dear Fred:

Yours of the 17th came this morning. Also one from Baby and Aunt Mary. We were glad to hear from you all and particularly glad to hear that the Col-

lege building is comfortable and satisfactory. It is an inspiration to have good surroundings, especially when we keep in mind the relative discomforts of the old. Garfield, however, used to say that Prex Hopkins on one end of a plank bench, and he at the other, was more to him than gilded and frescoed walls.

I have just sent to the *Leader* a sketch of the life of General Hazen. Mamma thinks it much better than Gath's which I send you; but then, she is disqualified by bias and prejudice to judge correctly the literary merits of Gath and Pawpaw. There is something in my article, however, of interest to Hiram.

As you look at the frescoed walls you should remember that you have now reached a time of your college life wherein the gilding and frescoing begin in your own scholarship. The foundation was laid years ago, and let us hope that it was solid.

Mamma likes it here very much, and Jimmie, I am glad to observe, is quite attentive to study. The weather is warm and springlike, only dry, until this morning there came a rain to settle the dust. Temperature ranges from forty to eighty degrees.

My mind often reverts to children and home. I am very anxious to get into the red barn<sup>1</sup> aristocracy of Northern Ohio. I must go to dinner now, but may write more. Mamma will write in a few days, or weeks, but she sends a mother's love that passeth all knowledge.

Love to Marcia and Baby,  
Pawpaw

In the Cleveland *Leader* of January 24, 1887, under the caption "Hazen Vindicated," appeared Father's article above mentioned on General William B. Hazen, a Hiram boy who, after attending the Eclectic Institute in 1851, was appointed to West Point; graduated there in June, 1855; served as lieutenant in the Indian wars in Oregon, New Mexico, and Texas; was severely wounded on November 3, 1859, in a hand to hand combat with a Comanche Indian; returned in the spring of 1860 to the home of his father, Stillman Hazen, in Hiram to recuperate; and after serving with great distinction through the Civil War, wherein he rose from captain to major-general, he became eventually chief signal officer in charge of the Weather Bureau. Not only to confirm Mother's judgment of the merit of this narrative but to make again accessible the story of an eminent man with whom Father had divers interesting contacts, a part of it is here reproduced. It opens at the Eclectic Institute in March, 1860, when Principal Garfield at twenty-eight was just back at his post in Hiram after his first session in the Ohio senate; when Lieutenant Hazen at twenty-nine had just arrived home on furlough; and when Father at twenty-four was resuming his studies there after teaching his first term of district school.

It was a bright sunny morning, and the clear mellow tones of the chapel bell sounded out on the crisp air and over the hills, calling the students to

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<sup>1</sup>It is said to have been customary in colonial New England to "paint almost all buildings with an undercoat of a red-earth paint called 'Spanish brown.' A final coat of some light-bodied paint was then applied over it. The frugal colonists, however, frequently omitted the final coat on barns and other 'utilitarian' buildings. Barns, as a result, remained red, and remain red to this day in many parts of the country."



prayer and the morning lecture. Some three hundred boys and girls came flocking along the paths of the campus and up the stairway, and entered the chapel. When they were all seated, two young men walked in and took seats on the platform in front. One of them had a large body and shoulders, and a head of unusual size with a thick growth of blonde hair and full beard. The most expressive feature about him was a clear blue eye, full of boyish sympathy and love.

The other young man was tall and slim, with a thin face, close cut hair, and beardless except a thin mustache. He had a quick nervous manner and carried his left hand in a sling. . . .

The visit of the young lieutenant to our school was an occasion of unusual importance. Few of us had ever seen an army officer, and here was one wounded, fresh from a fight with Indians in the far Southwest. . . . We boys, who sat that morning looking at the young wounded lieutenant with mingled curiosity and wonder, little thought that the storm cloud of war was so near, and that many of us would within a period of three short years take an active part in some of the greatest battles of the world. I must not, however, linger over the memories of Hiram, but will hasten on to say some things in justice to the dead soldier, and correct some wrong impressions entertained even by his personal friends.

Hazen has always borne a good reputation in Ohio, in the Army, and indeed throughout the country, as a gentleman and brave officer. . . . I happened to have personal and intimate knowledge of many of the facts and circumstances which led to the two great trials that involved his personal honor, integrity, and record as a soldier. The first occurred some years ago and was known as the Stanley court-martial. The second was of more recent date and was popularly known as the Lincoln-Hazen controversy about the Greely Expedition.

. . .

Both Stanley and Hazen were graduates of West Point, and both were brave, soldierly, and ambitious for promotion. They also for a time held commands in the same army. For some reason never fully explained it was noticed that Stanley had conceived a dislike for Hazen and at times gave such free expressions to his feelings that his statements could not be passed in silence. . . . After the War was over and the great volunteer army was discharged, fortune, accident, or the War Department brought the two officers together.

Garfield and Stanley had a tilt before or during the Tullahoma campaign but it was of short duration, and ever after that they were friends. . . . Stanley, although proud-spirited, made the apology, and always after it treated Garfield with great kindness and respect. Several army officers have told me that if Hazen had met and resisted the first encroachments and insults of Stanley there never would have been further trouble; but his intense dislike for personal quarrels among brother officers led him to pass the insults and charges until too late, when they were publicly formulated and it became necessary for Hazen to protect his own honor and character by preferring charges against Stanley for conduct unbecoming an officer in making false statements. Stanley had no possible course to pursue unless to plead guilty to making false statements about a brother officer, or to take the other course, and the one no doubt that suited him better, to prove that his statements that Hazen was a coward were true. Hence it appeared on the face of things during the long trial that was held in New York that Hazen instead of Stanley was being tried by court-martial.



In order to show that General Hazen was not a man to seek personal controversy or quarrels, it is not necessary nor indeed profitable to review at length the Stanley and Lincoln-Hazen trials. . . . No judicial machinery was ever devised, unless it be the Star Chamber or the bloody assizes of Jeffreys for James the Second, that can so thoroughly whitewash the guilty or crush the innocent as a court-martial. Both Stanley and Hazen had the best legal talent to defend their interests. Major Swaim, afterwards Judge Advocate General, was judge advocate of the court and friendly to both, but expressed his regret afterwards that Stanley should have been so reckless in his statements. Swaim himself became years afterward a victim of malice and the court-martial, so notable indeed that the trial and persecution was characterized by several senators on the floor of the Senate as shameful to the Army and a disgrace to civilization.

Stanley utterly failed to prove that during the War or at any other time Hazen had ever been a coward or even timid in the face of an enemy; indeed, the record showed a soldierly conduct on the part of Hazen from April, 1862, at Shiloh, to the storming of Fort McAllister near the close of the War. I doubt whether a brighter or cleaner record can be shown. The trial, or quarrel rather, ended substantially where it began, only Stanley was more discreet afterwards. . . .

General Hazen was very proud and happy over the outcome of the Lincoln-Hazen trial. He went to the expense of having quite a large edition of the testimony and the official letters between Robert Lincoln and himself published in book form to show beyond the possibility of a doubt, as he expressed it, that Lincoln alone was responsible for the suffering, starvation and death of the men in the Greely party. . . . From the beginning to the end Hazen is respectful, earnest and patriotic; while on the other hand is seen nothing but indifference and oftentimes contempt. . . .

I last saw him in Cleveland about a year ago. He was then the picture of health, strong and robust. We had a long chat together over old times, for we had been friends for years. . . . I little thought when he took my hand in parting that I should see him no more, and that his words, "Good luck, old boy, goodbye," would be for this world a good-bye forever.

Dallas was then "on the border" where East met West, and Mother's fine descriptive letters to her children in Ohio made us see with her eyes not only her daily surroundings and acquaintances but the more picturesque natives and novices on horseback or muleback, who, "with their broad-brimmed white felt hats, look quite the typical Texan." But from the news of Blinky Morgan's border ruffian exploits in Cleveland and Ravenna "we begin to think," she added, "that Texas is cast into the shade, and that it is left for the Western Reserve to carry the banner of horrors." With Father, however, the novelty of the Southwest had by this time subsided, and his thoughts recurred continually to the farm. "I have frequent correspondence with Uncle King," he wrote on February 13, "about material and plan for a barn."

We can get lumber and timber at Garland, Pa., for \$6.75 per M., or pine \$2.75 per M. The material for barn will come cheaper than I could possibly hire the trees cut and hauled to mill and pay saw-bill. Besides, the lumber will probably be better. I have decided to make the barn 70 instead of 60 feet long.



This will require 30 instead of 20 feet for new part. Sprague offers to do the carpenter work for \$248.00 and board himself, which is reasonable if the work is well done.

Of Uncle Simon's return "from Washington sick and penniless" and of a brother's duty to bear a part in the "temporary arrangement to pay Aunt Maria for his board until he could get able to work," Father discoursed at length; and then of the virtue of economy, which, as *Webster* says, "avoids all waste and extravagance, and applies money to the best advantage." Anticipating and rejecting President Harrison's witless tariff precept, that "Cheap goods make cheap men," he remarked, "you know cheapness is my forte; I am crazy upon that subject."

Alluding to the renewal of my college versifying, he concluded:

I hope you can produce as good a poem as "A Roman Lay." If you can not, I would like to be there to give you powerful and paternal aid, as poetry is my strong hold. Mamma always wanted to keep the chaplet on her own brow in our family, so has always ridiculed my efforts in wrestling with the muses.

After the middle of February, 1887, Father, Mother, and Jimmy went with Governor Sheldon to El Paso in Governor Brown's private car, and brought it back alone. Transportation in this manner seemed a luxury in itself; the dapper French cook taught Mother "how to make delicious pancakes"; western Texas and the Mexican border afforded the travelers novel experiences; and, all in all, the four days' trip partly made up for the interference with their projected longer journey to California just when Jimmy had contrived to have a mild attack of the measles.

So much of Mother's account of their life in the Southwest, including on this excursion some rather unhackneyed sight-seeing in and around El Paso, has been printed already in her story, *A Texas Pilgrimage*, that I refrain from citing at length her interesting letters of that period. Among many quotable episodes in the little book of mingled fact and fiction which she wrote some four years afterwards, only one shall be reprinted here. In the chapter entitled "Jimmy" appears this pretty anecdote of the sturdy little lad, with whom Father with "intense satisfaction" often gravely re-enacted it. Finical precision would require of Mother's version a shift of scene from the Texan range, with its prairie dogs, to our woodchuck-infested farm in Ohio, and, in the *dramatis personae*, the substitution of my sisters in place of "Arch and Went," and of Father, peripatetic with his hoe, for "Aunt Kittie" and her parasol.

The house seemed very still and deserted. Nothing broke the silence save now and then the distant halloos of the herdsmen on the prairie, or from the far-away swamp the sound of frogs faintly audible.

Little Jimmy, who had been standing by the window, very silent and sorrowful since the boys' departure, catching the sounds, said, "Listen, Auntie, I hear the sleigh-bells jingling."

I took him on my lap, and explained that it was the frogs that he heard,



when he exclaimed, "Will they come with their little sleighs and take me a-riding, do you think?"

The boy had a quaint and vivid imagination and everything animate or inanimate, brute or human, possessed for him a soul and a voice.

"Let's go and see," I said.

"Oh, yes, let's," and he darted into the hall for his cap, reappearing a moment later with a nondescript looking doll, which I had given him weeks before, head downward under his arm.

This doll, dirty and disreputable though it had become, was his constant companion; sometimes, as now, carried under his arm, with head and arms dangling, scarcely noticed for hours together; again, pressed to his bosom in the very ecstasy of love. He had named it Hawk-a-hawk. Whence the name, or for what, no one else knew and he could not tell. But what Hawk-a-hawk said and what Hawk-a-hawk would think had great influence in determining his conduct. I have an idea that she was a sort of personified conscience; for I often noticed that when he was inclined to be naughty, Hawk-a-hawk's presence restrained him. Sometimes Hawk-a-hawk herself was bad. Then what a stern little inquisitor he became, very hard and unrelenting until she showed a realizing sense of her naughtiness! He was a constant source of wonder and amusement to me, who had never known much of children before, and I watched him for hours together, myself unnoticed, as he chattered unceasingly.

"Come, Auntie, I's ready," he said; and I, putting on my hat and taking my umbrella, wandered on with him, hand in hand, till we came to the edge of the marsh.

But the sounds had ceased long before we reached it. Evidently the sentry on guard had given the alarm, and they had all fled to the depths of the pools. The little fellow, bending down, cried in his most silvery voice, "Froggies, won't you come and take me sleigh-riding?"

All was silent for a moment, when he turned to me and asked, "Auntie, why don't they answer?" I replied that perhaps they had all gone away from home. Bending again, he said with tender, inimitable accent, "Froggies, has you all gone away?" Getting no answer, he assented, "Yes, they is all gone away." Nothing could shake his confidence in their ability to talk with him if they would.

Presently we saw some prairie dogs flitting from hole to hole, or sitting at the entrances of their houses in dignified silence. As he caught sight of them, he said, "Let's go play with them," and he flew across the prairie, a very sprite, his yellow curls dancing in the breeze. I sauntered slowly after him, feeling a little sad that he was again to be disappointed. When I came up he was sitting near the edge of a hole calling to them.

"Doggies, come out. Don't run away."

Then he turned to me and asked, "What do they say? I can't quite hear."

"They say, 'We are afraid your auntie will hurt us with her parasol'," I ventured.

"Oh, no she won't; my auntie wouldn't hurt you for anything."

After a moment, he turned to me again, "What do they say now, Auntie?"

"They say, 'We are too busy, and our mamma will not let us play any more'."

Noticing that there were two entrances, he asked, in the same persuasive tone, "What do you have two holes for, so near together?"

Still with vicarious voice I reply, "We quarrel about bringing in the wood, and our mamma made part of us go stay in another house."



Looking laughingly up into my face he said, "They act just like Arch and Went, don't they?"

Again leaning down, he said, "Well, I must go home. Goodbye. I hope you won't be so busy next time."

As we turned to go, I asked, "Why can not these little ears hear their answers?"

"I can sometimes," said he, "when I am alone," and he looked into my face with eyes which seemed to be the very fountain of truth.

On March 27, 1887, Mother wrote to Aunt Mary Williams, "We have just returned from New Orleans, having been gone a week. There Mrs. Pardee and Mrs. Sheldon were as nice as ever and did everything possible for our entertainment." Of the return to Ohio where she and Jimmy were to remain she added, "We will start home Wednesday. The children will come home the following Saturday. Charlie will probably stay about a week."

By April 18, Father, after a fortnight in Ohio, had returned to Dallas, having, while at home, let the barn contracts and renewed the Hirschmans' leases, besides attending with Mother the Junior Exhibition of my class at Hiram, with which he "was more than pleased." Owing to the lengthening of the College courses, this class had only three members, Charles J. Atwater, J. Edgar Norton, and myself. Each of us therefore gave two productions—the inevitable English oration and some other literary exercise that would serve to vary the program. Mine were an oration on "Darwin and Darwinism," and a metrical effort entitled "Eclectic Days." Father preserved in his scrap-book a printed copy of the latter, with the marginal note, "Best Hiram poem I ever read—written by a blockhead."

To me he wrote "The pleasantest reflections by day and dreams by night are about my children at school." The next week he wrote again:

I want nothing to disturb your schooling. Keep at high mark. If you go through till June 15, the hardest part will be over. Why don't you send me copy of "Eclectic Days"? I am having your "Roman Lay" put on the typewriter to show to Mrs. Sheldon. Both she and the Governor as well as the Judge and Mrs. Pardee appear to be interested in you children and I am glad of it.

The enclosed Darwin article is worth saving. Darwinism need not and will not disturb revelation or Christianity—no more than the Copernican announcement did.

Edgar Norton's sudden death by accident, about a month after our Junior Ex, tinged deep with its tragedy all of that Hiram springtime. In him Father had seen "the promise of a useful life for his fellow men," and to me he wrote on May 10, "It would have been a crushing blow indeed if one of mine had fallen." This tragedy no doubt increased the partiality with which he wrote to me May 22: "I have been looking over your poem with more care and deliberation, examining and comparing each verse with other poems. I do not wish to flatter you, but it lifts me in spirit and sympathy into the atmosphere

of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" and Gray's "Elegy." In evoking the emotion of retrospect and "the gilded past" it is perfect.

For the Delphic Literary Society's entertainment in the Commencement season following, I wrote "The Hatteras Whistling Buoy," on receipt of which Father wrote another encomium with the humorous remark, "The three poems of yours show you to be in one respect like a young colt with three gaits, the gallop, trot, and single-foot." The last one inspired his parody, "The Texas Whistling Boy," about Jimmy:

### THE TEXAS WHISTLING BOY.

Little Boy Blue was playing so gay  
 Away down in Texas one sunshiny day  
     Skipping and hopping, cavorting,  
     Tearing his clothes in his sporting,  
     Laughing and shouting and snorting,  
 With heart light and gay through the long gala-day  
     So blithesome and glad and galootsome  
     And on his horn toots 'em  
     A tune so cheery and gay.

At last comes a day,  
 A very cold day—  
     For play,  
 When a man comes, with hand in the way—of a stone!  
 Cast by Little Boy Blue in his play—all alone!  
     Little boy becomes hush,  
     For in every bush  
 He sees a policeman all ready to push  
     Him away  
 From Mamma and Papa and play.

For Marcia he sighs,  
 For Baby he cries,  
 Wants dear Mamma to tell the policeman some lies;  
     To go 'way then he tries,  
     To the North off he hies,  
 Like a wild goose in spring, and some candy he buys  
     Once more to be happy and blithesome and gay,  
     Until naughty old Papa,  
     Poseidonous Papa,<sup>1</sup>  
 Pollywogging old Papa just gives him away  
     At his play  
     That gray  
     Cold day.

He had previously deplored to me his "blighted poetic genius." But poesy will out, and his muse now burst forth again with the following

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<sup>1</sup> Like the Greek god of the sea in having "broad acres,"—a phrase of my verse that Father was mocking.



## LINES TO JIMMIE'S BIG BROTHER.

In the gloaming he went roaming o'er the farm  
 Though to him it had but very little charm,  
 The cows and brindle steer had no pleasures for him here  
 So he went to school and learned to wag his ear.

To his papa he said he "didn't keer"  
 And to Hiram he would go another year,  
 So his mamma had to churn while he read Jules Verne  
 For another year so—he—could—wag—t'other—ear.

To Jimmie he added this note: "Papa's old Pegasus started off nicely on a gallop, but before he reached the end of the second verse he broke into a trot and broke Papa all up so he couldn't write more."

On June 21, 1887, Vice-president Henry D. Lyman of the American Surety Company, who had been second assistant postmaster general, made to Father a flattering overture, which during many years to follow opened to him frequent and at times constant employment as well as some unusually interesting experiences. "We employ" wrote Mr. Lyman, "besides the inspectors named on the inclosed circular, our old friends, B. K. Sharretts in New York, and Shallcross at Wheeling, and are trying to arrange with Furay at Omaha, and also others in various parts of the country." These men had served with Father in the postal service under Mr. Lyman, who now added, "I write to inquire whether we can not make some arrangement by which you can look after the defaulting agents of the Texas-Pacific Railway on whom we issue bonds guaranteeing their honesty in their respective employments."

Through August and the first ten days of September Father had his usual vacation in Ohio, and by the middle of November Mother joined him again in Texas. Jimmy was to stay during that winter in Ravenna with Grandfather Williams and Aunt Mary, and the girls and I were in Hiram. To Jimmy he wrote on December 27, thanking him and Aunt Mary for the package of presents. "The diary you sent was just what Papa wanted," and as for the "hankerchers," especially the bandanna, "Papa can now blow his nose monstrous loud, like a horn." He "is particularly glad to see how you improve in writing letters. He would like to see you write even better than Fred; and if you do, 'Papa will see to that *boy*'." How proud and happy that caressing always made us with its curious circumflex emphasis on the final word! His single syllable of rebuke, on the other hand, could sting like a whip-lash. The secret, I think, was in the sympathetic timbre of his voice, as in a gypsy's "whisper" that can instantly render any horse either docile or frenzied.

On New Year's Day of 1888 Father wrote at length in answer to my letter telling of farm affairs, our Hiram vacation plans, and my representation of the Delphic Literary Society with a speech on "Washington as a Soldier" at the coming observance of his birthday by the College. Counseling me among other things not to "slop over about the Father of his Country," he added, "I

think Washington's strength as a general lay in his caution, watchfulness, and his influence to keep an army together during times of distress." Proceeding at leisure on the Sunday with which this year began, he reflected upon "a score or more of New Year's Days scattered back" to the long ago when as a boy he was "skating on the lake or river and coasting down hill"; or, later on, "getting ready to hustle back to books and recitation to Dunshee, Everest, and Garfield"; or "in my own little school over which I presided and worried and that taxed my forces as much as the command of a company years afterward in battle"; or a while later, "in the Cumberland Mountains amid discomforts and hardships under which the weakest gave up." The next year found him "under the swaying moss of dark cypress forests of the Yazoo"; another, "in the bright sun of New Year's Day, enjoying the mild breeze of the Gulf"; then "again amid the snows of my boyhood,—but the skates and sled are exchanged for an ax, saw, and a larger sled"; still later, in the whirl of "polite society in Washington," with its gilt finery and alcoholic breath; and so on to his conclusion that

The milestones I have passed lately are the most beautiful of all. I see again the Christmas tree that we cut on our own land, trimmed with ground pine and covered over with tokens of love and friendship. No humbuggery there, nothing but solid gold—simple honest love, the highest happiness on earth.

The death of Grandfather Williams on January 10, 1888, called Mother home to Ohio, where she remained until the 20th of February, and then took Jimmy back with her to Dallas. There the three had lodgings at Mrs. Saddler's and took their meals at Doctor Arch Cochran's. The Doctor seemed to be much more interested in politics than in the practice of his profession. He was one of the city aldermen of Dallas and had just led a forlorn hope as candidate for governor of Texas on the Republican ticket, and with the return of his party to power at Washington after that year it was thought that he would have much to do with the dispensing of Federal patronage in his State. Though somewhat estranged from his old Confederate comrades by his political apostasy, his genial disposition made him a general favorite, and sauntering about, as he did daily with silk hat and cane, he was everywhere respected and welcome.

To see him helping Mrs. Cochran to transplant young tomato or cabbage plants in their kitchen garden, one would imagine that he was quite indispensable to the success of her task. He would bend over and point here and there with his cane, saying, "Now, Mamma, we'll put this one here," but all the while it was she who really did every stroke of the work. Yet both thought that he was the one who had the brunt of it. Theirs was a charming household, from "Aunt Lizzie" Durgin, the Doctor's well-born and well-to-do kinswoman, down to Narcy, the dusky cook. But it was Mrs. Cochran who made things go. Hers was less a boarding house than a cultured hos-



pitiable home, and while Father was out on the road, Mother found her society and that of Mrs. Durgin and the young folks very congenial.

Mother stayed in Texas till the second of June, when Jimmy's school year was nearly finished. During the spring she took pains to supplement his teacher's efforts, especially while he was still "wringing and twisting over the multiplication table," as Father wrote me on March 8, adding, "I guess he has about got it to the sixes, though he is at times at sixes and sevens in part of that." In the same letter he admonished, "Look out for the \$ in my absence, both the \$'s that slowly come in and are as hard as rats under a barn to catch and the \$'s that take wings and fly—so free, so gay, and so fair. This last is poetical." To travesty my song of "The Hatteras Whistling Buoy," with an Artemus Ward caveat that he had "dropped into poetry," was to run true to his bent for softening admonition with roguishness.

Letters of this period to us older children evince a deepening "parental solicitude," expressed often in tragi-comic vein, for our progress in Hiram, where Marcia was finishing her freshman year in the College, then nearing its age of majority, and Babe was well along in the preparatory classes which the multiplying country high schools would sometime supersede. To meet standard entrance requirements the curriculum at Hiram had lately been re-adjusted, whereby my senior class of '88 found itself betwixt new and old, with one lone member, until Charley Atwater determined in midyear to speed up and graduate with me. With the main college building reconstructed the year before and the new president, Ely Vaughn Zollars, to be installed on our Commencement Day, we two seniors vied with one another to give our exiguous class a parting prestige befitting this new epoch in the life of our alma mater.

To the enthusiastic work of the literary societies, then in full swing, as well as to our regular lessons, my sisters, who were always good students, and I, whose grades overtook theirs only during my last two years in college, were all now sufficiently attentive to satisfy the rather high ambitions of our parents, as well as to realize their fidelity to the institution and to its Delphic and Olive Branch societies that we in our turn felt and handed on. George A. Robertson, an early graduate of Hiram, who had headed the recent merger of Cleveland's two Sunday papers into the *Sun and Voice*, wrote to Father (March 5), "I am glad to know that your children are fond of school. You can build no grander monument to yourself than to educate them well."

In a long letter dated Dallas, April 1, 1888, and outlining at my request the subjects he thought suitable for my Commencement oration, Father with appropriate commentary suggested "Nihilism," the fruit of despotism in Russia; "Unwritten Law," such as binds the presidential elector to vote not for his own but for his party's choice; "Francis Bacon and His Philosophy," which gave new direction to the stream of human thought; and the "Voluntary Tax" for transportation paid through half a century to the railroad

publicans, so to say, out of whose collections anon spring colleges, libraries, hospitals, observatories, etc., for the benefit of the people. But I finally chose instead "The Growth of Nationalism in American Politics," a theme which he at once pronounced to be better than any of his own. In making his suggestions he concluded with the following meditation upon the long school career which I was now winding up:

Few saw and only a father and mother cared for the start. Her loving eye and tender care have followed every step through the long vista of years; the father has cheerfully given the fruits of his toil meanwhile. Some hundreds will watch the finish, but none can feel the anxiety of those who saw you start. Across a bridge of years we look back to the pretty Miss Niece, the school-ma'am. You teased to go to school. But just out of frocks and into pants and hardly daring to go alone to the back end of the farm, you gave Mamma no peace till she consented to go with you to school. Pretty Miss Niece would come home with you at night. So "Good-bye, darling," a kiss, and Mamma stood in the door to leave her darling little boy for his first day at school. The little chin quivered, the full red little lips curled over, the little head sank upon the little arm along the desk and burst into a flood of tears. Amid the sobs and sighs you could not tell for why, but to your young life it was the most important day in memory.

With your last day in school you again go out into the great world. How glad I am that you are better equipped to do battle with it. Yet I knew many things at twenty-one that you do not. I could labor well with many tools, and worked almost every day in the year. I felt that it was a disgrace to be idle. Somehow I feel that if I should stand in your shoes on Commencement Day and acquit myself well after so many years of study, I would not exchange the proud enjoyment for the greatest wealth, but I feel that I would go to my room, that my head would drop upon the arm as of old, that sighs and tears would come and I could not tell for why.

As he thus mused upon the goal about to be gained by his first-born, the reasons for his lengthening exile in Texas grew weightier and wider in his thoughts—first, to see all his children through college, with perhaps some professional or other vocational training afterwards; secondly, to reconstruct his farm buildings, acquire better tools and livestock, and make his four hundred acres fairer and more fruitful; and thirdly, to provide directly for Mother the sources of a sure if necessarily modest separate income—a "sort of pension," as he put it, like that granted her parents by the Government for their only son's death in war.

To be readily rentable, each of his three farms—the Russ Place, the Squires' or Brewster Place, and the Home Farm—had to have its tenant house and barn more or less rebuilt. This was already partly accomplished and was soon to quicken inquiries from prospective renters. Besides these, our home, together with most of its numerous outbuildings, also stood in need of betterment. Such renewal of a dozen farm structures meant, however, an outlay of more than he had earned in his two years thus far spent in Texas. Well, at least the land itself was all paid for—his fees as marshal



had finished that—and never again would he incumber any of it with debt. As for the new improvements, it must now be, “Pay as you go.”

Perhaps he might better have put his savings into sound investment securities. But in that field he rightly distrusted his competency. Bethesda was his first venture of the sort, and from that he was slowly getting back his bare principal. With this salvage eked out by sirup<sup>1</sup> and milk money, he later put three and finally four thousand dollars into Dallas bank stocks for Mother. But after they definitely left Texas these seemingly sound investments, overtaken by the panic of 1893, were to shrink even worse than had Bethesda. He had used all of his earlier savings to buy land; and the farms, at least, were still intact. So much of his purchases as had belonged in turn to his father and grandfather, he felt to be his heritage from the log-house days. This, with his adjoining farms, was now his real home and sure source of at least a livelihood. What he most wanted was to reside on the land that he loved and there, as he often said, to belong “to the red barn aristocracy.”

A week after Mother's return to Ohio he followed her, so that they might be present together at my graduation on June 14 and later the same day at the double wedding in Mentor of President Garfield's daughter and eldest son, to which Mrs. Garfield in a letter to Mother had especially invited not only them but us older children as well.

## 27. *Irksome Exile*

AFTER ten June days at home, Father went back alone to his summer's struggle, along the Texas and Pacific lines, with haggling claimants and seething heat. These taxed his strength and temper too, until hardly one of his letters home, as he himself at length observed, failed to "scold and growl" about his building expense that was piling up on the farm and about his obsession that the family at home were bringing to naught the toil and sweat of his banishment from—as well as for—they and all else that he held dear. Early that spring, too, his old colonel, Governor Lionel A. Sheldon, becoming disgusted with the railroad reorganization committee's policies, had resigned as co-receiver, leaving Governor John C. Brown, his colleague, in sole charge. In the autumn, with the receivership lifted, Judge Pardee's official relations with the property would also cease, and lacking then any friend at court, Father doubted if he could much longer hold his place on the road, unless, as in fact happened, the presidency should fall to Governor Brown, with whom he had come to be on excellent terms. Invoking the Judge's foresight and wisdom on the question whether he should forestall dismissal by resigning, he received the following characteristic letter:

Wadsworth, O., July 25th, 1888.

Dear Captain:

I don't think you will have any difficulty in obtaining the leave of absence you want from Gov. Brown. And if I see him I will mention the matter. As for resigning, that you can do when you want to quit, and not before. When Gov. Brown wants you to quit he will make no bones about asking.

If he could not get rid of you without you were willing to go, and if you could not think of staying unless he were willing and anxious, and you could not be easy without knowing the state of his mind, then I should think it would be a good thing to tender a resignation that you did not want accepted.

We have had a furious and destructive hail and rain storm here. It ruined oats and corn, unroofed houses and barns and tore down trees etc.

Burke Hinsdale has been here for several days but I did not see much of him. He looks prosperous and his wife healthy.

Whether I shall go East this summer is unsettled, but now I do think I will go to Cleveland to the races next week.

My health is pretty good and so is my wife's. Mrs. Sheldon is in Cleveland—convalescing.

Yours truly,

Don A. Pardee

P. S. This pen is a fearful one.



Nor was all Father's heaviness lightened when a cousin and playmate of his boyhood, O. P. Lacy, whom he had not seen since the early days, wrote from Walla Walla, Washington, to remind him of the old cemetery in Bainbridge "that holds within its bosom precious dust." To him such reminiscence was all too timely; for within this year, besides his father-in-law's death in January, there occurred the decease in midsummer of his venerable Aunt Rachel Henry, and meanwhile in March that of his oldest brother Simon, whom he had often helped and sheltered and in some measure always cherished, but who, though intelligent and without corrupting vices, died destitute and disowned by his children, long suffering as they had been in youth from his scowls and improvidence.

Then admonished of "the inevitable hour," Father felt that he had himself come to the afternoon of life only to be spending it vainly and in lonely drudgery. The frequent letters he had from home moved him continually to ask that we write still oftener and in more detail. The doing of all that he desired—sometimes with scant clue to how or why—afforded us at the farm so little leisure or relish for writing that the summer's correspondence, though unflagging, grew dutiful and dull. It was only in the brief periods when Father was at home that he and his family were all really happy. His home-coming always gladdened us.

True, we young folks during the long vacation had frequent enjoyable visits here and elsewhere with kinsfolk and schoolfellows. One of our favorite cousins, Clara, or Chick Henry, was married in September to Fred S. Hurd, and most of our household attended the pretty home wedding at Uncle Nelt's. Occasionally during the summer the girls or Mother took brief pleasure jaunts, and in August I went to Pennsylvania to visit my old chum, Norman Phillips, in New Castle, and the family of my fiancée, Louise Adams, in East Smithfield. Father wrote that his father called the latter sort of trip "polly-wogging," no doubt because Polly was the girl he went to see.

Prominent among the home affairs about which Father's letters exhibited anxiety were sundry petty vexations with his farmers. While the Dutch'ns were slow with their rent for the Squires and Russ Places, and Chris Hirschman had moved away from the former that spring, leaving some items on either side of his accounts still in dispute, Lewis R. Morris, on the other hand, who for several years had farmed the Home Place on shares, was prompt in his settlements and steady in his work. But when overtaxed, even Morris was subject to what Father diagnosed as the mulligrubs, so he too would probably have left but for the paternal hint to me to lend a willing hand throughout his haying and harvesting. Though now twenty-one, I was by no means reluctant, in view of Father's unfailing support and encouragement through my college days in Hiram, to devote myself unreservedly to his business, from the day after Commencement until the latter part of October, in clearing up his

accounts with the Hirschmans and others and working hard day after day at all sorts of farm tasks. Thus some of his worries were relieved.

On his way back to Texas in June Father had stopped in Cleveland and asked Virgil P. Kline, Esq., to act as my sponsor in the study of law. On June 22 he wrote me that Mr. Kline said, "Tell your boy to come in." I had previously written Father that I wanted to join one of my old college chums, Clarence E. Weir, in entering the Cincinnati Law School the next fall. But he thought I could as well study privately for a year, and by working meanwhile as a clerk in his office in Dallas, save enough money to pay my own expenses through the senior year at law school, besides gaining some valuable business experience along the way. I therefore promptly called on Mr. Kline and got his consent to direct my reading. But though I thus began a helpful friendship with a very eminent lawyer, my hope of being admitted to the bar in two years could not be realized. There was little chance for study while I labored for Father every day on the farm and spent nearly all my evenings writing letters or recording for him the day's doings at Geauga Lake. And much the same was true after I entered the employ of the railroad in the fall; for my duties there were new and the work assigned to me was so far in arrears that I had to use extra effort to catch up with it.

Like hindrances were at the same time interfering with Father's wonted contributions to the press. During this and the remaining years of his stay in Texas, the fell trinity of work, worry, and weather extinguished his earlier zest in writing for the papers at home. His settling trips, each lasting from a day to a week along any continuous part of the line that might at the moment require such attention, took perhaps a third of his time. Other like trips were sometimes made by his chief clerk, J. T. Quick, or by Louis A. Prudhomme, the next in line. At this time the claims ran above a dozen a day for livestock killed by locomotives and were adjusted for an average sum of \$16.37 each.

It was a heavy strain to negotiate patiently and efficiently for three or four consecutive days through the ticket window at station after station with a score of stubborn, jabbering claimants who had been notified to meet the way-freight train at a designated time and place in order to come at the amount to be paid for their respective beasts, which of course were always without blemish when offered by fate for sacrifice to the railroad Moloch. His task, moreover, was harder now that no receivership protected the company against vexing, petty damage suits. Though the first part of the summer had hardly been so sultry as in the year before, yet to Father, who was always sensitive to high ranges of temperature, the midyear heat both day and night seemed now intolerable. In the general offices over the Dallas station the furniture often grew too hot to touch with one's bare hand. On July 17 he wrote to me:

I can thoroughly understand now why the newspapers in the South are inferior to the press in the North. Also why so few writers have been produced south of the line of the Cumberland Mountains. It is almost impossible for me to even *think* in hot weather, much less write. Northern winters assist



intellectual vigor and Southern summers depress it. I think I will lop around for a few days after I get home. Ah me! only one more Sunday here and thirteen days in this—sheolistic country. Keep things snug—picked up and slicked up.

In the *Ohio Farmer* for January 21 had appeared his luminous "Letter to the Western Reserve Sugar Makers Association," whose annual meetings he had been unable to attend since his coming to Texas:

The whole Southwestern country west of the ninetieth meridian and indeed west of Indiana is flooded each year with bogus maple sirup marked pure Ohio or Vermont sirup. The sugar makers of the Reserve furnish the flavor for this glucose mixture by selling to reputable dealers, and they to the "trade," about ten or fifteen percent of the amount put upon the market. I believe it to be a moderate statement entirely within the bounds of truth to say that a good part, indeed a larger part, of the sugar made on the Reserve is used as a flavoring extract for the glucose mixtures in the Southwest. I am unable to discover any remedy for the evil except by publishing the swindlers and establishing a maple sugar exchange as a guaranty for the purity of the goods furnished by each member. Thousands of people in the West and Southwest would gladly buy all that can be made in Ohio at good prices if they could only be assured of the purity of the product. I have no trouble in selling my own make for \$1.25 a gallon, and 12 cents a pound for sugar to dealers who retail the sirup for \$1.75 and \$2.00 a gallon and sugar for 16 and 18 cents here in Texas. I hope the time is not far off when each and every sugar maker can sell a good quality of his product for \$1.00 a gallon and 10 and 12 cents for sugar. I think it can be secured by united action and in furnishing a good quality. It must always be borne in mind that you are producing a luxury, and not a commodity like wheat, butter, and potatoes, when you are making sugar and sirup for the market.

One word more. I believe the can of the future will be the quart can. All canned goods nearly are in quart cans, and few people want to buy a two-quart can of sirup, much less a gallon can.

Wishing you success in your endeavors to drive counterfeiterers to the wall, and I hope to the penitentiary, and that your united efforts may overcome the world, the flesh, and the bogus sirup makers, I am,

C. E. Henry

In the *Cleveland Sun and Voice* for March 18, the new editor, Robertson, published under the caption "Garfield's Biographers" part of a letter from Father written to him as a fellow source of firsthand information on that theme. They had both received inquiries from the principal defendant in the pending suit begun by James R. Gilmore, alias "Edmund Kirke," against M. M. Thayer, of Franklin, Massachusetts, who, besides Horatio Alger, Jr., and other authors of campaign lives of the Republican candidate for President in 1880, that were separately sued, was charged with having appropriated the plaintiff's literary property in certain biographical material which he averred had been given him exclusively by the distinguished subject of his work. On both sides this litigation was just a thrust and parry of puny pens. On March 6, 1888, Thayer had written to Father, "Riddle and Robertson both say that



Garfield was afraid to trust Gilmore and got you to read his manuscript and watch and direct him." Two days later Robertson also wrote to Father :

I have been in correspondence with Thayer who, by the way, out-Weemsed Weems himself in the volume he wrote. According to Thayer's volume the infant Garfield was a prodigy. He dwells at length upon various points when he was only four years old. Thomas is also magnified into a hero. It is truly a laughable book and shows that the author knew very little of his subject except exaggerated stories he had picked up. But such is the material from which history is made. Did you ever think how hard it will be for people one hundred years hence to form any correct idea of what our Garfield was like?

To defend himself against Gilmore's still more absurd pretensions, Thayer kept writing to Father all summer about getting his deposition, which I believe was at length given and filed in the case. In the letter that Robertson printed Father said :

When Gilmore appeared at Mentor, General Garfield wired me to come there, and on my arrival turned the "Parson" over to me. Kirke was a story-writer and I soon saw that he would have the boy Garfield cutting down scores of cherry trees and bragging about it afterward. Moreover, he would have Aunt Eliza hunting for days in straw beds for a few kernels of wheat to keep the boy "Jimmie" from starving until the neighbor returned from the mills hundreds of miles away. . . .

The truth is no one was especially commissioned by Garfield to write his biography more than the rest unless it was Hinsdale, Riddle, and Frank Green.

What curious things have turned up in connection with the life of that noble man ! His life was an example of peace and goodwill to all men. He was noted for his fidelity in his friendships, and yet one set of his friends would ridicule, snub, and at times quarrel with another set and among themselves. He always spoke not only kind but generous words of all men, yet no public man was more unjustly and savagely maligned than he. He was a man of peace, yet his friends quarreled over him, the politicians quarreled over him for years, and he finally suffered eighty days as a martyr—the result of the most shameful quarrel that ever disgraced the page of history, and the deeper it is inquired into the brighter will shine his character for peace. The doctors, too, quarreled over his dying bed in the most shameful manner. Constant quarrels occurred at Washington for precedence in the funeral procession ; also at Cleveland. His monument, too, has been the cause of bitter words and estrangements, and at last his biographers are quarreling.

On July 21, 1888, the *Ohio Farmer* published "Texas for Young Farmers," an article of Father's written primarily, I think, for its hoped-for effect in moving the executives of the Texas and Pacific to grant his request for a midsummer leave of absence, earlier and longer than usual, as his reward for thus indirectly stimulating new business for their lines. Such flank movements of his sometimes attained their ulterior objects, but more often the results were negative and occasionally they reacted in painful or unlooked for ways. As it developed, this instance of his curious habit of oblique approach resembled what the prophet Ezekiel called "a wheel within a wheel." He remarked quite casually in one of his letters to me that he wished for a copy



of the issue containing his article—a desire which the publishers, had he written them direct, would have satisfied promptly, but which I could not readily meet, being quite unable to cite either the printed title or the date of publication, and having, moreover, no access to any file of the periodical except by visiting the publishers' office in Cleveland, as indeed I expected sooner or later to do. With no idea, however, that he wanted the paper at any particular time or for any purpose other than to preserve it, I was quite stunned a while afterwards to receive from him a letter of stinging reproof because my "indifference" to his request had imperiled his vacation plans. No such untoward result in fact ensued, and both his rebuke and my pained protest escaped further notice.

With Father this quirk seemed to be instinctive and not consciously like what he often commented upon as the reasoned philosophy inspiring the lifelong practice of President McKinley, who maintained that the interest of one who is requested to do a particular favor, and does it, is apt to be more lastingly enlisted than that of one for whom a favor is done. McKinley thrived on it, and so at times, as I now see, did Father. Be that as it may, his characteristic resort to some such indirect agency—*facit per alium*—had also its humorous counterpart in the phrase he often used in regard to any happening about which it seemed bad form to brag or to gossip, at least prematurely,—“Let it sort of leak out.” In like manner a pleasant surprise might be planned “unbeknownst like.”

But if Father's vexed article missed one mark and rather mussed another shining one, it did not fail at last to score a bullseye. It proved to be interesting enough from the farm periodical standpoint to induce the editor of the *American Grange Bulletin* of Cincinnati to write him on July 23, requesting that he send that paper an article on sheep-raising, a theme he had barely touched on before. But the weather was too hot for him to accept this flattering invitation, and besides he had enjoyed no firsthand experience in that branch of husbandry.

Another article, which he wrote for the Chagrin Falls *Exponent* of September 13, sometime after the death of his Aunt Rachel, paid affectionate tribute to the memory of this last survivor of her generation of his relatives in Ohio. Quotations from it have already been made herein. It was, I believe, his last publication for more than two years; for by this time the novelty of his new environment had worn off and the climate, besides sapping his energy, sometimes depressed his spirits. But gloom never long possessed him. Should it overtake him, there were now frequent pleasant happenings to banish it. Early in the year 1888 two of his closest friends won deserved recognition of their merits as well as timely succor in the hour of need, when Henry C. White was appointed to fill the vacancy in the probate court of Cuyahoga County caused by the death of Judge Daniel R. Tilden, and again when Burke A.

Hinsdale was called to the University of Michigan to take the chair of the Science and Art of Teaching.

Father had often jokingly applied the epithet "gloomy" to President Hinsdale, who, though an idealist in politics and education, was at the same time hardly what one would term an optimist. The highly practical politicians who in 1886 comprised the majority of the Cleveland school board and who, despite its strong minority of high-minded men, could no more understand Hinsdale than he them, had disappointed his expectation of reappointment to the city school superintendency. Whenever during the latter part of his administration, the officials at school headquarters had occasion for the board's finance committee to take some routine action, the auditor could generally find a quorum playing cards in a nearby saloon.

One warm day in the late November hunting season when the same quorum had gone afield with guns, quick action on some disputed matter was urgently needed, and the Superintendent inquired of a surly member, loitering near his door, on what date the prepared resolution could be reported out by the committee. Receiving the concise reply, "A cold day," he is said to have remarked to his secretary that the matter would probably not be acted upon before winter set in. The story is of course apochryphal, but it serves to suggest how at the hands of a school board in which placemen predominate, the tenure of the superintendency by a very great educator must needs be precarious.

The fact that he was not reappointed enabled Hinsdale's admirers among the older students in Hiram College to prevail upon him to give two worthwhile courses of lectures there early in my senior year and at the same time to serve as one of the judges of an inter-society debate on woman's suffrage as well as to discourse later on the art of debating. My acquaintance with him then matured into deep regard which had much to do with my going to the University of Michigan a year and a half afterwards. He himself could be candidly critical of his closest friends, irrespective of age or station, but he would warmly defend them if assailed by others. After his call to Ann Arbor Father sent him a humorous allegory of "The Good Little Boy and the Bad Little Boy," alluding to the cousins, Burke Hinsdale and Don Pardee, and the high position afterwards attained by each, although in childhood one of them could not, while the other could and did, engage in boyish sports on the Sabbath day; a distinction which was sharpened when one such profanation by the former had ended with the sorrowful admission, already cited, "Bub and me's got to get whipped." To this playful poke Doctor Hinsdale returned a spirited defence of his Puritan upbringing.

Pleased with the preferment of his two friends, Father was further gratified, on returning to Dallas from his brief trip to Ohio during the middle of June, to find that as a member of the G.A.R. post in Dallas he had been appointed inspector general for the Northern District of Texas and chief of staff to the grand commander. On August 18, after nearly two months of



stewing in the midsummer heat of Texas, and on leave obtained by telegraph from Governor Brown in New York, Father started again for Ohio and this time was absent for five weeks. Here amid other and less engrossing pastimes he attended in Cleveland the nineteenth reunion of his regiment, held as usual on the last Wednesday in August; looked after the progress of his building and farm work at home and of his business with the probate courts in Chardon and Cleveland in behalf of his wards, the three daughters of Mrs. Frances Light, who were among the heirs of her first husband's father, James Mathews of Bedford; drove to Burton to the county fair; and, near the end of his vacation, when, as his diary discloses, his multiloquent "Brother Newton came," he "heard him visit all day," and went with him the next morning "to Bainbridge to church" where "he preached a good sermon" from the Methodist pulpit.

Meanwhile at home the autumn dispersion had begun with the girls' return to Hiram College the first week in September. A month later Aunt Mary Williams, who had broken up housekeeping in Ravenna after Grandfather's death, started for Durand, Wisconsin to visit the family of her sister, Aunt Annis Newton, whom she had not seen for years. Father had left for Dallas on September 21, and a month afterwards Mother, Jimmy, and I were on our way to join him there. I thus missed my first chance to vote. Just before we started, Father had written to suggest that we remain in Ohio another fortnight so that I might exercise my newly acquired franchise, both for the sentiment's sake and because my ballot might be needed for Harrison and Morton. It was quite as well, however, that our preparation had gone too far for us to await the election; for, only a week after my name was added to the railroad pay roll, the receivership was lifted and by the end of November twenty-five clerks in the general offices were "bounced" to cut down expenses. Furthermore, the Republican ticket in Ohio, as in the country at large, won handsomely without my suffrage. From the election results Father drew happy auguries of swift reinstatement in the classified railway mail service for those who, on trumped-up charges preferred by unworthy partisans of President Cleveland, had been ignominiously ousted therefrom. To Uncle Henry Brewster he wrote:

Dallas, Tex., Nov. 10, 1888.

Dear Deacon:

The smoke of battle has cleared away and leaves us in a situation to contemplate the future. I want you to be able to walk into the postal car by next March or April and, quietly and in gentlemanlike manner, take the mail keys from those who played two-faced with you and let the rascals turn themselves out into the wide, wide world. Meanwhile keep silent about it till your moment of triumph. Make no boasts or threats; but your day is not far off for triumph and the sore discomfiture of the loafers.

If the weather permits, you can push the old Squires house along so that it will be habitable with a little work of plastering and inside painting in the

spring. Send bills of lumber and material, and if you want money for labor let me know.

We are all well and I am busy. We join in kind regards to Ann and the boys.

C. E. Henry

A month later he was much aroused by Uncle Henry's report concerning the alteration of the Squires house that he could not save the old chimney there, with its great open fireplace into which whole logs had been rolled for roaring fires in the early days, and with its brick bake-oven in the cellar almost big enough to roast a sheep. It was a matter of deep sentiment and pride with Father to preserve this rare relic of pioneer life. But the brick and mortar had crumbled away to such an extent that they no longer afforded secure support for the sagging joists nor safe flues for sparks and flames. Clearly the chimney would have to be torn down and rebuilt, if preserved even in semblance for any use at all; and that would largely spoil the old associations. These however appealed to Uncle Henry less than the more practical considerations of convenience and economy, and so, with little compunction, he abolished the ancient structure. A craftier man would have destroyed and then restored it "unbeknownst-like" to Father, who was long disgruntled at his brother-in-law's failure to find some way to keep intact this monument of his boyhood days.



## 28. *Happier Days in Dallas*

UNTIL the past summer Father's lodgings in Dallas had been at Mrs. Saddler's, but in June he had removed a short distance to Mrs. Deckman's, 509 Griffin Street. For a few weeks we all now roomed here, not far from Dr. Cochran's where, of course, we took our meals. The Doctor's whole household from Mrs. Cochran to Nancy, welcomed us with all the exuberance of southern hospitality. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Carr and their new baby, to which every euphemistic superlative in the language was applied. The proud parents could think of no name felicitous enough to bestow upon their child. Its father's name seemed too plebeian, yet Mrs. Carr really wanted the infant to be his namesake. Her husband, a railway mail clerk on the Texas and Pacific, having become quite friendly with Father, now proposed that she consult him. So she demanded, "Colonel Henry, *can't* you suggest some name that will be an honor to Mr. Carr—something lovely and appropriate?"

"Why yes, Mrs. Carr; call the baby Postal Carr."

Returning from his run one evening Mr. Carr was walking a few paces behind Father when Mrs. Carr came running towards them to greet her husband. "Here comes the fairest flower of the T. and P. road," she cried. Whereat Father, smiling his acknowledgments, doffed his hat with a wide sweep and made a low bow. Stamping her foot poutingly she exclaimed, "Oh, I don't mean you, you old fool, you!" And Father, accepting the rôle, "came a quiet laugh" like Tony Weller.

Mother sought earnestly to discover talent in the facility with which Mrs. Carr painted her frequent pictures, but Father thought them daubs. "She paints so like lightning," pleaded Mother in extenuation.

"And it looks so like thunder," Father retorted.

At the Cochran's table sat also two fine appearing young clerks, Jones and Harris, who quietly allowed it to be known that they were anarchists. The former I soon suspected of having been associated with their Chicago brethren, Parsons, Spies and Engel, who had been convicted of murder in the Haymarket riot in 1887. Jones lent me Parsons' book to read, and both he and Harris came to dinner clad in funereal black on the anniversary of the hangings.

It was our plan as soon as possible to rent living quarters wherein as a family we might "in a sort of way," as Mother said, keep house, so that we could have pleasanter rooms, enjoy her Northern cookery and incur considerably less expense. So by the middle of December we were comfortably

settled in a very pretty little cottage at the corner of Carter and Lohm streets, which was decently outfitted with such furniture as would readily sell at the close of our stay. The only drawback was the facility with which the house admitted cold whenever winter descended upon Dallas. Fortunately the winter was unusually mild, but we had one or two northers, when the icy wind, sweeping under the house, unhindered by the corner piers which supplied the place of foundation walls, and coming up through the cracks in the floor, billowed the rugs as if to erect them into Eskimo igloos.

Still we had a good time. In the evening Father often read aloud to us. I remember that during this period we were enjoying Bret Harte's *Cressy* as it appeared serially in one of the magazines. Besides the *Century*, the *Atlantic*, and *Scribner's Monthly*, we had the home papers, of course, and also the *Dallas News* and the *St. Louis Globe Democrat*. He was fond, too, of browsing in secondhand bookstores. Since coming to Texas he had got, among other used acquisitions, Pepys' *Diary*, and later Evelyn's, to supplement his perusal for the nth time of Macaulay's *History*. Along with our reading we had no lack of other entertainment; although, as for me, the attractive young ladies at the Cochrans were already ruled out in favor of the one in Ohio.

The State Fair was going on in Dallas when Mother and I arrived, and almost everybody attended it repeatedly. Father and I heard Henry W. Grady's eloquent speech there,—“I salute the people of the largest city of the greatest State of the grandest Republic on the face of the earth.” Again and again his stirring periods and matchless voice set our blood tingling and made our spines creep. It seemed to me that he must rank with Wendell Phillips, Beecher, Garfield, Ingersoll, Blaine, Conkling, and all the other great orators whom Father had heard—being closely acquainted with some of them—and to several of whom I, too, had listened.

At the theater we all heard Billy Florence as the Honorable Bardwell Slote in “The Mighty Dollar,” wherein Mrs. Florence, as Mrs. General Gilflory, starred with her husband. The next morning as they waited fifteen minutes for their train and were pacing the long brick platform in front of the railroad station in which we had our offices, Father, who had perhaps met Mr. Florence before, introduced himself and me; whereupon the genial “statesman” presented us to his vivacious lady, and we had far other than a bad quarter-hour there together, while the two men, especially, were captivating one another with mimicry and reminiscence until the Florences, convulsed with laughter, boarded their train at the last moment, beseeching us to look them up whenever we should be in the same town with them again.

The November anniversaries included Father and Mother's wedding day and the birthdays of all but me in our little household, and were observed with gifts of books and of small conveniences for the cottage, Father's “loot” being Grant's *Personal Memoirs*, parts of which, when published serially in



the *Century Magazine*, he had already followed eagerly. He was out on the line a good deal now, catching up the arrears that had accrued during his recent five weeks' vacation and from the further interruption of Quick's going to Missouri to get married. On one settling trip over the New Orleans Division he took me with him. Starting soon after the removal to our cottage, we worked through the Creole State from Shreveport to Gretna, riding southeast for two tedious days in the cabooses of the local freight trains and stopping at every station. His acquaintance with this region dated from the Civil War a quarter-century before. But my impressions, being novel, were thus noted at the time:

The country all through Louisiana is low and level and there is a constant succession of tangled and heavily timbered swamps with great festoons of gray moss hanging from the trees. In the intervals are vast sugar plantations with lonely mills looming in their midst. I got a little time at one of the way stations to visit one of these sugar mills, where I saw the ponderous cane-crushers, the immense cauldrons of boiling molasses and the whirling tanks for separating the sugar by centrifugal force. Hundreds of negroes were hauling cane to the different mills with mule teams and quaint lumbering two-wheeled carts. Their little huts, Bob Ingersoll's "palaces of the freemen," stretched out here and there in long rows near the plantation houses. We settled with a good many of the "freemen," and also with creoles and Acadians ("Cajuns" as they call them here) and "colonels" who were all "gentlemen, suh."

At Plaquemine the first night, we slept in high-posters beneath mosquito nets, and early the next morning a negro brought us black coffee before we rose. Between stations, after helping Father to restore order to our shuffled files, I often sat up in the "texas" to enjoy the moving panorama and to shy chunks of coal at the ugly snouts of alligators in the bayous. Gretna, across the Mississippi from New Orleans, was journey's end for our train. Eluding a drunken black man who came alongside with a shotgun to "kill the damned Yankee stock agent"—we could not conjecture why—and being ferried over to the city, we descended from the levee to the streets below, wherein after supper we wandered around a bit. Among other things, Father specially wanted me to see the colossal statue of Henry Clay, on the plinth of which General Butler, when in military command of the city, had caused to be inscribed a famous anti-slavery utterance of Clay's, to the great disgust of the inhabitants. We could still read the chiseled words, which since then have been erased and anon restored:

If I could be instrumental in eradicating from my country's escutcheon that foul blot of slavery I would not exchange the proud satisfaction I should enjoy for the honor of all the triumphs ever accorded to the greatest conqueror.

The next morning Judge Pardee invited us to his home where we stayed overnight. On the crowded streetcar he sat in military erectness across the aisle from us and, after surveying me quizzically from head to foot, he chose



to impute my sprawling six feet six inches to extra length of leg, with the remark, "You and your father are the same height—sitting." Father always liked the Judge's brand of humor, but Mother never did. Once at Geauga Lake as he hungrily savored the rabbit-stew which she was cooking for them, he observed, "Now the mice can play," whereupon she consigned the stew to the garbage can.

In Dallas, likewise, Mother's "sperrit" never failed her. After the holidays she searched the better stores in vain for a cord and tassel to match a wrap she was making to send to Babe in Hiram. Coming at length to a flashy shop for clearance sales, she described her wants to a maiden behind the counter, who, after feebly showing substitutes, appealed to a dapper supersalesman imported from New York along with the stock of past prime goods. Turning to Mother he said, "No, madam, we have none in stock"; adding grandly, "They are all out of style now, you know." Evenly and with never a smile, she replied, "I beg your pardon; I ought to have known better than to come here for anything not in the height of style." Even the proprietor standing near joined in the general laugh at the Eastern expert's discomfiture.

Apropos of this nimbleness of hers, whether of tongue or needle, Father recalled that on one of his visits to her home in Ravenna during their betrothal he found her at work on some garment and asked what she was sewing. She answered casually, "A Sophie-cover," which even in the Victorian era was no improper name for her chemise.

When Jimmy was at school and Father and I were at the office or out on the road, Mother spent much time with Mrs. Cochran and Aunt Lizzie, sewing and visiting or riding with the former to Oak Park or with the latter to her farm. They invited us over to Christmas dinner. On such festive occasions wine was always served; but we, just before leaving Ohio, had been exulting in the new township local option law, of which Bainbridge and Aurora had quickly availed themselves to vote out the saloons around Geauga Lake and so be rid of the growing drunkenness there.<sup>1</sup> With Mother's distrust of the fateful "first cup"—a sentiment she later effectually impressed on her Sunday class of youths that met one summer in the district schoolhouse at home—our Christmas glasses were turned down, though I in my newly attained majority perversely forbore to give her advance assurance thereof.

The Doctor continued to be greatly elated over the result of the election; for to him as the State Republican leader, it seemed to forecast, as already intimated, that he would shortly become the powerful dispenser of Federal patronage in Texas. Everywhere the scent of spoils filled the nostrils of those loyal to that faith, among whom Judge Pardee's Shakespearean friend, Colonel

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<sup>1</sup> Father had written the year before (Dec. 15, 1887) to J. O. Converse, editor of the *Gauga Republican*: "I have been especially pleased with the high level you have taken on the liquor traffic for years past. The best practical legal method to suppress or restrain or prohibit, if you please, is the path for all good citizens to follow. I am for the speedy, sensible, practical way to reduce the number of saloons by heavy tax, and municipal and township prohibition if the majority wills."



J. R. G. Pitkin, aspired to a cabinet position, and after conference with him while we were in New Orleans, Father "rather thought that it might come about." Naturally he, too, felt some political stirrings when it became known that under the new administration his old friends in President Garfield's cabinet, Secretaries Blaine and Windom, were again to have the foremost portfolios. With an eye perhaps to my own future, I urged him to look rather to a more lasting association with the American Surety Company, which its vice-president, Mr. Lyman, had intimated that he could probably sometime arrange for him in Ohio. Father agreed that I, too, might hope to become connected with this pioneer bonding corporation and after being admitted to the bar share some of the law business which it must increasingly dispense.

But such efforts to narcotize the political bee in his bonnet were not at all aided by his installation in Dallas on January 11 as commander of the George H. Thomas Post of the Grand Army of the Republic, whose local membership consisted mainly of Northern Republicans, politically minded and devotedly attached to their new leader. The *Dallas News* declared that "the new commander made a stirring address," likening the Union Veterans of the late War to "those of the old Ironsides," and concluding that martial "discipline should be used to make men." The same article tells of the rollicking speech of "the ubiquitous Dr. Arch Cochran," who "was glad that he had changed Confederate hardtack for good Yankee rations," but whose talk, inevitably "wandering into politics," evoked a gentle reminder "that caused him to subside."

In order to have an iron in either fire, Father as his diary discloses (January, 1889), "Made reports to Lyman" on the default cases he was handling for the Surety Company, and three days afterwards he wrote a "long letter to Lyman"; while on the other hand and within a fortnight he also (January 30) "Wrote to Mr. Blaine" extending felicitations but asking nothing for himself, and lastly (February 7) addressing, in similar vein, his old time political friend in Ohio, he "Wrote Gov. Foster," who, though now a statesman out of office, was later to succeed Secretary Windom as head of the Treasury Department and to appoint Father to a position under him.

Till then the kindled fires were now providently banked against the time three or four years ahead when the two irons reheated would be forged successively into official billets. Whether the subsidence of his political ardor was owing to some hint from Judge Pardee concerning the next railroad receivership that should come within his disposal, or to the more definite assurance from Mr. Lyman of a part-time inspectorship projected by the Surety Company for Ohio, certain it is that even the warmth of Governor Foster's response to his letter, along with the boiling of the political pot before his face in Dallas, seemed suddenly to leave him almost cold. True he afterwards from time to time recommended certain specially qualified Republicans for appointments, but he as often reiterated that he wanted nothing for himself;

and though it was apparent that he could readily become a post office inspector again, as several of his old colleagues in fact did, he was not eager about it. His name was later proposed for postmaster of Dallas, but he himself recommended another for that place. Some of his local associates desired, too, that he be made supervisor in Texas of the census of 1890, a short but responsible task; and recalling General Garfield's scholarly speeches in Congress on the bills for the two previous censuses, he thought kindly but not too seriously of this suggestion. Meanwhile the aspirations of his fellow partisans met with mixed success. His learned friend, Colonel Pitkin, in New Orleans, finally went abroad, I believe, in the consular or diplomatic service. George Knight, of his G.A.R. post, was appointed United States marshal and for chief deputy recalled from Arizona Father's friend Jack Manning, the genial ranger and the relentless avenger of a murdered pal. Through Secretary Windom Father had suggested that the new administration consult the Federal judges in the South about the fitness of candidates there for United States marshals and district attorneys, and by April 10 he was writing to Judge Pardee concerning the effect of the policy:

Most of the Texas office-hunters are in the fix the old sow was that went into the corn under the fence through a hollow log. The old farmer changed the log so both ends were outside. Harrison seems to have fixed matters for the "What-are-we-here-for?" fellows before they found the corn.

Some other Federal appointments in Texas were made in accordance with his counsel. But poor Dr. Cochran, who, it seemed, could rather easily have plucked a local plum, was disappointed of the consul-generalship to Egypt which he coveted. And in Ohio our "Uncle Joe" Rudolph certainly might have been named the collector of internal revenue in Cleveland but for the undue sensitiveness of his sister, the widow of President Garfield, who, though very fond of her brother, seemed to discountenance his candidacy as unbecoming in one so near to the late President. Uncle Henry Brewster's expected and merited reinstatement in the railway mail service also failed of realization, though it would have been brought about—more easily even than that of some of his fellow postal clerks in like case who got back without difficulty—but for the bungling of the man to whom, in Father's absence, he entrusted his papers.

For eleven days from the Saturday before New Years (1889) I was gone to Ohio to visit my fiancée, Louise Adams, and my sisters, as well as "the Castle crowd," in Hiram and to look after Father's farm affairs at Geauga Lake. Less than a fortnight before, while he and I were in New Orleans, Sid Johnson, who had formerly run the small steamboat on the lake at home, accosted us, saying that he was now with the "Lost in New York" company and doing a diving and swimming act as Capt. Luigi Sorcho, who had swum "three thousand miles up the Nile to the relief of General Gordon." As that distance must have pushed back the elusive source of the Nile nearly to the



Cape of Good Hope, we were proud to shake hands with the hero of so unheard-of an exploit. I was glad also during my holiday vacation to bear news of his heroism back to the scene of his humble beginnings in Ohio. The show soon afterwards reached Dallas, where he showered passes upon us all and with many kind condescensions, made himself especially diverting to Father, who every few moments addressed him as "Count Sorghum" and as often begged pardon with perfect courtesy and gravity when corrected.

By the middle of February Father was once more in New Orleans, stayed again at Judge Pardee's, and went with him and his wife to hear Clara Morris, who as a young girl some years before had also been a resident of Geauga Lake. At that time he was away from home and I think did not know the maiden, who in "Camille" and other rôles was ere long to achieve wide fame; but her acting always delighted him. Two weeks later she appeared in Dallas, and Father then took Mother to hear her.

During our stay in Texas the Reverend Mr. Tooff, whom we all liked, was pastor of the Christian Church in Dallas and, though I was apathetic about his ministry, Father and Mother, having procured their letters from the Euclid Avenue Christian Church in Cleveland, presented them on the first Sunday in February and thereafter continued regularly their attendance at morning worship. A good deal of Father's spare time was now taken up with the duties of post commander not only at regular Friday night meetings but also on such special occasions as the making of a fraternal visit (February 22) to the post at Fort Worth; the organizing of an instrumental concert, given on April 18 at a joint meeting of the two Dallas posts for the benefit of the local cemetery for Union soldiers, and followed by the presentation of medals to the talented young Misses Martha and Alice Reick, who with their father furnished the evening's musical entertainment; and finally the arranging of a dignified observance on April 30 for the centennial anniversary of President Washington's inauguration. At this ceremony Father said in part (*Dallas News*, May 1):

All agree in the statement that while Washington had the patriotic faculty abnormally developed and in theory held the most democratic views, still he was personally an aristocrat of the strictest sect of the Virginia cavaliers. He was a man of so much dignity that after he got beyond boyhood he would indulge nobody except his mother in the familiarity of addressing him as George. He wore a number thirteen boot and it will readily be seen that when he put his foot down it meant something.

But notwithstanding his habitual dignity of bearing and great circumspection of speech, in times of unusual excitement and great anxiety, the hero of the hatchet, as Phil Sheridan would express it, "would ejaculate." It is related of him that he used profanity on several occasions in the excitement of battle. Reverdy Johnson used frequently to relate the circumstance of his father taking him, when a small boy, with him to visit General Knox, who was in the same boat with Washington at the memorable crossing of the Delaware and who was afterwards Washington's adjutant. Johnson said his father asked General Knox touching the kind of night it was and what Washington said when they were crossing the river. General Knox said they crossed the stream



in scows. It was dark, the ice thick, and the passage difficult. Washington, who was over six feet and weighed upwards of two hundred pounds, stood in the middle of the scow. He (Knox) sat on the upper corner of the bow and, being a heavy man, his weight made that corner of the craft dip and rendered it more difficult for the negroes to propel the boat. Washington, who had been silent and engrossed with his own thoughts, noticing that he was retarding the speed of the scow, suddenly commanded him to get in the middle of the boat and trim ships, emphasizing the command with profanity. . . .

While Washington was undoubtedly a great man, he was after all flesh and blood, notwithstanding the strenuous efforts to put him in the pantheon.

On the same occasion I delivered again my Commencement oration on "The Growth of Nationalism," and in consequence was offered (and declined) the local post of gauger in the Government's internal revenue service, my qualification therefor being, as Father gleefully pointed out, a local repute like that of Goldsmith's schoolmaster in "The Deserted Village":

The village all declared how much he knew,  
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher, too;  
Lands he could measure, times and tides presage,  
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge.

He could have had still more fun out of this had he recalled that in Scotland just a hundred years before, Robert Burns had got the post of gauger through the merit of his youthful muse. In writing to Father from Cleveland on May 6 about the Mathews guardianship, Judge White also thanked him for sending a newspaper notice of this centenary celebration and of my part in it, adding humorously, "My predictions of him, when he was a boy at my house, squaring the cubic root on the rungs of the bedstead, are certainly going to be fulfilled." With the blue pencil comment, "Hope so, but sometimes doubt," Father passed the letter on to me, having further endorsed it derisively, "Squaring cube root on rungs of bedstead is pretty good. Garfield didn't come up to that. Even Newton and Laplace failed to get to that round in the bedstead."

His own gallant address at the concert, on the presentation of the medals above mentioned, deserves to be quoted:

In the days of ancient chivalry the candidate for the honors of knighthood was examined in the exercise of arms, in his record of military service; and if duly qualified, was given a shield without device and charged to show such a brave and gracious manliness before God and man that he might win an emblazonry for it. In these days the members of the Grand Army of the Republic do not need to win any device to designate their chivalrous spirit. They have shown on land and on sea, in war and peace, the best qualities of genuine knighthood; they uphold the three great principles, fraternity, charity, and loyalty.

As a testimonial of our esteem and high appreciation of your talent in music, permit me on behalf of the Grand Army comrades of George H. Thomas and John A. Dix posts of Dallas, Department of Texas, to present to you, Miss Martha and Miss Alice, these badges of pure gold, emblematic of the purity of your lives. These medals are the work of skillful artists to illustrate your



skill in the high art of music. The legions of Cæsar bore aloft on their banners the motto, *Virtus milia scuta*, Valor is a thousand shields. A more literal translation is, Virtue a thousand shields. What more fitting device can be worn by woman? Knowing that these emblems are worthily bestowed, and with the hope that for many years they will be valued as testimonials of our regard, we wish you that high success you both have fairly earned, and may you and your honored parents always in the march of life keep step to the music of the Union.

With the spring reawakening in the North, Father's anxieties about his farm business began to return, and though we in Dallas hardly noticed any drooping of his spirits, those in charge of his affairs in Ohio were soon reacting uncomfortably to his letters. He had put Uncle Henry Brewster in charge not only of the repairs on the Squires house but also of the sap-boiling on the Russ Place. At the end of the previous season the Dutch'ns, it now appeared, had left the buckets unwashed and the other "fixings" in bad order, so that there was much initial expense for this year's sugaring as well as disappointing results in the quality of product from the first run. Uncle Henry of course did the best anyone could, but what with poor cooperation in the care of the sap before it got to him and with the unusual shortness of the season, the profit realized in Texas, in spite of higher prices there for maple products, was next to nothing.

This was irksome enough to the former president of The Western Reserve Sugar Makers' Association. But an added vexation arose from the mounting cost of remodeling the Squires house, which kept disclosing further flaws to be remedied, besides the irremediable condition of the cherished old brick fireplace and chimney. On the Home Farm, too, Morris having failed, through misunderstanding, to replace Father's part of the line fence which, as often before, the Chagrin's spring flood had leveled, their winter wheat on the flats had been badly damaged by the errant cows of his cousin, King Henry. Furthermore the palaver of office-seekers, who persisted in begging his advice and "influence," had begun to pall on him. So by now it did not need blue spectacles to make the very modest expenses of the girls in college at Hiram seem to him decidedly larger than need be. He wrote impatient letters to several of his kith and kin who were really blameless. Uncle Henry mildly responded that he "must have been in a bad temper" when he thus scolded. Poor "Little Marcia" meekly met his criticism of her neatly itemized statement of the girls' frugality by answering that she was "sorry the account was displeasing" to him. Even Uncle Joe Rudolph quietly deprecated being classed with chronic office-seekers. And Morris flatly gave notice that he was going to quit the farm. Father could scarcely have realized in advance how his sharp letters would sting. At any rate he had to write another sort of letter to mollify each soul aggrieved.

Meanwhile the amenities of correspondence in other directions remained unimpaired. With a certain few he habitually exchanged occasional letters.



A single instance shall here suffice. Though nearly a score of years apart in age, A. G. Riddle and Father were both reared in Geauga County and alike reveled in its pioneer lore and scenic loveliness. While both were connected with the courts in Washington their old acquaintance was cemented into firm friendship. The former, long an eminent member of the District bar, seemed always to be living in spirit on the Western Reserve, the home of his youth and the scene of his early triumphs. He had written *The Life of Benjamin F. Wade*, once its greatest son. The book was first published in 1886, and a revised edition, issued two years later, threatened serious loss to its Cleveland publishers.<sup>1</sup> To Father from Washington he now wrote, on February 15, 1889, at the age of seventy-three:

My dear Henry:

Your splendid good letter of the 8th came covering cheque for five dollars which I forwarded to William W. Williams at Cleveland. I expected you'd like the new book. It has been worked at and over, filed and sand-papered, till it is a fair bit of biography. Of course I idealized Wade as I do everything I touch, and he needed it, some.

I have been, or *had* been poorly, nervous and depressed for two years, and did not want to go to Ohio. I feel now as if I had entirely and permanently recovered, and all my old longings come back in their old form. I hope I shall see you, Mrs. Henry—who has always been my model of matronage—Fred, the girls, and Jimmie, there under the maples among the beautiful hills and narrow winding valley of the flashing Chagrin, and this coming summer. All the northern part of Ohio is God's own land, and a more beautiful does not lie under the sun; and certainly none for us is so rich in associations.

Mrs. Riddle and the girls are well. All unite in regards to Mrs. Henry and yourself. Mine of course you have. Remember me also to Fred and Jimmie G.

Yours,

A. G. Riddle

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<sup>1</sup>For a sketch of the remarkable life of A. G. Riddle prior to 1880, see Taylor's *Pioneer and General History of Geauga County*, pp. 327-337. Also his own autobiographical *Reminiscences of War Time*. Perhaps the non-success of his *Wade* was owing to the idealizing which he thought its subject needed—"some," and which, as the letter confesses, he supplied. *Vide* the Senator's refusal of an invitation to a reception at the White House: "Are the President and Mrs. Lincoln aware that there is a Civil War? If they are not, Mr. & Mrs. Wade are, and for that reason decline to participate in feasting and dancing." It was their common hatred of slavery that endeared Wade and Lincoln to this eloquent supporter of both. In memory of him "whose soul goes marching on," Riddle said: "Then up arose John Brown, soldier and prophet—do not say that he was crazy, do not think it, do not so cloud his glory—and, scanning this slavery, said, 'It was wrong, all wrong, allied to nothing good, or even indifferent, but wholly wrong. No matter how old it is, or how deeply imbedded in institutions; no matter how guarded by state constitutions and laws, or how esteemed and received as good. No matter, though hedged in by the Union, and walled round by the triple bars of the national compact—though thirty-three crowned sovereigns, with arms in their hands, stand around it, it is wrong, and shall be dealt with as wrong. I cannot approach it through the law, that forbids me. I cannot strike it through the constitution, that protects it. I cannot move the power of the Union, to crush it, that shields it. Yet all revelation commands me, all the instincts of humanity impel me, all the voices of the free creation call me, and I fall back on the eternal reservation of rights, and obey.'"



## 29. *Sacrificing for Children's Education*

OUR GIRLS in Hiram were in this period doing excellent work. Both had courses in Greek, Latin, Bible lectures, and rhetoric, with Marcia taking German for a fifth study, and Babe general geometry and calculus. It was a stiff load of over twenty hours a week apiece; but in their first four subjects each made an average grade of  $96\frac{1}{2}$  for the winter term, and in the fifth Marcia had 96. While Babe, in her harder course, got 85. And they maintained about the same level for the remainder of their college careers. In addition to all this, they had literary productions to present each term in the College "rhetoricals" and in the Monday evening meetings of the Olive Branch Society, besides whatever parts might be assigned to them in the latter's yearly "entertainment" or perhaps in a class "exhibition." Of these labors Marcia's quota this year included essays on "Volapük" and "Savonarola," besides her participation in a society debate on the subject, "Resolved, that the study of Greek and Latin is necessary for a liberal education," wherein she helped the affirmative to win. In the spring, along with her regular studies, she had also two hours a day of piano practice. Mother felt that she was working altogether too hard; and indeed overwork no doubt had something to do with the long siege of fever which she was later to undergo in Hiram.

In April Governor Brown's resignation of the presidency of the Texas and Pacific aroused in Father curiously mingled feelings of regret and hope that the end of his pot-boiling "exile" in Texas would probably soon follow. He even fixed July 1 as the date when he would resign, and with this in mind it was arranged that Mother and Jimmy should remain in Dallas somewhat later than usual so that I might accompany them back to Ohio by June 1, a month before his own final return. Thus on April 10 he wrote to Judge Pardee:

We are all torn up again on the T. & P.—orphans so to speak. If things are agreeable I may hang on, to receipt for pay June 30th, and quit. The past three years has given me a great lift in keeping children at school and fixing up old buildings. The summers are too hot and men who have stock killed are not amiable enough to make me do like the man who was offered all the land he could walk around and started off at once—and they never saw him again. My folks go North the latter part of May if not before.

By way of reply the Judge invited him to come to Wooten Wells, where he planned to relax judicial dignity for a few days. But Father could not get

away, so on April 30 Judge Pardee wrote again from New Orleans, describing his recent trip and commenting thus on Father's future:

By the papers I see that Dice and Edgerton and others, old post-office inspectors, have been reinstated. I understood from you a while ago that you desired to be reappointed; I should think it would be a very easy matter for you, if you desired it.

The Texas and Pacific has now certainly become a Gould property and will undoubtedly be run entirely in the interest of the Gould system. So far as you are concerned, I think you can stay as long as you want to; but sooner or later there will be a reduction of expenses and the road will generally be skinned.

The rest of us went North according to schedule, but July 1 came and went, with Father still on the job. By the 7th he was writing me that he felt "half inclined to tough it out two months longer," and in the end it was two years longer before he actually resigned. Not until then would he have finished seeing his two older children through their formal education so as to feel reasonably secure of being able to do the same by the younger ones also. Hence proceeded his continuing self-denial—to be cherished in filial remembrance unto the third and fourth generations of them that loved him.

About the time when he first heard of Governor Brown's purpose to leave the Texas and Pacific, an article appeared in one of the March magazines which vividly recalled his old associations in the post office department and underlay Judge Pardee's reference to his passing thought of possibly resuming his old place in that service. The author, former Postmaster-general James, under whom Father had last served there, and who was now president of the Lincoln National Bank in New York City, where he had long been postmaster before he entered President Garfield's cabinet, thus answered Father's letter and corroborated his interesting reminiscences:

New York, March 7, 1889.

My dear Captain Henry:

I thank you most heartily for your generous letter of the 3rd, and am glad if my poor article in *Scribner's* met with your approval. For the first time, I think, the true story of the fast mail and its short life has been told; and for the first time credit has been given to Bangs, Vail, Thompson, and Jameson.

Let me thank you also for the constant kindness and courtesy I have always received at your hands. I did not know whom General Garfield had selected to apprise me of his good intention but am glad to know it now. I am deeply affected by it and beg to assure you that he could not have chosen a person more acceptable to me than Captain Henry.

Kindly remember me to Mrs. Henry and believe me always

Very truly your friend,

Thomas L. James

Soon afterwards former Governor Foster, in one of the several letters which he addressed to Father about this time, discussed Ohio politics and touched also the subject in the latter's mind:



Fostoria, Ohio, Apr. 5, 1889.

My dear Captain:

The feeling in Ohio between what may be called the Sherman and the Foraker factions is anything but pleasant. I am counted as belonging to the Sherman faction, but my relations with the Governor are pleasant. He tells me that he is not a candidate for the U. S. Senate, but all the indications prove that he is. There were several nominations made at the primary elections. I am quite sure that I fared well in these nominations. Whatever can be carefully and prudently done in my interests I have reason to believe will be done. Whatever influence I can bring to bear to secure the right kind of inspectors will be exercised. I am trying to have Mr. Sherman thoroughly understand the value of this class of officials. If we had a half dozen such as you were it would be very helpful to us just now.

Yours truly,  
Chas. Foster

Not, however, for two years yet, nor even then in the way that either now anticipated, was political preferment again to wait upon these political co-workers; but meanwhile the old friendly bond between them held fast, as when it was first welded by their common allegiance to General Garfield ten years before.

In the same connection Inspector Edgerton, by letter from Philadelphia dated May 8, wrote of his own new appointment and declared to Father, "My service with you in Ohio was the most pleasant of all my last official experience," and "I should like to see you once more in a high position in the Government service," adding earnestly, "No one, perhaps, knows the purity and honor of your official life better than myself."

Outside of his own farm and home affairs two occurrences of 1889 in Ohio during Father's absence touched him deeply: the uncontested divorce which was decreed in January to his younger sister, Eliza, in Cleveland, and the death at Geauga Lake on March 24 of his near neighbor, Mrs. Jane Kent, the aged widow of his boyhood employer and teacher, Gideon Kent. Each in her own way, but for widely different reasons, had known sorrows and mental suffering, which, with Mrs. Kent, had long since merged into utter derangement. Pensively he now turned the clock back forty years to childhood's hour when his sister, full of joy and playfulness, "was like a little bird," and when as a cheery young matron Mrs. Kent in her maternal fondness for him was second only to his own mother. The former, however, was yet to see many years of renewed happiness and independence, but for the latter, death had now given the blessed and only possible release.

Awaking memories of another sort, there appeared weekly from April to June, 1889, in the *Akron Beacon* a half-score of articles on "The Vicksburg Campaign" by Father's sterling friend and comrade in his company, Aaron Teeple, whose war diary had supplied contemporary data, trustworthy and of absorbing interest, for a new chapter in that oft-told tale. To men of the Forty-second Ohio this fresh narrative was peculiarly welcome and gave of course

new points for discussion between Father and Judge Pardee, the gallantry of both of whom it explicitly attests.

My place in Father's office was filled by a newcomer whom the other boys dubbed the "train robber" because he resembled the picture in current handbills of a certain fugitive desperado. But after a few weeks Father wrote, "Jim Wright does very well." The junior clerk, Cass Arbuckle (brother of the actor, Macklyn) resigned July 31, and a group picture of the whole office was then taken to include him. How it came to be labeled with the sinister initials of the South's post-bellum Ku Klux Klan, which the Yankees in the group reprobated, and how in Ohio meanwhile I had unwittingly opposed a friend of father's in the contest for nomination of a state senator in our district, the following letter, taken from among many of his in this period, recounts:

Dallas, Aug. 3, 1889. 7 P.M.

Dear Fred:

Yours of the 1st came on short time, but the paper will [follow] in a day or two. Alexander is a man of untiring pluck and energy but has wobbled in years gone by sometimes. He has done well for two or three years past. Conger is now wealthy and never lets up on an enemy. He is member of the National Committee and I think chairman of one of the State Committees, and Brinsmade of Cleveland the other. I hope you did not do anything to incur Conger's hostility in your work for Alexander.

I wrote Foraker not to repeat the blunder of Hoadly, who like Silas Wegg dropped into poetry, or rather politics, at Geauga Lake Pioneer meeting. I told him I lived there and knew the people, and to let politics alone in his speech, but shake hands with all. I enclose his reply.

It looks now some that I can't get home as early. Quick is sick and Prudhomme is not well. Quick wants to go ten or twelve days to Kansas City with his wife and is not able to get off yet. I can't leave until he returns, of course.

I sent you last night a picture of myself and the boys. I got two and gave one to Mr. Thorne that seemed to please him very much. On the lower margin I wrote, "Kompliments of the K. K. & K." which, after study, some of the boys deciphered, Kow Koroner and Kabinet.

I wound up at Marshall the other night after three days over the T. C. The leading citizens there gave a reception to Capt. Grant, Mr. Thorne, [and Mr.] McCullough, and I was invited.<sup>1</sup> An old lawyer made a welcoming speech and called the T. & P. officials "the prodigal," but assured us that they would prepare us the fatted calf on our return. When he closed, the cry of "Henry, Henry" went up, and before I knew it I had sailed into a response, thanking them for their friendly interest in the T. & P. and its officers, and assuring them that the fatted calf would be duly appreciated by the T. & P. prodigals provided they did not offer a full-blooded jersey or shorthorn and ask the

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<sup>1</sup> Marshall was the eastern junction of the Texas and Pacific Railway's main line with its parallel Transcontinental Division. The persons named were general manager, superintendent of transportation, and division superintendent, respectively. The Texas legislature had passed an act to require the road's general offices to be removed from Dallas to Marshall, but before the time for such removal came the Company sued for injunction and the act was held invalid.



prodigal to kill it with a locomotive. Amid the cheers and shouts of laughter I retired gracefully.

My love to all.

It was a fortnight longer before he was able to start home. For over two months and a half after Mother, Jimmy, and I had left, he remained alone in Texas. On August 8 he wrote to Judge Pardee,

The best and almost only company I have is books, after I am done with a day's jabber about the price of a dead cow. The weather however is so hot that I feel that I have been in a Turkish bath for a month.

Finally, from August 17 to September 22, five weeks, he had his well-earned vacation. Only once for over a year had he been off the T. & P. lines, and that only over night with Judge Pardee to Houston.

At home again on the farm, like a boy out of school, he seemed carefree and joyous, "full of fun" and with "a great new song and a new stock of stories." On August 21, the day after his arrival, he with most of the family attended the Pioneer Picnic on the Kent House grounds at Geauga Lake and there exchanged greetings with neighbors from all the countryside, listened to the magic of Governor Joseph Benson Foraker's oratory, and after the speech chatted for a while with the orator. The next Saturday he drove a dozen miles to Punderson's Pond in Newbury where, at an assemblage of Civil War veterans and their families, he renewed acquaintance with friends of his youth whom he had first known in school or camp or when as a boy or young man he had worked or taught in their vicinity.

Three days later he and Mother drove to Kent to visit her Foote and Parsons cousins there, and the next morning he went on by rail to Akron for the twenty-first reunion of the Forty-second regiment. At this meeting, which had been arranged for with unusual care and interest, following the Teeple serial in the *Beacon*, he met seventy of his former comrades at arms. With him were Pem Cowles and Dave Gates, who had driven from Chardon to Geauga Lake the evening before to bear him company to Akron, but finding that he was already gone, stayed overnight at our house and then caught up with him in Kent.

Thus within a week's time and with his usual diligence Father had pretty thoroughly freshened his home ties in Ohio. Meanwhile he was noting appreciatively the various things done to his liking about home since Mother and I had come back from Dallas. On his fourth day here, all the household went down to inspect the Squires house, which Uncle Henry Brewster had almost finished refitting. Of course Father still deplored the doom of the old brick chimney and fireplace, but the crumbling remains of the great oven in the cellar proved how unsavable the whole structure had become. As he and I wandered on through his four hundred acres, visiting together, and pausing here and there to turn off some little chore, every minute seemed to afford him new delight.





Texas & Pacific Railway Claim Department, "Colonel" Henry and Office Assistants Arbuckle, Prudhomme, Quick (Chief Clerk), and Wright, Dallas, Texas, August 1889





This happiness in being again at home on his farm could take but slight new color from the news which came a few days later out of Texas that he was being "strongly talked of for postmaster of Dallas." Although he had no itch for this office, the fact that, besides his Grand Army and railroad friends, a good many others there wanted him for it, tended to reconcile him to a longer sojourn among them and a further absence from his loved Ohio home. Of friends who came to see him and Mother during his vacation, Harry Rhodes and wife were perhaps the oldest and most welcome.

On September 12 Father went to New York for conference with Mr. Lyman at the Surety Company's office. After his return he for the first time got really acquainted with my fiancée, Louise Adams, of East Smithfield, Pennsylvania, whom Mother had invited to visit us over the week end on her way back to Hiram College for her senior year. Father was pleased with his prospective daughter and as time went on grew vastly fond of her. She and my sisters returned to Hiram on September 17 for the opening of the fall term. Father started back to Dallas on the 20th, and I left for the University of Michigan on the 25th. He had weighed, but soon dropped, my suggestion that he journey via Washington to see about the Dallas postmastership. Success in that project would have broken the continuity of his prized Ohio citizenship which he held from birth to death.

At Geauga Lake Mother—alone now except for Jimmy and her little housemaid, Kate Penney, who with him attended the district school—remained for eight weeks, busy with the girls' wardrobes and her autumn canning. This was a fortnight longer than first planned, for Father had expected to come home to vote on November 5 and to take her and Jimmy back with him. With so many going their different ways at once and taking with them whatever they might want for the winter, our home to those left seemed deserted and despoiled and life there pretty humdrum. In a letter to Father two days after my departure Mother wrote on a half sheet of note paper:

Friday Morning.

My darling Husband:

Since the exodus of the children I am not able to find any paper except odds and ends, but I know that you won't mind. Fred went Wednesday, and I tell you when I said good-bye to him I felt desolate enough, and tempted to take a good cry, but thought better of it and instead went to sewing.

It is rather cool, but pleasant; we have had no frosts yet. Mr. Morris has bought five new cows, but I have not been over to see whether they prove to be good or not.

Mary [Nelson Henry's wife] came over and she and Nelt and I went to Newburg; had a very good time. We took their horse (they have only one) and Patty, and went as slick as could be. The roads were good and the days were perfect. We went Monday and came home Tuesday evening—went into Cleveland Tuesday morning. Julia [Brown, Nelson Henry's sister] gave each of us a basket of pears and I bought two more for \$1.50. I shall can them, as I find it very convenient to have some canned fruit when I return in the spring.



Louise Case came over here yesterday and I gave her a basket of crab apples. She brought me a big heaping basket of tomatoes, which I will also can. Jimmie has just filled the woodbox and is now about to start to school. Kate is proving to be a very good girl. Mr. Riley's people are getting along well.

I do not think of anything else, and will stop to send this this morning by the children. Received your postal from St. Louis—or beyond, rather,—also your note written upon your arrival. Love to the Cochrans.

With love,  
Wife

Two days later she wrote to Aunt Mary Williams, still in Wisconsin, in part as follows:

I received your letter setting the date of your departure for home. I shall be here till after election. . . . So you will come right here from Cleveland, will you not? . . . Hiram has started off finely—nearly three hundred students. Marcia has a fine room with a grate in it. She and Mabelle [Turner] room together. Babe and Blanche [Squire] are right next them in the new part of Bowler Hall. . . . Addie and Harry [Rhodes] visited here while Charlie was home. He looks very badly yet. Addie spoke of your going there when you returned. I had a splendid time at Kent.

Mr. Rhodes had been in failing health for a year or more, and this visit was the last time any of us ever saw him, for his death occurred in Cleveland February 14, 1890. More than thirty years afterwards his son Harrison, in his volume, *A Gift Book for My Mother*, wrote charmingly of these sisters of her fiancé that was lost in the Civil War, saying of one of them:

There was an enchanting Aunt Mary whose visits pleasantly punctuated all my childhood. She had been a great beauty, and I imagine a great flirt, when she was younger. But a disappointment had come and she had never married, and she was growing old in a kind of gay, lovely tenderness which seems to me as I look back, to have so often been the way with what we called "old maids" in those days. She was responsible for the rose culture because it was she who discovered the address of the nurseries near Philadelphia. And she did the loveliest embroidery, which I came later to realize was like the detailed sword of flowers spread before the Virgin in a primitive Italian picture. She was deeply religious, yet her most engaging trait was a genuine wit which most quaintly manifested itself in unbelievably apt and funny quotations from the Bible which she made at the most seemingly inapropos moments of life! I wish I could remember them—but then I wish I could remember the Bible.

The girls came home over some of the week ends, doubtless bringing now and then their roommates with them. So one by one the autumn's gray days and gold filed by, while the gorgeous October apparel of the trees was donned and doffed again. Meanwhile it became apparent that Father's home-coming plans were to suffer a most untimely frustration. Mother was never very sentimental about the observance of domestic anniversaries; but her family should not have permitted to pass so casually the successive days, November

9 and 10, which marked her forty-ninth birthday and Jimmy's ninth, the latter being also her silver-wedding day. The girls indeed were at home for both; but I confess that in Ann Arbor, with my class-election campaign waxing warm, I was oblivious of any significance attaching to these dates. Mother seldom preserved a letter; so it can not be said that no word of felicitation from Father was then on its way to her, delayed in transit, as sometimes happened, and now no longer extant. But if he sent any at all, she had not received it when she wrote him *sans reproche* as follows:

Geauga Lake, Ohio, Nov. 10, 1889.

Dearest Charlie:

I received your note containing the passes. We will start for Dallas November (Tuesday) 19th, and hope you will be able to meet us in St. Louis. You spoke of my staying a while longer; but it is getting cold, and we are about out of large wood and are also almost out of provisions, and I hate to stock up again. And then, dearest, I am longing so to see you that I have concluded to go then. I hope you will think it best. The children came home to say good-bye, that is, Marcia and Babe, and all our plans are laid. If you can not meet us I shall be very much disappointed, but have been over the road so many times that I will be able to come safely. But, darling, I do hope, if you can not meet us, you will be there [in Dallas] to meet us. You have no idea how desolate it seems not to find you when we arrive.

Do you hear from Fred? I have not heard from him for some time. Mr. Morris has been making wire fence and working every day. He has a new man who, they say, is the best man to do chores they ever had. I think he is going to work for his board during the cold weather. They are through husking. I saw Mr. Morris driving a cow with a little calf yesterday.

Jimmie, Kate, and I went to church at Aurora for the last time this winter today. Mr. Wilson preaches very well and he seems very fond of Hiram.

I think I should enjoy visiting Mrs. Pardee very much if it were convenient for you to take me. Did you remember that yesterday was my birthday and that today is the twenty-fifth anniversary of our wedding, and Jimmie's birthday? Sweetheart, do you want to see me? I am wild to see you—can not wait a week longer. The girls send much love. They brought home their clothes and washed them last eve. They go back tomorrow. Much love and many kisses from

Wife

Before his receipt of this letter Father wrote to me, "I expect Mamma and Jim every day. Her C. C. C. & I. pass expires the 15th." Concerning his disappointment about coming home to vote and to have Mother return with him, he had written to me in Ann Arbor ten days before the election: "I can not go North November 5th, I have too much to do"; adding, "If convenient, however, it may be well for you to go," but "I can do no more at best, I fear, than try to meet Mamma at St. Louis." Continuing, he quoted her as saying, "Aunt Mary wants to take Jimmy to Hiram"; but on considering this proposal he concluded, "On the whole I guess the boy had best be with his mother."

Father always freely acknowledged Aunt Mary's tireless devotion to our family, but her benevolent protectorate during her stays with us irked him



inordinately so that he was loath to come home while she was there. She had returned after the middle of October from her long visit in Wisconsin, uncertain whether she would spend the winter in Hiram or stay in Cleveland with Hal and Margaret Rhodes in case their father and mother went to California for the former's health; and it was largely on her account that Mother and Jimmy were starting South so late and unaccompanied. Their passes were routed from St. Louis over the M. K. and T., a day's journey longer than usual to Dallas, where they finally arrived on the 23d, joyfully welcomed by Father. Unable to meet them in St. Louis, he had become "sort of torn up" with uncertainty over their delay.

His suggestion about my going home to help get everything snug for the winter by the time of Mother's departure, and also to exercise there my right of suffrage at the November election, came just as our law class election seemed near at hand, with a rather alluring prospect of my being chosen class president if I stayed (both physically and tropically) on the ground and attended strictly to my double load of studies in the law and graduate departments. It turned out that I might very well have gone to Ohio then, as I finally did a week before Christmas; for in Michigan my electoral prospect kept receding like a mirage, until it was at last—quite surprisingly—realized in the latter part of January. The result of the Ohio election was less gratifying, as appears from the following letter to Father from Governor Foster.

Fostoria, Ohio, Nov. 12th, 1889.

My dear Captain:

I have your very kind letter of Nov. 7th. I have no hesitancy in saying to you that we would have elected our State ticket and the Legislature with any other candidate than Foraker. I of course agree with you as to his Dalzell, Tanner & Co. performances. I was however disappointed; I thought we would win. Three hundred votes properly distributed would have given us the Legislature. I am quite sure I would have been elected senator without opposition. I do not think, however, that I will make any further attempts upon the Senate. There is no special reason why I should bother about it. I console myself with the thought that I will in the future have more time to devote to myself. About the only regret I feel is that I cannot be as useful to my friends.

I think McKinley is discreet enough not to get into entangling alliances if he should be elected Speaker; in fact I think the chances are against his success.

I am always glad to hear from you and nothing would please me more than to meet you and have an old-fashioned half-day's talk.

Very truly yours,  
Chas. Foster

On the 15th Father wrote to me: "I enclose Gov. Foster's letter which you can return if you think of it. Gov. Foraker enforced the Sunday [saloon-closing] law in Cincinnati and ran seven thousand behind there. Who did it? Saloons and [separate-party] prohibitionists, and perhaps one or two hundred mugwumps. Three hundred votes might have sent a splendid man to the Senate instead of Johnnie McLean or Boodle Brice." It will be noted that

Father's fealty to his party knew no faltering. Though he had warm personal friends in the opposite camp, yet politically the electorate classified themselves no less decidedly in his mind than, let us say, in that of his niece, Florence Brown, whom we liked to rally for saying always "staunch Republicans" and "rabid Democrats," as if these phrases were firmly conventionalized like Virgil's "pious Aeneas" or Homer's "crafty Ulysses." He could have little faith in the Governor-elect, James E. Campbell, and still less in Calvin S. Brice, who was soon to succeed United States Senator Henry B. Payne—all of them Democrats.

Meanwhile Mother's advent in Dallas was warmly welcomed as usual by the Cochran household and by her church circle. After staying at the Cochrans' for a week, Father, Mother, and Jimmy on the first of December moved for a short distance to new lodgings at Mrs. Shawnfield's, 412 Griffin Street. With the continuing mild weather their outings were not infrequent; though Jeff Davis's death on December 6th, followed by much public mourning, lessened for a while the outward gaiety of some of their Southern friends. Dr. and Mrs. Cochran, however, were quite ready a week later to take Mother a-fishing to a little lake, ten miles out in the country, on whose bank they enjoyed their picnic luncheon.

No longer lonely, Father, too, grew more carefree, now that I could write him from home, after personal inspection there, that at last the Squires house was really done; and his satisfaction from such news was redoubled by his receipt about the same time of the report of the girls' high grades in all their extremely hard studies during the fall term in Hiram. The winter term there opened right after New Year's Day, and my letter of January 3, 1890, to Father from Hiram, where I stayed until the end of my vacation, discloses that "I visited Babe's Greek class this morning and was surprised at the way she recited—she does splendidly. I will get from her and Marcia a statement of their financial affairs and send it to you before I leave here."

Their college expenses were extremely moderate, including room and board at three dollars and fifteen cents a week each, and tuition per term ten dollars, with small disbursements for books and other necessities, but not a single superfluous outlay. Yet without scrutinizing apparently the details of their neatly itemized account or even noticing that it included advance payment of their winter term tuition fees, he grumbled that "Marcia and Baby ought not to have used eighty dollars and fifty cents in fall term" apiece. But in spite of such recurring obsessions and groundless reproaches, the fact that all his children were fond of him in his lifetime and have cherished his memory devotedly since his death, shows clearly enough how lovable and fundamentally just, how humorous and wisely generous, how industrious and self-sacrificing, take him all in all, he really was.

On January 10 he wrote to me on the letterhead of "G. H. Thomas Post No. 6, Department of Texas, G. A. R.," "One year ago tonight I was mustered



Commander. A few weeks ago I declined reelection and tonight hand over the reins to my successor." Further on he says, "Mamma felt badly to think you had probably not called on Aunt Mary when you passed through Cleveland. I tried to patch up the matter with the remark that you had three other aunts whom you did not have time to see, and that you would have to call on the whole of them or discriminate. We had no unkind words—we never do—but Mamma replied that Aunt Mary's case was different; and indeed it is. So let us be kam."

*La grippe* prevailed in a mild but widespread epidemic during this open winter, and the severe cough with which I had gone to Ohio merged into a short attack of influenza on my return to Michigan. Concerning this and his new investment in local bank stock, Father wrote to me:

Dallas, Texas, January 17, 1890.

Dear Fred: Yours of twelfth instant came yesterday. Glad to hear you have recovered. Keep warm, and stomach in good order; skin clean by frequent ablutions, especially your feet. In good condition you can do double the work you can when poorly, flabby, and headachy. Plug steadily along each day, leaving a good well-turned furrow behind you. You will be astonished in twelve months how much you have been able to do by observing the above rules. Had I followed them properly for even ten years I would not now be a poor old shiftless exile in Texas.

Yesterday I took ten shares in the American National Bank. Its earnings last year, over and above all expenses, were twenty-four and a half per cent; dividends six per cent, June and January; the remaining twelve and a half went to surplus. I got them as a special favor at 165 and was offered 170 this morning for them. I however gave my word that I would keep them. They got scared a little, I think, fearing I would get the United States deposits changed to the City National. This deal will make Mamma's income and mine reach three hundred sixty dollars a year, besides increase in value of stock. For sixteen hundred and fifty dollars I get one hundred twenty a year, about what the Squires farm would rent for. Then why not sell out all our land? Simply, no; because I bought the Squires and Russ places on sentiment for *home*, and I have never seen hills, valleys, springs and groves that I like or ever could like so well. These ten shares will pinch me a little to pay for; but by borrowing one hundred dollars of Mamma till May, and, as old Mr. Giles said about his son Daniel, "trading and pilfering around" for two or three months, I can make out. . . .

We are well and send regards to Phillips.

C. E. Henry

On the next day my law class, in its long drawn out election for president, reached a choice on the twenty-first ballot, and I wrote to Father, paraphrasing pompously the sentence from Grady's speech, which we had heard in Dallas over a year before—"The president of the largest class of the most renowned department of the greatest university of the Western Continent sends greeting." To this he responded:

Dallas, January 24, 1890,  
Friday evening, 7:30 P.M.

Dear Fred: Yours of Saturday came today. I had sort of made up my mind for defeat, yet with a firm faith that you would win, at the end of two years, in standing and merit. Senator Stanford felt proud that his two-year-old colt got to the end first, and proud indeed to receive one hundred and two thousand and something dollars for him for the achievement. Imagine, then, the pride of an exiled sire and dame in a twenty-two year old boy to win a greater race. Indeed, in the language of Sloppy about Betty Higden—Oh, you're "one in a million million." We suspect, however, that much is due to the skillful and diplomatic management of your friend Phillips, aided perhaps by coadjutors and helpers inspired by his wise and discreet counsels. Our thanks to him, and, if there be others, our thanks to "t'other governor" and "t'otherest governor." Meanwhile we try to keep kam. The T. & P. boys say, "Fred will be President some day." The notice in the *Sunday Leader* is all right except the last three words ["in Ohio politics"]. Had it closed with, "a brilliant career" in faro bank business, or a brilliant career as a boodler, or a brilliant career in the house of ill fame business, it would have been quite as cheering. If you ever touch practical politics, do so *through the judicial door*. It is more respectable.

This late triumph is a solid pedestal for you to stand on, a good piece of masonry that can not be washed away by waves of detraction and calumny that most likely will come in future years. But look well to the laurels they have put on your head. "Make each day a king," under whose eye you glean and toil. With good behaviour, fair dealing, steady toil, and princely gentle bearing, the wreath will keep green; but neglect of these will leave it to crumble at your feet.

Train comes.

C. E. Henry

Apropos of the death on January twenty-second of John McSweeney, the noted orator, lawyer, and Democratic politician in Ohio, he wrote again:

One of your enthusiastic admirers and indeed a whooper-up supporter, so to speak, at home, met me when I was home last fall. Under his usual inspiration, he was highly eulogistic. Said he, "Now, Cap, you give—that—boy—chance." I replied, "I want to give both my boys a chance so far as I am able." "No, no," said he, "I don't mean the little cuss; t'other one. But—but Fred. Give 'im chance—hic. He'll make a reg'lar dam' old Mc—hic—Sweeney,"—which to me was not cheering. Nevertheless it was intended for high praise. With all of old McSweeney's faults he, however, possessed some rare and valuable elements as a lawyer or at least an advocate. . . . Remember Macaulay's saying, something like this, "The world gives its approval"—or applause—"not to the one who does something nobody else can do, but to the one who does best what others do well."

On February 1, after enlarging upon the qualifications for a lawyer, he added:

I didn't set out to write a lecture, but have a deep anxiety for you to do well. Yet I doubt not; but have a firm and abiding faith in your honesty, industry, and deportment, and especially in the six feet six overtopping and overshadowing all these (so far as the world sees).



Referring, further on, to the sugar bush on the Russ Place, he added:

I wish you and I could run it this spring. Wouldn't I go for you, though, if I sent you for a load of boards to the station to build a sugar house with, and saw you hauling over Dar Reed's green three-inch plank? "Oh *what* a *block-head*! With no more sense than a goose. Send him to law school, for he is too stubborn and pig-headed to learn anything on the farm. 'Make a regl'r ole dam'—hic—Mc—hic—Sweeney of 'im'."

The next day Mother wrote to Aunt Mary in Ravenna that Jimmy had just brought in "a large handful of violets," but with the unseasonable warm weather "everybody has" had *la grippe* except herself and Jimmy, and that Father "had a slight attack—two chills, a little fever and quite a severe cough—but is well now." She spoke of being elected "president of the Ladies Aid Society" in spite of her protests, for "They say Northern ladies make the best presidents."

Under date of February 14, Judge White wrote from Cleveland to Father in part as follows:

I have treasured the copy of "Eclectic Days" which you kindly sent me some time ago, and have read it to numerous old Hiram friends, and it is certainly a very remarkable poem. It has the finest flavor of old Hiram memories, in the genuine Hiram spirit, of any writing of the kind that I have ever read. Well, the third annual reunion of the Hiram Association of this city came off at the "Weddell" as announced, and it was a thoroughly enjoyable affair. About one hundred and seventy-five were present, including a number of invited guests—part of the faculty from the College, and several others. Some responses to toasts were by ladies as well as gentlemen. For instance, Mrs. Myra K. Fenton gave us a very piquant and witty response, delivered with considerable oratorical effect, to the toast, "Hiram and Womanhood." You can imagine the grace, beauty, strength of such a theme for "Myra Ferry." I will send you a copy of the Cleveland *Leader*, which contains a very brief but tolerably fair report of the reunion. Old absent members of the Hiram fellowship, of whom yourself and devoted wife are chief, were by no means forgotten. It gave me great pleasure to read part of the poem referred to, together with a part of your very kind letter, especially the latter part of it, and the Weddell House was shaken with "Delphic thunder" at the close of the reading. . . .

Very fraternally yours,  
Henry C. White

Father had already seen the same account of the Hiram College dinner in his own paper and had written me about it as follows:

Dallas, February 6, 1890.

Dear Fred: I wrote you yesterday. Last evening I received the *News* containing the enclosed that moves me to say a little more. Mrs. Fenton—or Myra Ferry as we called her in days of yore when Burke and I discovered some "homely splendors" in Hiram—was about the age of Mamma, bright and pert, and married Fenton after the War. (He was in the Second Ohio Cavalry). Her picture of the old farm shows her school-girl grace and facility of ex-

pression in an essay. Indeed she surpasses the finest passages in Ik Marvel's *My Farm of Edgewood*. When she speaks of going after the cows, the sweet flag, the clover and apple blossoms, the cow yard and milking stool, I feel thrilled and inspired with the poetry of farm life. I shut my eyes and drink in the inspiration. I can almost smell the fragrance of new-mown hay and hear the sharp swish of the scythe in the grass.

I can feel, too, once more, the soft squ'sh of the fresh cow-splash between my toes, into which I inadvertently stepped in the cow yard while aiming a retributive blow with the milking stool at some "old bitch" that had disturbed my quiet meditations, while milking her, by skilfully flirting her tail, heavy with exuded fresh grass, and drawing it across my face and through my mouth.

So, my son, always keep your mouth shut while milking, or being pumped or milked by politicians.

Pawpaw



## 30. *Longing for God's Country*

SINCE New Year's Day the little family group in Dallas had enjoyed keeping house again, and Father's letters in this period reflect his state of mental highjinks. To Major Joseph Rudolph, West Mentor, Ohio, he now wrote:

Dallas, Texas, February 18th, 1890.

My dear Joe: We were very glad to hear from you again after so long. We were glad, too, for the rainy day to jog your memory and remind you of your old friends in exile. I desire to return to Ohio more than you think I do. I don't want all the land I "can walk around, and start off without saying good-bye to friends and family, and that is the last thee will ever see" of me; but my children are doing so well and, moreover, they are so anxious to finish a thorough course at school, I feel the *necessity* almost of gratifying them by remaining for a while in this wicked God-forsaken country. You thought Texas a nice country twenty years ago. Still later you spoke in high praise of Mississippi.

Now, while Soph and I never thought you were wicked and always had faith—a hope at least—that you would escape the torments of the Burning Lake—sort of sneak past it—unless the Thirty-nine Articles of the Presbyterian fish-net should catch you and throw you therein, we always had a notion that you would play Mark Tapley if you were landed there or rather consigned there. We would expect you to say that it was the nicest place you ever got into. We always liked your candor, truthfulness, honesty, and fidelity in friendship; but truly, Joe, were ever two bigger lies told by mortal man than for truthful Joseph or any other man to say that Texas and Mississippi are the nicest places in the world to live in? Still, my beloved spouse—gentle and kind—who chased you with a pitchfork, and myself, still stick by you and indeed believe in your goodness of heart. We let you out on your Mississippi and Texas statements on the ground that you didn't know what you were talking about; that you had forgotten Ohio, and that you judged relatively between [them and] the old-fashioned Presbyterian hades, with a decidedly warped and biased predilection in favor of Mississippi and Texas.

We have done fairly well, however, in Texas, our investments having turned out well. I have long since given up my efforts to get what is called "rich," from the farmer's standpoint, even. We have a few shares in two of the best banks here, that pay twelve to fourteen per cent and the stock appreciates about twenty per cent a year. So I hope to be able before long to live in Ohio and drive a good ox-team and have time to see my friends and not have to set them at work when they visit me. I never could get much work out of Hinsdale and Pardee when they visited me, but you did pretty well for a year or two till Mollie Henry spoiled it all. After you saw her you didn't earn your keep, and indeed you didn't keep at our house much—only shake hands and "How

are you all? I guess I'll take a little stroll across the lots," and that's the last we would see of you. . . .

By the way I saw the veritable living Old Mose [Richards] of thirty years ago on Superior street in September last. Not a gray hair nor whisker, with boyish teeth unworn and unsullied by cigars and tobacco, and not a day older than when he and I recited Fourth Algebra to Dunshee. Ah me! The rest of us have grown old with ever-coming troubles and sorrows of nearly half a century, but Mose keeps the elixir of youth and is a bright young postal clerk on the Lake Shore road.

Strange to say the carrier just came and I opened the *Leader* and read the death of Harry Rhodes. He was a good fellow, better than some of us; genial, pleasant, and good-hearted. His failings—if such they were—were boyish and capricious and in no way cold or malicious.

A marvelous element in Garfield's character to me was the wide extent of his friendships, not only as to numbers, extending to thousands, but in the wide range of taste, character, age, and condition of men he took or accepted as part of himself. Rhodes, however, held a place in his heart unlike all the others. To me it seemed like the warm love of a big brother for a little sister. During the Greeley campaign and for a year or two after, Rhodes appeared reserved, confused, and I thought ashamed when they met. And they did not meet often. One of the pleasantest acts of my life was to work them back into the old-time relations. Indeed, Garfield was always right and acted as if nothing had disturbed their affection. He told me one time, "Hal Rhodes can not make me angry with him." At last the old relations appeared to return, but it took a long time to overcome Rhodes's coyness and reserve. When he and Addie went to Washington with Soph and myself, he felt like the same old Hal again.

Well, I must close. I am straining every nerve to be able to return in June or July to Ohio and stay there. I was glad indeed to hear from you and wish you would write again soon. Soph joins me in kindest regards to your father, your wife, and all the rest. We hear that Mrs. Garfield is in Washington.

Your friend,  
C. E. Henry

P. S. By the way, I haven't seen anything in the papers for over a year about "Uncle Mike." If I do I will cut it out and send it to you.<sup>1</sup>

Father's letters, now as always, touched on a wide variety of topics. Thus (February 22) he wrote, in a letter to me,

I enclose also slip about Douglas Jerrold. I have heard of "Dug" now and then for years but never knew much about him. I classed him with Hook, Swift and other English wits in literature, and have had a suspicion for years

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<sup>1</sup> "Uncle Mike" was a standing joke between Father and his correspondent. At page 9 of Balch's *Garfield's Words* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, 1881) it is seriously stated that the President "was married to Lucretia Rudolph, the grand-niece of Michel, Duke of Elchingen, Marshal Ney." The apocryphal legend assumes that Marshal Ney, through connivance, survived the mock shooting on December 15, 1815, that was decreed by the Bourbons, and escaping to America, lived under the names Peter Stuart Ney and Michael Rudolph until his death in Rowan County, North Carolina, on November 15, 1846. See Weston's *Historic Doubts as to the Execution of Marshal Ney* (1895); Smoot's *Marshal Ney: Before and After Execution* (1929); Blythe's *Marshal Ney: A Dual Life* (New York, Stackpole Sons, 1937). Another such joke was that our "Uncle Joe" Rudolph was "probably the lawful heir to the throne of the Hapsburgs."



that all jokes and witty sayings for centuries naturally drifted like flood-trash, good and trashy, into their pools. The persons, time, place, and conditions all assist—or prevent—a joke or wit. The jolliest and most innocent joke, with some people or at some time or place, may be flat and silly, and even a grievous insult, with other conditions and persons.

Later in the same letter he wrote :

I think I understand now where Lincoln got his education. It was [during] eight winters (according to E. B. Washburne) in the legislature, two winters in Congress, and many years on the judicial circuit following the court through twelve or fifteen counties. He took men as he found them, and when they were overreached, or prevented rather from overreaching him, some of them called him crafty, but craftiness never tarnished the bright shield of his honesty and truthfulness.

Lincoln's character loomed now as one of Father's hobbies. A fortnight earlier he had sent me Carpenter's *Six Months in the White House*, the author of which painted the great National picture of "The First Reading of the Emancipation Proclamation before the Cabinet, by President Lincoln," whereof large engraved copies became familiarly known throughout the North soon after the War when offered as a premium by the publishers of the *Independent*. Father called this (February 9)

a very good book to let in some light on a wonderful character. To sum up or explain Lincoln's career and success I think the factors could be given in solving the problem, viz., sterling honesty and patient industry in all that he took hold of. In short, he thought out what he deemed the right thing to do and say in every "job" of work. I have a new book (to me), *Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln*, [edited] by Allen Thorndike Rice, composed of anecdotes, stories, etc., by twenty or thirty of Lincoln's coadjutors, such as Judge Davis, Washburne, Ingersoll, Colfax, Boutwell, et al. It is a large and valuable book.

To eke out the savings from my Texas earnings so as to cover my first year's expense at Ann Arbor, Father had given me some unhopeful promissory notes long owing to him; one by his old army comrade Hubbell for balance of purchase price of our town house, others by the Hirschmans for arrears of rent and by swarthy "Pirate" Kelso for sundry household supplies. In supplementing, as he knew he must, these tenuous resources, he wrote (February 25),

I fear that my sending you money is like throwing on the ground a live woodchuck before a dog digging and chawing the roots under a tree after another; and the piratical, Teutonic, and Cleveland woodchucks will remain undisturbed in their holes among the roots. How about it?

To justify his indulgence he added, "Choke and chew on your studies. That is your best hold for advancement." Continuing then, with characteristic serio-comic gravity, he suggested that on the lines of the law, for my next vacation's earnings, I apply in Cleveland to the Probate court for short appointments



(such, I suppose, as appraiser, guardian ad litem, special constable, or anything to consume the surplus hours above twenty-four a day), and added,

I have great faith in the Judge White prospect for job work that will leave you some time for recreation on the farm—digging ditches, building wire fence, painting buildings, hauling wood, cutting briers, thistles and brush, fixing fence, hoeing garden, etc., etc., etc.; and leave, too, some hours which you can improve in healthful riding by taking your girl to Twinsburg over the romantic Ledge Road with Patty and Fanny to see the famous imported French horse. Pure and unadulterated country life.

Though carrying on in Dallas only a “sort of” housekeeping, Mother rose to the occasion when (as she wrote to Aunt Mary on March 2)

Judge Pardee held court here last week and took dinner with us. Aunt Lizzie lent me a fine white table-cloth and Mrs. Farrar, the lady of whom we rent rooms, a lot of silver, real old solid stuff—a coffee pot, sugar-bowl, spoonholder, spoons, knives, and forks—and some beautiful china, so that my table looked nice, and everything was good, and he seemed to enjoy it hugely.

This entertaining of Judge Pardee Father described (March 1) as

a nice, cosy little dinner, which he liked. I saw he was pleased to hear Judge McCormick tell me about reading the complimentary notice of my son. With unique roguery, however, he told me to tell you that he read somewhere that the correct height of a man is measured from the bridge of the nose up. Pardee is liked very much by the bar and is highly respected judicially. They regard him as the ablest jurist in the South, either State or Federal. I am gratified by this statement, for the burning need of education in the South is respect for Federal law. If that respect grows and is enforced with a proper administration of law in the Federal courts, my sons or grandsons maybe will not be called on to draw the sword for the Constitution and flag.

Returning to Mother’s letter, I quote further :

We are to have a Japanese festival in our church to continue several days, and as I am president of the Aid Society I expect to be quite busy for a few weeks. Still they are all workers. The church is to be beautiful, of stone, something like those in Cleveland. I expect now to go to New Orleans before I come home, as Mrs. Pardee sent me a very cordial invitation.

Up North, Uncle Henry Brewster was now again in charge of the sugaring on the Russ Place, and on March 3 he wrote in part as follows :

We commenced tapping the seventeenth of February, which was Saturday; finished the eighteenth, which was Sunday; and hit the nail square on the head; for on Monday the nineteenth we gathered seventy barrels, and it has kept us very busy to take care of the sap until yesterday, and we have had no time to pack and ship until today. . . . Last year we gathered 330 barrels; this year, from the nineteenth of February to the twenty-eighth, we have gathered 334 barrels, but it is not as sweet as last year. In order to make room for the sap I boiled one night until three o’clock and four nights until twelve o’clock. . . . This year we are getting sap as well as our neighbors. because the buckets were carefully looked over and the hoops drove on,



all that needed it; and the trees were not tapped right in the old holes, and the boys did not tap butternut and hickory and basswood and everything they came to. And then all that runs is saved and not spilt on the ground, and everything is kept clean; so you need not be afraid to eat it. . . .

Eliza came out with John last Friday and went back with him this morning. She is getting tired of living alone; says Shelt fell and hurt himself again so he is laid up in bed. Katy has been very sick with the measles but is better now. Maria about as usual; does not have me or Ann to blow at; so Eliza has to take it all except what she saves to stir up Shelt.

We had a long and funny letter from Ed Henry, congratulating us on being postmaster at Geauga Lake and telling of his father's post-office in the early days.

Wife joins with me in kind regards to you and yours.

Writing from Ann Arbor to Father about my work in political economy under Professor Henry Carter Adams, I had mentioned the fact that he was a free-trader, but that he had scrupulously handed around to his students the copies of a book, *Protection to American Industries*, which Andrew Carnegie had sent to him for gratuitous distribution among them. To this he responded (March 9):

What your professors really need in education on the tariff and economic subjects is a term of three months schooling with a dinner pail [and] with a family to feed, besides reciting from seven A. M. to six P. M. with pick and shovel or other tools in the mine, the mill, [or at] loom and bench, in the Old World, and then come to the United States and work at the same kind of study for three months more, receiving no money except for what they accomplish in work. . . . When the average price of all labor in this country reaches the price for the same kind of labor in Europe, then we do not need protection for the price of a day's work here.

The invitation to New Orleans, of which Mother wrote, was now made more definite by Judge Pardee's letter of March 10, saying "if you and Mrs. Henry can safely make a trip down here next week, we will be glad to see you, or at any time you can come." But the Mississippi was high, the levees were in great danger, and Father was troubled about the non-arrival of his big shipment of maple sirup, thirteen barrels of half-gallon cans, which was delayed in transit by the floods, as well as about the sale and distribution of it when received; so a fortnight elapsed before he finally started with Mother and Jimmy. They arrived at Judge Pardee's on the evening of the twenty-sixth and stayed till the thirtieth. Of their trip he wrote:

Dallas, Texas, April 1st, 1890.

Dear Fred:

We found yours of the twenty-fifth ult. on our return from New Orleans. We had an elegant visit of three days. The Judge's birthday was the twenty-ninth—fifty-three years old. He said Burke's was the thirty-first. A few of the best attorneys gave him a dinner at Moreau's on Canal Street, where you and I appeased our hunger after three days among creoles, negroes, bulldozers, et al. The Father of Waters is high above the City. Here and there, indeed,

it runs over and runs rapidly back to Lake Pontchartrain, nine miles off, flushing the foul gutters of the City. The City is the same old town. I took Jimmy through the Mint, where they coined dollars fast as he could count; through the French Market, where could be seen the fair Cuban or a dusky belle of Honduras in soft phrases extolling their wares to some bearded sailor from Finland, or a Turk with fez nodding and gesticulating his earnestness to prove the genuineness of his beads for sale from the Holy Land. . . . We saw also the colossal Henry [Clay] on Canal Street, silver-tongued while living but quite coppery and brassy now. Some kind Republican had caused the letters (cut by Butler's order) to be painted again so they are easily read. . . . We thoroughly enjoyed the day at Lake Pontchartrain; the cemeteries, where . . . outside brick walls are used for economy of room, being eight or nine feet thick, and hundreds, yes thousands, wait for Gabriel's trump, with feet out, heads in. I could pick out yellow fever years by the dates. All together it was sad, . . . bringing to mind the brittle thread and how many times by a close shave, a hair's breadth, I had escaped, to enjoy this world in wife and children and friends. Great Caesar dead and turned to clay is the same clay of common man—all nothing if not immortal. . . .

I gave the Judge three volumes, *Works of Charles Lamb*, nicely bound, as a birthday present. He was pleased, I knew, but didn't say much. He is unique as ever. Mamma enjoyed her visit with Mrs. Pardee very much; and with him, too. At the Lake, the picture fiend came athwart our path, but we escaped by paying tribute for four pictures, a copy of which is enclosed. While waiting for the train to go there, we had forty minutes, and being opposite the museum noted for the iron man, fire fiend, snake lady, and the world-renowned rubber-skinned man (all professors and no doubt free-traders), Jimmy, with persistence and never-let-up urging of his grandpa on maternal side, gave us no peace till we went in, and the forty minutes flew like magic, where Jimmy and even Mamma wanted to stay longer. . . .

Study every day, keep your stomach in order, sleep enough, and don't get top-heavy.

C. E. Henry

Uncle Henry wrote from Geauga Lake on April 10 that he and Elmer Brown had finished sugaring three days before, having gathered and boiled 783 barrels of sap—a record for the Russ bush—though “according to King's tell we did not get as much out of a barrel as he did, and some others.” For communicating home news and for looking after his home affairs, Father's main reliance now was this brother-in-law and in a less degree Morris, the tenant of his Home Farm and Squires Place. But to check up on everything there he was glad to have me spend my spring vacation in Ohio, provided I would stay long enough at Geauga Lake and not too exclusively in Hiram. Following his first tidings of my trip he wrote:

Dallas, Texas, April 17, 1890.

Dear Fred: I heard from Uncle Henry and Aunt Ann yesterday that you ate lunch in the old sugar house on the Russ Place and went to hunt the Dutch, and then stopped over night, had a good visit, helped put away the sirup and sugar things in the chicken house, and started on the run for Hiram; and, all together, I “ought to be proud of such a son” but whether for the above reasons, or others not mentioned, was not stated.



Things are at high pressure here—the City filled with Knights Templars in State conclave; Mamma and I roped in socially to entertain at headquarters. Tonight I cavort in steel-pen coat, with Mamma to smile and look lovely by my side, to help greet and welcome the Sir Christian Knights from all over Texas.

Jay Gould and daughter have been here about a week, and Fort Worth, to use an elegant collegiate phrase, is “very, very tired” because he don’t stop there instead. I sent him six cans of sirup and got an autograph note of thanks from him that it was “very fine.” Have talked with him three times and found him very pleasant indeed. I also talked with his daughter, Miss Helen, who said my sirup was “just lovely” and “How do you make it so nice?” and so on. She is about the size, I judge, of your best girl in Hiram, and worth twenty-five or thirty millions more than any other Hiram girl I ever saw except Mamma, Marcia, and Baby. Mr. Gould is going to have a new freight building in place of the old one, from Lamar through to Griffin, four hundred feet by fifty, and two stories high for offices over half of it. . . . Some of our bank men saw him stop and shake hands with me and talk. They asked me what about. I told them of the man who went to the elder Rothschild and asked endorsement for a large sum, whereupon Rothschild spoke to him on the street in sight of money lenders and told him to try and borrow. The man found to his surprise he could get all he wanted. I told them Mr. Gould perhaps was trying that scheme in Dallas and spoke to me in the way he did to help his credit, and if he asked for a loan to let him have it and I would back him. They “larfed” and I walked on.

C. E. H.

At the instance of Mrs. J. H. Rhodes (Aunt Addie), in respect to a letter which had been addressed to her late husband as the secretary of the Garfield Monument Association in Cleveland by a gentleman in Cambridge, Massachusetts, Father indited a five-page reply (February 22) to enable the latter to refute effectively the foul lie about President Garfield—a virtual replica of the slander that has been whispered concerning almost every one of the occupants of his exalted office—“that while in Congress his life was wholly immoral so that his wife was on the point of applying for a divorce when he was shot.” It will suffice to quote a single paragraph:

I knew Garfield for thirty years as teacher, soldier comrade, and intimate friend, as hundreds of others knew him before and after his marriage; I was a member of Uncle Zeb Rudolph’s family a part of two years after their daughter married the young Professor Garfield (as he was then called); for a period of many years I was often a guest at General Garfield’s house, and during those years he and his wife and children visited my family; I was permitted to share his confidence to the fullest degree in all his business, political, and social relations in life; and now I say with the solemnity of truth—regretting the occasion that calls for it—that I never knew a purer man, a more loyal husband, or a man more devoted and affectionate to his family. His wife, too, was devoted to him and never had the faintest dream or thought of divorce.





Captain Henry, Mrs. Henry, and Son Jimmy  
(New Orleans, March 1890)





On the same day he wrote to me:

Dallas, Texas, April 22nd, 1890.

Dear Fred:

Yours from Hiram the fourteenth came duly. It was quite a good letter. I not only understood your map at a glance but almost felt myself in the maple grove (hickory you called it) and wondering how deep the posts were set and how much phosphate or bone it needed to make a good crop of oats. Good crops bring growls of "hard work," but poor crops and shiftlessness bring genuine mulligrubs in tenants. Hence the sure cure and specific remedy for the deadly mulligrubs is ground bone or phosphate in fifteen hundred and two thousand pound doses. Fifteen to thirty dollars [for] medicine; but the straw is left and the patient cured. On the whole the old farm has done well this winter and with decent treatment will keep us after the kids are through school, and we can sing "I'm going home, *I'm going home tomorrow.*"

Uncle Henry differs with me on my idea of sugar house a little, and a good deal on the method of getting away with the sap. He says, "Throw away the old evaporator" (he thinks I'm Jay Gould) "and get a ten or twelve horse-power boiler and deep tank and coiled pipe inside for steam to evaporate the sap." Now if I had a son with gumption enough, or experience in practical affairs, or a good education in the Case School of Applied Science, I could have a staff to lean on; but Greek, Latin, and the "higher mathematics," with a sprinkling of poetry here and there, are of no more use to me in solving the problem of applying direct heat by flame to evaporate sap, or the indirect method of steam, than Irve Giles or Fred Kent would be. So you see I have to depend on myself, and the advice of Uncle King as a last resort, to settle economic questions. My son, on whom I have lavished and possibly squandered immense and indeed untold sums, can't tell B from a bull's foot on the really scientific question. Nice points in law and cases won in moot courts shed no ray of light, and even a poem on Whistling Buoys or Eclectic Days, and the presidency of a law class fail to illumine the gloom.

Fred Kent and Ir could at least give some decided opinions and views upon the question, as they did to the itinerant professor at Chardon a few years ago upon biology or spiritualism. They both frankly told him in the midst of his interesting argument that they didn't believe a damned word of it and a man was a damned fool who did. The polite professor was confounded and silenced and the group of listeners were disappointed not to hear him further; when Uncle Simon, with that native politeness and grace that always characterized the Henrys from "away back," took the discomfited professor aside and informed him that the two young men were a couple of "lost links" in the scale of creation and begged him to pay no attention to them and to continue his most interesting discourse.

Well, I must wind this up and go to work. We are getting about twenty-five claims a day now and it makes us hump. Write me if you want money. The ground hasn't been thawed out long enough yet for you to get a Dutch woodchuck. We are all well and send love. Regards to Phillips.

C. E. Henry

"As every schoolboy knows," there are few persons from whom one can not "get a rise" if only the right nerve is touched. The game is one to which old schoolfellows, as between themselves, are apt to become particularly addicted



and in the practice of which they may grow peculiarly adept. It was so as between Father and his cherished friend, Burke A. Hinsdale, who, next to President Angell, was now the foremost active figure in the University of Michigan. And the sensitive nerve with them, especially Father, was politics. Both had joyfully joined the Republican party in its earliest infancy; and before and during the Civil War they had exulted together in its idealism and its quick winning of the country's mind and heart. Now, however, each seemed to take a roguish delight in trying to touch the other on the raw, politically. So Hinsdale wrote (May 3):

Surely, you have not forgotten how proud you and I and other young Republicans were in those days at being able to say that the college professors were on our side. Well, that is no longer the case. The brain, culture, and character of the country are now moving, and for some time have been moving, in the opposite direction, or have ceased to take a practical interest in politics.

This dart was beautifully pointed and barbed to pierce a Republican epidermis and stick there. Four indignant pages hardly sufficed, under careful restraint, to convey Father's ebullient response. Pointing out that if the political questions of the new day, such as civil rights, the tariff, and the currency, are less dramatic, more perplexing, and hence more irksome, than the questions of slavery and secession were yesterday, so that many of the b, c, and c have ceased to take an active interest in politics, then they are shirking their civic duty—his letter inquired how we Republicans can swap a venality which we deplore in our own party for the "cipher despatches and bigger money bags of the ciphering and suffering reformers and saints who have faced and marched 'in the opposite direction' from freedom, from citizenship of all men, from National honor, from monogamy and morals in home life, . . . [and from] an honest and stable standard of currency, for the past thirty years?" Continuing he said:

In 1872 you made a very sensible remark to me. It was in substance this: that the Republican party was composed of better elements than its great opponent, and while it had not acted rightly in many things, that on the whole it was nearer right. . . . You say, of the educated men whom you know, very few are Republicans. I regret to hear this, but know of no remedy, only for you to seek and cultivate *better company*, or convert those whom you know to correct and healthy and moral doctrines. I always had faith in you, and haven't altogether lost hope in you yet. I am glad to hear your good report of Fred. Please do not ruin the boy and blight his life by getting the notion into his head that scholars and professors are facing the other way in politics.

Hinsdale and Pardee were cousins and had been boyhood playmates in Wadsworth, Ohio; so Father in turn wrote to the latter:

Dallas, Texas, May 8th, 1890.

Dear Judge:

At intervals since 1872 I have been called upon, from a sense of duty and moral obligation, to correct the compass of your cousin. I violate no privacy of personal correspondence in giving you the records of the last lesson. He must have been conceived when his parents were under a great load of calamity, or mortgage on a home, or maybe a religious conviction that they were in danger of hell-fire. Your father could clear this up. I know you are bothered with endless papers, but the views of your cousin, who occupies a position in methods of education over as wide a belt on the Northern border as you do in the administration of Federal law along the Gulf border, may be of some interest as a pastime. . . .

C. E. Henry

Hinsdale by way of rejoinder (May 22) reiterated his opinion "that the Republican party is fast getting into that state of mental opacity that characterized the Federalists at the beginning of the century." He closed by repeating his expressed wish to see Father in Cleveland at the dedication of the Garfield Monument on Memorial Day; for the "old set is becoming thinned out, it is sad to say," and "I trust you will not cast me off altogether." That Father at the same time entertained corresponding sentiments towards Hinsdale appears from his letter written to me before receiving the above:

Dallas, Texas, May 22nd, 1890, 4 p.m.

Dear Fred: I am doing my level best to get off for "God's country," Tuesday, the twenty-seventh, to reach Cleveland seven A. M., Friday, the thirtieth. If you can meet me there it will be worth your fare, at excursion rates at least, in cold cash, on sight, at N. Y. P. & O. depot, May thirtieth, at seven A. M., or thereabouts, which I will cheerfully pay to see my first-born, whether I can get there to see him or not—which I think I can "if the veels are vell greased." I put this last condition in, as I see it [saves what] began to wind up like an old Weller sentence. . . . Among many other considerations I feel it a duty also to brace up the friend of my youth, "dear old Doctor Hinsdale," from mugwumpery, that he may not be wholly lost in humiliation and shame in future years. I therefore want to see and save him on the thirtieth.

The clock is in front of me. I see that just twenty-seven years ago this hour I lay wounded about twenty or thirty yards from high earthworks at Vicksburg. "Bullets buzzed like bees" about me for over two hours, with "a leg on a strike" as "I sprawled on that cursed glacee." The condition I was in was not poetic, for no "nigger" was near to carry me off. My feelings, however, were much the same as Tilmon Joy's that day. So hunt up the poem, "Banty Tim," and you will see reasons plenty as blackberries why I'm not a mugwump.

C. E. Henry

Mother and Jimmy had started North on May 17, and ten days afterwards Father followed them as he had planned. He remained in Ohio only four days, and was back in Dallas by June 5. In Cleveland at the dedication, the Forty-second survivors headed the procession; but their old colonel, Judge Pardee, whom the official program cited as their commander on this occasion, was



then holding court in Savannah and unable to be present. It seemed that a telegram tendering him that honor had been sent to New Orleans a few days before, and there in his absence "declined" because not prepaid. Father was now at much pains to learn from the Judge and explain to his comrades that the former had no knowledge of the incident and of course intended no rebuff, as some of "the boys" had too hastily inferred.

After seeing Father at the dedication, I returned on June 2 to Ann Arbor for my examinations. A fortnight, later, on my twenty-third birthday, I was back home again for the summer and soon writing to him about Hiram Commencement (my fiancée's graduation day) and about home affairs generally. He found the cue for a new product of his muse in my letter of July 2 telling him :

I have sold off most of our potatoes and think I can sell all for forty cents a bushel, paying Jimmy ten cents per bushel, according to your promise, out of the proceeds, for sprouting. Jimmy hoes out a row of potatoes in the garden every morning and plays with the Shipherd boys all the rest of the time—pretty much.

Like any nine-year-old boy, Jimmy needed now the discipline of such short stints of regular work, attended, of course, with the encouragement of a definite if small reward therefor, in order to learn thoroughly the use and worth of effort and the real value of a dime, through having to earn the latter by means of the former. It was partly by laughing at his children and getting them to laugh with him, that Father contrived to lead them, though in desultory fashion, to turn some of his teachings into deep convictions and habits of life. Thus it was that while "side-tracked an hour in Van Zandt county woods, June 21st, 1890, with nothing to read, no one to talk to, and no telephone" (that rural life-saver then as the radio is now), Father composed his deathless elegy, "A Lay of Spring," purporting to be incubated "by an ancient chicken in poesy and song, Alfired Texas Tennyson, the cactus-crowned poet lariat of the plains, author of 'Cowboy Idylls and Jack Rabbit Lyrics.' "

Sprout, sprout, sprout!  
And yet what a pile, O see!  
Down in the cellar so dank and lone,  
Hour by hour I toil and moan,  
Or Mamma will come and sprout me.

Sprout, sprout, sprout!  
And still no nickel I see!  
With fingers worn and covered with dirt,  
Sad as she in the "Song of the Shirt,"  
No Shipherd boy comes to me—  
Sadder than Poe about "Annabel Lee"—  
O where are Shipherd boys three?

Sprout, sprout, sprout!  
 No Shipherd boy comes to me!  
 O let me out of this into the swim,  
 The sparkling waters of old Chagrin,  
 To splash and flop around up to my chin,  
 And near me Tilley and Lee.

Sprout, sprout, sprout!  
 Potatoes all round like a sea!  
 Aunt Mary and Mamma and girls upstairs  
 Chatter for hours about their cares,  
 And no new stories of snakes and bears  
 Nor ever a thought for me!

*(Overflow of emotion.)*

And Fred singing "Billie McGaw McGee"!  
 O where are Dave, Till, Ray, and Lee?  
 For them I'd lay me down and dee;  
 O come, come, come!  
 O Shipherd boy come to me.

My Dear Jimmie:

Mamma and the rest will ridicule this little gem to my dear little boy, but finer passages can not be found in the best English poems, nor indeed a more tender sentiment. Fred and Mamma can not fly higher in their happiest moments, laugh as they may and put me down with ridicule if they will. Tell them to try and get finer sentiment in a line of theirs than they can find in some lines of this song of spring by my little boy. Does it not express your true feelings?

Keep the weeds down in the garden, and Papa may perhaps, if he is side-tracked again in Van Zandt county where the good people are honestly afraid of negro supremacy and drive all the negroes out and keep them out of the county,—I say, Papa *may* perhaps give his little boy a poem on weeding the garden. Love to all.

Papa



## 31. *Final Years in Texas*

FOR over four years in Texas Father had kept in excellent health despite the excessive midyear heat. When, therefore, beginning about July 12, 1890, he became increasingly indisposed, several days elapsed before he was ready to admit that he was "very sick." On the nineteenth, though prostrated with what was now unmistakably dengue fever, he insisted on starting for home. He reached Geauga Lake in the forenoon of the twenty-second. At the railroad station in Cleveland, when I met him pursuant to a message that he was coming home ill, I was shocked to see how sick he really was. He looked so staring and jaundiced and seemed so weak, hardly able to stand upright, that I could not understand how he had been able to endure the journey. But at home he mended rapidly and by the end of the month was nearly well, though it was not until August 29 that he started back to Dallas, where he arrived September 1. A week before he left, he spent two days in Mentor, having a "good visit with Joe and all," including, with the Rudolchs, Mrs. Garfield's entire household.

Commenting on the "Delphic Ode," which I read at a reunion of my old literary society held in Warren on September 5, Father wrote me a week afterwards one of his bantering letters; but added, "I think the poem will stand close criticism from a literary standpoint." He later had it printed as a little pamphlet; but, alas, without first submitting proofs to the author for correction. Wincing at sight of the punctuation and of misspelled classical names in the copies he sent, I could only thank him for the compliment of having it put into type, while earnestly seeking to dissuade him from circulating it.

My sisters returned to Hiram on the twenty-second, and I to Ann Arbor on the twenty-ninth, after busying myself till the last minute in carrying out his parting directions about the farm business of adjusting accounts, disposing of produce, storing equipment, etc. Mother and Jimmy tarried a fortnight longer before starting for Dallas, where they arrived on October 17. Of their advent Father wrote:

Dallas, Texas, Monday, October 20, 1890.

Dear Fred:

Mamma and Jimmy got here very nicely; trunks on same train. The church ladies at once drafted her into toil at the Christian Church eating-house at the State Fair, after kissing her three or four times, each one, and pulling and shaking her nearly to pieces. You know she is president of the Ladies Something Society for the Christian churches of the City. I feel that it is rather

tough, after getting you all off to school and being treated like a four-year-old child two or three months by Aunt Mary, and after two thousand miles of travel, to be drafted in to take charge of an eating-house the day after her arrival. My only consolation is, she is so popular here. So I try to "keep kam." The ladies are in good force there for help, but want Mamma for boss. For the first time in years I wish Aunt Mary were near by to take her place. *She decided* to stay in the house at the farm a week or two and "put things to rights" before she closed the house. Of course no one living could dissent. I shall feel all winter when thinking of the old home that Aunt Mary or her ghost is there—and keep kam.

I enclose draft for sixty dollars. I have kept my own expenses down to the lowest point for decency with the hope of being able to go home and stay next summer, but the general expenses have for the past four months been full up to income. I want you to be decent in dress and expenses but aid me if you can in saving a dollar here and there. After next June you will enter a new field of education—how to earn money and save a part thereof for a rainy day. I don't want you to worry, but put in your time each day to the best advantage.

I enclose a part of a letter from Mrs. Mary West of Aurora, Illinois. Give a kind greeting to the young man as you meet him. They are a nice family. . . . We all send love.

C. E. Henry

In spite of his rudely playful characterization of his sister-in-law, the unselfishness of her devotion to us all was attested anew when Marcia fell ill at Hiram about December 1 with a high fever and Aunt Mary hurried down from Cleveland, where she was living for the winter with "Aunt Mollie" Kennedy, and remained at Marcia's bedside until she was thoroughly convalescent. Good health was in general the happy lot of all our family, but Marcia was overworked. Besides her full calendar of studies, in all of which she excelled, she was now one of the editors of the newborn *Hiram College Advance*; she discussed "Jean Millet" at the autumn entertainment of the Olive Branch Literary Society; she served as a delegate to the Y. W. C. A. convention at Findlay for three days beginning October 31; and, on the eve of her illness, she attended in Cleveland (November 26) Henry M. Stanley's lecture on "Darkest Africa." Six weeks, including the holiday vacation, elapsed before she again went to her classes.

Meanwhile Jimmy was successfully transferred from the unusually good district school at Geauga Lake to his new grade in Dallas. He "learns rapidly," wrote Father (November 7).

A curious coincidence was this: his last lesson in arithmetic and reading with Scott was next the one he had in the same books his first day in school here. I will take Mamma and Jim to see the great Hartz sleight-of-hand man, tonight. They never saw anything of the kind. He is as skillful in his tricks as Carl Schurz tries to be in politics.

My return to the University in the fall had been attended with a surprise in the shape of a roommate whom I had never seen until I found him already in possession of my new quarters. "Peter," or Vance Patterson Wilkins, was



an orphaned nephew of Judge Pardee's wife and a member of their summer household in Wadsworth. Feeling grateful to the Judge, Father was troubled when I intimated my displeasure with this arrangement, which had been concluded between the former and his cousins, the Hinsdales, without meanwhile consulting me. True, I had offered months before to do anything I could for the boy, should he come to Ann Arbor; but Peter was not yet ready for college and would only be a senior in high school, so I had entertained no thought of sharing with him the room which, before I left for the summer, I had engaged at the Hinsdales for myself alone. However, knowing and sharing Father's feelings, I had at once resolved to make the best of the situation, even before I realized that Peter was in fact a studious, agreeable, and very acceptable chum. With my roommate of the previous year, Norman A. Phillips, I remained on excellent terms. We had separated amicably in order to further his chances of succeeding me as president of our law class, believing that the lightning would not strike twice in the same place. Our purpose prevailed when he was chosen class president in November, shortly after his father's defeat for Congress in a three-cornered contest in the New Castle, Pennsylvania, district. My father knew and liked them both.

Through the Christmas holiday season I was the house-guest of my fiancée's parents in East Smithfield, Pennsylvania, and to me while there Father wrote:

Dallas, Texas, Sunday Morning, December 21st, 1890.

Dear Fred:

It is an hour before church time, so I thought I would drop a few lines, especially as I see in the *Globe-Democrat* an account of the "killing," as people call it here, of U. S. Marshal Gosline and the fight of my old friend Jack Manning with the thieves and murderers. You may remember Jack's letter to me from Tombstone, Arizona, to the effect that he had followed and "got away" with the last one of that crowd—or all but the last one, and was looking for him. Jack was one of the nicest, squarest men I ever met; neat, tidy, and gentlemanly. I never heard him utter an oath. Something in looks and build, and size and action, as Mr. A. G. Riddle was when he was young. He told me the story, and I wrote out the framework, intending to write the whole thing when I had time; but I left the notes in Ohio. I could have told it better than the one in the *G.-D.* Jack begged Gosline not to let the women go or *be* with the prisoners, as trouble would come. I have since heard that five more of the gang were not on the train but were along the line to rescue; but through misunderstanding were at other points. Those are the ones Jack has since "got away with." He will whip out a revolver and shoot faster and straighter than any other man I ever saw. I send you a copy of the *G.-D.* in this mail.

It seems proper for me to say a few words relative to my children's making contracts of marriage. In a measure, such things I regard as none of my business. With my girls I would perhaps go a step further—especially to prevent—than I would a son. All I ask, and indeed more than I can reasonably expect, for four children, is that each one marry a person, first, of moral principle and character; secondly, of good health and decent temper. Other qualities are, indeed, important when a girl makes a contract of that kind: first,



temperate habits, industry, and reasonable frugality, and especially a decent temper—one not disposed to boss in every little thing and thereby make life a burden to a wife or husband. That you may understand me fully, I will say further that the young lady you seem interested in, I am assured, has in a fair degree the above qualities. This is far more desirable and valuable than all else. A wife with a bad temper and ample fortune is a poor thing to have, for any man except a man of cold, selfish, brutal nature. I could not bear to see Marcia or Baby marry an intemperate man or one of bad, selfish, or dominant temper. I would rather they would marry men of poor health, or even lazy; as one of poor health would perhaps die, and a lazy husband could be driven off.

The Henry tribe, as a rule, always opposed suspected or contemplated marriage contracts among their children. The girls, however, always had their way and married the sooner, while the boys sneaked off and married whom they pleased. The older Henrys therefore never succeeded in either making or breaking a match. Tradition has come down pretty accurately that your Great-grandfather Simon Henry, . . . opposed by Rhoda Parsons's father, . . . got a ladder, down which Rhoda climbed at midnight, skipped from the paternal Parsons roof, and got married. Result: a big tribe with strong predilections for leaving home at a late hour via chamber window route. The aristocratic tribe of Parsons condoned the impropriety in due time, as Sime went to the Massachusetts legislature a few years after. You see, therefore, I have sense enough to let my children do as they please. Were I anxious for one of them to marry a certain girl or young man, I would oppose it, trusting in the true blood and instincts of the tribe for the desired consummation. All I have to say in addition is advisory merely. I want my girls to marry men who will treat them well and support them; I don't want my boys to marry till they can decently support their wives.

We heard, from Hiram, that you would be where I suppose you are, last night. Not knowing the post-office, I asked Mamma. She said East or West Smithfield, Pennsylvania. I came down to the office and forgot, on the way, which, till just now—oh! look in Hiram catalogue. And so I do, and see it's East. If you let me know, I'll send you some money to Ann Arbor after January first. Say how much. I was hit again for ten today for arrears in Church funds. . . .

Mrs. Garfield writes me—or Mamma and “me too”—in high praise of your “Ode.” Mr. Ingersoll also writes that it's very fine, especially—

. . . vintage of eloquence  
In silent cellars deep within the soul  
To gather usury of fragrance . . .

It may be proper to send my kind regards to your girl. So far as I have seen and heard, I can say, “Barkis is willin'.” Indeed a paternal Henry has to be anyhow. We join in kindest love. I also send Mamma's and Jimmy's pictures.

C. E. Henry

For Christmas dinner they were again this year the guests of the Cochrans, while a timely norther, with a decided drop in temperature, gave the cheery feast a homelike wintry tang for them. Feeling now, with the assurance of Marcia's convalescence, more nearly at rest about her sick daughter in Hiram, Mother was working on her story about Jimmy and his friends in Texas, an



excerpt from which has been given herein. She had recently again been chosen president of the Aid Society, but was reluctant to accept, for the duties of that office took much of her time, and she wanted to finish the story. A warm friendship had sprung up between her and a Mrs. Eckert, "a lovely woman" who, with her husband, having spent some time in Dallas, returned before the holidays to their home in Topeka, after urgently inviting Mother to visit them there when on her way back to Ohio in the spring. Meanwhile Aunt Lizzie, with her "fine new horse and carriage with lamps"—"a beauty"—and Mrs. Cochran, with her hospitable home and family, continued to show in every way how fondly they regarded their Northern neighbors, and eagerly included Mother and Jimmy in their little excursions and daytime festivities. As usual Father was out on the line a great deal, but he kept up a lively correspondence with Uncle Henry about building a new sugar-house on the Russ Place, to be equipped with a steam boiler for their new method of evaporating sap. Confronting the cost of this latest item in his series of improvements on the farm, along with school bills and living expenses, he still felt pinched in pocket. But looking forward to the next June as the end of school days for his two oldest children, he had good reason to be confident that this winter would be his last "in exile." Thus for him and for all the family, the holidays brought happy and hopeful auguries for the incoming year. In his pocket diary Father noted on New Year's Day that he had "Made a 'heap' of new resolutions. . . . Not hurt much in 1890. Hence thankful." The next day, in renewing his subscription to the *Geauga Republican*, he wrote a letter to its shrewd and high-minded editor, J. O. Converse, which the latter published in his issue of January 14:

It is impossible to give you an idea in a few words, of the difference between Texas and dear old Geauga; but I want to get back there, and *will* as soon as my children are through college. Mr. Riddle once asked me, while talking of our charming drives through the townships of Geauga, "Why don't they repair the buildings more here? Why let them run down?" I replied, "My dear Mr. Riddle, don't you know that 'poor old Geauga' has been *milked* to death for the past thirty years by the sons and grandsons of the pioneers: milked first by the second generation, who moved to Michigan and Illinois; then by younger sons, who moved to Iowa and Minnesota; and now to Dakota? Hundreds and hundreds of thousands of dollars have thus been literally milked out of poor old Geauga to start thousands of farms in the West and build thousands of houses and barns in Michigan, Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, Nebraska, Kansas, and Dakota, to say nothing of the many thousands that went to Colorado and yet further west. Ought we not to be proud that poor old Geauga has survived this tax of children and grandchildren for the past forty years?" He smiled and rode along the narrow line of goldenrod that flanked the highway, and finally replied: "You are right; old Geauga has been a nursery for nearly half a century that has helped to people the Great West."

I really wish some smart young man in statistics could make a table of the amounts that have been paid out from old Geauga. Just think of it! . . . One small farm near my old home sent over five thousand dollars to set up and



keep a son farming in the West. In less than twenty years, old Geauga, had she kept all that has been milked from her in fifty years, would now be one of the wealthiest counties in the State. But she has been a nursery, her soil sapped to make homes in the Great West.

A Happy New Year to you, my dear old friend.

Marcia was hardly rid of her long run of so-called typhoid malaria in Hiram when Jimmy in Texas had a somewhat similar though less severe fever which lasted almost as long. Father had just been writing to me (January 3) that he was using "a judicious admixture of ridicule and admonition in his training" and that the boy was "doing well" in school. Though generally very sturdy, he had another severe illness four months afterwards—this time with his ear—but neither of these interruptions hindered him from passing to the next grade at the end of May.

Another trouble arose early in the year, when the tenant, L. R. Morris, who for six years had been farming the Home and Squires places on shares that were made increasingly favorable to him, wrote to Father (January 11) that unless the house in which he and his wife with their eight-year-old son resided were at once improved (like the tenant houses on the other places), he would leave at the end of his year, April 15; and in any event he no longer wanted the Squires Place. This letter cited particulars which seemed so peevish that Father determined to take him at his word, honest and hard-working man though he was; whereupon in a brief but courteous reply, the notice of intent to quit was accepted. Morris, surprised and angry, thereupon began to make incoherent threats that he would and he wouldn't leave unless other grievances, never before intimated, were first redressed. But having found in Aurora another farm, he vacated on April 1 in time to admit his successor, E. J. Eames, the husband of Lulu Mathews, who, with her two younger sisters, had been Father's wards. In order to adjust these complaints I made a special trip to Geauga Lake the first week in March, after passing the bar examination in Columbus. But though we then had an impartial estimate made of quantities and values of surplus products, it was not until July 8, after Morris had placed an unitemized claim for five times his due in the hands of an attorney (only to revoke it a short time later), that he finally accepted the originally tendered balance due him for his interest in the hay and other products which could neither be removed from the premises nor yet, when left, give rise to any intelligible ground of difference. Meanwhile Father was much "torn up," not because of the sum involved or any doubt of the outcome, but because of Morris's wild charges against him, such, for example, as that of having, five years before, broken into the former's tenement in his absence to help carry off the belongings of a brother "jumping a board bill." At home Father would surely have "kept kam." But being fourteen hundred miles away and having now in his family a lawyer (very callow), he, who so virtuously had never been party to a lawsuit, suddenly grew litigious and became eager to "sue everybody" that might assail his character or his purse. So from Texas he



kept deluging Uncle Henry and me with his commentary on Morris's vaporings, until, to everybody's relief, the settlement put an end to them.

With the "new method" of boiling sap and the cooperation again of Elmer Brown, Uncle Henry this year made the Russ bush "hump itself," as Father exultingly declared. His brother-in-law's letters disclose that they "commenced tapping February 14," and not until April 12 could he write, "sugaring is over," with 498 gallons of sirup made from 841 barrels of sap, or almost six-tenths of a gallon to the barrel. The year before, 783 barrels had been gathered, and only 330 in 1889. Brown lamented that Father had proscribed the common practice of "tapping over," and declared that he could have got at least ten per cent more sap had he been permitted to enlarge and freshen the borings. There were over two thousand hard maples on the Russ Place, and half as many on the Home and Squires farms. Some of the latter Morris had tapped, but with poorer results, partly because of less efficient equipment.

Among others curious to see Father's new method in operation, W. H. Lawrence, one of the proprietors of the *Ohio Farmer*, became much interested, and after visiting the sugar camp, and seeing also the Squires house for rent, he took the latter until the next winter, with a renewal privilege for at least the following season. Father's right to pipe water to that place, from the Rocky Dell cheese factory and the wonderful spring above it at Pencil Falls, had remained unused for the eleven years since its purchase, and now Mr. Lawrence consented to have the pipe laid and connected at his own expense if he could offset the purchase price of the material against his rent. Father was glad to have one of the owners of this great agricultural weekly live on his farm, and also to start the use of his prized water franchise; so the pipe was delivered accordingly and rigged up for summer use. But circumstances meanwhile made any regular occupancy of the house by the Lawrences so uncertain that no underground water line was laid until a few years afterwards.

The death in office of President Harrison's (as well as President Garfield's) secretary of the treasury, William Windom, on January 29, 1891, prompted Father to write to me (February 3 and 7) about this friend and to forecast for his successor the man who was in fact appointed three weeks later:

I want you to save Windom's last speech. . . . Fifty years hence, judged by their speeches, Windom on the currency will be sound, consistent, and sensible, while Sherman—unless he cuts his greenback speeches out—will be seen to wobble as Judge Thurman did, favoring greenbacks. . . . I did not know him personally till he was chosen by Garfield, but I urged his appointment on account of geographical reasons. He was from the West, and I liked his official life and record. I didn't want the Treasury to go to Conkling—or ostensibly New York—and Garfield felt the same way. After I knew him personally, I liked the man. He and Blaine were the best of the lot. Kirkwood was equally good, but old and plodding. You may need to use sometime the last words of a level-headed man on the currency, who was your father's

friend, in some speech on the silver question. . . . Harrison ought to appoint Foster as Secretary.

In his second letter the same theme was resumed:

I send you an account of the early life of Windom. I have told you that he was not a great man in the sense that men understand such things, but he was level-headed, and in one respect was like Garfield—fair, decent, and sympathetic with people who came to him. . . . I have urged my Washington friends to insist on Foster's appointment to the place. His record is better on finance than [that of] any Ohio man except Garfield. . . . I am more and more proud of my dead friend's record on that.

On the same date Governor Foster wrote to Father:

Of course it is a source of great gratification to know that I am esteemed worthy and capable of filling this great place. . . . If the place should be tendered to me I will try to arrange to accept it, but I confess perhaps to too much indifference to what the President may do.

The prompt appointment of this friend of years gone by to the responsible cabinet post gave Father much satisfaction, as serving admirably the interest of the public and (so it proved) his own as well. That he was meanwhile not indifferent to the preferment, public or private, of others, not of his acquaintance but of concern pro or con to his friends, is reflected in Judge Pardee's response (February 2) to his comments on the new Governor of Texas, on the elevation of the admiralty teacher of my law class in Michigan to the United States Supreme Court, and on the scholastic prowess of my young roommate who "didn't want to be called Peter any more." The Judge wrote:

I had not seen Governor Hogg's inaugural, and therefore it would have made little difference to me whether he was referring to me or Judge Brewer in the matter of receivers. These governors of States, United States marshals, and district attorneys move along in a sort of procession; they make themselves a little disagreeable at times, but we are soon rid of them, and another batch comes in. Personally, my relations with Governor Hogg are very pleasant; politically, it is part of his trade to attack United States judges.

The appointment of Brown seems to meet with commendation all over the country, and I am very glad that your son Fred is acquainted with him. Mr. Wilkins writes us very seldom, but when he does write and report, and even when Mr. Hinsdale makes a report, everything is satisfactory. I am glad that he and Fred get along, and I judge they do from what you write and what he writes himself. I think it has been a very good thing that he has been located this first winter in Ann Arbor with Professor Hinsdale instead of some of the general boarding houses around that place.

Vance was really winning many honors at the Ann Arbor High School. He had the highest marks of anyone in his class at the spring examinations and, contrary to all precedents among engineering students or those of only one year in residence, he was chosen to "appear" on Commencement Day. Soon



afterwards he was singled out by his geometry teacher for special commendation before the class. Again Judge Pardee wrote to Father about him:

United States Circuit Court, Fifth Judicial  
Circuit. At Chambers. Don A. Pardee, Judge.  
New Orleans, La., April 7th, 1891.

Captain C. E. Henry,  
Texas & Pacific Ry.,  
Dallas, Texas.

Dear Captain: I wrote you yesterday, and this morning have your letter written last Sunday. Am very glad to hear through you and Fred of Mr. Wilkins' getting along at school, particularly as the reports are very flattering to him and coincide with those obtained from other sources. Professor Hinsdale writes me very encouraging reports and seems to take a good deal of interest in the young man, for he has already cautioned with regard to the inevitable tendency of young men at such schools to join the Greek letter societies. Vance writes occasionally to his Aunt Julia, and I have noticed his good opinion of himself is decidedly growing. There is no doubt at all that he is a very smart boy and will make his mark, if nothing happens to lead him off from the proper course. In that respect I have been feeling very comfortable this winter because, while he is boarding with Professor Hinsdale and rooming with Fred, I have no idea he will get any worse habit than writing poetry.

I think you had better hurry up your visit here—which seems impracticable on account of the short time—or postpone it a few days, as I have arranged to leave here Saturday night or Sunday morning for a week or more at Huntsville, Alabama. I am assuming, you see, that your visit will not be complete unless you would find me at home. This arrangement of mine has been made for some time or I would postpone it. I notice in your letter that you speak of arriving Sunday evening and getting off at Gretna and cross over. You will notice when you get down in the neighborhood of Gretna, to get off there is to get off in about four feet of water, as all that side of the river up to fifteen or twenty miles is overflowed by the Mississippi through the Ames crevasse. I think the connection with the Texas and Pacific road is through Baton Rouge at this time, but I am not certain about it.

We are pretty well. Give my regards to Mrs. Henry.

Very truly yours,  
Don A. Pardee

For some years Vance and his sister had been living the year around at the farm in Wadsworth where the Judge always spent the long vacation. One frosty autumn morning Vance, who had to rise with the birds and help with the milking, groped in vain for his boots in the sitting-room beside the stove where he had been in the habit of leaving them overnight, and he muttered in an undertone, "Where in hell's my boots?" Overheard by his Aunt Julia, who lay awake in the adjoining bedroom, he was quite surprised when she seized him by the collar and rebuked him for using such unseemly language. But the Judge said nothing then. The next winter while attending school there, the two young people joined the church of the Disciples and wrote their aunt in New Orleans that they had done so. The Judge's next letter to the boy

observed in substance and very casually, "Your aunt and I are glad to learn that you and your sister have united with the church. On cold mornings next fall when you are unable to find your boots, I suppose she will overhear you say, 'Will someone please inform me where my boots are.' " Father was fond of this story, and Vance, too, could smile at my retelling of it.

His uncle thought it was good for the young man (as it certainly was for his roommate) to live in the home and to come under the influence of the great mind and character of the Judge's cousin. Such was my opinion of Hinsdale then; for I wrote to Father (April 5) that "What he says is simple, unostentatious, deliberate; but still it seems sometimes as if his every word were a volume. He may be mugwumpish and grumpy and all that; but it seems to me, in spite of it all, that he towers above everybody else here." This implied of course no disparagement of the other really great men with whom at that time I was almost as closely and constantly associated in the classroom, including the youthful John Dewey in philosophy, Henry Carter Adams in political economy, and Dean (afterward United States Circuit Judge) Henry Wade Rogers in law, all of whom I held in high esteem as teachers and personal regard as friends.

Of my own two years, now nearly finished, at the University of Michigan, I will only repeat here what Father wrote to me (June 16), "You cannot feel more happy than I do over your success." He, too, was nearing the end of an interesting though misprized chapter in his own life. Seeing Mother and Jimmy off for the North on the evening of June 3 for the last time, he wrote to me the next day, "Mamma was popular here; many of the ladies cried when she left." Their church society, while she was their leader, had earned, through various activities, including lastly the promotion of a select excursion to the City of Mexico, thousands of dollars towards the cost of their fine new church edifice as well as for missions and other religious objects. Outside of this circle, too, she had won some very warm friends, and from this group before the summer was over Aunt Lizzie Durgin and her grandniece made the long journey between Dallas and Geauga Lake with the purpose among others of seeing her once again.

For the moment the Texas city by its phenomenal growth had become the metropolis of the largest state in the Union, having nosed out San Antonio in the race for that honor, with a population of 38,067 according to the census of 1890, though it had claimed eight thousand more. This was three and two-thirds times the number it had possessed ten years before; but it had clearly overleapt itself, for in the next decade it gained only twelve per cent. The town was then crude enough despite its preeminence. More than one in five of its inhabitants were negroes, and one in ten of the residue was foreign born. It attracted few high-class plays, concerts, or public exhibitions (except the annual State Fair), while of formal society there was yet hardly a beginning.



In these circumstances Mother had tried there to make life for Father as homelike as possible by setting up housekeeping each of the four winters she spent in Dallas after the first. Their temporary equipment and quarters were never especially commodious, for it was during only about two-thirds of each year that any were needed there, and at the close of every such period there was no knowing whether or not the need would recur. But they had good times together of evenings when, as she plied her needle, Father read aloud to her from some favorite book or current magazine, pausing anon to laugh, now at the courtly humor of *Colonel Carter of Cartersville*, or again at Rogue Riderhood's sardonic catechizing of Bradley Headstone's school.

He liked to play little harmless jokes on her, as when he once said in a published article, "One of our sweetest poets has sung"—and then, without naming the author, he quoted a few lines of verse written by her before they were married. When in cold type the stanzas first met her eye she "felt scared for a moment" till she realized that only to her was the writer's identity apparent. Again she was quite disconcerted by his reprinting entire, and this time not anonymously, in the *Dallas News* of March 8, another poem of hers composed nearly thirty years before. In sending me a copy thereof on the same day, just after he had learned of my admission to the Ohio bar and of my selection as class poet, and while I was chairman of the football committee in the University's athletic association, he observed, half in earnest and half in fun:

You are now quite well equipped. Add to your laurels some knowledge of the "manly art"; learn to write as good a poem as your father and mother can; do *some* work of *some* sort every day, (I know you are a gentleman); and you will get along—at least somehow. And now, with a father's and mother's blessing, we bid you Godspeed, and join in love and anxiety for our first-born treasure.

Very truly,

C. E. Henry

P.S.—I thought best to make this letter average—like the Irishman's barn—and end with a touch of pathos.

Thus tenderly affected towards his "first-born treasure," Father now planned to make use of his own eligibility, as a commissioned officer in the Union army, to be received into the select membership of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion, so that I by right of primogeniture—a rule it then observed—might become a "companion" with him. It may have been the considerable cost of inducting two candidates that led him to wait for a more convenient time before he finally carried out his purpose.

Subject to his railroad duties, he was now enrolled also, for occasional duty, as one of the inspectors of the American Surety Company, several of whom had formerly been inspectors of the post office department. He had lately, moreover, become connected with still another banking group in Dallas by taking ten shares of stock in the Security Mortgage and Trust Company.

for which he paid a thousand dollars. This proved to be his most unsatisfactory investment; for the panic of 1893, together with the sudden cessation of the city's growth, left the company loaded with frozen real estate loans and compelled it to liquidate.

From June 20 to July 7, he took leave of absence from his duties in Dallas in order to be present in Hiram at Marcia's graduation on June 25 (mine in Ann Arbor fell on the same day so he could not attend both) and after Commencement week to consult with "his attorney" about the unsettled farm disputes, all of which were soon afterwards happily adjusted.

At the College trustees' meeting he opposed unsuccessfully the proposal to turn Miller Hall into another dormitory for girls instead of continuing to house men students there. During the year past, there had been some disorder among the latter, both in that hall and in Bonney Castle, and the administration favored separating them as far as possible by relegating them to private homes. On Commencement Day Marcia, who had been president of her class the year before, had the salutatory oration, titled "The Growth of Sympathy," and he was proud of her, as he had reason to be. His three days in Hiram closed with the alumni banquet (June 26), and the next day's entry in his diary is, "Home all day; fished with Jimmy in lake." After rambling over the farm and driving through the countryside for another week, he started back South. On July 14 he wrote to me:

I tendered my resignation today for July thirty-first. Hot weather the real cause, though not given as a reason. Captain Grant was surprised and I think really felt sorry. No one but he and I know, as I placed the publication wholly with him.

He kept busy right up to the first of August, much of the time out on the line. On the evening of July 30, in his last letter to me from Texas, he said: "I have forty-eight and a half hours yet to stay. Boys hate to have me leave, but it's horrid hot and I wouldn't stay through August for five hundred dollars." By way of parting gifts "the boys" in his office presented him with a traveling bag—"very fine"—and those in the adjoining transportation department with a gold-headed cane. Superintendent Thorne and the claim department counsel, W. C. Harris, made the presentation speeches. The *Dallas News* of August 2 concluded its story of this ceremony as follows:

All the employes in the various departments of the Texas and Pacific have looked upon Captain Henry as a general favorite, and while wishing him well in his new vocation, expressed sincere reluctance at the dissolution of such happy associations. Captain Henry will pull out for his new quarters followed by the best wishes of those with whom he has mingled so long and happily.

His return to Ohio brought to a close the brisk correspondence between father and son which had covered most of the time of his stay in Texas and affords now a chief source of information about his life during that period. After this we were together more and corresponded less. Nearly five years and



a half had elapsed since his unexpected call to go there, and in that time his total income from all sources was around twenty thousand dollars. With this he had not only supported his family, but had begun to realize his cherished purpose of providing Mother with an independent income, had mended his farm buildings, kept his children in school, and had seen two of them entirely through with their formal education. He was now more than half through the fifty-sixth year of his life, with fifteen years yet before him, and some of these were to be as interesting as any he had known.

Besides the persons already mentioned, he left in Texas many other warm friends whom he would seldom or never be able to see again, including especially Robert Scott Lovett, then assistant general attorney for the Texas and Pacific and, from 1909 on, the head of the Union Pacific system. After Father had been home more than two months Judge Lovett wrote to him (October 7), "I regret that on account of my absence at the time of your departure I was unable to see you again"; expressed "appreciation of the consideration with which you always treated this department"; and concluded with hearty good wishes for Father's future welfare. Quite as close were the relations with his colleague, L. S. Thorne, the modest and highly efficient superintendent of transportation, to whom Mr. Gould later gave full charge of the road; and scarcely less so with E. M. Reardon, cashier of the City National Bank, as well as with various other railroad and bank officials and church and Grand Army friends in Dallas.

## 32. *Restless at the Farm*

FOR a while after he reached home on August 4, 1891, Father eagerly immersed himself in the life of the farm. On the day after his arrival he noted in his diary the "end of haying." For the next three weeks he "worked on garden," "repaired fence," mended this or that farm road, "set out strawberries," etc. There seemed to be no limit to the things he planned to do. At first his labors met with frequent distractions, for our home life then was anything but dull. Besides the family circle, again complete, and numbering also that summer Aunt Mary Williams and Cousin Florence Brown, visitors came and went, including of course many Hiram young folks, so that my younger sister remarked, "we hardly ever run out of company."

Father had especially desired that when he came home his niece Florence, or Flo as the girls called her, should be there to "keep him kam." To him she was the embodiment of Burns' song, so suggestive of her name and nature, "Flow gently, sweet Afton"; and at the piano her playing charmed him. Her effect upon his spirits was the reverse of his sister-in-law's. The one smoothed while the other ruffled them. Conceding the latter's tireless goodwill, he worried lest his home must continue to be hers too. By September 11, Florence, who after her trial year had won a five-year certificate, went back to Cleveland to teach regularly in the public schools. Babe soon returned to Hiram, while Marcia, with a three-year certificate, had got a school in Mentor.

About the last of September, when the family had become much smaller, Aunt Mary made the mistake of withstanding Mother's authority in some detail of her household affairs. Father, when appealed to, showed surprising restraint, saying, "Mary, you are welcome in our home as guest but not as manager." A few days afterwards she went to visit for a while with Kent and Ravenna relatives; whereupon Mother remembered her devotion to our family with a revulsion of feeling that verged on remorse. Late the next year, however, Aunt Mary, with the proceeds of sale of her Ravenna property, wisely built a home of her own in Hiram and resided there until shortly before her death at Geauga Lake, on September 29, 1901, when she had fulfilled the Psalmist's span of life. She was nearly nine years and a half Mother's senior.

Father had seen very little of his own sisters—Maria Goodsell, Ann Brewster, and Eliza Brown—for the five years he had been in the Southwest; but within ten days after his home-coming they all met at dinner, first at Uncle Henry Brewster's and the next day at his own board, in honor especially of the Kelloggs—Cousin Cora, her husband, and baby Ruth, who came up for



a few days from Mt. Union—as well as of Cousin Florence, Aunt Eliza's oldest and youngest daughters. A week later, with the advent of our Texas guests, Aunt Lizzie Durgin and Katie Cochran, we had a bit of daring fun in presenting a grandniece of old John Brown to the former owner of some of the race he died to free. Getting thus into close touch again with kith and kin in Ohio, Father made it a point to be present at the annual pioneer picnic at Geauga Lake (August 20) and in connection therewith to entertain, among others, the venerable Abram Teachout (who had just read to the assembled early settlers an "original poem" composed "with the help of a boy," i.e., adapted from Thomas Chatterton), and William Bowler, Father's benevolent colleagues from Cleveland on the Hiram College board; also to go as usual to the reunion of Forty-second veterans, held that year at Chippewa Lake (August 26), and thence to Wadsworth with Judge Pardee for a two days' visit at the latter's farm; and to return home in time for the Republican primary meeting at the town hall in Bainbridge (August 29) and get a delegate for Jim Garfield for State senator.

At the district convention a few days later, the young man's name was presented with singular eloquence by J. B. Burrows of Painesville, in belated atonement, as Father thought, for the latter's old bitter attacks on James A. Garfield. But by vote of 105 to 65 the nomination went to E. L. Lampson of Jefferson, afterwards the veteran and stentorian reading clerk in the lower house of Congress. His youthful opponent graciously accepted the result, and the next time won his State senatorship, which in turn was followed by higher preferment till he became President Theodore Roosevelt's secretary of the interior. It was largely through his efforts and those of his brother Harry during the next fortnight that I was now taken into the high-class law office of Webster and Angell in Cleveland.

To Marcia, teaching in Mentor, the Garfield household showed marked kindness too; for Mrs. Garfield not only had her to dinner but also to help receive at one of her Saturday afternoons. Having oversight of the Mentor farm, Mrs. Garfield's brother, Joseph Rudolph, with his family, lived in her home, and in the autumn visited back and forth with Father and Mother there and at Geauga Lake, while the maple woods along the Chillicothe road past the old Mormon Temple in Kirtland were blazoned with the colors of Joseph's coat in honor of his namesake—not the Mormon prophet but our own "Uncle Joe." Earlier in the fall came "Aunt Addie" Rhodes with her son Hal, who was about to enter Harvard, and the talk lingered upon the old Hiram circle (now sadly broken by Mr. Rhodes' death) and upon the recent sailing for Europe of Professor Hinsdale and his family under a year's leave from his chair in Michigan.

Some weeks later, Mr. Lyman, journeying from New York to see again his native Geauga hills in their fall array of colors, and coming over from Parkman to visit Father, reaffirmed the Surety Company's expectation of

taking, on the average, two days or more of his time each week. This prospect, however, proved slow of realization, and meanwhile it seemed to me that Father's health both of body and of spirit was suffering from too hard physical labor, in "fixing up sheds, building a sugar house, putting in tile drains," graveling a walk to the station, and rushing at a score of other jobs, all as if his life depended on it, when in fact the reverse was true. So I urged that we get Governor McKinley to do what Governor Foraker had previously of his own motion offered, namely, to appoint him commissioner of railroads and telegraphs. To this suggestion I found local members of the legislature entirely favorable; but my candidate himself seemed to feel little or no interest in it. When, however, the Governor chanced to be in Cleveland (December 9) I prevailed on Father to come and talk with him. McKinley said that the incumbent's term would not expire for some five months, but that Father was far better qualified for the place than any of the twenty who had applied for it.

To ask for the appointment was not in Father's mind; for, apart from Lyman's assurances, it was rather to his friend Foster at the head of the treasury department that he appeared willing to look, if and when he should really want any public place. Almost every evening he would come out to the "office" behind the house to sit and smoke, while we talked about everything from farming to German philosophy and from free trade to Fred Kent. This neighbor, well-to-do but very dissipated, was my first client, and his drunken devotion, which, when Father chaffed me for standing it, I retorted was like his own esteemed protective tariff—once accepted, it could not be shaken off. Sometimes Mother joined us out there in the cheer and warmth of the open Franklin stove and matched Father's reminiscences of district school days; or we canvassed my prospects, of which he was always sanguine, and his own, about which he seemed doubtful and diffident; or, recurring inevitably to the topic which interested Mother as much as any of us, we would discuss the farm and all its attractive possibilities.

As the summer waned and we were nearing the end of the Russ Farm's prodigious yield of wild blackberries—fruit which Florence thought of mainly as good to eat; Jimmy, as good to sell; and Mother, to convert into endless jars of jam—Cousin Cora at length persuaded her Aunt Sophie to break away from home cares and return the Kelloggs' visit. In their household Mother, after stopping en route to see Aunt Mollie Kennedy in Cleveland, spent two or three delightful days, and recalled, too, her own lively experiences of thirty years before, not far from Mount Union College, while she was teaching school in Alliance. Three weeks later she and Father, taking Babe to Hiram, stopped at the Rapids for that young lady's roommate, Blanche Squire, and on returning for dinner to Mr. Squire's home were glad of the chance to see his fine farm. Some of the Hiram College alumni and undergraduates, including especially their host's prospective son-in-law, Warren Hayden, having grown wroth over the new "short courses," were soon appeal-



ing persistently to Father and other sympathizing trustees to abate the innovation which so grieved the judicious. But President Zollars possessed such fine personal qualities and was so plainly aiding the property and income position of the institution that the majority of the College board were loath to interfere, and so ten years elapsed before the last B.L. degree was granted and the President, weary of the contest, made way for his successor.

Over several week ends during the fall and early winter, one or both of my sisters came home, bringing or attracting there their beaux and other young folks of the same circle. Grant Webb, whom Babe afterwards married, was now beginning to pay her marked attention, and all the family were of course "kidding" her about him. When at length it became apparent that his intentions were serious and that he would sometime be asking the paternal sanction, Father teased her by telling how he was going to make him "crouch and crawl." But on being finally put to the test, the blusterer proved to be at least as diffident as his future son-in-law.

Now again as deep in church work as she had been in Dallas in previous years, Mother took eatables and exhibits to the Disciples' fair in Aurora on October 1, and until late autumn her household seldom failed of representation at the Sunday morning services. But with the onset of rough weather, the three miles or more of road to church grew less feasible and our churchgoing less regular. Meanwhile with her diminished family, she easily and by preference "did her own work" and even insisted that she found it no hardship to have breakfast before dawn, in time for me to catch the very early milk train to Cleveland almost every week day. As one of the remembrances of her November anniversaries there came, for her comfort, a new base-burner to succeed the big oval sheet-iron stove in the sitting-room, wherein huge knots or chunks of wood, inserted through the top, had kept fire overnight through every winter she had lived there.

At the same time a modern range supplanted the well-worn Stewart "summer and winter cooking stove," in forsaking which she felt indeed a twinge of regret for the first and most familiar of the fixtures newly set up in the house at the start of her housekeeping twenty-five years before. It was equipped in front with a broad hearth, flanked by the big bake oven, behind which the "tin oven" warmed plates and kept cooked dishes hot. This in turn was surmounted by the "reservoir" filled daily with water to be heated from the stovepipe that rose through it. In its very image and superscription the Stewart stove lingers indelibly in the memories of those who from earliest infancy hovered around it while Mother baked tarts or animal cookies fashioned especially for young eyes and appetites. What a grand place its great oven had been for children to warm their icy toes when, after work or play in the snow, they sat beside the hearth with feet perched on a stick of firewood laid on the oven floor! And now the whole family having just been home (October 18) to enjoy together a superb roast turkey from Father's flock, deliciously

done and delicately browned by Mother's venerable Stewart stove, this festive farewell closed with honor our old hearth's long career of faithful service.<sup>1</sup>

Because the girls could not well come home so soon again for a Thanksgiving Day reunion of the family, Father and I took advantage of the holiday to perambulate the irregular boundaries of the Russ Place and to follow the meanderings of the Chagrin for a mile or more alongside his lands. Then with the aid of his deeds I made for him a map of "Maple Farm," as he now called his whole four hundred acres, and marked thereon the courses, distances, and title data for ready reference. In a manner this was really now the chart of his life as well as of his lands; for Maple Farm had again become at once his main source of income and the little theater of his chief activities. The December entries in his diary relate mostly to such homely exertions as cutting stove and sugar wood, splitting fence posts, clearing brush, making repairs on a stable, or setting fence posts from barn to road.

As an avocation he reveled in such labors on his beloved farm, and in no event could he bear to be idle. Yet when winter's frigid arms encompassed the woods and gullies where he chopped, and its icy fingers benumbed his own in their clasp, he remembered less disparagingly the "horrid demnition grind" of his five-year exile in Texas. At first he hardly acknowledged this even to himself, though occasionally his reticence became almost morose. Always, with such as could talk and listen intelligently, his geniality quickened, his spirits sparkled, and, in his discussion of a topic of general and enlightened interest, the attrition of mind on mind would strike fire like flint on steel. When he and Mother were at home alone in the evening he continued his old habit of reading aloud to her. Not infrequently he would interject some of his own drollery or try some little gammon on her, as when—it may have been at

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<sup>1</sup> The Stewart stove holds the chief place in Jessie C. Glasier's piece in the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* for November 29, 1933, on "Our Heating and Cooking" as practiced "In the Simple Seventies." Her parents, H. C. and Eliza (Clapp) Glasier, had been fellow students with my father and mother in Hiram; and there, years afterwards, at the Olive Branch Literary Society reunion on June 20, 1877, in the era of the "simple seventies," the reading of Mrs. E. C. Glasier's charming "Reunion Poem" was delegated, by reason of its author's absence, to my mother, who herself had acted rôles referred to in these first stanzas:

Of old, before our Mater, the Eclectic,  
 Donned College dignities,  
 While yet her hands were guiltless of conferring  
 Diplomas and degrees,

I mind me how we of the Olive chamber  
 Did sometimes personate,  
 With school-girl skill, in tragedy historic  
 The beautiful and great:

. . .

How girlish faces under crowns of tinsel  
 Took on a loftier mien,  
 While something woke within us and stirred grandly  
 At thought of playing queen.



a later date—in reading *Ivanhoe* he rendered Rebecca's utterances with a Yiddish accent, much to her half-amused disgust.

They were of course present at the Saturday matinee when our old neighbors of both town and country, Jennie Robison and her daughter Bertine, with the latter's husband Percy West, appeared in Cleveland (December 7 to 12) in "The Old, Old Story," and a railroad excursion from Geauga Lake, Aurora and near-by stations carried to the city a large party of their suburban friends to greet them. On the evening of the twenty-fifth I returned from a sudden bond sale trip just in time to make the home circle complete for the first Christmas in five years. Aunt Mollie Kennedy, the guest of honor at the family's turkey dinner, was already starting back to town; but in the parlor the evergreen tree which Father had got from the Russ Place was still handsomely gilt with oranges out of the timely box Judge Pardee had sent up from New Orleans.

With the return of the girls to Mentor and Hiram after the holidays (1891-2) Mother paid a short return visit to Aunt Mollie in Cleveland. But Northern winter weather soon rudely reminded both her and Father that until inured once more to the cold of January in Ohio they could not now as in Texas venture forth freely or be indiscriminately in and out of doors. First one and then the other was beset with a cramp or a stiffness, a fever or a cold, though neither was completely prostrated. At dawn on January 20 the temperature at Geauga Lake reached the lowest point ever known there, when the thermometer fell to twenty-three degrees below zero Fahrenheit. Meanwhile the sleighing was superb and twice within four days during this cold snap, sled loads of hilarious Hiramites pulled up at our door. When someone hailed the flying call of one of these gay gabbling throngs of boys and girls as a "bright little flood of sunshine," Father laughingly exclaimed, "moonshine."

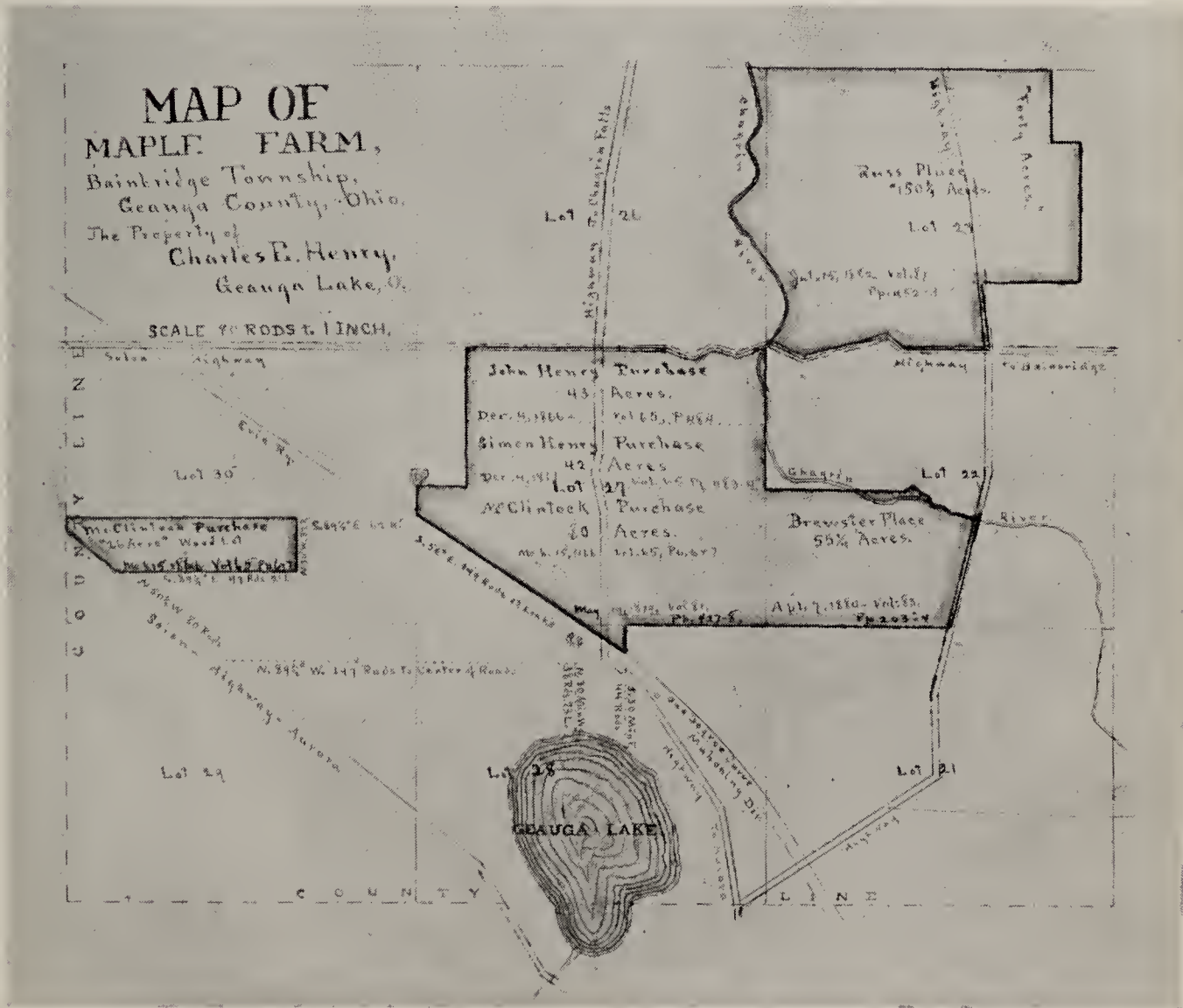
Almost every day Babe at Hiram and Jim at home, out of school hours, with skates or hand-sled, cutter or bobs, were in their element on runners. Of course I was still commuting daily between Geauga Lake and Cleveland. During the first week of February Mother felt so far acclimatized as to hazard a trip to Hiram. But until the opening of the sugar bush when winter waned, the principal business at home was keeping warm. There was indeed considerable household commotion caused by my receipt of a letter (January 8) from Professor Henry Carter Adams, followed by a telegram and letter from President James B. Angell, offering me an instructorship in economics in the University of Michigan. Naturally this appealed to me strongly; but Father's pointed question, "What is it you have been working so long to be?" at once convinced me that I ought to stick to the law.

About the same time an investment banking house in Cleveland tendered me a full time traveling position to buy municipal bonds at public lettings. This, too, I refused for the same reason, though I did make emergency trips for the firm and in December, 1892, entered their employ as office attorney.





Henry Homestead at Geauga Lake, Geauga County, Ohio



Map of 400 acres Captain Henry acquired 1865-1882,  
his Birthplace and Lifelong Home





In considering these opportunities, I enjoyed the inestimable advantage of a thorough discussion of each with Father and of his frank and wise advice. To him in turn I still urged that he bestir himself for the railroad commissionership now that the time neared for Governor McKinley to act. But I could get him to do nothing beyond saying to two or three political friends in Cleveland that if the place were tendered to him he would not decline it. I think now that he could easily have got the appointment but was probably reluctant to become beholden to the Governor in case of a future Blaine-McKinley rivalry for the presidential nomination.

Under Eames's tenancy the farm had been well handled; but his demeanor was too independent for Father, who now leased the Home and Squires places to a more affable chap named Nye—a poor change as the matter turned out. For a month and a half before April 1 when Eames's term expired, the new tenant occupied the house on the Russ Place and there helped to make ready for sugaring. Father had long looked forward to handling the sugar camp again and to exploiting personally his novel method of boiling sap by steam. Tapping was begun on February 23 and the last of 797 barrels of sap was gathered on March 30. Messrs. Lawrence, Williams and Chamberlain, of the editorial staff of the *Ohio Farmer*, made a pilgrimage to the Russ Place on the twenty-sixth to inspect the actual working of the only outfit of its kind in Ohio. They gave it wide publicity and Father was asked for additional particulars by unknown correspondents far and near, including one Vermonter eager to adopt the new process.

In the issue of February 27, just after the season opened, appeared (besides a song, "The Forty-second Boys," of which more hereafter) his own well-timed article, written three weeks before, entitled "The Sugar Bush," which treated further of the spurious maple sirup traffic. The rapid growth of this nefarious business had much to do with the slower sale and lower price of the genuine product this year as compared with previous seasons when the yield was as large or even larger. Dispirited by this and by the hard work so ill repaid, he sought and found diversion in plying his pen again. Observing one day that the *Practical Farmer* of Philadelphia was offering a prize for the best article on raising corn, he was heard to remark quite casually, "I guess I will earn that money." Seizing a pencil stub and scratch paper and sitting in his rocking chair, with its folding arm-rest, he scribbled thirteen hundred words on "The Most Corn for the Least Labor" and got the sheets into an envelope ready for mailing, all within an hour's time. Surprisingly, a few weeks later came a marked copy of the issue for April 9, featuring his article as "The \$25 Prize Essay" and accompanied by a letter and check from the publishers. In view of the family's amazement that such easy cock-sureness should be thus vindicated, his own nonchalance, as if it were all a matter of course, was very funny.



Meanwhile the *Hiram College Advance* having asked him for a contribution about the part played by teachers and students of that institution in the Civil War, he responded with an interesting article, "Hiram in the War," which appeared in the issue of March 30. The editor then asked for a sequel, and on April 30 this too was published. To his song above referred to he later added a fourth stanza in honor of "the Forty-second girls," and having dedicated the stirring ballad "to the wives and children of the Regiment," he sang it at the next reunion, where the "boys" and their families hailed it with tumultuous acclaim, and every year thereafter loudly called upon him to "sing it again." Judge Pardee, to whom Father sent papers containing the prize essay and the song, replied that he would have to take out and compare the corn and the poetry in them so as to "tell whether a poor farmer was spoiled when a good poet was made—though I believe poets are born, not made—or whether a good railroad man was spoiled when you took to both farming and poetry." From Father's rejoinder of May 5 I quote in part as follows:

I am glad of your approval of my Forty-second song and particularly gratified at Mrs. Pardee's approval of it. You as a Forty-second man feel bound to defend and approve of any and all laudatory stories and songs, poems, etc., good or bad, about the Regiment; while our wives do not feel the obligation so strong as to endorse everything. I saw other regiments were getting far ahead of the Forty-second in relating their wonderful achievements in putting down the Rebellion, so, after thinking over the matter a little, concluded to start the bragging for the Forty-second in song, as the most pointed, brief, and effective way to catch up with the boasting of the "ninety-day fellows."

Some other reasons prompted me also. I had been hard at work in the sugar bush all day and happened to think that thirty years ago was our Sandy Valley campaign. I came home at night and before bedtime—without the aid of the other family poets, not even Jimmy—wrote the song. During the Middle Ages minstrels, bards, and harpers obtained a living among their tribes and clans by their songs reciting heroic deeds in war. Why should not the Forty-second have at least a dozen? By the way, I enclose in this mail Number II article of "Hiram in the War," in which I endeavor to polish, or keep bright, your military record. You always advise the boys to take good care of their war record by oft-related tales of valor, but appear to be indifferent about your own. My obligations of friendship for you move me to aid your modesty in keeping it bright. I therefore briefly refer to you, and will do so again if I find a fair opportunity.

The prize essay gave occasion too for a cordial letter from Colonel David B. Parker, under whom as chief inspector Father eleven years before was completing his service in the post office department, but who was now dividing time between the New York office of the Metropolitan Telephone and Telegraph Company and his Chautauqua farm. He wrote: "I have enjoyed reading your article on growing corn and judge you are at home again, and maybe about now are planting by your rule."

By invitation of the Grand Army post Father made an address in Mantua on March 5, and some weeks later, responding to Professor Wakefield's emergency call, he spoke in Hiram at the Memorial Day services, wherein the student oration was delivered most acceptably by his future son-in-law, Grant Webb. He could not leave his sugaring to attend the "Junior Ex" of Babe's class on Friday evening, March 4; so Mother went without him and stayed in Hiram over Sunday. The subject of the evening was "Scotland," and the "'Scottish Romance,' by Mary Annice Henry," was pronounced by the reporter for the *Advance* to be "a very pretty, pathetic story in the quaint Scottish dialect," while the "Address to the Freshman Class," by Abner Grant Webb, "was among the best of the productions of the evening."

On the following Saturday Mother and Jim went to Solon and thence with some of the Robbins family to the matinee in Cleveland wherein the latter's young kinsman Mark Robbins played a minor part. For the next few weeks her spare time was given to the finishing of the story which she had begun the year before in Texas. She was no doubt led to resume work on this tale by the announcement in the *Youth's Companion* of a prize story competition, and to persevere with it to completion by Father's luck in the corn essay contest. Realizing, however, that the tale was not originally planned for this purpose nor especially adapted to the readers of the paper, she sent it off about the last of May with no illusions, and a few weeks later without much disappointment received it back. Father afterwards arranged for its publication serially in the *Ohio Farmer* where it ran for a number of weeks beginning November 23.

No year at Geauga Lake could be complete for our household unless we had from Uncle Joe Rudolph, "probably the lawful heir to the throne of Austria," at least two good visits; one usually before spring planting and another after the fall work was done, with intercalations whenever the spirit moved. There never was anyone we liked better to see, and this year he outdid his regular schedule. Similarly spaced were the two clan weddings in spring and fall at the old Case homestead in Aurora, when on April 13 our cousin, Maude Case, was married to John Helman, and her sister Emma to Joe Durfee September 23. The four of our family who were at home drove over to both, and at each one Father, resplendent in evening clothes and "on his high horse," was the life of the party.

Uncommonly exacting school work, complicated perhaps with the distractions of beaux, prevented his own girls from coming home as often as he and Mother would have liked, and the time or two that each did come during the spring never brought the entire family together at once. Even in the summer vacation when we were all at home, things were less lively than they had been a twelvemonth before; for by now the younger set, who had forgathered so often at our house, were becoming too preoccupied with business or domestic prospects to renew for another season the pleasures of



idleness. Of course the place did not become a social desert. During the first week in June, as soon as Marcia's school in Mentor was out, she had as house guest, popular with the whole family, Mabelle Turner (whose brother Elmer and their mother Mrs. Hull came, too, but for briefer stays) and in the following September Father tried to get her back again to keep Mother company when she was lonely and not very well. He had a kind regard, too, for Lutie Grant, after whose midsummer visit as Babe's especial guest, he wished, in Mother's behalf, for the return of one whose companionship had already proved so helpful to her unaccountably drooping spirits and health.

Off and on up to the middle of June, he himself had been experiencing a low state of mind, not to say of exchequer; for though not sick or lonely, nor in financial distress, he seemed, without saying much about it, to miss both his salary and the daily contacts with men and affairs that he had left behind him when he escaped from his "exile" in Texas. He tried to think that he was again enjoying the old idyllic life of the farm, as when his diary makes note (April 4) that he "went to election" of township officers and on the way took, for grist to "mill, three bushels of wheat." Going to mill (and growling about the miller's toll) was always happily reminiscent of his boyhood days. The same sort of sentiment attached also to the sugar bush; yet in his letter of March 18 to Judge Pardee, following the shipment of five gallons of maple sirup from the choice product of his first run, he remarked at the close, "My health is quite good, but amid some of these storms and cold weather and with toil of the farm and sugar camp I sometimes wish myself South again." Crossing with his, the Judge's letter of March 19, acknowledging receipt of the gift, seemed presciently responsive to this state of mind; for he wrote:

I am glad to see by this consignment that you are still on deck and carrying on the agricultural business. No matter how much the farmers are grumbling, in my opinion they are the only independent class in the country. I still recollect what you said to me some years ago about the grass growing while you were sleeping.

In spite of such reassurance and of the various amenities of his present way of life, a recurrence of the same mood appeared more than two months afterwards, just as spring was flowering into summer, when Father, writing again to Judge Pardee (May 26) remarked, as if speaking aside,

I have given too much time to toil this spring. Otherwise I feel well. Were it not for such hot summers South, I would much rather work for a railroad.

Feeling thus, it was clearly time that he found some other employment. He might very well have found it now with his old company, could that have satisfied him; for it had been hardly a fortnight since he had received from some of his former associates in Dallas copies of a telegram addressed:

To All Officers and Employes of the Texas and Pacific Railway Company: Mr. L. S. Thorne is appointed General Superintendent; all departments of this Company are subject to his orders. Jay Gould, President.

Father had left in Texas no faster friend than Thorne, who long continued in correspondence with him and held him in fond regard as "Uncle Henry." It was, however, a railroad receivership that Judge Pardee had once intimated he might sometime be able to dispense; and now, without any express mention of that suggestion, Father obviously hoped to remind the Judge of his having made it. But of this hope's fruition no sign appeared. The American Surety Company had sent him one lone case for investigation, and he had made short work of it. That was in April. No doubt his friend Lyman was doing the best he could for him, but progress in this direction was much too slow. He must make trial of the other iron that he had in the fire.

The secretary of the treasury was also his close friend, and with such an intercessor it ought not to be difficult to get from Postmaster-general Wanamaker his old place on the staff of post office inspectors. On June 10 he therefore started for Washington, intending also to go to New York if, after conference with Secretary Foster, he should find it advisable to see Mr. Lyman too. The former readily promised to ask his colleague in the post office department (who was then absent) for the desired appointment and, failing this, to give Father a place in his own department. True to his word, he made the request of Mr. Wanamaker, and finding compliance therewith too dilatory, he at length (August 31) notified Father of his appointment in the treasury department as assistant inspector of public buildings for Ohio and Michigan at five dollars per diem, Sundays excepted, together with actual traveling expenses. Through some misunderstanding Father received no instructions for more than a month, and then his territory was tacitly changed to substitute Indiana and Illinois in place of Michigan.

While he was thus waiting for results from his trip, he attended the Commencement at Hiram and there received the unexpected compliment of election to the presidency of the board of trustees and the award of an honorary degree. When the time finally came for him to start traveling in the discharge of his new duties, Mother's indisposition began to be serious, and from before the middle of September till the latter part of November the persistence of her low fever gave no little anxiety to all of us, though at no time would she permit herself to become utterly bedridden. Several weeks elapsed before anyone suitable could be employed to stay regularly and attend to the housework, but Father finally found a maid whom Mother, after trying her, pronounced "a jewel."

At the same time Aunt Mary Williams, who had spent much of the last year with relatives in Kent and was now to remove shortly from Ravenna to her new home in Hiram, on learning at length of her sister's illness, hastened at once to her side. After a few days at Geauga Lake, where there was now no need of her staying further, Aunt Mary left to prepare at the old home in Ravenna a farewell reception on November 1, which she planned and held



with the assistance of Mrs. Ella Beebe and other long time friends there, besides Mrs. Addie Rhodes and Mrs. Vinie Robbins of Cleveland.

Meanwhile Father made trips, in the three States assigned to him, to a dozen or more cities where Federal buildings were under construction or just completed, and reported to the treasury department the results of his special inquiries into such particulars of the work as he had been instructed to investigate. A fortnight before Mother's illness had really declared itself (for it developed but gradually) he had taken her with him to visit Judge and Mrs. Pardee at their Wadsworth farm on his way to the Forty-second survivors' reunion, which he and the Judge attended but the ladies preferred to forego. During Mother's convalescence the girls came home at frequent intervals, so that we had several reunions of our own family at Geauga Lake, culminating, when she had fully recovered, in a very real Thanksgiving (November 24) with a grand turkey dinner and with Cousin Florence Brown as our guest of honor. To see her, and above all to find Mother well again, doubly delighted Marcia, who, besides other anxieties, had found it hard to get home from Mentor as frequently or quickly as Babe from Hiram, and the success of whose school work was meanwhile being jealously watched by an envious fellow teacher. Even the load her sister in Hiram was carrying could hardly be called light, including as it did her Columbus Day address on "The Part of Women in the Discovery of America"; her title rôle in the novelty, "Reveries of a Bachelor," staged by the Olive Branch society (of which she was also the president) at its entertainment on October 24; and her four fall term studies, wherein her final grades ranged from ninety-two to ninety-eight; besides her help and her heartening presence every now and then at home while Mother was ailing.

Independently of his new appointment, Father's fortunes now began to look up a little; for in October he made a promising quarry lease of the out-cropping sandstone on the Russ Place to D. & C. F. Herrick, who, however, threw it up the next year for lack of capital; in November he sold one and two-thirds acres of railroad frontage from his farm for two hundred and fifty dollars, a big price in those days; and he perfected the proof of his pension claim, which had lain dormant for twenty-five years while there had been no sufficient reason to urge it. Of the last item Judge Pardee wrote to him on October 24:

Enclosed herewith you will find a statement from me with reference to your services in the Forty-second Regiment in the campaign against Vicksburg, which I hope will be satisfactory to you and furnish all the evidence that is necessary to establish your *late* claim for a pension. Perhaps if you had been a hundred days' man, you would have had your pension long ago. So far as I am concerned, while I have thought that the pension business has been pretty well overdone, I have always thought that any man who got near enough to the rebels during the War to get a wound was, above all others, entitled to a pension.

Even now Father did not press his claim to immediate allowance; for surprising events soon made it unimportant until a later day. But before starting the story of this novel episode in his life, and referring again to his being out of touch with his old friends in Texas, save for desultory correspondence with Mr. Thorne, Judge Lovett, and one or two others there, I must add that the news he got from them was not altogether enjoyable. Besides the languishment of his banks, changes in the railroad personnel had quickly succeeded his own departure, so that Mr. Thorne had written to him in February, "I can not help but feel that about the last one is gone." Father's official successor had "knocked our old boys out as soon as he could," and the transportation department, of which Mr. Thorne until his promotion remained the head, seemed now the only one that continued at all the same. This promotion was well deserved; and when Mr. Gould announced it, the Texas scene in Father's mind was brightened, for he himself had sung to the wizard of Wall Street the praises of this quiet and capable railroader.

Of course he was still enjoying, when circumstances permitted, the opportunity, to which in Texas he had eagerly looked forward, of resuming his old intimacies in Ohio. To see Uncle Joe Rudolph so often again nowadays, accounted for many a rise in his mental barometer. Hinsdale, too, despite his less sanguine temperament, furnished a strong intellectual tonic when he came from Ann Arbor for a brief visit in September. And there were pleasant contacts with other old friends and acquaintances, in Cleveland, Hiram, and elsewhere, as well as at home. But now, as seldom before, he was realizing that his days were being devoted far more to toil than to the wonted social satisfactions of life, and that there was all too little prospect of improvement. He fully appreciated that his Federal appointment would be of short duration; for the widespread fermentations of the Democracy, as disclosed in the election returns when Cleveland, after a four-year interval, was voted his second term, left only here and there "a drop of honey in the barrel of vinegar." It was in these circumstances that he was suddenly called to a new and exciting theater of action.



### 33. *Hunting a Fugitive in Brazil*

IN THE latter part of December, 1892, the firm of Gray, Jenks and Company, Cleveland lumbermen, were looking for some one qualified to go on a difficult errand into the Southern Hemisphere. Their agent in Philadelphia, one Harpin A. Botsford, having stolen about twenty thousand dollars of their money, had apparently sought refuge in Brazil, a country with which the United States then had no general extradition treaty. Not finding in the large detective agencies just the kind of person they wanted to send after him, the firm, on the advice of their counsel, Messrs. Garfield and Garfield (the late President's oldest sons), asked Father to accept the task of following the absconder and of getting him back, if possible, to the United States for punishment. Recovery of the money, though also desired, was secondary.

Botsford had been embezzling for some time before he finally took fright at the conviction in Cleveland of a fellow employe for a like offense. Collecting then all of the firm's money within reach, he sent a mocking letter to his employers, forsook his wife and child, and fled beyond the range, as he supposed, of possible extradition. His brazen message that he "might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb" stirred his employers to more eager pursuit of him because of its parting taunt, "Your purse is not long enough to catch me."

It was by no means certain that Brazil was really Botsford's goal; and if it were, the finding of his hiding-place in that vast region might well imply a needle-in-the-haystack search. Even when found he could not be apprehended there for trial in Philadelphia where he was indicted unless the Brazilian Government, consenting to arrest him, should voluntarily comply with a request from the Government of the United States for his deportation. Whether success would finally crown the arrangements that were duly made in Washington for the American minister at the Brazilian capital to present such request, depended not a little upon the tact and skill with which Gray, Jenks and Company's representative should handle the whole matter in that foreign land.

In spite of these difficulties Father undertook the work and, leaving home on December 18, went first to Washington to get the final necessary papers in the case, and thence to New York, where on December 24 Mr. Jenks met him and supplied everything requisite for the success of his mission, including a letter of credit for four hundred pounds sterling on the London and Brazilian Bank, one hundred English sovereigns in a stout canvas bag, and twenty half-

eagles in another. On Christmas eve, after exchanging farewells with Mr. Jenks, he embarked on the steamship *Allianca* bound for Rio de Janeiro.

The story of his eventful trip Father recounted in letters to members of his family and the daily entries in his journal; in formal reports made after his return; in travel letters written en route and printed in the *Ohio Farmer* in eighteen weekly instalments, with some interruptions, from February 2 to August 24, 1893; and lastly in a serial narrative of eight chapters contributed to the same journal in the spring of 1905 (issues of March 18 to May 6) and entitled "Hunting a Fugitive." These sources, abridged and combined, afford the following connected account, entirely in his own words, of scenes, incidents, and reflections on his journey; of the success with which he prosecuted his quest, notwithstanding unexpected and discouraging obstacles; and finally of the surprising adventures which resulted in his bringing back a second absconder along with the one he had first sought. In order to preserve some of Father's characteristic stories with which he enlivened the descriptions in his letters, I have relaxed the unity and brevity of this composite narrative by retaining a few of them.

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It is the day before Christmas. At three P. M. a tugboat fastens a three-inch line to the stern of the great boat and pulls us out from the slip on the Brooklyn side just below the high bridge. It tugs away till we are well out from the wharf, swings us around till the bow of the ship points down the harbor, and then casts off. The engines start, the water at the stern boils up, and with hardly a jar or tremble we move down past Castle Garden and Governor's Island to cast anchor for the night near Bedloe's Island.

It is now dark. How beautiful the city, with its countless lights gleaming over the waters of the harbor, and all the stars shining overhead! Near by us is the Bartholdi statue, colossal in size, towering high, almost among the stars. The crown on Liberty's head is a halo of golden light, while high above blazes the torch held by the uplifted hand of "Liberty Enlightening the World."

I recall only one night scene more stirring and magnificent than a view from New York harbor. It was when our gunboats ran past the batteries of Vicksburg early in the campaign against that stronghold twenty-nine years ago. That, however, was war and would move the dullest mind. This, on Christmas eve, was of peace and good cheer.

Early Christmas morning a steam tug came alongside with more passengers and about five tons of mail. In a few minutes the tug was unloaded and we were off down the bay. I recognized Fort Hamilton, and Fort Lafayette where I had delivered some prisoners taken in Kentucky early in the war, a little over thirty-one years ago. One of the soldier comrades with me then is now in France, another in Utah, one in Iowa, two were killed in battle, and the rest are dead.



We were soon out on the ocean and steaming along in sight of the Jersey coast till past noon, when dark angry-looking clouds arose, a storm came on and we saw land no more. Our course was nearly southeast. The great waves broke in white crests and the wind hurled the spray over the ship. In a short time spars, rigging, and upper deck were a sheet of ice. The passengers began to get sick, but the captain came around and with a cheery voice told us that we would get into the Gulf Stream the next day. At nine o'clock I turned in,—my stateroom on the upper deck, midships, not as much affected by the heaving up and down motion of the waves as other parts of the vessel. The rolling, however, still continued.

For two days on shore I had been very busy getting ready, and was therefore sleepy, weary, and withal anxious, this Christmas night. In a severe storm, tossing about on the great ocean, one feels not unlike the soldier on the eve of battle,—with the only hope and consolation, that human life and destiny are in the hands of Omnipotence. Friends, home and fireside, wife and children, came before me this darkest night amid the wild storm at sea.

The second day out, the weather was still cold and freezing when we entered the Stream. The captain directed the sailors to haul some water on board, and found it sixty-five degrees Fahrenheit. In the cold air it felt warm. As the wind swept over the surface a vapor arose, as we see it sometimes in early winter from lakes and ponds before they are frozen. In less than an hour we felt a decided change in temperature. The ice that had covered the ship disappeared, wraps were cast off, and the captain said it would grow warmer every day till we should cross the Torrid Zone. I learned afterwards that the captain and sailors were very anxious for the safety of the steamer on account of the ice making it heavy above the water line in the storm.

We passed Florida about five hundred miles to the east, and kept far east of Cuba and the Bahama Islands. Patches of seaweed, bright ochre in color, began to appear floating on the surface. Flying fish, rarely seen further north, leaped out of the water and darted through the air for a hundred feet or more, using their side fins as wings.

My fellow passengers were very pleasant people, mostly from New York, Pennsylvania, and New England and a few from the West. One gentleman from Orange County, New York, on learning I was from Ohio, asked me if I knew John Gould, Doctor Chamberlain, and Mr. Terry.<sup>1</sup> He said he was a sort of amateur farmer himself, read several agricultural papers, and thought Chamberlain's articles on experimental farming and Gould's on dairying of much value.

Meanwhile, I studied carefully my plan of action. I had a picture of the fugitive, also samples of his handwriting. Brazil then had no extradition treaty with the United States. I guessed he had gone to settle in that country and

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<sup>1</sup> Of the *Ohio Farmer* staff.

as it turned out I guessed correctly. Brazil has nineteen states, however, and is larger than the United States not counting Alaska.

We stopped for coal at St. Thomas Island. As we neared the entrance of the harbor our ship lighted a brilliant white light, in shape like a Roman candle, and in a minute after, a blue one, and was immediately answered from a hill by a like signal. It was now ten o'clock in the evening, and the full moon almost directly overhead shed a splendor of light over the shimmering sea. A ten-pounder brass cannon on our bow was hastily loaded, and at the clear command of the captain on the bridge, "Let her go and wake the doctor," the gun belched forth. Such a rolling re-echo came back from the high hills as I had not heard since some engagements we had among the Cumberland mountains early in the War.

"Wake the doctor" was to call the health officer on board with the pilot. Directly, a boat appeared moving rapidly toward us, propelled by six oars. Alongside, two men came hastily up the rope ladder. The pilot sprang briskly up the little stairs from the deck and placed himself beside the captain on the bridge. A few hurried words between them in low tones ended by the captain's louder remark, "All right, take her in."

The pilot with his back to us squared himself, struck an attitude of command, and called out to the man at the wheel in richest Irish brogue, "Port yer hellum. Over wid yer wheel. Aisy naow! Down wid it,—aisy, aisy"; and so on with a running fire of commands to the wheelsman till the anchor was let go at the coaling dock inside the harbor. The pilot, who evidently understood his business, came down from the bridge and was—a very black negro! His voice and manner caused much merriment among the passengers.

The great black pile of coal was next the hillside a hundred yards away from the ship. How were we going to get three hundred tons on board and be off for Martinique in four hours? This is how they did it, and within the time stated by the captain before entering port. It appears worthy of a title, "Delsarte Illustrated."

About three hundred negro girls from eighteen years old upwards, each with a round willow basket in hand, appeared on the pier before the ship lines were made fast—a wild weird-looking set, all barefooted and half clad, some in tatters, all with bright-colored cotton handkerchiefs bound about their heads, the girls' and women's dresses coming only to the knee or a little below. Like roasted coffee in color, and in language like a flock of geese, they made a perfect pandemonium of clatter with laughter and scolding.

At the word of command from a boss darkey they all fell into ranks like well drilled Zouaves, marched briskly to the coal pile, filled their baskets, deftly lifted them on top of their heads, and in two ranks open order about four feet apart, with a long swinging quickstep, marched over the wharf and gangway. Without halting, each tipped the basket contents into the hold, sprang aside, and gaily trotted back to the pile. Each basket of coal would



weigh from eighty to eighty-five pounds. Yet these creatures never slackened the quick long step. They were paid a penny a basket, and the count was kept by a boy who handed each one a brass counter as she passed the stand.

Some of the girls were quite slender and small, yet they carried a full basket—at times not touching it with the hand for thirty or forty feet—with step and movement as graceful as a ballet dancer's. The passengers, especially the ladies, watched them with deep interest till after midnight. The soft full moonlight almost as light as day, the shining waters of the bay, the mild soft air of the tropics, the rugged hills above us mellowed and toned by the light, the gay laughter and song of the swiftly moving coal girls—all made up a scene long to be remembered.

Coal on board, at two in the morning we hoisted anchor and steamed off southeast to Martinique thirty hours away.

About sunrise on New Year's Day we looked out of our stateroom windows and Martinique was near by. The high rolling hills were covered with a light soft green that we soon saw was fields of sugar cane. St. Pierre white and clean nestled among the hills that surround the crescent bay.

The ship's cannon boomed for the health officer, and the hills sent back half a dozen re-echoes of welcome. We steamed slowly into the bay. The health officer came to us in a skiff and endorsed papers permitting passengers to land. Several from New York and New England left here to spend the winter in the mild and salubrious climate.

A score of skiffs filled with colored men and boys at once surrounded us. A dozen or more of the boys were naked except for a short pair of cotton drawers. A passenger held up a dime and shied it into the water below. Quick as a flash three or four of the boys slid into the water, lithe and wriggling as so many eels, and in a few seconds rose. One of them held the dime in his thumb and finger, laughed, and chucked it into his mouth. Then dimes and quarters were tossed overboard every half-minute. Such a shouting and squirming in the water one never saw on a New Year's morning. Almost every dime and quarter was caught before it reached the bottom, about fifteen feet deep. The water was clear and a coin could be seen zigzagging its way slowly downward. These sharp-eyed divers would sight it even after they were several feet under water. They were very quick and graceful, and some of them of fine form and pleasant faces. Their woolly heads showed no more sign of being wet after popping out of the water than a duck's back after a shower.

In half an hour we were off. As we steamed along the lee coast of the island a school of porpoises began to jump and flop out of the water near the ship. They scurried along with us for nearly a mile as if they thought it a race with some monster animal, then flopped a Happy New Year to us and good-bye and we saw them no more. Very lively and playful, they reminded me of Arkansas pigs that often test their speed with a cannon ball train.

Barbadoes, in shape like a huge ham, is twenty-one miles long by twelve wide. The harbor at Bridgetown is crescent-shaped, on the leeward side of the island. About forty ships scattered over the placid bay loomed dark and sombre in the moonlight. The songs of sailors, the sound of the guitar and banjo, mingled with the sweet odor of flowers and tropical fruits to welcome us once more to land.

About a dozen of our passengers left us here. To bid them good-bye seemed almost like parting with old friends. Next to friendships in army life in time of war and friendships in school and college, come those formed during a long voyage at sea.

New passengers came on board—Cubans and Spaniards—mail was put off and taken on, anchor hoisted, the deep mellow-toned whistle sounded, and we glided over the gleaming moonlit waters for a journey of over seventeen hundred miles, not to see land again till we crossed the equator. "Ta-ra-ra Boum-de-aye" floated in the air from a neighboring ship and the clear notes of a bugle sounded taps from the British garrison on the hill as we passed out on the solemn ocean.

Among the passengers I began to get acquainted with was a small man about twenty-eight or thirty years old, near-sighted, with gray eyes, brown hair and beard, who gave his name as A. R. Helm, of Philadelphia. He said that he was a banker of considerable property and income and was going to Brazil for rest and pleasure. I thought this a strange trip for either health or pleasure, for we were going to Rio where yellow fever prevails during January and February, the hot, pestilential months south of the equator. I did not believe his story, especially after we had been fellow passengers a week, but I began to cultivate his acquaintance guardedly and to ask him questions in a careless way about business and banking. He told a mass of fictitious stories, yet with here and there considerable truth. He had travelled through the West a good deal, for he described accurately many places and hotels in different towns.

I concluded in a few days that he was without doubt a bank embezzler from Wisconsin or Minnesota, as he knew all about checks, drafts, exchange, and discounts, and indeed about bank methods generally. I also became satisfied that his name was not Helm, but thought best to keep his confidence under that name, and, as he was anxious to go back into the country soon after our arrival at Rio, I arranged to look after his baggage and mail that he expected on the next steamer from New York. He expressed his gratitude for my kindness.

As the moon rose later each night, we had two hours of starlight the second night out from Barbadoes. For the first time I saw the wonderful phosphorescent light on the water. Mostly in the wake of the ship, it appeared in white flashes—patches a yard square and sometimes larger—something like the flash of a firefly on a warm muggy June evening. At times it seemed like



burning phosphorus on the surface about the ship. It is said to be produced by a multitude of microscopic insects called zoöphytes.

The warm damp salt sea air produces a wonderful effect upon the skin and system. A lady was brought on board at New York pale and feeble. I did not see her for several days, till they brought her on deck wrapped well in a blanket and set her down facing the warm sea breeze. They put her there every day for five or six hours and she seemed to thrive under it. In a few days she tanned as brown as a squaw. Her eye became brighter day by day, and now I saw her walking the deck with quick elastic step, as happy as a schoolgirl. My own hands, calloused, begrimed, and scratched, in cutting briars and moving a hundred rods of old rail fence before I left home, softened fair as a maiden's—and twice as large! I thought of what Mr. Lincoln remarked, holding up his hands when they got white gloves on him for a reception—"Canvassed hams."

About sunrise on January 6, the officer on lookout sighted land on the Brazilian coast off the mouth of the Amazon. When our pilot came on board one hundred and ten miles out from Pará, we had been in fresh water hours before we saw land. As we steamed along the coast the waters became more turbid, much like the water of the lower Mississippi, only a brighter yellow. Warm showers, of daily occurrence at this season, passed in quick succession. During the intervals the hot sun comes out but is tempered by refreshing breezes. Hogfish appeared in great numbers, jumping and walloping out of the water, their back fins resembling the ears of a hog. They are a species of porpoise and weigh from fifty to four hundred pounds.

We cast anchor in the harbor of Pará, a city of seventy thousand people and the main export and import town for the whole Amazon country. At eight o'clock in the morning, we—Helm, two young Brazilian friends, another passenger, and I—went ashore in a small boat. Perhaps a picture of the city can be given by relating what we saw in the first ten minutes after we landed.

A number of hogs were rooting in a sort of plaza between the row of four-story buildings and the wharf. They were not quite fat enough to kill according to the Arkansas rule,—lifted by the ears the head end would tilt the body end up! Near by, on the roof of a boat house were perched in solemn conclave a score or more of buzzards, city scavengers. A cowbell across the street greeted our ears, and a small man looking like a bankrupt bandit came around the corner driving three small cows fastened together with a rope. To the tail of each cow fastened by a smaller rope was a calf, small, scraggy, and tottering on its groggy legs—children of farrow mothers by enforced adoption, a device not uncommon with some cow dealers in the United States.

I asked the milkman, "How much for a cup of milk?"

He replied "Twenty reis." I said, "I won't give so much"; whereupon my two young Brazilian friends, who had been two years at school in the United States and were now returning home to Rio, laughed heartily. Their merriment

was not without reason. One thousand reis make one milreis, par value fifty-four cents, but depreciated till now worth only twenty-five cents. The smallest scrip in Brazilian money is twenty reis, worth half a cent. I had refused to pay so much as half a cent for a cup of milk! Instead, I fished out two English pennies, worth four cents, which the milkman eagerly took.

While we were gazing at the skinny hogs, the buzzards, the tall palms eighty and a hundred feet high above us, and the stark naked children playing about, and were saying "No, no" to a half-dozen lottery ticket sellers jabbering at us, a ramshackle streetcar came along drawn by two very small mules. We boarded it and went off down a long street lined with palms.

Such a wealth of vegetation I never saw before. The gardens and suburbs for miles seemed one vast hothouse. The air was laden with fragrance of tropical plants and flowers on which nature had lavished her most gorgeous colors. Thousands of huge bunches of bananas, some green and some ripening, oranges, limes, lemons, coconuts, and a multitude of other fruits hung heavy from curious-looking trees.

Warm heavy showers keep things clean and fresh and wash the town. I noticed streaks of tar on the ground, completely surrounding the isolated houses. This is to keep off the ants and insects that pester the life out of people. Through the market, peppers, spices, and natural fruits were plentiful. Tomatoes the size of hen's eggs were large. I was told that it is almost impossible to raise good garden stuff here on account of the many insects that eat up and destroy things except those of thick skin or rind. At frequent intervals we would see a scraggy ox hitched to a small water cart for selling water to the inhabitants. Cart, ox, and driver formed a section of the water-works for this large city.

I went into three large shoe stores to get a pair of slippers but they had none large enough. I tried also at clothing stores to get a thin coat but all were too small. I began to feel like Gulliver in Lilliput.

After changing freight and passengers, we moved out on the ocean and along the coast. As we entered the ocean waters from the Amazon, the waves were blazing with the phosphorescent light. It was a grand spectacle, far beyond any conception I ever had of this phenomenon.

In conversation Helm referred to his wealth again. He had said his income was large, two to three thousand a month, and often mentioned his bank in Philadelphia and property in Wisconsin, but said some of it was tied up in a hotel. In one of our talks he explained to me how two young men could start a bank out West without capital.

Satisfied that he was a fugitive from justice, I managed by little simple devices to get his height, weight, and picture. Passengers group together by threes or fours, joke, and tell stories to while away time. I proposed one day that we mark on bits of paper our guesses of our heights and that the one who should make the wildest guess pay for the cigars. All agreed, and I made a



memorandum in my notebook in my stateroom how tall he was,—five feet eight inches. A day or two afterward we guessed again how much each one weighed. It was a jolly pastime for us all, but deeply interesting to me. I thus learned how much he weighed—one hundred and twenty-five pounds. I made note also that he wore gold spectacles all the time and halted or hesitated in his talk. To get his picture an opportunity offered at the city of Pará. One of the young Brazilians had a camera and I asked him to take it ashore. I proposed that he line up the four of us for a snapshot. I stood beside Helm in the center. In a few days I got the picture.

During all this time I felt very anxious to succeed in what I had come for, but I found no trace of my man. It was slow, working down the coast and putting in to unload freight.

On the night of the 8th we cast anchor at nine o'clock in the mouth of the harbor of Maranhão. It was Sunday evening and the passengers asked me to sing. So I sang "Sweet By and By," "Nearer My God to Thee," and "Traveling Back to Dixie," and they cheered and cheered. I had to repeat Dixie. The Brazilian passengers could not speak English, but ten or twelve of them were much excited and pleased with the songs.

At daylight we steamed in with the tide to Maranhão. This city of about thirty thousand, spread out over a hill overlooking the bay, looks very white and clean. I visited the fort on the water-front and counted thirty pieces of cannon of different calibers, mounted on carriages badly decayed. I looked for the date of casting on a number of them and found, "1776."

My two young Brazilian friends, Clovis Glycerio and George Lenington, had asked to go ashore with me, and I was glad to have them, as they could explain many things that appear odd to a stranger. We took seats in an open streetcar drawn by diminutive mules, and waited for a start. The driver yelled and plied his bastinado. I asked my young friends to interpret, whereupon they smiled and said, "Nobody could swear so bad in English."

Men, women and children thronged the narrow sidewalk, all happy and listless. No one is ever in a hurry between Cancer and Capricorn. The poorer classes were barefoot. All were lightly clad in the mild air and some of the small boys were entirely nude.

Nearly all of the best houses are covered outside with light blue tiles of various styles and patterns, not unlike the tea-sets of our grandmothers. They give a clean, cheerful appearance to the town. The streets are paved and their narrowness is relieved by frequent plazas and lounging-places, with here and there a garden gorgeous in its tropical vegetation and natural fruitage.

During a ride of eight or ten miles in and about the city I saw policemen or police soldiery at every turn. They seemed to be everywhere, all lounging carelessly about. We visited the market. There was an abundance of fruits, but scarcely anything of what we call garden vegetables in the North. The products for sale were brought in from the country on the smallest, slimmest kind of

horses, not ponies, with now and then a small mule. Sticks like a letter X formed the forward and back ends of a small sawbuck, placed on the back of the poor brute, on which is piled the stuff for market. Sometimes outside of this packsaddle two rude palm-leaf baskets or panniers are hung, filled with fruits to sell. The whole market place was filled with people, dogs, and chattering parrots and monkeys, a jargon and jabber of Congo and Portuguese, and an air laden with unknown and indescribable smells.

A small squirrel monkey is common here, like chipmunks and red squirrels in Ohio, but more numerous. Here, too, the sloth and anteater are plentiful. I saw a number, of various sizes, in the suburbs. In a grove of palms near the street railroad station outside the city I watched an anteater at an ant hill getting his dinner. He ran his long slim tongue out along the little hill, and when a number of ants had crawled upon it, he suddenly jerked it back, wiped them off in his mouth, and seemed to enjoy it.

Very few people could be seen working in and about the town. Now and then women were carrying burdens on their heads. Others sat in windows and doorways knitting lace, some of which is very pretty.

The better class of Brazilians are very polite. During the twelve hours we were ashore at Maranhão I lifted my hat more than a hundred times in returning like salutes. Towards evening, however, I began to suspect that my two young Brazilian friends had something to do with the special homage and attentive politeness paid to me. They were both nice young men, sons of wealthy natives of Rio, and had been in the United States at a military school. On shipboard they were filled with the importance of soldier life and manners. I had incidentally told them I had been a real soldier thirty years ago. From that time on, the young Brazilians clung to me. They begged of me, like Desdemona of Othello, the story of my life; of battles, sieges, fortunes, and of moving accidents by flood and field, some of which I gave with modesty becoming an Ohio man. And, like Othello, this only is the witchcraft that I used. When we went ashore, my young friends, with no purpose of a joke, but to impress their own people, informed them in Portuguese that I was "the grand Captain-General of the Estados Unidos"! Hence many hat-liftings and bows.

After all day spent in Maranhão with the boys, we steamed along the coast southeast, and on January 11 passed Cape St. Roque. The pilot fish were very active, and every half-minute or so would jump a foot or two above the surface without slacking speed. The ship moved from twelve to fifteen miles an hour along the coast, yet these fish appeared to take great delight in swimming a few feet ahead of the bow and just beneath the surface for thirty or forty minutes. Frequently one of them would roll, swimming sideways, or with his white belly wholly up, for a few seconds, yet always keeping ahead of the ship. Some of the passengers pelted them with potatoes, whereupon



they disappeared, to show the next time before a more respectful and appreciative audience.

One day as I saw Helm scratching off from his linen cuff something like a letter C, I became satisfied that his name was one beginning with C. The next day he again explained how two smart young men could go West and start a bank without putting in any money themselves. I thought it impossible, and told him so. He replied that it could be done very easily. They would get letters from prominent Eastern men recommending them highly, join the Young Men's Christian Association, keep away from saloons and billiard tables, take a deep interest in church matters, and state that their friends in the East with capital want to start a bank in some growing town West. Everybody wants a bank in town. The young men would say, "We want a bank with two hundred thousand dollars capital. You people here raise fifty thousand dollars and deposit it in a good New York bank or trust company, and our friends in the East will put up the balance."

A meeting is called to organize the new bank. The directors are of course men of the town but are told that the friends in the East to protect their interests demand that one of the two young men must be president and the other cashier. All is soon ready and the new president goes East to hasten the engraving and printing of the bills by the Government. The newly elected president tells the New York bank to provide for Government bonds at the sub-treasury in New York, giving him a certificate that the bonds are there so that he can go to Washington and hurry up the engraving and printing. The certificate is enough, and soon fifty thousand dollars of new bills are delivered to him, needing only his signature as president and his confederate's signature as cashier to make them money. Meanwhile he supplies himself with promissory notes signed by bogus men for use to show to inquisitive directors and bank examiners, telling them that it is first class paper, all of it.

The president returns, bank books are opened, bills are signed and put in circulation as loans, deposits are solicited, bank accounts opened, and everything starts off lively. The new president tells the directors that one hundred thousand dollars will come soon, but his wealthy friends want to see how the bank starts out. All the time he and the cashier should attend church and take great interest in church affairs.

I relate the story as Helm told it to me. He explained to me several times how a cashier, teller, or clerk, could "do up anyone," as he phrased it, and said he had it tried on him once or twice, but was too sharp to be caught.

On January 13, at eleven A. M., we reached Pernambuco, a fine looking town, white and clean. It is called the Venice of America on account of the many lagoons or canals that run from the sea in every direction. These canals are very pretty and are spanned by numerous iron bridges, painted white, giving convenient access to all parts of the city.

Here I saw Consul Stevens, who took me over the town and pointed out the places of interest. We went through the old slave mart. The consul remarked with some feeling that, many years before freedom was declared in Brazil, he was wounded in a war against slavery in our own country, and that, while consul in China nearly eight years ago, he was relieved by a Confederate soldier who surrendered to him in one of the battles of the Vicksburg campaign.

So far I had had no trace of Botsford, but here I found a clue. Consul Stevens said that in June a passenger from the United States stopped off there for a few days, and took a tramp steamer for Rio Janeiro, or Montevideo, or Santos. I showed the consul Botsford's picture and he said, "That's the man."

I had informed myself about Botsford's character and habits and guessed that my man had stopped at Rio and not beyond. He had often stated that he hated the cold climate of the United States and wished to live in the tropics where there was no frost or snow.

Outside the city we visited a vast grove of coconut palms. They differ somewhat from the royal palm, yet both are stately and magnificent. With a trunk liked a turned cylinder or tapering Tuscan column, they grow seventy or eighty feet high and are surmounted by a broad top like a huge umbrella, underneath which hang the nuts clustering close to the trunk at the base of the broad leaves. In the gardens about the city grow an almost endless variety of tropical fruits. I counted twenty small horses in one gang laden with breadfruit coming to market, each horse led by a negro—for time is not worth much here.

Pernambuco is a city of churches, some of which are very large. All have white smooth plaster or cement walls outside, and large bell towers. On one I saw, "Anno Domini 1606." Priests are common on the streets and move along with stately pride, dressed in long black robes and queer-shaped, broad brim black fur hats. The Catholic is the only noticeable religion. Here and there is a small church in which the Church of England service is held. The Presbyterians also, and a few other North American missions, have a small foothold; but the imagery and visible symbols of the papacy seem to impress these common people beyond all other forms of worship.



## 34. *A Second Suspect*

AT NOON of the 14th, we left port. We were now fifteen days in the tropics, and I had felt no discomfort from the heat nor missed a meal, though I ate very little, mostly of fruits and light food. I talked with Helm again. He said he might be absent two or three years, go to the Argentine Republic, across to the Pacific, and up the west coast of South America to San Francisco, Washington, and home to Philadelphia.

On January 15 we anchored at midnight in the bay of Bahia. The city, with a population about the same as that of Cleveland, is on a bluff above the Bay of All Saints, about as high as Cleveland is above Lake Erie. Bahia has a fine harbor and I counted there over forty sea-going ships flying the flags of almost every nation. The English flags, however, were most numerous. With a population in which for over three hundred years amalgamation of races has been going on in every possible and conceivable way, the negro type appears to be most prominent. The sons of Ham, however, are not in all cases the "servants of servants." Some black men, apparently pure types of the Congo, are well dressed and intelligent and move about with the full consciousness and dignity of manhood which characterize the Saxon and Norman. On a corner of one of the principal streets I saw a white man earning an honest milreis blacking the shoes of a full blooded negro.

Sugar, cotton and some coffee are produced around Bahia, but coffee thrives better south of here near Capricorn. Large quantities of palm oil, castor oil, tapioca, and farina—one thousand eighty-pound bags of the last—were here taken aboard our ship to go farther south.

The flower gardens and yards of the wealthy people of Bahia are gorgeous and the air seems heavy with fragrance. The finest grounds on Euclid Avenue as they appear in June bear no comparison. Underneath stately palms, coconut and breadfruit trees is seen a profusion of many-colored foliage trees and plants. Embracing vines, running from tree to tree, like the rigging of a great ship, are covered with roses and flowers brilliant in hue and radiant in beauty. Hundreds of these gardens surrounding splendid mansions are scattered along the bluff overlooking the beautiful harbor and the broad ocean beyond. A gentle breeze blows almost constantly from the Atlantic.

I tried to find out how high the city is above the bay, but had as much trouble in trying to make the natives understand as my polite and precise

neighbor, Mr. Smith, had some years ago with a German waiter in a beer garden on one of the hills overlooking Cincinnati.

"What is the altitude of this place above the city," asked Mr. Smith.

"Oh, dis ish nice blace up here," replied the waiter.

"But what is the altitude?" persisted Mr. Smith with some emphasis.

"Oh, yaw," said the waiter, "we sell apout a hundert and fifty kegs a day."

I saw a style of waterworks here different from what I had seen before. On each side of a small horse, with sawbuck and gunny sack for a saddle, are attached two kegs, each holding five or six gallons. The waterman every morning leaves a full keg at a house and takes away the empty one.

Packages, baskets, trunks, bags, and boxes are carried on the heads of people. One woman was carrying a book about the size of a fifth reader on her head, and I saw several women with parasols and umbrellas fitted to their heads.

Churches are numerous and the style of architecture is quite uniform, with a tower at each corner of the front end, and always with a large bell and sometimes a chime of bells in one of the towers. The greater number were built from small contributions. A stick or pole is borne through the streets, on which is attached a silver dove or bird called the host. Beneath this is a cup or box to receive the money. The bearer invites and urges the people in solemn tones to kiss the host and give to the church. This system kept up by hundreds of bearers scattered through town and country, year in and year out, hardly stopping during the heaviest rains or the fiercest rays of a torrid sun, has gathered enormous sums for the pontiff and church of Rome.

Thirty passengers came aboard at Bahia for Rio. Most of them were Brazilians; the others negroes, Englishmen and Spaniards. The Brazilian way of parting with friends is patriarchal. Each places his chin on the other's right shoulder and with their right hands they reach around and pat one another on the back. When they want to be "right down" tender and touching, they kiss. I saw two full blooded negro men part in this way. When their thick lips met and parted it sounded like a big cork pulled from a big bottle.

From the 16th to the 19th we were on the ocean between Bahia and Rio de Janeiro, plowing along through a broad expanse of water. Among the passengers, I found the better class of Brazilians very polite and some of them quite well informed in the current history of the world. A cultured gentleman came board at Pará, going to Rio. He was born and raised eight hundred miles up the Amazon, and being in the export trade he had picked up very good English. He explained in glowing terms the wonderful resources of the great state of Amazonas, and told how rubber is gathered, what crops the people raise, of the different woods, of rope and twine fiber plants, and of the birds, snakes, and other animals.

After he had informed me about several kinds of large snakes in his State



up the Amazon, this gentleman and other Brazilians were anxious to learn something of the United States. With a desire not to be outdone in swapping stories, I told them that we had no such large snakes as theirs, but that we had men in my country who had swallowed several thousand miles of railroad without winking; also other men, a few of whom would get together in what they called a trust, that squeezed hard earnings out of everybody. They looked grave, and discussed it with one another in Portuguese. Then their faces lighted up. They at once surrounded me and said that they had the same trouble in Brazil; that the English had brought it over and were making much money by it.

I felt gratified that they had gained an understanding of the word trust, more adequate, at least, than the Russian's understanding of the Irish bull in Bayard Taylor's story of a dinner party in Berlin. There were present an Englishman, an Irishman, a German, a Frenchman, and Mr. Taylor. The conversation turned on the character of the humor of different countries and, as illustrative of the Irish bull, Mr. Taylor told what he had read on a guide-board in Ireland. Painted in large letters was, "Thirty miles to Cork," and underneath in smaller letters, "Those who can not read may inquire of the shoemaker across the way."

All laughed but the Russian, who, when the laugh was over, thinking that he, too, must laugh, broke forth in a wooden "Ha, ha!" plainly showing that he had simply wished to be polite.

An hour or so afterwards, the Russian came to Mr. Taylor, this time with his eyes sparkling and his whole body shaking with laughter and joyous merriment. "Mr. Taylor," said he, "I did not understand the joke in your Irish guideboard story at the time you told it, and I laughed only because the others did. It was only a few moments ago that the fun, the real joke, burst upon me, and I laughed and laughed until my sides ached. I have hastened to find you and tell you what a good story it was. Indeed it is too funny—just to think that the shoemaker would always be at home to tell them!"

On January 18, the captain brought out his sextant and took the altitude of the sun at noon. It was squarely overhead. Henceforth I must adjust my senses to the sun's sweeping over the heavens to the northward instead of south of me.

On our arrival at Rio de Janeiro, January 19, twenty-six days from New York, I found Consul-general O. H. Dockery, inquired for our minister, the Honorable E. G. Conger, and learned that he was at Petropolis, three hours' ride from Rio. It was very warm in Rio, and yellow fever was common though not epidemic. I took the boat up the bay and cogwheel railway up the mountain to see Mr. Conger, arrived at six in the evening, and went to Hotel Europa. The town is twenty-eight hundred feet above Rio, very pleasant and much cooler.

Mr. Conger had just received, by the same steamer I came on, the papers

sent direct from our state department relating to the extradition of Botsford. He was to ask for the arrest and delivery of Botsford, but could not promise that our Government would do likewise with fugitives from justice whom the Brazilian Government wanted in the United States. Mr. Conger was willing and anxious to aid me and would try for Brazilian help.

After my business with him, he questioned me closely about the passengers on the *Allianca*. He wanted to know if I suspected any passenger on that ship as a fugitive from justice. I replied that I suspected one who called himself A. R. Helm. Mr. Conger asked me to describe him. I took out my notebook and read "Five feet, eight; one hundred and twenty-five pounds; near-sighted gray eyes, and wears gold spectacles all the time; dark-brown hair and mustache; halts in his talk."

My description of Helm seemed to impress Mr. Conger and he asked earnestly, "What crime do you think this Helm had committed?"

I replied, "Embezzling bank funds or forging bank paper, one or both."

"Why do you think so?" he asked.

"Because he seemed familiar with all forms of banking business and explained to me several times how to start a bank without money and 'to do up folks.' He told about what is called 'kiting checks' and drawing drafts on a far-away bank, taking them up a week or ten days later, then drawing drafts on other banks to balance, and keeping this up for weeks with no money in one's own bank to make the drafts good. I watched the man closely and at every port he looked as if he saw in every bush an officer. He seemed anxious and troubled."

Mr. Conger then told me that this Helm whom I suspected was evidently no other than Albert A. Cadwallader, a fugitive bank president from Superior, Wisconsin, charged with embezzling forty thousand dollars. He took a small key from his pocket, unlocked a drawer in his desk, and took therefrom a long cablegram from our state department describing Cadwallader exactly as I had Mr. Helm. I saw that it must have cost four or five hundred dollars by cable rates, as it was sent twice across the ocean, first by the French cable, then down the coast of Europe, thence to Rio by cable.

Mr. Conger said, "He is wanted very much by our Government. Will you try to find him?"

I replied that I would do all I could to aid, and mentioned Helm's asking me to forward his trunk.

Mr. Conger asked, "Didn't this man suspect your mission on the trip of twenty-six days from New York to Rio?"

I assured him that nobody suspected it, for I had talked freely of the cattle ranges in Texas and inquired about cattle ranges in South America, and all the passengers believed that I was a cattle man from Texas, although I did not say that I was. Mr. Conger insisted that I take charge of the case provided he could get the Brazilian Government to consent to arrest and deliver



the man. I finally told him that I would, if it would not interfere with getting Botsford home.

"I will see that it shall not," he replied.

On Saturday, January 21, I returned with Mr. Conger to Rio, saw the consul general, and heard of Helm at the consul's office. Mr. Conger laid Botsford's case before the minister at the foreign office. The department very courteously agreed to deliver him provided we would deliver to them certain fugitives then in New York and Boston, very much wanted for the same crime of embezzlement. This was so perfectly fair that it placed our minister under the humiliating situation of confessing that he could not promise definitely until the executive department of our Government could get concurrent action from the Senate of the United States in an extradition treaty. Ordinarily this would be interpreted as quibbling in diplomacy, but the frank straightforward manner of our minister appeared to clear away all objections. Moreover, the Brazilian people and Government do not want their country to be turned into a Botany Bay for our fugitives from justice, and therefore are inclined to deliver rascals whom we want whether we do theirs or not.

On Monday Mr. Conger said that after some deliberation the Brazilian Government agreed to deliver Botsford, but with the statement that they would expect our Government to do likewise should they ask for the extradition of fugitives for like crimes from Brazil.

On Tuesday at seven A. M., I went with Mr. Conger to Rio and in the afternoon he said, "The Government is slow but I think we shall get papers in a few days."

Meanwhile I was busy in Rio trying to get some information of the whereabouts of Botsford. About all we knew was that, some months before, he was in the state of São Paulo. I hunted up four of his fellow passengers on the *Vigilanca*, New York to Rio, in June. Three of them knew nothing about him except that he appeared to avoid Americans and was not very agreeable in conversation. The fourth recognized his photograph and said that Botsford left ship at Pernambuco and, in a short time after, called on him at Rio; that he talked of investing money and of the laundry business, and that three months ago he was forty or fifty miles from São Paulo.

I found another gentleman from the United States, agent of a large coffee house in New York, who told me that at Pernambuco a man from our country came aboard and they became acquainted. I showed the picture and he said, "That's the man!"

"Where is he?" I asked.

"I do not know," he replied; "he was very reticent but finally gave his name as H. B. Ford and asked me to forward his mail from Rio."

The gentleman added, after some hesitation, that he could give Botsford's location in October if I would promise not to divulge his name, which I readily agreed to. He said that he thought Botsford, or Ford as he called him, was

very revengeful in nature and would do him some harm in an underhanded way if he found out he gave any information leading to his discovery. He then showed a letter in the fugitive's handwriting. I eagerly looked for postmark and date, "Matto Dentro, October 13, 1892." Botsford was about going into coffee-planting one hundred and fifty or two hundred miles from São Paulo. I was able by this information to give the Brazilian authorities the location so they could issue the order to the chief of police of that state for Botsford's arrest on my identification.

On the 28th, I found a letter from Helm from São Paulo, Rua São Bento, No. 24, wanting to know about many things and especially about his mail and express baggage. I did what I could for him by way of inquiry and promptly replied to his questions. The Brazilian officials granted that if we would show that Helm was an assumed name and especially if he acknowledged that his real name was Cadwallader, we could have him; but should he deny, then we must prove our case. I could not swear to the identity of Cadwallader and no living man in South America could, except the fugitive himself. Mr. Conger became anxious, fearing that Cadwallader would deny his name and meanwhile escape to the Argentine Republic, Bolivia, or Peru, where it would be impossible to find him. I assured him that there was no danger of Helm's denying his true name of Cadwallader to me; moreover, I did not believe he would become alarmed and escape, as he had no suspicion of me.

The Botsford papers were promised to be "ready at noon tomorrow," "ready in a day or two," "ready tomorrow noon." I wrote letters, read, visited with Mr. Conger, went to the botanical gardens, walked about Petropolis, and went with the consul general up Corcovado mountain, twenty-five hundred feet, on the tramway. Getting weary of waiting I went on Saturday, Monday, Tuesday, to the state, justice and police departments. No papers.

After much delay and diplomacy, orders were issued from the department of justice, by request of their state department, to arrest the man whom I should identify, and on Thursday, February 2, I took train for São Paulo to see the chief of police to whom the order was given. I exchanged four hundred dollars in gold for Brazilian coin and belted three hundred dollars about my waist. Mr. Conger gave me Godspeed, but remarked, "I don't think you will find him, for this is a large and wild country."

I resolved to try, but was much depressed thereafter in my efforts to find the fox. On many days I would gladly have given a thousand dollars to be able to return home and hold my head up carefree again.

After fifteen hours' ride all day through mountains and coffee bushes four hundred miles, I arrived, all dust and dirt, at São Paulo, the capital of the State. Our consul at São Paulo, also two other citizens of the United States, gave me the same cold consolation that Minister Conger had. I had gone too far, however, and resolved to learn more before I turned back. My belt of gold coin I left in the consul's safe, carrying with me only a few pieces. By his



advice I used another purse with a small amount of Brazilian currency for daily use. I kept on my person two short bulldog six-shooters to be handy if needed. I never had any occasion to use them.

I called on Cadwallader, or Helm, who had got employment in an English store. He was very glad to see me, as he said he felt lonesome. He excused himself as a gentleman of fortune, the character which he had assumed on our voyage, and stated that he was anxious to learn the Portuguese language. I approved his plan of learning the language and customs of the people and told him I would call on my return from up country. I then wired and wrote Mr. Conger to have the necessary papers sent from the department of justice at Rio to the chief of police at São Paulo, to be ready on my return from the coffee region.

To make the arrest of Botsford, the chief of police, after some delay and bother, gave me a letter to the delegate of the district at Matto Dentro or Mogy Mirim. Doctor Oliver Derby, state geologist, aided me and went with me to the chief. The delegate is a civil officer in Brazil, yet gives orders to the military officers or soldiers of his district to make arrests for the federal or central Government.

Mogy Mirim is nearly two hundred miles up in the coffee country from São Paulo, the capital. On my way I was obliged to stop over at Campiñas, a town of about five thousand people and the central point for a considerable region of coffee plantations or fazendas. I had made inquiry at São Paulo about English and Americans up in that part of the country and was advised to take an interpreter with me from Campiñas. Arriving at eight P. M., Saturday, I improved the delay by inquiring about Americans and examining hotel registers, or books as they call them. On the book of the third hotel, I found: "December 27, 1892, H. B. Ford, Room 10." This gave me much comfort, as it shortened the time over two months from October 13.

At a large warehouse for coffee-hulling machinery I found a young Scotchman, T. R. Cameron. He was educated, spoke the Portuguese language with great fluency, and had gentlemanly manners. I asked him if he had seen any strangers from the United States.

"Not many," he replied. "One, however, was here some time ago and asked many questions about our prices. I asked him his name. He said, 'No matter about my name.' I did na laike his looks and actions."

I then showed him Botsford's picture and he immediately said, "Hoot! that's the mon! I did na laike him and watched which way he went. He took the little-gauge coffee road for up the back country."

I then decided to go to Matto Dentro, only about an hour's ride from Campiñas, and learn if Ford was still there. The Scotchman said he had seen a man like Ford on the third or fourth, only with beard shaved off.

Few people could be found in the back country who could speak English, so I employed the Scotchman as interpreter. The superintendent let me have

him very readily, for he could look up customers for coffee-hulling mills on the trip. Taking the Scotchman, I left on the narrow-gauge road for Matto Dentro, and learned that the man described, who went by the name of Henrique Ford, had been there a short time and had married on or about January 14, at Campiñas, a pretty French dressmaker who limped in walking. I found that he had left with his wife for Espirito Santo do Pinhal—sainted spirit of the pines—and bought into a coffee plantation four and one half leagues (twenty miles) out beyond the end of the railroad, a part of the country broken into interminable foothills of the mountains of Minas Geraes.

We took train for Mogy Mirim to see the delegate, who informed me that the delegate at Espirito Santo do Pinhal, near the state line of Minas Geraes, was the proper officer to direct or order the soldiers to make the arrest. To avoid being turned back to São Paulo, I had the delegate visé the order and write a letter to the delegate at Pinhal.

With the interpreter, Cameron, I reached the end of the ramshackle road, at Pinhal, and found that Botsford was over the line in Jacutinga in the State of Minas Geraes!

The delegate told me that he could do nothing unless Botsford could be found in the State of São Paulo. This depressed me very much, as I hated to turn back to Rio, two days' journey by rail, and begin all over again, up through the State of Minas Geraes on the other side of the mountains. I first thought I would wait a few days and see if Botsford would return across the state line, but on reflection I concluded the plan involved too much risk, as he would most certainly hear through the natives and keep away. I got pretty well acquainted with the delegate, who promised to send soldiers across the line into Minas Geraes provided I could get the delegate in that state to make the arrest. This was a point gained, and I asked him to write a letter to the delegate at Jacutinga and give it to me. With the letter, I had some confidence that I could get Botsford across the state line from Minas Geraes into São Paulo.

After a miserable supper at a miserable hotel I went with my interpreter to a man who rented mules and horses to people going further up into the country. On seeing Botsford's picture he said that he and his wife had hired two mules and a guide two or three weeks before to take them to a fazenda up among the hills not far from Jacutinga. I promptly employed the same guide.

The next morning we started and soon entered a tropical forest dense with embracing vines, the limbs of the tall trees overlooking the thick cane growth below. It was a sombre and lonely ride in the dark woods. We passed barking and jabbering bands of monkeys on the branches above, and several times I saw big lazy-looking snakes. Mile after mile we journeyed along the narrow, deep-furrowed mule paths, so rough that we had to dismount several times and lead the mules. I saw at intervals crosses about ten or twelve feet high and asked what they were for. The Scotchman replied that every cross was



put up because no one would kill a returning coffee raiser with money in his pocket within a long stone's throw of a cross. I asked, "Why then don't they plant these crosses like telegraph poles and make it safe all the way?"

He jabbered with our sedate and solemn guide a moment and replied, "He says the spell would be broken and would do no good."

We arrived at Jacutinga at noon—a little adobe town up in the mountains, a dirty hotel with dirt floor, and about nothing to eat. I found the delegate of the district, who wanted time to think it over. My papers covered only the State of São Paulo. The delegate shook his head and declined to act.

Good luck came to me that night. A superior judge, or traveling justice of right as they called him, was traveling on muleback across the State and stopping over night at Jacutinga. He had the power to save me a long journey around a great oxbow bend back to Rio to get the warrant corrected. When I called on him and showed my papers, he at first declined to act until the request came from Rio de Janeiro through the chief of police at Minas Geraes. I urged action by telling him that the federal Government was anxious to deliver Botsford to the United States.

Here my polite Scotch interpreter earned the money I paid him. I told him to say to the "great supreme judge" that the Brazilian Government had selected the President of my country to decide the boundary line between Brazil and the Argentine Republic, and if he would order the papers good for the state of Minas Geraes he would do a great favor for the republic of Brazil. The Scotch interpreter did the work well, and the traveling justice said that he would direct the delegate to order the arrest and delivery of Botsford to the authorities of São Paulo provided Botsford would acknowledge his name and recognize me as a proper officer of the United States. The Brazilian authorities are very particular on this point involving personal liberty, especially since the change from an empire to a republic.

The proper papers were made out by the delegate as directed by the superior judge and a detail of eighteen men was made to make the arrest. I asked why they wanted so many men and was told that the man "Mr. Hendrick," or "Henrique Ford" as he signed it in his contract for the coffee fazenda, had been seen in the village two or three weeks before with a big knife in his boot leg and a revolver; that he was tall and wild, and they thought he was a dangerous man. I advised against taking so many men and told them, if they would permit me, I would get him to the delegate's office with one man. The judge replied through my interpreter that his Government wanted to make a sure thing of it.

They took their own way, and the next morning (Saturday, February 11) twenty-one men, up at four A. M., left Jacutinga for Botsford's plantation. The justice on muleback had come himself, under the direction of the superior judge, to serve the warrant. The barefooted soldiers, armed with revolvers, old pistols, and clubs, were afoot. After going several miles over hills and

down through deep valleys, we began the steep ascent of a mountain the top of which was concealed in the clouds. After about an hour's climb we began to be drenched with rain, but got above it in a little while and reached the top, which was level, or rolling, and covered with coffee bushes and here and there an orange tree. At a turn in the path, the adobe house and other buildings were only a short distance away. The soldiers immediately divided to right and left running rapidly, surrounded the central house, and closed in on it. A tall man in shirt sleeves appeared at the door and demanded in domineering voice, "What's this noise?"



## 35. *Two Birds with One Stone*

AFTER weeks of anxiety I had at last found my man. I identified Botsford to them before he saw me. He went quickly inside and soon came striding out with long top boots on and a revolver in his belt. The soldiers cut in between him and the house and formed a circle about him but did not seize him. I asked the Scotchman why they stood off. He replied, "Because they think he is a desperate character and a murderer in your country, and he is armed."

I swung off my mule and snatched the revolver from the fugitive's belt and the long machete from the sheath in his boot leg. The soldiers saw this and went for him like dogs after a coon in a cornfield. They found a scraggy horse near by, straddled the embezzler on it, tied him fast, and proud of their capture, started down the mountain back to Jacutinga. His wife, a very pretty little French girl, fainted as they marched him out. I sent the guide at once across country over the mountains by a shorter route on a fleet horse to Espirito Santo do Pinhal to request the local magistrate to hasten the guard to Jacutinga, take charge of the prisoner, and get him over the state line without delay, as my agreement with the superior judge of Minas Geraes was that they would hold him at Jacutinga until São Paulo should send for him.

We traveled fast that day because it was more down hill than up. After we got away he asked me if my name was not Captain Henry. He said that he knew me, as he had sold lumber to me some years before; that he was glad to see me, and if I would dismiss the guard we could sit down together and soon settle up the debt he owed to Gray, Jenks and Company. He said that he could not pay them any money now, but he would give his word of honor as an American gentleman that he would pay them all in five or six years! I replied that I was not authorized to settle with him, but simply to identify him to the Brazilian authorities.

We arrived at Jacutinga towards night, and he was taken before the delegate, who asked him if his true name was not Harpin A. Botsford. He replied, "Yes." He was then asked if he recognized me as the proper agent of the United States sent to identify him. He replied, "Yes."

He then began to talk rapidly to explain the change of his name to H. B. Ford, Henrique Ford and Mr. Hendrick, saying that the Brazilians had made mistakes and blunders in the changes and that he was in no way accountable for these different names. Of course they did not believe his explanations, and late at night they put him in a rude jail with a dirt floor with nothing to eat.

I learned that custom required that I should keep him from hunger. I therefore ordered the best meal on a large server and carried it myself across the plaza to the jail, amid a throng of natives anxious to see the Americanos. Just as I gave the supper to the prisoner a man entered the jail and handed toward him a long envelope containing what proved to be the receipt for payment of eight thousand dollars and the title deed of a large coffee plantation. I quietly took the package before the prisoner could take it. He said snappishly, "That belongs to me and not to you."

I did not know the value of the contents but replied, "This belongs to your employers and mine. I will keep it for them."

When I finally reached Rio again I gave the papers to our consul general there.

Meanwhile, the guide that I sent across country rode fast, mounted a fresh horse half way, reached the border of the State of São Paulo, and gave news of the capture. The delegate started a detail of cavalrymen on good horses to get the prisoner. The following day the guard, six of them, galloped into the little mountain town. The soldiers, heroes to the simple people, were well dressed, and my Scotch interpreter told me that they were from the best families of coffee planters over the border. Like old custom in Europe, the people of Jacutinga, obliged to care for them and their horses, did this in royal style. I was glad to see the grand parade of cavalrymen as it convinced my prisoner of the truth I had told him. Their orders were to return as soon as possible. With hundreds of natives bidding the cavalcade Godspeed, we started on our journey.

I noticed that the soldiers changed reliefs every two hours, making two guards for the prisoner. The rest rode in good order laughing and talking. I dropped to the rear but directed the Scotchman to ride forward from time to time and tell me what they were talking about. He reported that they felt proud of getting out of the country a desperate American murderer. So we journeyed on, and I felt great relief when we got back into the state of São Paulo. We rode into the town of Espirito Santo do Pinhal with great pomp and splendor. I now felt that I was, after a long journey, faced homeward.

Here we had another judicial inquiry and I was obliged again to employ an attorney. The delegate ordered a court, to examine into the case as to its legality. It met at seven o'clock, Sunday evening, in the court house and summoned the prisoner and me before it. They declined to use my interpreter and sent for a young Englishman, a banker in town. Called upon to produce my authority from the United States, I modestly took out of my breast pocket a long envelope. They opened it and found my commission with the great seal of my country and signed "Benjamin Harrison, President." They asked the prisoner if that was a genuine signature. He was foolish enough to confess that it was. Had he said "No," it would have given me much trouble and delay. Finally at the end of four hours' bother and ques-



tioning in a hot room they got through this solemn farce. At eleven P. M., weary and worn with long travel and anxiety, I went to my hotel and fell asleep in five minutes.

On Monday we waited all day for the decision of the justice and delegate. At eight P. M. they notified me that they would send Botsford under strong guard to São Paulo. The next morning early, with four soldiers, we were at the station of the narrow-gauge road en route to São Paulo via Campiñas. Hundreds of bags of coffee were piled on the platform. Pack mules were coming in with more. A crowd of people was there from curiosity to see us off. Just before the train left, Botsford's new wife, the pretty little French dressmaker, rode up on horseback with the young man whom I had seen keep her from falling when she fainted on seeing her husband taken from their home. She looked wild and anxious. It was a case of devotion and evidence of sacrifice. She did not know what a poor bankrupt she was in her love.

I saw that the crowd was excited and the Scotchman told me that they threatened a rescue of the prisoner. I had noticed a spirit of sixteenth century chivalry among Brazilians and saw at once the danger. I concluded to let the authorities and people know that he had a good wife and daughter in our own country and that he had deeply wronged this young French girl. Explaining what I wanted, I hastily told the Scotchman to jump up on the pile of coffee bags and tell them. Fluent in the use of their language, he called out in Portuguese, holding up two fingers, "Two wives"; then holding up three fingers, called, "and three names."

This had the effect intended and it soon spread among the people. Added to this, some one started a story that he was wanted for murder in the United States, and I had no further fear of rescue. The anger of the people was turned against the prisoner. Botsford heard the cry, "Two wives and three names," and from that time on became filled with a spirit of malignity and revenge towards me. I had done him no injustice or wrong. It was only using the truth and facts of his own perfidy and infamy to guard against any mistaken sentiment in his favor.

The attendant of the pretty dressmaker bought a ticket for her to Matto Dentro where she had friends. I asked that she should ride in another car. She asked the conductor to be allowed to go into the car with her husband. He refused and referred her to the captain of the guard. The captain saw her and she begged of him to enter the next car. He also refused. A pathetic scene followed. She dropped on her knees and in pleading tones implored, "Señor, señor! Oh, please, please."

At last the captain could stand it no longer. He therefore took her back to the rear car. With a wild, anxious look she rushed to the prisoner and fell sobbing into his lap with both arms about his neck and her weary head resting on his breast. I watched him closely and saw that he was embarrassed—indeed, he looked ashamed and sneaking. She clung to him in this way, sobbing and

moaning, to the end of her ride to Matto Dentro. The kind-hearted captain and conductor were obliged to disengage her arms from their loving embrace around the rascal's neck. I had seen Ristori and all the great emotional actresses but never saw a scene so pathetic as this. They tenderly lifted her to the ground and carried her fainting into the station. That was the last I ever saw of her; but more hereafter in the narrative as evidence of the devotion and sacrifice of woman's love.

The prisoner saw from the car window the fainting and heard the moans of grief and despair from the woman he had so cruelly wronged. He had formerly been at this place, and some one handed him a paper from the United States. He opened the paper and began to read as the train moved off. He read it about through, then gave it to me and told me in substance the news from our own country. I saw that he had really read it and was apparently indifferent about the sorrowful and distressing scene of which he was the cause.

At Campiñas I paid my Scotch interpreter for service at four dollars a day in gold. He had well earned it. I soon found that I should have kept him with me. We changed cars at Campiñas, and at four P. M. February 14, after a weary ride, we arrived at São Paulo.

It was Mardi Gras. The city was filled with thousands from adjacent towns, a shouting, happy, and to me crazy crowd. I told the captain as best I could to order two carriages to take us to the jail. He selected them and I soon learned that he could take them in the name of the Brazilian Government. The prisoner was safely lodged in jail, with the guard to stay with him, two on relief, the rest to enjoy the hilarious and festal night.

I drove to the hotel, where I had stopped coming up, and left the carriage. I asked for a room or cot. All full and overflowing! I started out to find some place to sleep. Many years before I had been lost in the trackless pine forests of the Northwest, but here was more desolation amid this jam of human beings—no one to speak my native tongue. The consul's office was closed, so I wandered among the human throng for two hours. From splendid carriages masked ladies were scattering little pieces of tissue paper, like a snowstorm in the temperate zone.

At last I saw a woman with an Irish face smoking a cob pipe. She looked like a sane woman in the crazy crowd. I asked her if I could get a place to sleep. She replied, "Yis, Oi hev a room, if yez pay enough for it."

I felt happy to hear this brogue. She wanted two dollars, which I gladly paid. I found a good bed and slept soundly till morning, when I awoke dreaming of home. With an interpreter I called on the chief of police, who informed me that the proper papers had arrived from Rio for the arrest of Cadwallader if I could locate and identify him and prove that he was the man wanted; or, if he would admit that his true name was Cadwallader and the one asked for, then they would hold him subject to orders from the department of justice at



Rio de Janeiro. I called at once on our consul. He and two or three other citizens from the United States knew my man. After a few weeks' trial in the grocery or supply store where he had obtained employment, the owner, an Englishman, had put him in charge. Cadwallader had, however, gone to Santos, and I took the first train to that place, but learned soon after my arrival that he had returned to São Paulo.

I began to fear that we should miss the steamer *Seguranca* that was to leave Rio on the 25th. Having explained to our consul my plan for getting a confession from the fugitive before arrest, so as not to use threats or menace, I asked him to have a guard across the street in a room and that he and others should be in his front office on the ground floor. I arranged for four English-speaking people, three of whom spoke Portuguese, to be together, and I would bring Helm (Cadwallader) with me for a voluntary confession as to his real name. I was not sure, but had faith that my plan would work. All was ready and I went two squares away to the English store. It was a hot day and all doors were open. Helm was standing at the front door and saw me coming. He hastened to meet me, calling out, "How are you, Captain? I'm so glad to see you."

He reached to shake hands and I pleasantly replied, "Good morning, Albert."

He gave a quick, startled look and asked, "How do you know my name is Albert?"

I replied, "Your name is Albert A. Cadwallader, and you should live here under your real name."

He seemed stunned, then dropped his head and said, "Yes, I am sorry that I used another name. I would much rather live under my true name, and I only changed it because of my misfortunes. But how can I change it? I am embarrassed about my folly."

I told him that it would be an easy thing to correct then, but the longer he delayed it, the greater his embarrassment would be. I added also that only a few English-speaking people lived in the city, and if he would go with me to the consul's he could change to his real name and explain afterwards. He gladly agreed to the proposition. We soon entered the office. I said, "Please tell these gentlemen your true name. Here is a chair. Sit down at the table. It is a hot day."

He sat down and said, "Gentlemen, my bad luck and misfortunes in the United States induced me to try in this country. I changed my name. I'm sorry for it. It was foolish in me to do so. I see it all now and wish to live under my real name, Albert A. Cadwallader."

He was a fine penman and proud of his handwriting, so I asked him to write his name. He did so. The consul said, "This is your wish, is it?"

"Yes," he replied.

I stepped to the door and gave the signal, and an officer and four soldiers ran to us from across the street and arrested him. He looked frightened, and demanded, "Captain, who in hell are you?"

I replied in friendly voice, "The same old fellow who came down from New York to Rio with you."

There was no reason for further fiction, and he freely acknowledged that he was under indictment for the embezzlement of forty thousand dollars. I asked him many questions,—who were his bondsmen, why he came to Brazil, who was the greatest loser, etc. In reply to the last question he said, "The American Surety Company lost the most of anybody."

I asked, "How much?"

He replied after some hesitation, "Eighteen thousand dollars."

Among many other things, he told me that his bondsmen furnished the money, eight hundred dollars, or raised it for him to come to Brazil. I asked him, "What for?" He replied to get him out of the way. I then told him that was simple nonsense; that they were not that kind of men, and it was not only foolish but very mean to malign men who had befriended him in trouble.

A crowd soon gathered around the consulate. Presently a jolly-faced Englishman wedged through, very much excited. He was the owner of the store, and used great freedom with the letter "h," especially when excited. He asked me, "W'at's the matter?"

Not wishing to tell him all, but to leave the consul to give him the facts, I replied that his agent, Mr. Helm, was changing his name a little. He turned to the prisoner with a look of anger. Shaking his finger at him he said, "Mr. 'Elm, Mr. 'Elm, Hi 'ave been kind to you. W'y in 'ell did you tell me your name was 'Elm?"

Cadwallader had a fine gold watch and chain and had informed passengers on the steamer from New York almost daily that it was a present from his Sunday school scholars. Just before leaving São Paulo for Rio, I noticed that the watch and chain were gone, but knew that he had it on his person, and watched him closely. Soon the jolly Englishman turned up to see us off, and the prisoner quickly placed in his hand a package. I asked the Englishman what it was. He replied that it was a watch which the prisoner wanted him to send to some one in the United States.

I mention the circumstance to show that he knew the Englishman to be an honest man, and also to illustrate a common trick of swindlers. A good bank is not to be blamed for counterfeits on it. So also churches, Sunday schools, and the Young Men's Christian Association should not be chargeable for pious thieves.

His talk was generally rambling and self-laudatory—of how much money he made, of the unbounded confidence that men had in him, and that other men got the money and he was the victim. I do not think that he took much money with him to Brazil. At Pará I had seen him try to get a hundred-dollar



bill changed into milreis. He was very saving of his money, not from stinginess but from fear of getting out before he could get employment. He had stopped a day at an American hotel, Carson's, at Rio, and they told me that they caught him leaving at two o'clock in the morning, called him back and made him pay his bill. He told me that he got a scare when Consul-general Dockery asked where he was from, and he replied, "Philadelphia."

The consul looked at him sharply and said in a loud tone, "Some great rascals come to Brazil from Philadelphia."

When this conversation took place the day after our arrival at Rio, General Dockery had no knowledge of my business, nor of the true name and character of Cadwallader.

After three days' delay at São Paulo we got off for Rio, and finding the steamer in port I immediately went to work to get the prisoners on board. This could not be accomplished until certain formalities and orders had passed. The Brazilian Government declined to deliver Cadwallader to me on shipboard without a regular commission from the United States for me to receive him. Mr. Conger at once cabled, and authority soon came signed, "Benjamin Harrison, President." The Brazilian officials shook their heads and replied, "It is not enough for our files. We know it is all right, but we must have our records according to custom."

After much urging they said, "If the prisoner will ask us in writing, duly witnessed, for our files, to be taken on the steamer for the United States, we will give him into your custody."

I slept little that night thinking how I could get the letter. The next morning I visited the jail as usual and I learned that a prisoner had died during the night of yellow fever. The prisoners all knew it. My plan was decided upon at once. Cadwallader was much afraid of yellow fever. I did not see him, but drove to the wholesale coffee warehouses and told two of my American friends of my plan. It was this: they should go with me to the jail and ask Cadwallader if they could do anything for him, tell him that yellow fever was prevalent, and learn if he was scared; if not scared enough, scare him a little more. They saw at once how to get the letter of request. He told them that if he must return to the United States he wanted to go with me on the next steamer. He readily wrote the letter required and my friends came out to the carriage. We drove to the foreign office on the gallop. The two gentlemen made oath that they saw the prisoner write and sign the letter, and the orders were issued. I was happy once more.

The next day the steamer took her place in a slip at the wharf next the great coffee storehouses. Then began the hustling aboard of thousands of bags of coffee. Anxious to get the prisoners aboard, I saw the captain and asked for two staterooms aft in the lower cabin next to the bathrooms. I explained to him that I had two prisoners that I did not wish to lock up in the jail of the steamer unless they behaved badly, and I wanted a detail of his crew to relieve

and assist me at intervals. To this he readily agreed. He appeared surprised and asked how I got them with no extradition treaty. He said that he had brought down criminals escaping from our country but had never taken any of them back. I replied that I would tell him tomorrow, and hurried off to the consul general's office. The prisoners were soon marched in by a guard of soldiers and formally delivered. Consul-general Dockery asked the guard to go with us to the steamer only a short distance away. They did so but fell in the rear of us.

I showed the prisoners the jail or lockup on the steamer, then took them to the lower cabin just above the water line, and told them they could take the one opposite mine and enjoy it if they obeyed my orders. If not, then to the jail, a dark and cheerless place. My orders were that they should not talk with passengers except to reply to questions, and then briefly and respectfully.

At five P. M., February 23, safe on board under the flag of my country, I was again happy, though about worn out and wishing we were out of the foul air and yellow fever thick among the shipping. The next day, however, a new red-tape trouble came up. A man had called on me after our arrival at Rio and stated that a murder had been committed at Campiñas, or near there, in December, and he had reason to believe the prisoner Ford, or Hendrick, had something to do with it. I ridiculed and scouted the idea. He however persisted, stated they would have an investigation anyway, and left in a defiant manner.

I learned that he was an attorney and at once concluded that he had no other purpose than to detain Botsford until after the steamer sailed. Consul-general Dockery and his son Claudius took hold with me, urged the immediate delivery of the prisoner on shipboard, and succeeded before the order was issued for the investigation of the murder charge.

The foreign office asked that he be sent ashore. I sent a messenger on the run for our consul general to come at once. I also saw the captain and asked for the use of the main parlor. As I could not leave, General Dockery saw the authorities and invited a thorough investigation on shipboard, where every facility would be given to learn the facts of alleged complicity. We granted this as an act of courtesy.

The next day the officials appeared, six of them, very dignified. They were from the law department of the Brazilian Government. Two or three hours were taken up in the inquiry. I asked our consul general if it would be proper to extend courtesy to them with cigars and wine. He replied, "Yes, I know them; that is just what they want. Give them the best on the ship."

The steward soon had things ready, with two or three of his most polite waiters. Every dignified official took a cigar and quenched his thirst. I said nothing, and calmly watched the scene. The waiters soon became very active opening champagne and port wine. The attorney asking for the detention of Botsford made very plausible and skillful use of the changes of name, big knife and revolver, and his conduct in avoiding English-speaking people.



I could not leave the ship and custody of the prisoner to investigate whether the charge was trumped up or simply a suspicion. The consul general took the view of the case in the beginning that some one wanted it a good enough charge until after the sailing of the ship. He occasionally asked Botsford a question during the investigation. "Did you change your name simply to cover your tracks as a fugitive from justice from the United States?"

Botsford pertly answered, "I didn't intend to leave any tracks."

This was true indeed, for during his whole pilgrimage of ten months the care that he used not to "leave any tracks" aided me in tracing him from place to place through a large district of the coffee country with his several changes of name. He was literally an Ishmaelite; every man suspected him by his actions and he suspected every man. He purposely left the ship from New York to Rio at Pernambuco, remained about a week, and took passage on a tramp ship from there to Rio, to cover his tracks. He stated that he had his pocket picked while there and that the police found and returned to him most of the money. It did not occur to him to return it to the men whom he had robbed in the United States. He avoided making deposits at any regular bank in Rio, not "to leave any tracks." At last, fearful at every turn in carrying the money, he stated that he deposited a part of it with a private broker under the name of A. N. Drew, as his name was Harpin *Andrew* Botsford and he was too conscientious to tell a falsehood out of whole cloth!

The result of the legal investigation was that the grave charge of murder could not be sufficiently fastened on the prisoner to ask his detention. After three hours the officials shook hands all around except with the prisoner, expressing hope that we would have a happy voyage to our own country and a wish to have us come again for more, saying that we could have all our criminals in one bunch.

The following day (February 25) the cargo was all aboard. It seemed to me enough for two or three steamers. The tide was down; our ship had sunk deep in the soft mud of the slip, and two tugs failed to pull her out. The smell was terrible. Finding the prisoners hard to guard so long, I employed a citizen of the United States to aid in port. The next morning the captain got a large steamer with a six-inch hawser two or three hundred feet long, and with the aid of the tugs we were pulled out of the mud into the deep waters of the harbor.

Through the wide channel to the sea, we passed the high Sugar Loaf mountain rising two thousand feet from the edge of the water and looking like a vast haystack. I had seen the picture of it in the geography I studied in boyhood in the old red schoolhouse—Smith's *Geography*, with its Great American Desert beginning two hundred miles west of the Mississippi and extending to the Sierra mountains near the Pacific coast.

Our steamer was obliged to stop at every port along the coast to Pará up the Amazon to secure the subsidy of Brazil and the United States for carrying

the mails. We reached Vitoria harbor February 27, and were stuck fast in the mud for four days by a drunken pilot who steered us on a bar. There was no tug to help us off, so a big new ten-inch hawser, weighing about two tons, was lifted near the steam capstan and the further end fastened around a big rock three hundred feet away. The donkey engine started and soon the strain began. The ten-inch rope became, by the pull of hundreds of tons, an eight-inch rope. The ship stuck fast. The pull kept on, and the huge rock tumbled into the water. At last they got the rope around a large tree and with a quarter twist dragged the ship off the bar. In half an hour we were on another, stuck fast!

With the steamer aground, the prisoners were on the watch to get ashore. Small boats hung about to take anyone on signal. Tired watching my two prisoners (or, as the seamen called them, my seventy-thousand dollar supercargo) and longing to be home, I felt crucified between two thieves. My two staterooms were next the water. A passageway three feet wide led between these and two inside staterooms. I got a light bamboo ship chair that nearly filled this passage. I sat in this chair every night when in port with my right hand in the side pocket of my coat grasping one of my little bulldogs.

I directed that the light should burn all night in the prisoners' room but turned it out at times in mine. The second night, I found their light out and asked why. Botsford in his domineering way said that it hurt his eyes. I told him to draw the curtains to shade his eyes and to leave a space a foot wide between. I ordered him to get up and turn on the light. He refused. I then called my guard and said, "Take this man forward to the jail and lock him up."

He got up quickly and turned the light on and begged of me to let him stay. I had no further trouble with him on that score, but he was always watching to annoy me in some way.

We got off the bar at four P. M., Saturday, March 4, on high tide and went inside the harbor of Vitoria—the harbor among the mountains, a perfect gem; the port, a curious quaint old town. A mountain two thousand feet high is at the entrance of the harbor and is visible far out at sea. On its summit is a large white fortress, built by the monks over two hundred years ago. A narrow winding path cut in the rock leads up. I was told that about a hundred monks live a solitary self-imprisoned life there. They have water in cisterns filled by the heavy rainfall of this climate. Far down the winding path they have little vineyards and gardens. From the grape juice they make a rare and costly cordial called Benedictine. It is also made by monks in the south of Europe, and the secret has been kept for three hundred years.

A Brazilian band played nightly on shore for our entertainment. Their music was curious and strange, in tone between our brass bands and the squeaky, high falsetto of Chinese music.

On Monday, March 6, we got off on the five o'clock full tide. Our new



pilot boarded and took the wheel. Most pilots take the captain's bridge and direct the wheelsman. The passengers watched anxiously to see how he would get through the two miles of sand bars. He whirled the wheel rapidly this way and that, and the ship responded by curves to right and left. The channel was perhaps eighty rods wide and to us looked as deep in one place as another. He got us to sea and we gave him a hearty cheer as he lowered into his little sailboat and let loose the line.

The prisoners being hard to guard so long, I employed Richard Joseph Lisboa a citizen of the United States to aid as guard in port. During all this time I had only little cat naps in the ship chair in the passageway with Lisboa on watch. When out to sea again I rested and got much relief and sleep, as my men could not escape. Both the prisoners were colossal liars with no gratitude for kind treatment. I began to regret that I was tender-hearted. At Pernambuco, worn out with constant watching day and night, I had a good notion to put the men in irons, but concluded to tough it out.

Consul Stevens came aboard and gave me three canes, one of maratinba wood, very rare, and two of seipo wood, a climbing hard vine that winds and twists about trees in the forest.

On Wednesday, March 15, towards the mouth of the Amazon, we learned that the ship was on fire in the hold at eleven P. M., the night before. The fire was got under control in two or three hours. The passengers knew nothing of it. At Pará we took aboard hundreds of huge boxes of rubber weighing half a ton each. Meanwhile I kept a sharp watch of my prisoners and left them only for ten minutes at a time in charge of two guards aft on the steamer.

At last we steamed down the river and said good-bye to the last port in South America. About worn out watching for two nights, I went to bed at seven P. M. after the ship was well out in the Amazon. The next day I slept fourteen hours.

We stopped at Barbadoes and took on a number of English passengers for New York. The passengers were very curious about my prisoners when they learned from the officers of the ship that I had had a hard time to get them out of Brazil. Some of the French passengers asked me in broken English which one was the murderer. I soon found that I was called Monsieur Lecoq. The English passengers called me Hawkshaw. But I never wanted any such reputation.

Our last port was St. Thomas, to coal up for New York. My prisoners behaved well by this time, for they knew I would lock them up if they violated orders. They were rather down in the mouth, Cadwallader crying and Botsford whistling. Botsford was bad all through, but Cadwallader had some good in him.

At last we saw Barnegat light and the next day the pilot boarded to take the steamer up the channel to New York. On Sunday, April 2, at five-thirty

A. M., we moved up the harbor. Mr. Jenks, United States Marshal Jacobs, and Chief Drummond of the secret service of the United States, with deputies, police, and detectives came aboard and overwhelmed me with congratulations on success. The chief gave me a receipt for the banker fugitive. We got ashore at nine A. M., and drove with the prisoners to Ludlow Street jail; then to the Holland House, where reporters came all day to see me and asked for interviews. I walked out to get some new clothes, but it was Sunday. My clothes were worn and shabby from being so long in the saddle in the up country. I could buy no clothes to fit me at Rio, for the people are small there, and those I got were too short. I wore fine lambs-wool navy blue shirts and a broad-brimmed soft felt hat. I refer to this because a swarm of jolly reporters described my dress with excruciating exactness. On Monday the New York papers were full of accounts of the prisoners and their capture and everybody was asking questions about them and about Brazil.

At three P. M. I took Botsford to Philadelphia and the next day, when he was received from me formally by Pennsylvania officers, I felt a free man after months of anxiety.

It was now spring and I was anxious to get home to my farm, but I was obliged to visit Washington and report to the state department in person. I found there that the sealed official pouch that came up on our steamer contained letters in the highest praise of my work from Minister Conger and Consul-general Dockery.

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The prisoners were tried and each was sentenced for a term of years. The stolen money paid on the coffee fazenda, Botsford's employers got through our minister. What he paid for diamonds given to the pretty dressmaker made it possible for her to secure his pardon about two years afterwards. She remained at Matto Dentro some months, then crossed the ocean to her childhood home in France. She had sold her diamonds and thus obtained the money to cross the Atlantic. Then she came to the United States. She found the governor of Pennsylvania and daily on her knees with tearful uplifted face pleaded, "Please, señor; please, Governor, give me him."

Asked afterwards why he pardoned him, the governor replied, "I had to; I could not get rid of her otherwise."

She took Botsford and set up dressmaking in an Eastern city. It was a curious instance of woman's devotion and sacrifice.



## 36. *Home and Hiram*

REACHING home again on April 7, 1893, after an absence of nearly four months, Father found that the fame of his achievement had preceded him. To his family the *Cleveland Leader* had brought the first tidings of his arrival in New York and of his great success. The newspapers everywhere made a nine days' wonder of his bringing back from Brazil not only the fugitive he went after but another also; although twice, in the only other attempts remembered, extradition agents had returned thence empty-handed.

Two days before the arrest of Botsford on February 9, the first installment was published of Father's "South American Correspondence," or, as it was soon retitled, "A Trip to South America." At the dates of mailing these letters it would of course have been premature to disclose the purpose of his going. But incidents of the voyage down, glimpses of the seaports touched, and the traveler's lively pictures of Brazilian life and agriculture stirred unusual interest among the thirty thousand wide-awake readers of the *Ohio Farmer*. The second series, published a dozen years later and, as already indicated, entitled "Hunting a Fugitive," added a novel sequel and a thrilling plot to the former description of his journey. To condense the two accounts and to combine them thus into the foregoing single narrative, without altering his language, has seemed worth the doing, even at the sacrifice of some diverting detail in the stories as he first wrote them.

When he was asked to go on this mission, the only ones to be left at the farm with Mother (besides her housemaid Alice, Wiley Scott who came to work by the day when required, and the tenant Nye who with his family lived across the gully) were Jim, aged twelve, attending the district school at Geauga Lake, and myself still commuting daily to Cleveland while gradually getting a foothold there in the practice of law. I had just become office attorney for the investment banking house of Lamprecht Brothers & Company, so that after a long betrothal I could now first think of marrying. In these circumstances and to provide against Mother's being left too much alone, she and Father had suggested before his hurried departure that the wedding take place soon and that I bring Louise home to stay with her through the winter and spring, since the two were already sufficiently acquainted to know that they would get along well together.

Wednesday, January 25, was the day set, and as Mother and I were starting on the four hundred mile journey by rail to East Smithfield, Pennsylvania, we were surprised and delighted to have Marcia join us. She explained that

Mrs. Garfield's daughter and daughter-in-law in Mentor had begged to keep school in her place so that she too could go. Father of course was by this time in Rio Janeiro. After the wedding and a short bridal tour to Philadelphia and New York, there followed a reception, or what Uncle Henry Brewster called an infare, at Aunt Mary Williams's new home in Hiram where the newly-weds were greeted by many of their college friends and Ohio connection who could not attend their nuptials so far away. Thenceforward for four months Father's home furnished our common shelter until on June 1, some weeks after his return and shortly before the girls came home for the summer, Louise and I started housekeeping at the Brewster Place, which he let me occupy on generous terms. On that date his journal notes, "Worked at Squires house. Cut weeds and got things set up for Fred."

Mother gave us her cherished old Stewart cook-stove and sheet iron heating stove, with other useful items of furniture. To these were added the barrel and packing case of wedding gifts and hope chest that came on from Pennsylvania, thus leaving but few things that we had immediately to buy. There our first child Marcia Louise was born and there we dwelt humbly and happily for two years, though boarding for a while in Cleveland over the second winter. We then bought a home in town, and there in Father's later years he and Mother spent several winters with us. So, too, from 1903, while my children (there were four then) by frequent visits to Geauga Lake were growing deeply to love the old farm, we again lived summers at the Brewster house or, after Father's death, with Mother at her home. He had quickly become fond of his new daughter, calling her affectionately his "Little Dorrit," and gallantly repelling Uncle Henry Brewster's first impression, that she looked "rather pale and slight," with the apt retort that she was "spry and wiry like Aunt Rachel."

One of the errands that had taken Father to Washington, as soon as he was rid of his prisoners and before he started home, was to straighten out his record as assistant inspector of public buildings. On departing for Brazil he had obtained a thirty days' leave of absence, to be renewed without pay if required. Owing, however, to his acceptance in Brazil of the cabled commission from President Harrison to apprehend Cadwallader, his absence was prolonged for a month after the change of administration at Washington; so that, eleven days after President Cleveland's inauguration, he was naturally dropped, though whether for unexplained absence or merely as a Republican does not appear. To correct this irregularity he was fortunately able to enlist the aid in Washington of Harry M. Clapp, who was highly expert in the art of untangling Government red tape.

Harry was the son of his old school and army comrade Colonel William H. Clapp, and had been, moreover, my chum at Hiram in my junior year. Even before I knew him he had held responsible positions as secretary to public officials in Washington and he was now again in Government employ.



In response to his skilful marshaling of the facts, the new secretary of the treasury, John G. Carlisle, who after March 4 had succeeded Secretary Charles Foster, readily revoked the order of dismissal and, because of the conflicting Government employment under the department of state, accepted Father's resignation of his previous office as of January 31, 1893. Being largely preoccupied that month with the Botsford case, he apparently relinquished his salary installment for January also.

Harry helped him, too, to set up his pay and expense account to be presented to the state department. But this could not be settled for several months until, on Minister Conger's return to the United States, he certified to Father's services abroad as itemized; whereupon an acceptable apportionment was made of the latter's time and outlays as between the Botsford and Cadwallader cases. In all, for the return of both fugitives, his hundred and ten days' absence from home finally netted him a little over two thousand dollars—good pay in those days. And pecuniary return aside, his hardships, like those of Aeneas, afforded afterwards a pleasant tale to tell. That he had surmounted very real difficulties is attested by the letters already mentioned that were written by Minister Conger and Consul-general Dockery when with his double quarry he quitted Brazil.

Just before Father's return, his farm tenant Mert Nye had been succeeded by Michael Kennedy, a shrewd and honest Irishman with a likable family and a charming brogue. In attending to Father's home affairs during his absence I had effected this change of farmers with less friction than I expected and with little time spent in talk with either on other than the farm business. But Mike had a way with him, and his ingratiating blarney soon won Father's sympathy with a tale of petty wrongs suffered elsewhere and loudly calling for the legal aid now so evidently at his new landlord's gratuitous disposal. "I'm no l'yer mesilf" he avowed; "but, Mr. Hinery—without wishin' to interrupt—ye have a son that I hear is a vurra good l'yer." Of course this unsought testimonial, exalting my name for professional dissimulation, became a well-worn family joke, regularly repeated—"without wishin' to interrupt"—as the stock symbol of astonishing tales or their tellers.

Home again, Father had quickly resumed his diligence in regard to the farm doings, which through April consisted for his part chiefly in mending fences on the Squires and Russ places and along the river, and in making garden. With things as he found them when he got home he was mostly pleased. But it was otherwise with what he could not find. It was not a week before he was beating sternly about the premises and neighborhood to retrieve his scattered tools which this or that borrower or user had lost or taken home or left out of place. And now as always some of the score or more of his farm buildings required minor repairs. So until midsummer he kept busy with these and like tasks, including the packing and shipping of the remainder still on hand of maple sirup and sugar made during his absence.

Besides agreeing with Cousin Fred Brewster to run the sugar bush, I had let, with that reservation, most of the Russ farm at a low cash rental—one hundred dollars—to the younger Herrick, who with his father was working the stone quarry there. Neither enterprise prospering in that panic year, Father gave them the contract to build the stone foundation and underground stable for his south barn at the stiff price of three hundred and thirty-three dollars. Even at that, the balance of accruing rent and royalties which they were to owe him was not fully offset. For the rest they left to him the small pile of sandstone which, before abandoning the quarry, they had hauled alongside the Ice Company switch to ship away. Ten years later when the switch was torn out and Mr. Daniel Giles, to whom the right of way reverted, was dead, his son Jim broke off a lifelong neighborly friendship with Father, in spite of my efforts at conciliation, because the latter took home those stones from the place where they had unluckily lain too long. Some of them are now built into the north wall of my home.

An exchange of letters soon after Father's return from Brazil shows how Judge Pardee at the time viewed Father's extradition mission; how the latter, having approved the family's conduct of home affairs in his absence, was now personally attending to the same; and how for the moment he thought of occupying himself thereafter.

United States Circuit Court, Fifth Judicial Circuit.  
At Chambers. Don A. Pardee, Judge.  
New Orleans, La., April 19th, 1893.

Captain Charles E. Henry,  
Geauga Lake, Geauga County, O.

Dear Captain: When I received a letter from your son Fred saying that you had suddenly and mysteriously departed for South America to be gone several months, I supposed that your affairs with Secretary Foster had culminated in your being sent on a secret mission on behalf of the Government; and, therefore, was much surprised lately in Florida to receive your letter from Brazil announcing your success in the role of "the Great American Detective," assigned to you by President Hinsdale, as the catcher of two noted absconding defaulters. Of course your adventures and observations are very interesting, and I hope that the compensation will be commensurate with the service rendered and the reputation achieved. I notice that you have arrived safely in this country with your prey, and that the *New York World* describes you as a man about sixty, with a large powerful frame, genial expression, and simple confiding country manners.

Lately I have been taking a business trip through the eastern portion of my circuit, visiting Tampa, Charlotte Harbor, Key West, Havana, Jacksonville, St. Augustine, Savannah, Atlanta, and Montgomery. I think I have finished "circus riding" for the season, and have now only to dispose of the cases under advisement, and then to sit in the Circuit Court of Appeals from the fourth Monday in May to the first of July before visiting the great World's Fair at Chicago.

I have been pretty well, and have not much in the way of news to interest you. This letter is enclosed with one of those photographs which the 42d at the



last reunion voted I should procure. I have some with almost full length gown which I intend to present to the more earnest movers of the resolution. I hope you will like the copy that I send.

We are pretty well, and so far as I hear from acquaintances all are pretty well. Regards to Mrs. Henry.

Very truly yours,  
Don A. Pardee

Maple Farm, Geauga Lake, Geauga County,  
Ohio, April 25th, 1893.

Dear Judge:

Your letter of recent date enclosing picture came duly to hand. We are glad to hear from you and especially glad to receive the picture, which is a fine one. We prize it highly. I think the most of the 42d boys will frame it and tell their grandchildren, "That's my old colonel."

I found my family all well and in behavior worthy of their sire. I found a daughter born in my absence, twenty-four years old. I found hard work and good luck in Brazil. An account of my travels will be found in the *Ohio Farmer* this spring and summer, mostly about the people of the tropics, trade, agriculture, and things generally.

I could find no one to work at home when I returned, so pitched in myself, and am tired out repairing fences and getting things in shape. I don't like toil, but like occupation. I am getting some help now when I have nearly finished the work absolutely necessary to be done.

I am advised to start a detective agency. What do you think? Had I better? I don't relish and never did take kindly to the Javerts, Hawkshaws and Old Sleuths; but if good attorneys and business men want reliable information about evidence—what can be proved pro or con—I can see no disgrace in it. I would not want jobs of stolen watches, or cases where evidence would have to be manufactured to get a man out of a scrape; but good square work where my investigations would expose villainy or catch a thief. The P——— pay [their agents] from three to five dollars a day, and rent them out for eight dollars; but I find most of them incapable of doing much work that business men really want. It is a sort of livery stable business, in which mules and jackasses are hired [out] by the day instead of men or horses.

Law firms usually send a junior member to hunt evidence instead of a detective. The firm in Cleveland declined to send any of the P——— men to Brazil, after seeing four or five of them, but readily paid me a thousand to go—whether I got the man or not. They also paid me ten dollars a day if it took over ninety days.

I don't know whether I will get as much for the Wisconsin bank president or not, but hope to. He was bailed out of jail by four men for ten thousand, and suit was brought by the U. S. attorney to collect it, when I soon after brought him back. A thousand would be ten per cent of the amount. "That's fair, ain't it?"

We join in kind regards to you and Mrs. Pardee.

Very truly,  
C. E. Henry

In answer to another letter of Father's of the same date, explaining to his friend Foster the recent courtesy of the latter's official successor, and describ-

ing also the good effects of the McKinley tariff law with its reciprocity feature upon our South American trade relations, as well as the harm from lack of reciprocity in extradition, the former secretary of the treasury told in turn of the arch-protectionist's prospects for re-election as Governor of Ohio, and concluded with some interesting personal confidences.

Fostoria, April 28th, 1893.

My dear Captain:

I have your letter of the 25th. I have read in the papers your interviews, and also the Morrow letter, so that I am quite well informed upon your South American trip as well as your views on the question of *swaps*.

I hear in a quiet way a good deal of discontent with McKinley; there seems to be a feeling with a good many people that he is not sincere—can't tell what he means by what he says, and the like. Much of it doubtless comes from disappointed people. There is no open opposition to his nomination, and he is the logical candidate. The party can not abandon the principle of protection and *swaps*. To abandon McKinley would seem to imply that the Ohio Republicans had abandoned its principles. The college people can only learn by experience, and it is likely that we will have to pass the *hell* of free trade to get an understanding of the value of protection and reciprocity.

I had not heard of your being dropped, but expected the Republicans to go. Had we succeeded I intended to offer you the head of the Secret Service.

Your course was as manly certainly (in not accepting pay after 1st) as it was rare.

Thanks for your kind expression. No, "Uncle John" [Sherman] will stick.

Yours very truly,

Charles Foster

At this time also another political issue was being hatched, by another State executive aspiring to the presidency, Governor Knute Nelson, of Minnesota, who called "an Interstate Conference to consider a certain unlawful Coal Combination and other Trusts, to be held at the Central Music Hall in the City of Chicago, June 5th and 6th." Every State was to be represented by appointees of its governor. To each delegate Governor Nelson addressed a letter declaring that the meeting "might be properly designated as an 'Interstate Antitrust Conference'," urging every member to attend "the first of its kind ever held," and predicting that it would "attract the attention of the world and result in great good towards breaking down the power not only of the Coal Combination but of all other iniquitous Trusts and Rings."

Whether or not it was even an empty honor to serve gratuitously as a delegate from Ohio in this behalf, Governor McKinley, by formal commission over his commanding signature, bestowed this guerdon unsolicited upon Father. There were those indeed who viewed the conference seriously. Among them Father's old friend John Gould of Aurora, lecturer for the National Grange and veteran contributor to the *Ohio Farmer*, hastened to equip him with letters of introduction to sundry dignitaries who were expected to attend, including my teacher of political economy at Ann Arbor, Professor Henry



Carter Adams. Expecting to be called to Madison in June as a witness in the Cadwallader case in Federal court, Father at first thought he might stop in Chicago for the conference as well as to attend the World's Fair. But a telegram from the district attorney announced that the case in Wisconsin had been continued, and at the same time the panic of '93 suddenly struck business and prices so flat throughout the country that for some years everybody lost interest in political "trust-busting."

Before leaving for Brazil, Father, for want of a vice-president of the Hiram College board to act in his absence, had asked me to seek counsel of Professor George H. Colton, in whom he had great confidence, about any occasion for me in the name of the president of the board to call a special meeting. No need arose to convene the trustees in formal session, but the members of the board were all invited to Warren on January 11 for the golden wedding of their venerable colleague Harmon Austin. He outranked the rest of the twenty-four in seniority of service, and was full of years and wisdom. First chosen as one of the trustees of the Eclectic Institute in 1858—a year made thrice and four times lustrous in its annals by their vote that James A. Garfield be its principal, in name as he already was in fact; by the marriage of the new principal to the daughter of one of their own number, and by their resolution looking to the transforming of the Institute into Hiram College—the new board member was thenceforward to serve both the institution and its head with steadfast zeal and acumen until his cherished dreams came true of seeing the school securely established as a college and its former principal at the head of the Nation.

Father was sorry to miss the golden wedding; for he had long shared Mr. Austin's confidence and friendship both politically and socially, as well as in their church and college relations, though of course neither guessed that within the year those ties would be sundered by the latter's sudden death on November 6. Representing the College trustees, as a pallbearer at the funeral in Warren, was their youngest member, William G. Dietz, who, having grown up in that old shiretown of the Western Reserve, was coming now to be a financial figure in its metropolis. He had moved to Cleveland with Hinsdale, having served at Hiram as his secretary in the editing of *The Works of James Abram Garfield*.

Dietz had been put on the College board the year before, under the policy of alumni representation, or "drafting the kids," as urged by Father on becoming its president. Pleased as the latter was with the resourcefulness of President Zollars in obtaining gifts for current expenses and improvements, and with the skill and care of Chairman Lockwood of the financial committee in handling the meager endowment, he leaned chiefly on the treasurer, Professor George H. Colton, and on his new fellow board member Dietz, as his watchdogs of the College treasury. Professor Colton, however, was even then rendering to the institution a more significant service than this of bursar. The quality of

his teaching in that very year 1893 was long afterwards attested by no less an authority than the lamented economist Allyn A. Young, who while head of the department of economics in Harvard University returned to Hiram in 1923 by invitation of his alma mater, twenty-nine years after his graduation, to deliver the noteworthy address in that old teacher's honor "on the occasion of the completion of the fiftieth year of his continuous membership in the faculty of the institution." From this I quote:

Two of his students who went out from Hiram to study scientific subjects in the graduate schools of great American universities, and who became college teachers themselves, told me in later years that Professor Colton was the most effective teacher of natural science they had ever known. They did not speak lightly. They knew the problems and the difficulties of the teaching of science. Their judgment was based on experience and on knowledge. I believe it to have been a just estimate.

The College continued to be one of Father's major interests. He remained a trustee until his death in 1906, having then served on the board for over thirty years. For six successive years from 1892 he was chosen president of that body, declining the office in 1898, partly, it may be, so that he might without reproach of nepotism agree a year later to my becoming a member also as another of "the kids." One of his first official acts after his return from Brazil was to accompany Mr. William Bowler to Hiram (April 18) to settle the provisions of an agreement whereby the College was to pay the latter a thousand dollars yearly for his lifetime in consideration of his giving it securities, etc., amounting to ten thousand dollars, besides his previous substantial donations, wherewith to meet an emergency need of the institution. Mr. Bowler was now seventy-one years old, had done much for the College, and had been for twenty years a trustee. He continued to live and serve for eight years longer and it would have been like him to waive his annuity unless deterred by the panic which soon broke.

A month after the trip with Mr. Bowler, Father was there again, as noted in his diary, and obtained an "option from Mr. Wilmot for \$2500" as the price to the College of his residence property near the northeast corner of the campus. Three weeks after presiding at the May board meeting, which was meanwhile held in Cleveland, he once more visited Hiram, to speak again this year at the annual Memorial Day exercises in the cemetery and to make ready for the Commencement board meeting, besides paying the last half of his recent hundred-dollar subscription towards the current expenses of the College. The sum of all his cash contributions to the institution may never have reached ten times that amount; but, besides outlays for his own antebellum schooling, he sent four children through college there at an average cost of well over a thousand dollars each. Thus through half a century, for his children and others as well as himself, not less than five per cent of his life's earnings, along with a great deal of his time, was devoted to Hiram.



Thursday, June 22, was Babe's Commencement Day, as well as that of her future husband, Abner Grant Webb. There were thirteen in their Class of '93, six of them girls, and all had orations! My sister's "Riverside Pictures" reflected the charms and local traditions of our own little Chagrin River, while Webb's "*Respice Finem*" discussed the purposive quality animating the infinite maze of mundane affairs. At neither extreme of depth, the productions of both were good, and their kith and kin took pride in the orators.

Soon after Commencement Father refused to have any part in the controversy over Professor Alonzo Skidmore's unwilling departure, deeming it, as he did, a subject outside the trustees' province. But in another matter, wherein the board really was concerned, he readily bestirred himself, seeking to have Mrs. Garfield part with certain land in Hiram for a playground or College athletic field. There was good reason, however, why she could not then comply; though after her death the College acquired a more eligible site, including much of the former Rudolph farm, for the purposes named.

His usual exchange of spring visits with Uncle Joe Rudolph had this year found due fulfillment when over the last week end in April the latter brought Marcia home from her school in Mentor and a month later Father, driving up to see him at Mrs. Garfield's, stayed four nights and then returned with Marcia at the close of her year's teaching there. Members of the Mentor household have never forgotten the thrilling tale of his Brazilian trip with which he then regaled them. In return, the young matrons, who at the time of my wedding had supplied Marcia's desk, entertained him with the humorous story of their experience as substitute teachers then.

After June, Louise and I having moved, as before mentioned, into our separate abode three quarters of a mile away, I naturally saw less of what went on in the old home, though of course there was no lack of running back and forth. Life there continued placid enough and as summer wore on it was enlivened with sundry pleasant interludes. Apart from the customary succession of house-guests, there came to the farm on June 19, as Father's diary notes, an excursion of "Boys here from Cleveland" for a day's outing in the country; on August 16 the family attended as usual the annual Pioneer Picnic on the Kent House grounds at Geauga Lake; a fortnight later Father stayed overnight with Judge Pardee at the latter's summer home, Vacation Ridge, in Wadsworth, and with him attended at Lodi the twenty-fifth annual reunion of their regiment. The following day he saw Mother, Babe, and Jim off to Chicago for the World's Fair, and himself spent the next in Columbus at the State Fair.

Ten days later he hired an English laborer, John Pembroke, to clear out the big ditch from the west meadow which was relapsing into a swamp. He took a humorous interest in the man's cockney words and queer ways. Among other oddities it was John's wont to grease himself all over daily like a Greek athlete in order, as he affirmed, to keep his sinews and joints from stiffening with



the hard work. Now at the start of the fall term in the district school east of the lake my young brother Jim once more took to his studies and, under an admirable teacher, J. W. Scott, made at least as good progress as he could have made in a city school. He was now nearly thirteen, big and strong for his age, and Father had been able that summer to break him in pretty well to all sorts of work on the farm. But the boy had still plenty of time to play with or plague his sisters and their friends, to fish and gather water lilies in the lake, and especially to roam the woods and unspoiled riverside, the lure and lore of which he felt and knew. Father's companionship and conversation meant a great deal to him now, as in the same surroundings and at about the same age they had meant to me.

For the new college year President Zollars called Marcia to teach in Hiram, where she continued in the faculty for a decade, first as instructor in the ancient languages and English, and then until 1903 in the responsible position of lady principal, afterwards styled dean of women, a post she held far longer than had anyone since Almeda A. Booth.

Meanwhile in midsummer the Panic of 1893 struck the United States with greater violence than had most of its predecessors. From this box of Pandora came collapse of the commodity and stock markets, widespread unemployment and want, stagnant industry and trade, bank failures, hoarding of money, credit stringency, depletion of the Government's gold reserve, and all the familiar incidents of a great economic crisis. President Cleveland promptly called an extra session of Congress for the repeal of the Sherman silver purchase act, which that body reluctantly and very tardily accomplished on November 1. Father found himself now in the anomalous position of a Republican approving, though grudgingly, what a Democratic administration did. Seven years before, on perusing J. S. Mill, Jevons, and J. Laurence Laughlin, and reading again Garfield's speeches in Congress on monetary questions, he had concluded that bimetallism would not work, and in his two articles on "Currency and the Coinage" then written for the *Ohio Farmer* he urged unequivocal support of the gold standard, thereby drawing the fire of sundry free silverites from among its readers.

So now, when suspension of gold payments seemed inevitable unless the silver purchase law were repealed, inveterate partisanship could not stay his applause of the President's stand, which was indeed so alien to the latter's own party as to be utterly repudiated by it three years afterwards. But his embarrassment was relieved when in December President Cleveland began his losing battle with Congress against the maintenance of high duties on imports—a reform of the tariff, by "horizontal reduction," which Father regarded as repugnant to the policy he favored of a stabilized protection moderated by a provident reciprocity in our foreign trade relations, and which for a time at least put him again into his normal state of comfortable hostility to the Democratic occupant of the White House.



In his personal fortunes the depression did not sorely cripple Father. The American National Bank of Dallas rode out the storm without vital hurt, and his ten shares therein continued to pay sixty dollars semiannually till he sold them a few years later, after subscribing for a like number in the new City National Bank of Niles, Ohio. True, the July 15 dividend on his Security Mortgage and Trust stock in Dallas was passed and the company itself soon lost out completely. Much depreciated, too, was the City National Bank stock which he had bought there for Mother in 1889 and which a reorganization in the spring of 1894 was to scale down from twenty to twelve shares, worth hardly half as much all together as when they left Texas in 1891. Henceforward she received forty-eight dollars semiannually thereon until she disposed of it in 1901 in exchange for other property.

But loss of income from these Texas holdings was in a manner offset when in August the American Surety Company through Mr. Lyman offered Father two months' work in looking after the default cases that were usually handled by its regular Ohio inspector and Father's former postal colleague, G. J. Lund, of Marietta, now preoccupied with his successful campaign for county treasurer. The two months grew to ten years before the connection was severed; for it happened that this company, which he had occasionally served in Texas, was the surety on Cadwallader's bank bond, and though Father was employed in that case by the Government and not by the bondsman, his success therein led to his being invited by the bonding company to go on another extradition mission, this time to Central America.

## 37. *An Absconder at Trail's End*

ON SEPTEMBER 2, 1893, one Robert G. H. Huntington, secretary of the House Building and Loan Association, of Chicago, set out for a week's vacation and never returned. On October 16, an audit of his books was completed which showed a deficit of \$23,429.99, covering misappropriations over a period of more than three years before his disappearance. The American Surety Company was on his bond for \$10,000. The company's first news of his whereabouts was the rumor that a letter written by him was postmarked Porto Rico. This misinformation may have been a kinsman's cunning use of a similar place-name to distract attention from the fugitive's real covert in Costa Rica. But on November 16 Lyman wrote from New York to Father:

In regard to the case of Huntington about which we talked when in Cleveland, I am today advised from Chicago that reliable information shows him to be in Costa Rica, and, as you know, we have no extradition treaty with Central America. I am endeavoring to find out whether it is worth while to try to get the fugitive surrendered as an act of comity, provided he is positively located in Costa Rica, and will communicate with you again.

Three days before, in a letter to Judge Pardee, Father had casually remarked: "The Surety Company want me to go on another ocean trip, soon as they can locate the man." A secret indictment against the culprit had been returned by the Cook county grand jury on November 14. This fact was somehow learned and published the next day by Chicago newspapers. The account was read by a resident of that city, who at once brought to the Loan Company a letter dated October 20 from his brother, a railroad conductor in Costa Rica. In this the writer chanced to mention that "A young man by the name of Huntington, an insurance man, is here. Says he used to live in Oak Park and is acquainted with you."

Evidently the fugitive, like other wanderers, was too lonely to be wary about thus reviving home ties; and doubtless, too, he felt secure against extradition even if he should happen to be discovered. But the pursuer was now on his track. To the manager of the Surety Company's Chicago office, its local inspector, Z. L. Tidball, another old postal colleague of Father's, reported on November 28 the issuing of the warrant in that city, the procuring at Springfield of the Governor's requisition, and the forwarding of all papers, including a certified transcript of evidence showing Huntington's guilt, to



the state department at Washington, on which to base its request to the Government of Costa Rica to surrender the accused. He remarked that the officer named in the warrant

is Captain Charles E. Henry, Geauga Lake, Ohio, who has heretofore on various occasions performed valuable service for the company and whose selection for this commission will insure the best results, as Captain Henry is a very capable man and full of resources in the handling of such cases.

Judge Walter Q. Gresham was then the secretary of state. Though he had twice been a candidate for the Republican nomination for President, he was numbered with the mugwumps when Blaine was the nominee, and on the latter's defeat was rewarded by President Cleveland with the first place in the latter's cabinet. The secretary had already (November 23) advised the Surety Company that on proper showing the application would be issued, adding, however, that

we can only request the surrender of a fugitive as an act of courtesy, and we are obliged to couple the request with the explicit declaration that, owing to the state of the law in the United States, reciprocity can not be promised.

Father's commission, dated December 1, 1893, signed by Grover Cleveland, and bearing the impress of the great seal of the United States, "authorized and empowered" him "to receive the said Robert G. H. Huntington, as aforesaid, and to take and hold him in custody," when delivered by the local authorities, "and to conduct him, from such place of delivery in Costa Rica," "to and into the United States, there to surrender" the prisoner "to the proper authorities of the State of Illinois."

It was on December 5, within a week after his fifty-eighth birthday, that, as his journal notes, Father "Left for New Orleans via Chicago," having previously hired George Marshall, the son of a neighbor and former tenant, to stay at the farm through the winter, do the chores, and, with Jim's aid in the woods outside of school hours, to "Get lots of wood and fence posts" (so he wrote home December 28), "also plank and timbers to move the barn" from the McClintock "dower" on to its stone basement wall just built by the Herricks. On his way South he met with frequent reminders of war-time experiences. Some of these reminiscences he set down in a travel letter, "On Going Back," which was later published in the *Ohio Farmer* of May 10, 1894. "At Cairo," he noted,

we stopped for a few minutes alongside the boat landing where, thirty years ago last July, I saw eight hundred wounded men, myself among the number, carried ashore on stretchers from the steamer just arrived from Vicksburg. It recalled to mind, as if it were but yesterday, a scene of tender pathos, with scores of gray-haired fathers and mothers, loving wives and sisters, each seeking and embracing a wan and haggard soldier. Many of the boys lacked a leg or arm. Many more had wounds in head or limbs or body. All were pale and suffering, yet joyous and happy to be among friends with loving hearts and gentle hands to nurse them back to health and strength.

Farther down he was conscious of "passing through historic country" where in his own war-drama "seven engagements were fought before Vicksburg was besieged." Arriving in New Orleans on the 8th, Father waited ten days for the sailing of the *Stmr. Harlan* of the Morgan Line to Bluefields, Nicaragua. It had been planned that his voyage would be direct to Costa Rica by one of the weekly steamers to Port Limón. The change of route resulted partly from the discontinuance of two vessels on this line, but more especially from the instruction contained in Secretary Gresham's letter of December 2, transmitting to him at New Orleans the President's warrant for the arrest of the fugitive and, for his own credentials, "a certified copy of the papers which should be authenticated by the United States Legation at Managua."

Though Minister Baker was now stationed at the capital of Nicaragua he was accredited also to Salvador and Costa Rica. To visit him involved thus a long detour. Meanwhile Father's letters home (December 12 and 14) explained his new itinerary—from Bluefields "to Greytown on coaster," then "up the Canal route" via "Rio San Juan to Lake" Nicaragua, "then by lake steamer" to "Managua, where I expect to find Lewis Baker, envoy extraordinary, to whom I have a very strong letter from secretary of state." Here he noted parenthetically, in his curious bantering way,

Gresham is O.K.—good secretary of state, and understands his business! President Cleveland, also, is a President of extraordinary good judgment, as he states in writing that *one Henry*, at least, is worthy of full respect and confidence, and commands Uncle Sam's servants to render him every assistance they can. I have a good set of papers and letters viséed by the Central American ministers at Washington.

In humorous vein again, he concluded: "Warm here. Am shucking heavy underclothes. Will go south till I find a breech-clout or coffee sack with arm-holes will be full dress." A little later he wrote: "I just saw Thorne of the T. & P. He says there are many people in Dallas who would be glad to see me." Mentioning that the United States Court of Appeals was in session he added, "When the judges marched into court with long black gowns I felt afraid. Judge Pardee sits in the middle." In writing familiarly the month before to this friend, with whom he had been on terms of personal intimacy for more than thirty years but whose official character now so deeply awed him, Father had asked for a "final boost" of his pension claim by means of a short personal letter from the Judge to Secretary Hoke Smith, a member of the Georgia bar in Pardee's judicial circuit, who

will refer it to the pension bureau and they will issue the certificate in about ten minutes—possibly in five—especially if they see no way to avoid or delay longer. They made the mistake of dropping some, at least, from the rolls, on spite letters from personal enemies, leaving others on that the G. A. R. and old soldiers of three years would gladly have off and would aid them in honorable and manly ways to drop.



It was not a hopeful time for action on the application he had filed years before, founded though it was upon wounds then recently received in battle. One of the slogans with which President Cleveland had entered upon his second term was, "Purge the pension rolls," a purpose he was able to pursue far more drastically than that of tariff reduction. Concerning the off-year reaction of the electorate to all this, Father continued:

The recent elections will make us more careless about howling for more protection than is best, and the Democrats more cautious and conservative on free trade and other things. So I don't see how the Republicans can well keep the ball rolling till '96. One thing sure, Gresham is becoming well disliked by both parties.

Judge Pardee must have acted promptly on the shrewd suggestion about the pension claim, for on December 2 Father's certificate was issued at the decent rate of three dollars and seventy-five cents a month for the twenty-nine years from his original application in 1865, making an arrearage of \$1305. Before learning the terms, I wrote to him (December 15) in answer to his first letter from New Orleans, "Your good opinion of Secretary Gresham and President Cleveland will doubtless extend to the whole Democratic administration, including Hoke Smith, when I tell you that your pension is allowed." Nor was favorable action by a cabinet officer in Father's behalf even yet at an end. On the very next day I received the long awaited certification of his account against the Government in the Cadwallader case. This communication from General Conger, the former minister to Brazil, I sent forthwith to the secretary of the treasury. So by the time of Father's return the next spring there stood on deposit for him from these two sources, together with the proceeds of sundry collections and some sales of farm products, over three thousand dollars which I had been able to gather up and place to his credit within three months.

On this trip also he wrote for the *Ohio Farmer* a series of travel letters no less entertaining than those of the year before. These were published in eight instalments from May 7 to July 12, 1894, under the title, "Central America." Nothing was said in them about the object of his trip, and it remained for a writer he never heard of to use the facts that were doubtless gleaned from his interesting and well written report to the Surety Company as the basis of a story, "The Deliverance," published in *McClure's Magazine* in its issue of April, 1908, two years and a half after his death. The author was Michael Williams, and despite the altered names the likeness of his tale astonished me when I happened on the magazine to relieve the tedium of a railway journey.

For the second successive year now, Father was separated from his family at Christmas. He wrote rollicking letters home, but Mother and the rest seldom preserved those addressed to them. So I quote the seasonal part of what he wrote to me on December 17:

I didn't quite complete the Christmas business before I left, nor do anything about '94 reading stuff. Please add to what we have, the *Forum*, which is now



three dollars, and call it Christmas for you—with only a string tied to it for me to read first—and the *Review of Reviews* or *Cosmopolitan*, whichever Mamma prefers, to add to the list we have. All expire with the year '93 except the *National Tribune*, Washington, D. C., which goes over till July. Also get such other little things for Christmas for Lou—baby M. Lou, last edition, I mean—and Marcia, Lou, and Baby, individually; Mamma, Jim, Florence—I guess that's all—some souvenir each. You might get George a ten or twenty-five cent pocket match-box, brass or nickel, and maybe Uncle Henry one. Other relations, "peace and good will."

This penurious fun was half serious, for he was yet unaware that for him the hard times had now been comfortably eased. The following letter, written a week later to Mother, has chanced to survive, doubtless on account of the manuscript which was enclosed with it.

Bluefields, C. A., Dec. 24, '93.

My dear wife:

We landed today, Sunday, in the rain, in a tug. The ship is seven miles on the other side of the bay. Shallow water prevents ships from coming nearer. I will remain till the 27th, when I take a boat down to Greytown, sixty miles down the coast.

We had a rough time from N. O. here. Trade wind blew strong at right angles to our course and kept ship rolling from side to side in the trough of the sea. Passengers all sick—but me—and all together it was dull and tiresome. Ship rolled so I could not write till yesterday, when I wrote the enclosed eighteen sheets. Tell Fred to take it to Perdue and ask how much a column, and dispose of it to the *Sunday Leader* or *Farmer*, whichever pays most. I think two columns of the *Farmer* make a little more than one of the *Leader*. I don't like to go back on the *Farmer*, and won't—provided, they pay as much as I can get elsewhere. I intend to write up this country and the Canal just as I find things.

Nothing of incident worth writing about from N. O. here—only open sea. It is healthy here, green and beautiful. I wish you were here a day or two to see the strange sights, but I would not want you on the rolling sea. You would be sick.

It is slow and hard getting from point to point in this country, but I must push on, push on. Within a hundred feet of the balcony where I sit are two lemon, two orange, two coconut, three breadfruit, and four banana trees, all laden with fruit, besides other trees here and there.

The rain poured down nearly all day, till now, four P. M., it stops. It is so cool and fresh and green—you would say delightful; but, after all, the discomforts are many. Quite a few Americans here; but the natives, negroes and all, talk Spanish.

Here is a good place to start a mission church. Some divinity boy at Hiram could build up a good one. Nicaragua permits Protestant missions, but I am told Costa Rica does not. The Moravians have a small church here, and the Catholics don't seem to bother or flourish much.

I will send this in the next ship to N. O. Love to all and all my love to you.

C. E. Henry



Four days later he was "still waiting to get to Greytown, sixty miles below—but they delay so here." By New Year's eve he was upward bound on the river route to Managua, after "two days beating down the coast" from Bluefields, and lying "off Greytown twenty-four hours with no wind to get us over the bar," while each of the ten impatient passengers was "testing his lungs on a conchshell every half hour to call a little steam tug to come out and pull us over the bar into the harbor." This obstacle at the Atlantic end of the proposed interoceanic canal challenged but did not crush his faith in the Nicaragua route. Starting early in the morning of the last day of the year, he was now embarked on "a flat-bottomed stern-wheel steamer of two and a half feet draught to go up the San Juan river eighty miles to the rapids below Lake Nicaragua." It was a sorry makeshift of a craft, "with staterooms above like calf-pens at a county fair." Nevertheless, he conceded, "it took us up the eighty miles, over several rapids, like a small mule tugging and twisting at a horsecar." Meanwhile the big ditch thus stirred his imagination:

As we passed up the river we could see the great dredges of the Canal Company, looking in the gloaming and cloud-mist like spectral giants of mythology; and the roar of the surf at the bar seemed to come from them as a shout and a challenge to man to come and conquer, saying, "Nature invites you with a river here and a great lake still further inland—a mighty waterway already half complete—to delve a little more and join two oceans! Start us and guide us in the work from this eastern portal and you can make these great seas one. Open this way between the zones and you shall levy tribute from every nation; you shall hold the key to all the West, from Bering to Magellan, from pole to pole."

After this burst of eloquence he continued his travel letter with an allusion first to an incident of the seeming reluctance of England to retire from the Mosquito Coast after the Clayton-Bulwer treaty of 1850:

We steamed up the river past the old town where Captain Hollins drove the English out in 1854 with the guns of his ship, and no war came of it. From the mouth up for thirty miles the San Juan runs through a delta. The shores are low and swampy, with lagoons, cut-offs, and islands. The banks and swamps are covered with a dense jungle of canes and creeping vines, some of them covered with morning-glory flowers to the height of fifteen to twenty feet, and extending along the shore for a mile or more, a vast festoon of flowers. As the banks become higher farther up the river, bananas, mangoes, oranges, plantains, and a multitude of other tropical fruits grow wild amid the dense foliage. The river channel is about three or four hundred yards wide and very crooked for thirty miles. In fact, the canal starts from the harbor and is dug straight for eighteen miles and will enter the San Juan thirty miles up. . . .

The steamboat tied up during the night below the rapids at Castillejo, just under an old fort sixty miles from the sea. When Nelson was a captain in the navy, some years before he became a lord and admiral and the hero of Trafalgar, he sailed up the San Juan river and attacked the Spaniards in this fort. He finally took it, but lost his eye. An old wrinkled native is pointed out as



the soldier who put it out with his pike. He picks up quite a living for himself and progeny by begging on this alleged piece of history.

It was surely a healthful climate where a native could survive to boast of his own feat of one hundred and fourteen years before! The little steamer had not reached Lake Nicaragua when Father found that the American minister was then downward bound to Greytown. So, changing boats on the morning of January 2, he returned with Mr. Baker to the coast, which they reached by sunset. On the evening of the next day, when he had finished writing of all that he had seen and done in the last few days, he was waited upon by Minister Baker and Consul S. C. Braida, from whom he obtained the visé and letters that he would need in Costa Rica. The former advised him to proceed there by way of Managua and the Pacific coast. But judging that before going to San José to present his papers and to seek at the capital a decision on the question of extradition, the first thing to do was to find Huntington, last heard of at Port Limón, the Atlantic seaport of Costa Rica, he decided to sail down the east coast for the latter place.

On January 4, therefore, he took passage in the Royal Mail Steamer *Sutherland*, and on his arrival the next morning was able to note triumphantly in his journal, "Found my man in about one-half hour after landing." The next morning, without discovering himself to Huntington, he started by rail for the inland capital and was "All day en route to San José," where he at once "saw Mr. Williams, consul, and gave papers" to him. For the next day the journal recites, "He thinks it doubtful but will do all he can." Again, on Sunday, January 7:

attended Catholic church in morning. Wrote letters and at three P. M. was invited for a drive by consul and two Americans. They drove to a bullfight and I had to see it. Six bulls were worried but none hurt much. My sympathy, however, was with the bulls. 8.—Consul reported some progress but is still doubtful. The clerk wants one hundred dollars gold for translating all the papers in the case. I instructed the consul to drive the best bargain he could, but pay him something. 9.—Paid forty dollars to secretary for translating papers. He declined to get them ready for thirty days unless paid for it. 10.—Consul says he will see President Rodriguez. 4 P. M.—He says he saw him and he said he had no authority to act. Things look blue.

For nine days more Father remained at San José, while he and Consul Harrison R. Williams renewed daily their importunities through every possible approach. On January 13 he gave the consul "forty dollars gold to fee an attorney, Antonio Zambrana, the best attorney in Costa Rica. He says he thinks we can get Huntington, but may take time." By the 18th, Father had decided to go back to the coast and try to persuade the fugitive to return with him voluntarily to the United States, and on the evening of the 19th he was again at Port Limón. The next morning he rode on muleback six miles out of town and got in touch with the culprit, but without any apparent effect. Returning, he wrote to Mother how he had been "bothered and worried every



day beyond measure by excuses and delays of the Costa Rican Government," and charged, "They are afraid to act till after the election February 5th. I therefore have to wait. As Lincoln said to Grant in 1864, I must hang on and 'choke and chew' so long as there is a possible chance of success." His "health is good," he wrote, and though the weather is "warm as August" he has "the sea breeze daily" and his "porch and room are on the shore." There he can, "like Paul Dombey, hear night and day 'what the waves are always saying'—home, home, home, and dear ones there." Concluding, he said:

My man is here and I have talked with him. He is defiant and confident that Costa Rica will not give him up. He is without money, and a bad one, but mostly blow and bluff. I proposed to him to go home on this ship, but he says he will wait for advices and news from his friends. As soon as the Government here will put him on a ship—if they will—the job is done, as I will turn him over to guards on arriving at New Orleans. How I love you all, and may God bless you.

C. E. Henry

The following day was Sunday and Father's diary recorded, "Huntington asked me to take a walk. He told me that he came down here to get \$25,000 from Weeks"—another fugitive, who had been deported from Costa Rica a short time before—money that "Weeks had skinned his brother R. out of in horse-breeding business." On January 22: "Saw H. again. He is on a big drunk. Don't sober up. Thos. Blade offers to get him drunk and get him on ship. Pumped his friends at the saloon." Still drunk on the 23d, he "says he began to study extradition treaties six years ago with a view to getting away." The next day Huntington and a man named Hauf "left for forty miles up the railway for Hauf's farm," and two days afterwards the former "returned from Hauf's and hung around Gem Saloon," where Father meanwhile had been learning all he could about his history and characteristics.

He now learned also of the Government's final refusal of the request for extradition, "since at the present time the individual guaranties being in full force and which being openly opposed to the arrest and delivery of Mr. Huntington, this could only be accomplished by virtue of a treaty." Distinguishing the recent contrary precedent, the ruling continues: "Some months ago, the extradition of Francis H. Weeks was carried into effect as an act of courtesy to the American Government, which the Government of this Republic could do, being invested with discretionary powers at that time, which it does not possess now."

This decision dated January 25, 1894, was received on the 26th, when, as Father's journal disclosed, he paid out a dollar for things needed by Huntington, who was sick. The next day, "The doctor says he has fever and is bad off." On Sunday the 28th, "Quiet and dull. Huntington relieved. He weakens and I think will go home. 29.—Huntington quite ill. Wants help. I got a doctor for him. Doctor thinks he may be able to go home with me. 30.—Huntington sick. Wants to go home with me and straighten things out and



try to set himself right. Paid for clean sheets, pillow, and nurse, two dollars." On the same day Father wrote to me:

I am determined not to fail, if possible within the limits of honor and justice. I therefore commenced an assault or flank movement along new lines, and today H. told me he would go *home with me*, and I *didn't promise him immunity either*. Four days ago I began to hypnotize or sort of "Aunt Mary" him—we have several Aunt Marys in the tribe—and it is working well, only he won't quite agree yet to go tomorrow at five P. M. for New Orleans. I hope, however, to get him on steamer for New York by Saturday or one for New Orleans a week hence. A call to the unconverted [or talking like] a "Dutch uncle"—whatever it means—are nowhere in rhetoric; forensic eloquence, nor logic, nor common sense, nor indeed any thesis, can compare with the way I have presented the case and talked to the rascal. It has simply been brain against cunning. I have talked almost equal to Uncle Newton and Aunt Maria—yes, Aunt Mary, too—and *today I broke him down*. He consents. So my only work now is to get him under the American flag on shipboard as quietly as possible, as Weller, Sr., wanted to get Pickwick out of Fleet Street prison in a "pianner vith no vurks in it"—only I don't take just that way. *I have simply converted him*. He is a rascal though. Once one always one as a rule. We are all as we are; blood + culture = what we are, just as surely as the square of the hypotenuse is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides.

He concluded by observing that the inherited quality is after all the indelible one; for "blood overcomes adverse or bad culture," and "Oliver Twist is a reality in humanity"; and so, come what may, "Marcia major and Marcia minor are certain to be good women." On the last day of January his journal noted, "Huntington very low. Doctors say he will die." Also, "Paid for ice and medicine and nurse \$3.50." To me the next day Father wrote again:

I was ready and quite content, indeed elated, to return with company and not alone and forlorn, when an appeal was taken and a bench warrant was issued and executed by Providence at six o'clock this morning. At ten A. M. a committee of citizens waited on me and to my surprise stated that, as the minister was absent, they wanted me to officiate in the burial service of Huntington, the man *I came for, to take to the United States*. I could not well refuse, so looked over some texts and passages and got a *Book of Common Prayer* and at four P. M. we performed the last sad rites for the poor man.

Further details are supplied by the journal: "He roused at three A. M. and asked for the boys and began to sink quietly. No pain, and stopped breathing at 6:05 A. M. I was with him with three nurses and friends all night." The letter concluded:

If Uncle Newton had this case he might rest under grave suspicion (by some relatives at least) of having talked the man to death, but I think I can clear myself of that charge on former record of reticence. . . . I see this letter is about as figurative in phrase as Weller, Sr.'s, to Sam when he wrote informing him of the decease of his mother-in-law. I leave for New York tomorrow on Steamer *Alps*, nine days' sail. This letter will probably go via



New Orleans. I will reach New York the 12th and home the 15th—or within a few days, or weeks, after the 15th.

The cause of Huntington's death was a tropical gastric fever, probably aggravated by his inebriety. I have heard it intimated, but without confirmation, that this might have been a euphemism for yellow fever. The haste with which on the day of his death he was buried is by no means unusual in the tropics. Later the same evening Father wrote to Judge Pardee about this singular funeral and how he

walked at the head of a procession of sympathizing friends of the deceased, and gave them "a good talk"—they said so at least—and really I don't think Chaplain Jones ever did better, even on the levees of Mississippi in the winter of '63. They were glad to hear me say that the poor silent dead that we consigned to earth was more "sinned against than sinning." It was the truth indeed, for I had in my pocket the evidence that will make two men squeal and disgorge when I get home—from their own pens, too.

Referring then to "the curious feature of the case," he asked, "Did you ever hear of a Sergeant Cuff, a Hawkshaw, a Lecoq, or indeed of Old Sleuth in dime novels, being cheated out of his man at the last moment" by death "and then being forced into preaching the funeral sermon?" Not even "old time friendship," let alone "the modesty of a 42d and Ohio man," would warrant his "saying more." The next day Consul Williams came and insisted that it was his official duty to hold possession of Huntington's papers, including the incriminating letters from a confederate; but he allowed Father to take the dead man's watch and chain, according to his last request, to the latter's wife in Chicago. Twenty-four hours later, in the face of foul weather at sea, Father set sail for New York 1985 miles away, and in the evening of the following day passed unawares in the storm within sighting distance of the famous old corvette *Kearsarge* that had sunk the *Alabama* thirty years before and was at that very hour pounding herself to pieces on the treacherous Roncador Bank, three hundred miles northeast of Bluefields in the Caribbean Sea. She was being sent there to guard the interests of the United States against another possible encroachment by England on the Mosquito Coast. Her chief officers were speedily court-martialed and punished for running her on the reef. Singularly enough this was the same coral rock that Senator Warner Miller and party had struck two years before while en route to inspect the beginnings of work on the Nicaragua Canal.

By the morning of February 7 the *Alps* had outridden the storm, being now "off the east end of Cuba," with a straight course on the seventy-fourth meridian for New York. Curious about the secret of navigating through such perils of the sea as they had lately faced, Father now learned from the Scottish chief officer the

four I's of the mariner's creed—lead, log, latitude, and lookout. Use the first two and mind the last two. The lead warns against dangers the eye can not

see. The log checks my distance run and warns of false distances. Latitude tells me of my position. And lookout warns me of dangers to be seen.

Under the same instructor—one almost *feels* the Caledonian burr—he roughly mapped the prevailing winds and currents on either side of the equator, and was given the January issue of the Government's pilot chart for the North Atlantic Ocean including the Caribbean Sea.

In apt requital for this lesson, and penciled on the same sheet with the lesson notes, is a bit of border minstrelsy that must, as Father sang it, have sounded homelike to the mariner's grateful ear. Perhaps the great Stream they had sketched and were now entering brought to mind Father's favorite "Come o'er the stream, Charlie"—from Mackay's *Songs of Scotland*, bought the year before—which, though sung by him as written, he could yet adapt to his own home-coming, with buckwheat and johnny-cake as variants for "red deer" and "moor hen" whereon to "dine wi' McLean." It happened that this hospitable name was worn by a later farm tenant, of churlish nature, to whom Father roguishly wished to sing the refrain and ascribe the invitation; but its charm availed nought to soothe the savage breast. "We're a hundred pipers in a', in a'," also to be found in this collection, and quite likely affording the inducement for purchasing the book, had been for twenty years another favorite of his. These, with other old numbers in the same volume, he used to sing heartily, sometimes in novel versions whimsically fashioned to the varying hour.



### 38. *Extradition's Aftermath*

REACHING New York on February 12, 1894, Father rendered his astonishing report to the Surety Company, settled his expense account, and that evening relaxed at the theater. The next day, having rounded out orally the tale of his odd adventure and having possessed himself of the Company's Erie pass, he started amid deep snow for home, where on the morning of St. Valentine's day, which lent special timeliness to the warmth of the family's greetings, he happily "found folks well." From its date and symbolism this feast might well suggest the start of sugaring. So, with Uncle Henry Brewster, Roe Fuller, and the Marshalls, George and Tom, he was soon in the Russ bush.

For a fortnight they kept busy renewing boiler flues, hauling coal, mending and painting or washing buckets, and tapping trees, save as the Marshalls were detailed anon to join the Kennedys in cutting and packing ice, or George to haul logs to Solon. In that town, too, Father, a month afterwards, attended the funeral of one of its foremost citizens, a kindly friend of his youth, Lorenzo S. Bull, the same who in 1861 had hired him to teach the next winter's school in the southeast district, only to release him a little later upon his enlistment in the army. The passing of this pioneer recalled an odd confusion of childhood ideas which had led me in the seventies actually to ponder the kinship of this benignant "Lo" Bull with "Lo, the poor Indian," alias Sitting Bull, chief of the warring Sioux, whom our hired man, Will Doyle, in the regular army had gone to the Black Hills to fight.

Before the first run of sap was gathered on March 1, everything was ready awaiting it. Five weeks later in due course the meagre sugaring was over, with eleven days' run or about 375 barrels of sap gathered and evaporated—a disappointing season. While still preparing for it Father had received from Judge Pardee the following letter dated New Orleans, February 17:

About the time I received your letter from Port Limón informing me that you had made a flank movement and secured your man by promises which, you say, would stand the test of any court, and that afterward your prisoner had been *habeas corpused* by Providence, I noticed through the papers your arrival at New York, wherein you were heralded as a detective of national reputation.

I don't recollect exactly what I said about wishing you success in catching your man down there, but if I said anything which really conveyed the idea that I desired you to fail, I was joking probably; but I do think that that sort of trip for you is not desirable. In going down into those South American

countries, as you did in Brazil and lately in Costa Rica, you have taken very great risks—risks out of proportion to any compensation that could result. I am very glad that you are back this time safe, and sincerely hope that you will not try it again.

We were somewhat disappointed that you did not come back this way, particularly so you could relate your adventures to Miss Wilkins. It was explained, however, as soon as I received my regular copy of the *Chicago Inter Ocean*, wherein it was stated that *Mrs. Huntington* had started for her husband by way of New Orleans, expecting to meet him there, representing that he was a poor sick man who was only waiting to come home until he could raise money to pay his expenses. When I saw that, I told Belle that you had no intention of meeting that angry wife, and would have gone by London, if necessary, to escape her.

I showed your letter to Mr. Hunt and I have no doubt he expressed your goods as requested. We are tolerably well here, but have been suffering from an extremely cold spell of weather, though I suppose nothing like the blizzard which passed over the northern part of the country about the time you arrived in New York.

There is not much of any news here; the folks are usually well. Give my regards to Mrs. Henry.

The Judge's advice, about the disparity of hazard and reward from extradition trips into the tropics, was sound enough. Even though panic conditions may have minimized what the Surety Company felt it could afford to pay, the \$380 it then allowed seems niggardly, and was only a third as much per diem as he had received the year before from Gray, Jenks and Company and the Government for a somewhat longer absence but no more arduous work. And remuneration aside, his health after the last trip was never again so good as before. It is fair to add, however, that several years later, when his capacity at length became noticeably impaired, the Company, with Mr. Lyman now at its head, treated him generously. Its letters to him in the fore part of 1894, written by Vice-president Lyman from New York and Inspector Tidball from Chicago, sought his aid to further its interest in Huntington's posthumous affairs touching the latter's confederates and family in Chicago, and also to baffle Cadwallader's struggles within the net of the law at Madison, Wisconsin. Leaving home, therefore, on April 5, he found himself detained as a witness much longer in the latter place than he had expected.

Of the outcome of Mrs. Huntington's effort, mentioned by Judge Pardee, to meet her husband in New Orleans, Captain Tidball wrote to Father on March 7, enclosing the clipping of a current press dispatch from that city to the *Chicago Herald*, which disclosed that "accompanied by her lawyer, E. F. Barton," she had passed through New Orleans on the 6th, en route to Chicago from Costa Rica, whence she had sought to bring home her husband's body, only to find that the local law forbade such removal under three years. The letter pointed out that her solicitous adviser was none other than the accomplice referred to in Father's report of having found in Huntington's papers "sufficient evidence that if properly used may compel F. E. Burton, of Van



Buren Street, Chicago, and maybe Randolph Huntington of New York, and perhaps one or two others, to disgorge—especially Burton.”

This statement Father had supported by incriminating excerpts copied from six letters of Burton's to the fugitive before Consul Williams sequestered the latter's belongings. Inspector Tidball's further letters, March 17 and 27, are revealing. Plainly it was rather the papers than the body of Huntington that this lawyer really sought, irrespective of his client's primary quest. Their diligence was rewarded when they finally got the papers from Washington; for if the Surety Company interposed any objection, it was quite ineffectual. Burton naturally kept his own letters. To the decedent's mother, a woman of culture, they returned a few of the letters which she had written to her son; but in most of them she had denounced his connection with Burton, and these of course were withheld. She had no sympathy with her daughter-in-law's continuing association with this man. And they, bringing back to her from Costa Rica a story of her son's end quite at variance with Father's report, horrified her with the gruesome intimation that he had been dumped into his grave before it was certain that he had breathed his last. To hear the truth from Father's own lips she now waited in anguished suspense for a month till he should have occasion to come to Chicago where she might see and question him.

He was first apprised of her state of mind and of a convenient opportunity for her to meet him by two letters both dated March 27 which arrived simultaneously, one from Captain Tidball about this case, and the other from U. S. District Attorney Harper, in Wisconsin, enclosing a subpoena for his attendance April 7 on the trial of Cadwallader at Madison. Passing through Chicago on the 6th, he had then by appointment a two-hour interview with both of the Huntington women at the Surety Company's offices in the Tacoma Building. Into the mother's trembling hand he placed “an old-fashioned silver watch with a tortoise shell chain from which dangled a gold pencil charm.” This she had given to her son as a Christmas present when he was sixteen years old, and it bore the inscription, “From Mother, December 25, 1874.” In delivering to her and to the widow the things intrusted to him, Father was able to satisfy both of them that Huntington was as tenderly cared for and as decently laid away as was possible in the circumstances. The *Chicago Post* that evening in its story of this meeting thus described Father: “In appearance he is kindly and in address he is direct and frank. His dress indicates a man of simple habits and good taste.” In a letter written to me three days later from Madison in which he enclosed the *Post* clipping with this last sentence underscored, he commented on it as follows:

Mamma with anxious solicitude admonished me not to “look like a fright” while absent. She went at me with tugs and hauls and jerks like the final tugs at the strap or rope of a big trunk, and admonished me to keep my vest pulled down *behind*. All of which I stood meekly and dutifully and came on to Chicago. Enclosed is the evidence that I not only do not look like a fright,



but the *direct evidence* that I dress with modesty and neatness. I always dressed with not only neatness but despatch when I had but one shirt, one gallus and a pair of overalls. I now retort in the same spirit as Horace Greeley to James Watson Webb about dress,<sup>1</sup> that Mamma nor—indeed *no* other Henry, nor Williams—can visit Chicago and get a compliment and endorsement from the newspapers on their neatness and good taste in dress. And yet I never requested nor begged of Mamma, nor any Henry living, not to look like a fright. If the great press unsolicited endorses neatness and despatch in my dress, I can look with lofty scorn, not to say contempt, upon any requests not to look like a fright.

And so he goes gleefully on, rolling his joke over and over like a snowball until it attains to its proper hugeness. What fun! His casual, guileless, and roundabout approach to this subject, as merely “Another thing I desire to record,” appeared from the earlier part of the same letter:

The law’s delay will keep me here for several days. I hope to get off for home, however, by the last of the week. While at Chicago I recalled in memory an incident of one of our campaigns in the War. Some of my boys found a cow, a very gentle one, brindle and bug-horned, with a kind look in her eyes. She was “fresh” as they call it South. The cook and whole mess watched the cow to keep thousands of envious soldiers from milking her. She got milked, however, every few minutes during the twenty-four hours of each day. Soldiers would sneak up and pull at her like a hungry baby till driven off by her new belligerent owners. Co. A boys were high protectionists on milk while that cow was in camp. She gave only a few drops at a time every few minutes during each twenty-four hours. This is why I thought of the cow after thirty years. The reporter boys went at me in Chicago as the soldiers did the cow. They milked me dry for a whole day.

So much above his estimate was the law’s delay prolonged that, instead of getting home in a week as he had hoped, he was kept away for more than a month. The whole case well shows this worst fault of American criminal justice. In the U. S. District Court at Madison the first indictment against Cadwallader charged him in eleven counts with sundry violations of section 5209 of the U. S. Revised Statutes, which made it a misdemeanor to embezzle, abstract and wilfully misapply the moneys of the bank. This general language in every count was accompanied in each by a specification of the particular misconduct relied upon to constitute a separate charge. For his defense Cadwallader had managed somehow to get distinguished counsel, Senator J. C. Spooner and his partner, A. L. Sanborn, Esq., of Madison, and Judge S. N. Dickinson of Superior. They attacked this indictment for duplicity, that is, for unallowable confusion and overlapping of the charges made. All the counts were accordingly quashed by the court on the theory that what this statute characterized as a misdemeanor was really a felony, and that

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<sup>1</sup> To a lampoon on his quaint clothes by this rival journalist whom a pardon had lately saved from prison stripes, Greeley retorted that his critic, “but for the clemency of Governor Seward,” would now be much less fashionably arrayed than the editor of the *Tribune*, and would attract far more attention to his dress.



a defendant accused of distinct offenses thereunder had a right to insist that they be accurately discriminated so that he might meet each independently. In so ruling the court may have been too scrupulous. But a second indictment was thus made necessary. And so a year had elapsed after the culprit was brought back from Brazil before he was brought to trial. Many of the counts in the grand jury's new bill were assailed, though ineffectually, on equally technical grounds, including that of a special plea to the jurisdiction, based on the restrictive language of Minister Conger's request to the Brazilian Government for the provisional arrest of the fugitive. As ground for extradition the only charge then made was the general one that "He is under indictment for the embezzlement, abstraction, and willful misapplication of about forty thousand dollars from a bank in the State of Wisconsin." No express mention was made of his manipulation of the capital stock, shares of stock, property, or credits of the bank as charged in several of the new counts. Father's testimony was wanted to show not only the flight, fictitious name, and self-incriminating statements of the accused, but also his final consent to return with his captor irrespective of the extradition proceedings.

Trial had been set for April 10, but the case was not called till the 12th, and it was the 18th before Father testified. Even then he was detained as a possible rebuttal witness until the final arguments on May 3; though he was allowed, subject to recall, to go as far as Chicago and spend the last week of April with old friends in and about that city. His cross-examination by Colonel Spooner, according to the *Madison Democrat* of the 19th, was pronounced by some of the listeners to be "as good as a show."

To everyone's surprise the jury was out thirty hours and could not agree, having stood eight to four for conviction. Before his arrest the defendant had worn a dignified chin beard, luxuriant mustache, and decorous spectacles, so that he looked far older than his years, which were in fact only twenty-six at the time of his offence. But his appearance before the jury no longer exaggerated his age; his wife and two pretty little daughters were in court mutely pleading for mercy; and he—so his counsel argued—far from being a matured financier, dwelt "in a fool's paradise," being "actually a mere youth," whose "mistakes were from his disastrous chasing after the bow of promise." The same counsel would not, however, advise him to risk a retrial. On November 13, six months after the disagreement and two and a half years after the offence, he pleaded guilty and was sentenced to five years in the house of correction at Milwaukee. When he had served a quarter of his term, President Cleveland pardoned him. While he did not finally escape punishment, a swifter and simpler justice would have been far more salutary for all concerned.

If Father's witness fees of \$139.50 barely covered his expenses through the long trial, his excursion meanwhile to Chicago and Aurora, Illinois, made up



in the renewal of old acquaintance for his loss of time. Entries in his journal towards the last of April ran as follows:

26. Arrived at Albert Wilber's and found him and family in a fine new house. They were glad to see me. 27. At Albert's. Went to Elgin and looked over General Borden's condensing milk process. Also saw the Elgin creamery business. Had a pleasant day with Mrs. West [Mary Wilber]. Talked over Auburn days. 28. Returned to Chicago and went to W. A. Mason's, 303 Schiller St. Frankie [Mason, daughter of the late Lorenzo Bull was] glad to see me. 29. Mason returned from New York in forenoon. At three P. M. we drove up the lake shore through Lincoln Park. Evening, six P. M., went to Mr. Bush's, son-in-law of Glidden, barbed wire man. Saw Mr. Treat of Nicaragua, canal contractor. Pleasant time.

Back again in Madison at the end of April, he seems to have turned to his Shakespeare to relieve the tedium of waiting; for under date of May 1 the *Cleveland Leader* of the 3d printed the first of a trilogy of contributions from him that appeared in its columns within the next two months, embracing excerpts or parodies of passages from as many different plays, with his application thereof to events and actors in the country-wide social, industrial, and political turbulence then current. The United Mineworkers and the Great Northern trainmen had just started their widespread strikes. In Cleveland the militia were being called out to suppress May-day rioting and mob violence; Coxey's army, various bands of which were stealing trains to speed their march on the capital, was already pitching camp in Washington; and Congress was in a turmoil over silver, the tariff, and the programs of agitators within as well as outside of its membership. In this article, entitled "A Tramp Trust," Father quoted from Part Second of King Henry VI, Act iv, Scene 2, portions of the colloquy between Jack Cade and Dick, prefaced with a commentary on their timeliness:

We have the sugar trust, whisky, coffee, rubber, and schoolbook trusts, and now comes the tramp trust. The good old motto, "Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest," is used in part—all but the welcome—to put bread and meat a few miles ahead, to speed them onward into the next county or State.

Cade was the first Coxeyite. He seized no trains nor locomotives, but formulated the Coxey code over four centuries ago:

"There shall be in England seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny; the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer. All the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass," etc.

*Dick*. "The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers."

*Cade*. "Nay, that I mean to do," etc.

Cade, too, was a broad-minded man. His scheme of government covered the whole field of political discussion now occupied by crankdom. Colonel Coxey, Mr. Bland, Senator Pepper, Henry George, and the Honorable Tom Johnson are all narrow-minded men compared with Cade.

Colonel Coxey and his industrial band should be shown the great painting on the wall of the grand staircase leading to our legislative hall in the Capitol



building, "Westward the Star of Empire Takes its Way." To people of ordinary common sense Colonel Coxey can furnish quite as good arguments for this trust of tramps as Mr. Bland can for his standard of value, or as the Kansas senator for his iridescent barren idealities, or Henry George for his confiscation plans, or the Honorable Tom Johnson for his scheme of taxation. Cade, however, was greater than all these. He covered the whole ground, a grand scheme to take property earned and owned by somebody else and use it.

Mr. Bland would make the three-hooped pot of ten hoops in the payment of debts. Mr. George says, "All the realm shall be in common." Colonel Coxey says, "My palfrey shall go to grass on the Capitol grounds"; while the senator from Kansas and the honorable representative of the Cleveland district have their brain-befogging, thimble-rigging political doctrines that were only side issues with Cade, the great Moses and lawgiver of violent strikers in crankdom and trampdom. Cade also knew human nature. He did not say, "What fools these mortals be," but, like Coxey, Bland, Peffer, George & Co., acted and talked on that belief. The gallant Coxey is proud of his title of colonel, as proud indeed as a colonel of Kentucky, whose rank is so high it "smells to heaven."

The seeming irrelevance of his closing allusion to the unsavory Breckinridge scandal in the Blue-grass State was really his Q.E.D., that all types of delict are in essence Democratic. Such is openly the theme of the two succeeding parts of his Shakespearean trilogy, wherein President Cleveland, as Richard, Duke of Gloucester, descants upon his own deformity, or, in the role of Hamlet, berates his Democratic players for their "inexplicable dumb-shows and noise."

Leaving Madison on May 3, Father stopped off a day in Chicago, and another at Ann Arbor, where he visited Professor Hinsdale. They had much to talk about. Former Senator Henry L. Dawes had contributed to the *Century* for January, 1894, an article entitled "Garfield and Conkling," which revived bitter memories of thirteen years before. Though not unfriendly to either figure in that great tragedy, this version of it embraced one reference which had led Hinsdale to write to Father on January 12, unaware that he was then in Costa Rica, and to ask, "Do you know anything about the letter in which, as Garfield said, he 'slopped over' and against the publication of which Blaine advised?" And then he remarked, "As the years go by, I more and more wonder at and grieve over the fact that Garfield rushed into the fatal quarrel between Blaine and Conkling, or allowed Blaine to pull him in, as the case may be. If Garfield had stood up on his own feet, and made a cabinet on the plan that I illustrated by means of 'the stove,' some things would not have been as they were." A month and a half later he wrote again:

Ann Arbor, Mich., Feb. 26, 1894.

My Dear Captain:

I received your letter from Central America in due time and read it with much interest. About the same time, as you have perhaps learned since, I wrote you upon the same subject. The coincidence is evidence that we both have Garfield's reputation at heart. I presume you are as well aware as I am

that a network of stories, very damaging to his reputation, has in some way been spread all over this country, from East to West, North to South. I have often questioned how it has come about, and whether anything could be done to counteract the stories. I confess that I have not been able to answer either question to my satisfaction.

I presume you are going to make syrup this spring. Can you send us a supply of the prime article, say from six to ten gallons, and if so at what price? If you will answer immediately in the affirmative I will give you an order.

I noted what you said in your letter about voting and elections in the South. I presume you are ready by this time to take in the State of Michigan in your list of culprit States. You are no doubt aware that two constitutional amendments have been declared ratified by the people within three years, when the fact was that both of them were voted down. You are no doubt also aware that an amendment was declared lost in '87 that was probably carried, although this has not yet been established by judicial investigation. If this development shall serve somewhat to modify the appalling self-righteousness of the Republican party, and particularly on the Western Reserve, its effect will be good so far forth. At the same time I should not think of defending it on that ground.

We are all in usual health and wish to be remembered.

I am very truly yours,

B. A. Hinsdale

On the very next day the above letter was succeeded by another relating to President Garfield.

Editorial Rooms, *The Chautauquan*,  
Dr. T. L. Flood, Editor,  
Meadville, Pa., Feb. 27, 1894.

My dear Sir :

Some weeks ago my son was traveling from New York to Meadville, and while sitting in a compartment of a Pullman sleeper of an Erie train he overheard parts of a conversation which you had with a young man relating to President Garfield. He recounted your conversation to me, and it made such an impression upon my mind that I formed the idea of writing you. My son did not learn your name or address, but from your conversation he remembered that you had filled several Government positions, that you were a captain in the United States army, besides being a lifelong friend of General Garfield and his family.

From these facts and the incidental mention of the name of ex-Postmaster General James, I determined if possible to obtain your name and address. To this end I recently wrote General James giving him such information as I thought likely to lead to your identification. Under date of February 23rd General James has kindly supplied the desired information, and I now explain the purpose of my inquiry.

Will you write one or more reminiscient articles for the *Chautauquan* upon "Phases of the Life of President Garfield"? His youth and early manhood, as you know it; phases of his public and private life, hitherto unknown; and his deplorable assassination, much of the real history of which remains to be told,—all these, it seems to me, would be excellent topics for magazine articles.

If I were not sure that you have a thoroughly keen and sympathetic appre-



ciation of President Garfield's character in all its development, I should not extend this invitation to you. I believe the large audience which the *Chautauquan* would furnish for articles, such as you could write, would add to their character, and if possible a more extensive appreciation of this important figure in our national history.

If your business cares would make the writing of such articles irksome, could you not dictate to a stenographer sufficient materials for one or two articles, and round it out yourself afterwards, or permit the revision, if any were needed, to be made at my office?

The length of a single article for the *Chautauquan* should be about three thousand words. I should be glad to send you my check in the sum of thirty dollars for each article of this length you may engage to write.

I shall be glad to have you write me at your earliest convenience about this matter, and I shall be pleased to consider any suggestions which you may see fit to make concerning topics to be discussed. At all events I hope you will find it convenient to write at least one article for the *Chautauquan*. You have my thanks in anticipation of an early reply.

Very truly yours,

T. L. Flood

To this complimentary overture Father at first thought of responding favorably. And that such was the tenor of his answer, written the next Sunday, may be inferred from Dr. Flood's prompt reply; though the contents of the latter seemed to depart from the original proposal. The editor's nose for news now appeared to point towards the stirring up afresh of baseless gossip, in the laudable but unpromising hope of extinguishing it for good and all, as well as towards the poking of a Disciples' hornets'-nest to the benefit of nobody except perhaps the *Chautauquan*.

Meadville, Pa., March 5, 1894.

Dear Captain Henry:

Your letter of March 4th is at hand, and I am gratified to learn that you think favorably of writing the article concerning General Garfield for the *Chautauquan*. We desire incidents of Garfield's boyhood and early life. You may tell of the influences that brought him into the church, but it is mainly the story of his public life, as you know it, that I would like to have.

I am in sympathy with your suggestion concerning the scandals that were started soon after Garfield's death. They ought to be disposed of in a summary way. You are the man to do that. The alleged divorce suit, and that Mrs. G. was to marry an old lover a year after his death. Take up all these things and make a few suggestions about the credulous Christian people who gave the stories credence. Speak of Garfield's sons and daughter who joined another church, and of the fear expressed by Disciple preachers that there was something in the stories. You can deal with these quite fully, and give us such reminiscences of Garfield as you may have, in his army life and public life from the time he entered upon his public career. Explain his relation to the Conkling and Platt trouble after Garfield was made President.

I heard General Garfield make his speech at Chautauqua, and the utterance "What shall we do with our leisure?" has become historic. I agree with you that he made wonderful speeches in his presidential campaign.



Perhaps it would be well for you to take his early life and tell the story. You could do it better than any man I could think of. Make it as long as you please. Tell the story, weaving in such incidents and facts as will add interest for the reader. As to the amount of material you will write, you can tell better after you will get at it; but please let me know at as early a date as possible, and when I may expect manuscript from you.

I thank you again for your kind letter, which is of great interest to me, and it will cause me to wait with strong desire to see your article.

Very truly yours,

T. L. Flood

By "whispering campaigns" the domestic relations or private morals of nearly every President have been groundlessly assailed before or after his death. Deeply as Father and Hinsdale deplored such scandalizing of Garfield's memory, both felt that nothing to counteract it could then be written and published which they themselves or Mrs. Garfield would think it wise to give out. As with oneself, so with one's hero, "to excuse is to accuse." Yet I have always wished that in his own way Father had seized this opportunity, not indeed to panegyrize his dead friend, but to tell connectedly, as from time to time he did by bits, the story of their friendship. From boyhood to the grave he had known Garfield, often at close range, and in the last years intimately. It should have been a grateful task, and not too difficult, to set this down, especially with the leisure and library facilities he was shortly to have at disposal while waiting in Madison.

The compensation offered was more than he was ever paid for writing, save for the prize won for his essay on corn-raising. Surely a cent a word for a farmer's literary product was not to be despised, when in that dull era his prime maple sirup brought hardly seventy-five cents a gallon, and milk from his dairy only fourteen cents a gallon in winter and nine in summer, less the cent and a half freight to Cleveland. It was partly diffidence, I think, that stayed his hesitant pen, lest its inept exercise displease Mrs. Garfield, incur Hinsdale's critical disapproval, or, worst of all, fail to make its candor convincing. When he returned via Ann Arbor to visit Hinsdale, the latter's reaction to these misgivings was mainly what he went out for to see. And his host, never a reed shaken with the wind, stiffened his reluctance to engage in such publicity as the *Chautauquan* seemed to have principally in view, and quickened his resolve to forego its offer entirely.

Before starting for Madison Father had rented the Russ Place (reserving the sugar bush and the right to harvest the wheat that S. B. Snider had got in on shares the fall before) to Nathan Cranson for one year at one hundred and ten dollars, and had renewed his previous year's contract with Mike Kennedy to farm on shares the Home and Brewster places except about twenty-five acres in three or four parcels here and there which, with the farm buildings thereon, he retained for his own use.

The business depression was now coming closer home. Besides the scaling



down of Mother's Dallas bank stock and the "winking out" of some of Father's, as before mentioned, the investment banking house where I was employed became insolvent. Fortunately I got another and better job almost at once, so the wolf did not come too near my door. The old home, moreover, had always a latchstring out for my little family. Returning from some business trip I would find on my desk in Cleveland a clue to their whereabouts, such as Father's note of March 30 from Geauga Lake, "Lou and baby are here and will stay till after Florence comes. If Lou don't go home before, we will tell you at the train that she is here." Of course spring and the sugaring could not pass without week-end guests at the farm, and for the last Sunday in February Mother had contrived a reunion of her whole family, with Marcia and Aunt Mary coming from Hiram and Elmer and Mabelle Turner from Cleveland. A huge turkey for dinner, with "word-game" afterwards, had grown to be the standard entertainment for such occasions.

Father seldom or never played games; but as for the rest of the household, guests included, this word-game, taught to us long before by "Aunt" Myra Robbins, was pursued with unfailing zest. Spreading a chosen word of nine or ten letters across the top of his paper, each player takes the first letter as the initial of as many anagrams, complete or partial, as he can write from it in five minutes. One of the players then reads his list, word by word aloud, while the others respond yes or no as to the presence of the same word in their own lists. Whoever has it listed crosses the word off and tallies one for every player who does not have it—or a tally for each syllable if two or more. A like score is taken against the reader whenever he offers a word that violates a rule or can not be derived from the source-word. The first player's list being exhausted, each of the others in turn reads the remnant of his list. Then the second letter is taken up; and so on, the players taking turns at reading first. Abbreviations, words not found in the dictionary, proper names, foreign and obsolete words, and multiple inflectional forms of the same word (unless forming an additional syllable) are barred. For convenient totaling, tallies are kept in groups of five in space reserved therefor below the master-word. By practice the family acquired of course some proficiency which it was hardly fair to inflict upon their less expert guests. But of the latter there were several who had little need of odds, and Mabelle Turner could as a rule win hands down over most if not all of us.

Though Father was not to be enticed into such play, in all these festal companies he was the outstanding figure. Probably the clearest memories retained of those times, by any who in the eighties or nineties shared the hospitality of his home at Geauga Lake, center to this day upon his grave or gay discourse, his stories and reminiscences, his mimicry and songs. Durable and delightful was the impression he made on old and young alike. His friendships, moreover, seldom waned, but survived even long and distant separation. If he could not visit a close friend he could at least correspond with him. To Judge



Pardee he wrote from Madison on April 9, moved thereto as usual by reflections on things past as well as on others pending—

first, as I am reminded of one of the pleasantest trips of my life with you through Wisconsin and the West fifteen or sixteen years ago. On visiting these lakes I recall many pleasant incidents of the trip. The second reason I writ you is on account of the unique—indeed ridiculous, to me at least—[appointment] of a junketing investigating committee of the House relative to a court ruling or decision that would naturally be reversed, sustained, or modified on appeal. If I were Judge Jenkins or his friend I would be quite anxious about the organized labor vote in the districts of this committee. I think the whole job is a menace to Federal courts and the judiciary generally. I enclose a history of the N. P. Ry. and receivership. If the custom is established for the future, it may be that U. S. judges will be as insecure on the bench as U. S. marshals in Washington were after the instigators of assassins had come into power.

If Father's antitrust views seldom exhibited emotional intensity, those on labor's derelictions had full reinforcement from his feelings. For Congress to question the propriety of an injunction against property damage by strikers seemed plainly to encourage crime and to threaten the independence of the whole judicial branch of the Government. When the history of the alarming labor disturbances in 1894 was summarized the next winter in the *World Almanac* for 1895, his marginal comments thereon in pencil were forthright and unequivocal. Of Governor Altgeld, who protested President Cleveland's ordering of Federal troops to Chicago to secure the uninterrupted passage of the mails and of interstate commerce during the Pullman strike, he wrote: "Miserable creature, Governor of Illinois! For a great State, Governor J. M. Palmer, Democrat, was bad, but not quite so bad, during the great Chicago fire when [over his protest] Phil Sheridan rushed a few troops in to save life and property."

Concerning the strikers' formal offer to return to work in a body at once if restored without prejudice to their former positions, except those convicted of crime, he ejaculated, "After they had burned and destroyed millions of property of their employers! Bandits, bandits under other names." Regarding the disorders in Pittsburgh as well as Chicago he observed: "Pullman and Carnegie from this date have no use for labor organizations. Both gave liberally for libraries, etc., before this; got good prices from people able to pay, and gave part to labor. That's all of it."

In respect to the really unfounded claim that Pullman strikers were victims of their employers' extortionate rent charges in the Company's model city, Father, disgusted and unsympathetic, commented, "If rents were too high, look up another job." The \$7,000,000 of direct losses from the Pullman strike he scornfully characterized as the "cost of 'walking delegates'." Concerning the whole subject of "arbitration in labor disputes," he rather scouts than queries, "Arbitrate whether to hire a man or not! All nonsense. The old-fashioned common law of buyer and seller, employer and employee, is the



bedrock. If a man don't want to work, he need not. If a man don't want to employ, he generally *won't*." So, like a stout old Tory, he sees in these disturbances the "result of 'tariff reform,' Cleveland and Wilson, promise of money 'in abundant sufficiency'," and in general only added instances of the blighting rule of the Democracy, with its "States' rights, 'secesh,' and anarchy." Having thus recorded his disapproval of walking delegates and their Democratic abettors, he could not but feel as good-humored as ever.

This Pullman trouble had begun on May 5, the very day Father left Chicago on his way home from Madison. Within the seven days just previous to that date and while the employees, encountering Federal power, felt that Fortune had turned her face away from them, the same fickle goddess in vain knocked twice at Father's door. The Borden process of condensing milk, which he looked into while in Chicago, was not yet fully financed, and the small investment then invited which he could readily have made, would have brought him wealth. The second chance arose in connection with a letter dated four days afterwards which awaited his return home. It was written from Buffalo by his old friend David B. Parker, previously the chief inspector of the post office department, under whom he had served, and who was now the vice-president and general manager of the Bell Telephone Company of that city.

Colonel Parker stood in close relations with the head office in Boston, where the parent company was then administered by two other former post office officials, Theodore N. Vail as its president and C. Jay French as general manager. In Father's time these two men, with whom he had ever been on friendly terms, were respectively the general superintendent and a division superintendent of the railway mail service. Colonel Parker desired Father to investigate the checkered career during the previous five years of a certain "smart and slippery" character who, he said, "may be a witness somewhere"; also to "call on Parker Norton, a lawyer in the Erie County Savings Bank building, and call me up at Boston. I hope to see you. Mr. Roberts, our auditor, will give you the telephone facilities. He nor no one but Norton knows that I want to make the inquiry."

This affair was an episode of the patent and franchise warfare which was then raging between the rival telephone companies and in which the Bell ultimately prevailed. Father investigated the man's history, made his satisfactory report, and received his pay. With his post-office colleagues he could ten years before have gone into this company almost at its start and like them have won ample reward. And now the chance recurred, of which he might have availed himself to the same end except for his previous engagement with the American Surety Company as disclosed by a telegram dated May 18 and the ensuing letters from its New York office, which marked the beginning of a new chapter in Father's life.

## 39. *Old Things and New*

AT SUNDRY times for several years past in Texas and Ohio Father had been rendering special services for the American Surety Company in its bonding business, when early in 1894 its vice president, Henry D. Lyman, chose him to fill an expected vacancy in its regular staff of inspectors. Six weeks before the agreed date the following message from Lyman came to him at Geauga Lake.

Lund telegraphs that arm shattered and head injured in railroad accident last night, Belpre, Ohio; now resting easily at house of Robert B. Willison, Parkersburg, W. Va. Please go there at once and do whatever necessary, our expense, and get papers and passes to take up some of his work. Will give you points later. Answer.

A confirmatory letter, also dated May 18, refers to the approaching commencement of Lund's term as county treasurer, and adds:

He was to leave our service on the 30th of June, at which time by arrangement with you, his work is to be taken up by you. Under the circumstances it will be necessary for you to take up your work earlier, if agreeable, . . .

A week later Lyman wrote again as follows:

Referring to my letter of the 18th instant and to your telegram of the 19th instant that you would go at once to Marietta, I suppose it is agreeable to you to call your service with us under the original agreement regularly begun from May 19th, 1894; and therefore I enclose herewith three of our monthly account blanks for stating your expenses that are chargeable to various default cases. When the account is received at the end of each month we wish it to show how much has been expended for telegrams and otherwise in the investigation of each default case, and against each default case should be calculated your time and per diem on the basis of your monthly compensation. We then enter up the expenses against the claim here as so much loss to be collected if possible at some future date from the defaulter under the indemnity agreement in his application for the bond. Supplementary blanks will enable you to report the expenses and per diem chargeable to each case.

Father's monthly stipend of one hundred dollars covered services as called for that kept him from home little more than half the time, and he could schedule his trips pretty nearly to suit his own convenience. The money income which he and Mother had from other sources—dividends, rents, proceeds of sale of maple and other farm products, press contributions, pension, and interest—amounted to about as much more, or say twenty-four hundred dollars per annum in all. This sufficed to afford the family a very comfortable livelihood;



for expenses were low, they had no rent or interest to pay, and, though Father's husbandry could hardly be called superlative, yet their table was largely supplied from the farm itself with fruits and vegetables, and with dairy, poultry, meat, and maple products.

The figures of some of his actual disbursements and receipts in 1894 will serve to illustrate the general cost of living then. In June the half year's tax on his chattels was \$4.44, and on  $396\frac{3}{4}$  acres of land (including four houses, six barns, and a dozen smaller buildings) was \$35.15—about the same on that area as it had been for sixty years before, but not a tithe of what it grew to be three decades later. In December, with the penalty imposed in his unexpected absence, the amounts were \$4.50 and \$38.48, and the whole year's tax rate for Bainbridge was \$1.17½ on each hundred dollars of the very low assessed valuation.

Of course schools and roads were still primitive, many later functions of local government were unthought of, and rural officials received less pay and were fewer in number then than thirty years afterwards, though the population of township and county continued after his death to be, as it had been from before his birth, almost stationary. Wages and commodity prices in 1894 were correspondingly low. If summer milk was taken to the local cheese factory or creamery instead of being shipped by rail to Cleveland, it brought only 7¢ or 8¢ per gallon (of ten pounds instead of eight and a half pounds as in the city); but from the factory, patrons could get butter at 15¢ to 17¢ per pound, and cream at 15¢ per quart, to be charged against their milk accounts. In November Father sold over a hundredweight of live turkeys at 7½¢ a pound.

My brother Jim, who while not yet fourteen began in the fall to attend the preparatory department of Hiram College, paid two dollars per week for his board and one dollar for his half share of room rent, rates little more than those prevailing twenty years before. At the same time, George Marshall worked more than four months for Father at \$16 per month and board. Around the old homestead much work was now going on and of many kinds—opening and clearing out ditches and drains, hauling and dressing stone, getting out timber for sills and joists, rough carpentry, laying new foundations for stables and sheds, moving or erecting buildings upon them, and all the routine tasks or chores of farm and garden. Father was now completing the fulfilment of his lifelong dream of bringing the farm improvements up to his standard of "red barn aristocracy."

Besides George Marshall and his brother Tom, and the farm tenants Kennedy and Cranson, he hired at different times this year, as farm hands and for general labor, Delos McConoughey, Frank Newman, and others; while as artisans and for special services he had also Ben Chase, faithful and honest, who crowned his barns with ornate cupolas; Ben's son Allen, jack-of-all-trades and accomplished romancer; Hissett, stone-cutter and mason, whose handi-

work included lettered horse-blocks and dated hitching-posts; Wiley Scott, Kirgis, and the queer but capable barn-mover, Porter. Several of these were neighbors or fellow townsmen whom he had long liked, especially Mr. Chase, Delos, and the Marshall boys.

Summed up for that year, there could hardly have been over four hundred days' work done by them all, or as much as five hundred dollars paid out for the labor hired and the building materials bought. And this was well. For though the year's outlay improved the appearance of his home surroundings, he hardly realized that he was nearing the end of active life and that the farm operations were thenceforward to center more and more at the tenant house across the gully, around which accordingly, for both convenience and profit, these nearest farm buildings would better have been grouped. Such a notion, however, was one that he could never have countenanced. The farm business must stay within his sight and reach.

In the eight years that had elapsed since he first went to Texas, he had expended in building improvements on all his farms perhaps as much on the average each year as in 1894—most of it, indeed, to good purpose, for bringing in farm revenue and attracting farm tenants; though along with or even instead of some of these numerous structures Mother and the girls would have welcomed a more commodious dwelling-house for his own family. And this was in fact his crowning purpose; but the realizing of it soon became, with his advancing years, a venture too formidable to begin. Mother, however, survived to enjoy for the last six years of her life the pleasant quarters, planned especially for her comfort, in the new home which I built on the old site more than a quarter-century afterwards.

In 1894, however, with the sprucing up of the adjacent buildings and the family's acquisition of a handsome new surrey, together with some other modest luxuries, the old homestead really seemed pretty comfortable and attractive, notwithstanding the lack of what were soon to be deemed indispensable modern conveniences. The heating was all done by wood stoves; the lighting, by kerosene lamps. Water for drinking and cooking had to be fetched in a pail from the well, a hundred feet distant from the kitchen door; but for washing, a hand-pump in the kitchen supplied soft water from the cistern underneath. Whenever Father had two or three hired men, or Mother had a houseful of visitors, the extra beds in the "office" and the sirup-house, overlooking the gully, took care of the added sleeping requirements. They were often filled to capacity during the years when the young folks were at Hiram and brought their school friends home for over Sunday or invited them for vacation visits.

There were guests, too, of the older generation. All three of Father's sisters forgathered this year at his home on Independence Day. On the following Sunday his journal notes, "Jos. Rudolph here"; and—on the latter's coming again a few days afterwards with his sister—"Joe R. and Mrs. Rock-



well here." The next month it mentions a return visit made "At Mrs. Garfield's" in Mentor on the 26th; whence the two veterans proceeded together to Ashland for the twenty-seventh reunion of their old regiment. The local newspaper characterized Father's response to the address of welcome there as "a happy and eloquent speech." He later introduced as "an honorary member of the Forty-second association," Governor Foster, who "paid a glowing and well deserved tribute to President Garfield," its first commander, declaring that "a purer man never lived in this country." "Few men," said he, "knew General Garfield better than I. Not more than two men did, I think, and perhaps but one—I might except Captain Henry." Of course Father had to sing again his "Forty-second Boys," which was received with the usual acclaim and encores. Late August this year was really rife with reunions. Pioneer Day on Kent's picnic grounds at Geauga Lake on the 22d was followed by another on the 31st at Punderson's in Newbury, where, as noted in his journal, "I addressed them in A. M., Major Burns in P. M. Big crowd."

The preceding academic year was, I think, the only one from 1881 to the close of the century when he did not have one or more children in attendance at Hiram. But with Marcia a faculty member and Aunt Mary a resident there, the family's local ties lost nothing of their strength; and as for Father, his second reelection as head of the College board meant active duties there as urgent as ever. In August he visited Hiram to acquire the Reno property for the College. The next month he had Mother take Jim to Cleveland to be outfitted for entering at the fall term, as noted above, the junior preparatory class. Four weeks later, being now again one of the very few Hiram trustees who were educating their children there, he presided at an evening board-meeting in the City with a renewed sense of pride and interest in his trust. He was now no longer to be so much preoccupied with the improvement of his farm buildings and was becoming largely engrossed with details of his new work for the Surety Company. Though the world was still in the throes of economic depression, and farm products could not be profitably marketed, yet if Father now felt any personal anxieties they were certainly minor ones, for he was prosperous enough, was usefully employed, and had every apparent reason for contentment. He was now paying the subscription price of the ten shares in the new City National Bank of Niles, Ohio, for which, on the recommendation of his prospective son-in-law, Grant Webb, he had subscribed, and except for this he was fortunately not in debt. With his business trips taking him much of the time from home, with Jim now gone away to school, and with my little family quitting the Brewster house to board in Cleveland for the winter, Mother and my younger sister left alone at home (save for faithful old Mr. Chase who was to live there mainly till his sudden death) must sometimes have felt that the melancholy days were come. The

following sisterly letter, however, from the latter to Jim at Hiram certainly discloses no unhappiness.

Maple Farm, Geauga Lake, Ohio, Nov. 2, 1894

My dear Jim:

Your good letter came today and was very welcome. I'll write just a little letter tonight so you'll know I love you. The wind is blowing quite hard tonight; I guess it will be colder tomorrow—anyway the paper says so.

Papa hasn't been home since he left last Monday morning. He has two telegrams here—one from Mr. Lawrence asking if he will pasture some horses this winter, and one from Mr. Lyman telling Papa to go to West Virginia immediately. We don't know where he is, so couldn't send word to him.

Ed Root died yesterday morning after a long and severe sickness of typhoid fever. The funeral is tomorrow at eleven o'clock. Mary Kennedy arrived home night before last; I have not called on her *as yet*. Hallowe'en I went to a party at Hatch's. I didn't want to go much, but was afraid they would be mad and think I was "stuck up." Marian Cook asked me to stay all night with her and we went together.

Wednesday Mamma and I went to our church social at Mrs. Treat's. Our church is to have a chrysanthemum fair week after next, and Mrs. Harmon wants me to go down and stay at their house and help them with it. It will continue two days, I think. They are talking of having Martha Bull recite, and then, too, they will serve oysters, etc. I think it will be a lot of fun.

We are having a great time getting the chickens into their new house. It takes the whole family every night. I think perhaps Mr. Webb will come tomorrow; he will have to come on the nine o'clock train. Mamma is going to Cleveland Monday and will stay all night with Lou and Fred, and they are planning to hear Sol Smith Russell Monday night.

I am glad you get along well with your rhetorical. Write to us whenever you can, as Marcia does not seem to have any time. Much love to Aunt Mary and your own dear self.

Affectionately,

Mary

As far as possible too from being "the saddest of the year" was the November Thanksgiving Day, which fell this year on Father's birthday, as it had done half a dozen times before in his lifetime and in 1900 was once again to do. He was now fifty-nine years old, Mother was just turned fifty-four, and they had been married for thirty years. On this homecoming feast-day, as also at Christmas four weeks later, the house was filled again, the great roast bird was superbly served, and everything was jolly. Father's journal of course mentions these festivals, and his terse and fitting comment on the last one is, "Christmas. Family all home. Turkey and presents galore." So too the first entry for 1895 runs, "Jan. 1. Family home. Turkey, etc." The home circle, however, was not quite complete; for Louise with our first-born had gone for a fortnight to Pennsylvania to spend Christmas and New Year's with her people in East Smithfield.

There as well as at Geauga Lake the freezing weather, which lasted all winter, was very severe and the roads in many places were blockaded with



snowdrifts. The condition was widespread. Aunt Annis Newton wrote from Durand, Wisconsin, to her sister Mary in Hiram that it had been more than forty degrees below zero there. Father's new ice-house was quickly filled from the lake with blocks frozen sixteen inches thick. On January 25 his old neighbor with whom he "joined fences," Mr. Daniel Giles, died from getting chilled while watching the men put up ice.

By the decedent's complicated will the land devised to his son James D. Giles was burdened with what then seemed to be preposterous conditions for paying heavy legacies to the latter's sisters and for continuing to litigate with the Forest City Ice Company the title to "land kivered by water" up to the line running "from p'int to p'int" where the farm boundaries touched opposite shores of the lake. By compromises with the heirs and the Ice Company this burden was finally so lightened as to overcome son Jim's unwillingness to accept the dubious bounty. Meanwhile in numerous friendly interviews he sought and obtained Father's counsel and as far as possible followed it. To settle the matter was assuredly the part of wisdom; for, despite the surrender of the land covered by water, that portion of the Giles farm lying between the lake and the railroad was sold thirty years afterwards for about ninety thousand dollars, probably ten or twelve times its value in 1895. Thus was vindicated the tenacious old testator's notion of the prospective worth of his land.

His other son, Ervin R. Giles, was a kind-hearted, wayward, boisterous sort of a chap, quite different from his steady-going brother. Their father would never have imagined that Erve could either be put upon, or relied on, to shoulder the obligations that the former's testament had sought to foist on Jim. In truth the old man was a little afraid as well as covertly fond of his prodigal, who in the father's face would unrebuked help himself from the paternal pork-barrel down cellar and carry off what he would of its contents to his own home. In occasional emergencies Father employed each of the brothers for brief periods, just as now and again in boyhood he himself had been hired by their father.

To help with the threshing, butchering, or sugaring, none was handier than Ervin, or Ir, as Father called him. If the tardy sap-run this year were to come on with a rush, there might soon be need of him. February, already far gone, was the time to market left-over sirup, the flavor of which when sealed in tin cans is not perceptibly impaired by age. But the hard times made low prices. To a Cleveland commission house Father shipped eighty-five gallons, for which I collected and sent to him an average of  $55\frac{1}{2}\phi$  a gallon net. On re-mitting the first proceeds I had this response from him dated at Geauga Lake, March 13, 1895:

Draft \$35.67 for syrup received. Thanks. I gave Mamma and B half. We have cleared out the cellar of Squires' house and found everything safe. We will be glad when you come. Plenty of potatoes, salt, syrup, and wood.

No news here, except Ir Giles is hauling young and tender calves as a bus-driver hauls voters to the polls. He remarked yesterday that he took his sister Carrie up to Bainbridge "to see Dad and get a load of calves." ("Dad" is in the vault yet).

Frank Light helped wash yesterday. When asked if she saw the eclipse of the moon, chipperly replied, "Yes, it looked real nice."

I go to Hiram today. We haven't tapped yet, but expect to soon.

As in so many of his letters to me, nearly every phrase in this one embodied a "quiet larf." "Salt," for example, alluded to the lifetime supply which Louise and I had on hand at the Squires house out of the barrel of table-salt in small bags shipped to us by Elmer Turner of the United Salt Company as a wedding gift two years before. The choicest *mot* of them all, however, was that which found echo a few months afterwards, when James R. Garfield had just been chosen to represent in the State senate the district which included Lake and Geauga counties, and when Father, giving to him and to me one each of two recently acquired copies of a book labeled *Garfield's Great Speeches*, sent at the same time the following undated note to me, for whom its quaint humor has always seemed to me to be tinged with a shade of wistfulness.

You will need this more, and longer, than I will. Senator Garfield wants the other. Hence accept this from Pawpaw. In appreciation therefor you can take Marcia and Babe some cold day in spring, with bad roads, some years hence in a country wagon to the cemetery vault miles away, "to see Dad and get a load of calves."

The sugar season on the Russ Place lasted but a fortnight and was all over by the end of March. With not more than 320 barrels of sap, producing  $37\frac{1}{2}\%$  less than the usual three-fifths of a gallon of sirup per barrel, this was the poorest year in yield as well as price that Father had ever known, though his hired help, Will Banford, Jay Brewster, and Wiley Scott, were of the best. Early in the month Scott's home across the lake caught fire from a kerosene lamp and was burned with almost all its contents. This man, though somewhat dissipated, was an excellent workman, and while the neighbors were helping him to get on his feet again, Father, by whom he was often employed, lent him credit for the purchase of building materials and allowed him to pay in work at half as much again as the going wage. But the house was hardly rebuilt when Scott took sick and died, five months and a half after the fire. Michael Kennedy was succeeded this year as farm tenant by Merritt Short, who had some education but scant means; and on the Russ Place Nathan Cranson was followed by Allen Chase, whose stories were taller than his corn. Cranson was a good farmer and a year or two afterwards he returned and rented the Brewster Place.

Meanwhile my family reoccupied the house there for the half-year beginning on April 1. At about the same time I bought from Doctor Silas A. Boynton,



cousin to President Garfield, his home on the east side of Kensington Street (now East Sixty-third) a few hundred feet north of Euclid Avenue, in Cleveland, together with a good part of the furnishings. On October 13, soon after entering into possession of our purchase, we arranged to have Father's household of three join with mine for the winter, and there on January 6, 1896, my sister Mary and Grant Webb were married.

Except in the handling of difficult cases for the Surety Company and its warm congratulations on his successes, the year then closed had been comparatively uneventful for Father. He had no time to write for publication, and his occasional correspondence embraced little of general interest, except for exchanges of letters in November with former Secretary Foster, and also with General Alger who was ere long to become secretary of war in McKinley's cabinet. Senator Sherman's *Recollections* published at that time seemed rather to imply than explicitly to assert that, if these gentlemen and their colleagues had exerted themselves a little less indifferently in their ostensible support of the Senator's candidacy for President, he would have been the Republican nominee instead of Garfield in 1880, or instead of Harrison in 1888. I have no copies of Father's letters, but those addressed to him are not without interest.

Fostoria, Ohio, Nov. 5, 1895.

Capt. C. E. Henry,

My dear Captain: The *Voice* just at hand containing your interview. I thank you for it.

As Mr. Sherman has written that the published criticisms of his book are not reliable, and that I will find upon its reading that (in words to this effect) there is nothing that I can complain [of], I have caused to be printed this extract from his letter. If the book does in any way reflect upon me I will reply, and if it includes Garfield I will confer with his friends before making a statement.

I am inclined to believe that the book when carefully read will show that in words he acquits us both, but leaves the impression that there is yet in his mind a doubt as to our loyalty to him in 1880. In 1888 I undertook at his request three missions to prominent people for him *at my own expense*, and know and he knows that I did him a substantial service, which came much nearer nominating him than the public [in] general suppose. There was something done on Sunday afternoon (the day before the nomination was made)—a promise made—that Sherman terms corrupt, that turned the nomination to Harrison. Again thanking you,

I am,

Resp'y y'rs &c.,

Charles Foster

When the Senator's book came out, Father, as an eye-witness in 1880 of all the convention scenes and of the Ohio delegates' conduct behind the scenes, bore testimony repeatedly in print to Foster's fidelity. The latter, however, confided further to Father his resentment of Sherman's distrust:

Fostoria, Ohio, Nov. 25, '95.

My dear Captain:

I have your letter of the 22d and have read your interview. While in terms Sherman acquits me of bad faith, yet it is done in such a way as to leave the inference that he has mental reservations that do not tally with his formal expressions. At best what he says is in the nature of a forgiveness both as to Garfield and myself. While I am amazed and injured, I have not felt at liberty yet to say anything for the public.

The Senator is not candid now on another matter, or he was not candid with me. He has said in a recent interview that Garfield said to him that "Blaine was of the opinion that it would be in bad taste (words to this effect) to continue him (Sherman) in the cabinet and not continue others of the Hayes cabinet." His explanation to me, at the time of his candidacy for the Senate, was that Garfield put the question to him, "whether he would prefer to remain in the cabinet or go back to the Senate." That he assumed that if Garfield desired him to remain in the cabinet he would have said so, and (as I understood) in view of this fact, he answered that he preferred the Senate. I accepted this statement as being truthful, taken in connection with the further fact that Garfield asked me not to be a candidate, when he said it would not do to "superannuate Mr. Sherman." I supposed then that he purposed to place me in the cabinet, a place I did not desire.

Without the efforts of Mack and Sheldon, Sherman had no chance in 1880. Garfield's nomination was a purely spontaneous result of the situation. If ever two men worked hard, honestly, and effectively for another, it was Garfield and myself for Sherman in 1880.

I hope you can drop off some day and go over the situation with me. I have been greatly tempted to go into print in a way that will not do Mr. Sherman any good. But as he seems [oblivious] in his correspondence with me of having done me an injustice, I have so far refrained. He can be shown up with facts at my command that will [not] enhance his reputation—but perhaps I had better forbear.

Resp'y your friend, C. F.

From his conclusion to "forbear," and his wish to "go over the situation" with Father, one might surmise a willingness on the part of the writer of this letter to suggest his own undoubted eligibility to succeed to the seat of Calvin S. Brice, Senator Sherman's Democratic colleague from Ohio in the United States Senate—a seat to which not many weeks afterwards the Ohio legislature in fact named Governor Joseph B. Foraker, without any public intimation that Foster was even a receptive candidate. It was of course neither just nor sensible for Senator Sherman in his book to hint that treachery twice lost him the nomination for president, and to damn with faint praise his own supporters who could not possibly have secured it for him in either 1880 or 1888.

His account of the latter convention angered the former chief executive of Michigan just as that of the earlier one provoked the ex-governor of Ohio. Governor Alger was afterwards to sit as a cabinet colleague with Senator Sherman during the Spanish-American War, and as secretary of war he was to suffer humiliating criticism for its mismanagement in matters for



which he could hardly be held personally responsible; but his own State later showed its confidence in him by sending him to the Senate. His friendship with Father, though not intimate, continued until their deaths only a few weeks apart. I have a presentation copy of his history of that war containing on the flyleaf over the author's signature the inscription to "Captain C. E. Henry with the compliments of R. A. Alger, Detroit, Oct. 31, 1901." In his letter, dated November 25, 1895, he wrote to Father:

Of course I regret being forced into the newspapers of the country in connection with any scandal, but as Senator Sherman struck at my friends I had to make some response. While his charges are not against me directly, and express a sentiment of friendship for me, yet I would rather a man would strike me than a friend of mine on my account.

There never was any foundation for his charges, but in his bitter disappointment he and his friends had to use somebody as an excuse for their defeat. The truth is there was no great sentiment in the country for Senator Sherman, and his nomination at Chicago was an impossibility.

It is painful to see a man who has had so great a position struggling around in his old age trying to smirch the records of honorable men. His book will hardly fill a place in history—except as fiction,—as an attack upon honorable men by a disappointed office-seeker is never received as authority.

During the year 1895 Hiram College affairs occupied rather more of Father's attention than usual. From May, 1893, the students' interest in their Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. having been quickened by a visit then from the young and inspiring John R. Mott, they had made and procured subscriptions in a substantial total amount toward the cost of erecting a Christian Association Building. Realization of the fund had now progressed far enough so that through President Zollars they appealed to the College trustees to authorize and aid their undertaking. To examine into it Father, with Messrs. Kent and Dietz, journeyed to Hiram on January 30; further stimulus was supplied by the Hiram banquet in Cleveland on February 25, which Father and Mother attended, staying overnight at Judge White's; another meeting between trustees and proponents was called for March 13 in Hiram; on April 5 Messrs. Teachout and Bowler with their wives, coming to Geauga Lake partly perhaps to visit Father's sugar camp, left him assured of their active support of the Hiram project; on May 11 he again "Went to Hiram and looked over accounts," and returned the next day "to Geauga Lake with Joe R."

Taken thus in hand by the trustees, and the further financing of the project having been assumed by the College, the Association Building was completed the same year. After the lapse of thirty-five years it was greatly enlarged and improved to serve other needs in addition to its original purpose and became the College Administration Building. Destroyed by fire in 1935, it was succeeded by a much finer structure the following summer. Uncle Joe Rudolph's visit above referred to was but one of several throughout the year. He came in October on learning that Father had for some days been laid up with a

rheumatic knee, and when two months afterwards the latter was again ailing, he came a second time to see him. No physician's visits could be more curative. Of course the two were together at Chippewa Lake on August 28 for the reunion of the Forty-second, where the following invitation from Mrs. Garfield was presented and accepted:

Dear Captain Henry:

My brother and my children join me in a request to the 42nd Regiment that they appoint their reunion for next year at General Garfield's home here at Mentor. It will give us great pleasure to meet and entertain the members of the old Regiment, and we hope it may be agreeable to them to accept this invitation.

With kindest remembrances to the Regiment, I remain

Very truly yours,

Lucretia R. Garfield

In a note to Mother written at the same time she added, "We are glad to hear from you now and then through Captain Henry, but wish you would come with him. We are always glad to see you both and hope you will give us that pleasure very soon. With best love and best wishes to each one of your family," etc. Seventy-four members of the regiment—about a quarter of all far and near who then survived and perhaps a twentieth of all including recruits, who had once been enrolled—gathered at this (Chippewa Lake) reunion more than a third of a century after the first enlistment. Though he was deeply attached to these old comrades, they were now beginning to be outranked in his regard by a very diminutive combatant, to wit, his first grandchild and the only one to be born upon his farm. Marcia Louise was not yet two years old when he used sometimes to call for her that summer at the Brewster house with gentle Old Fan and the easy old phaeton. She always clamored to drive the horse herself, and he would let her "hold the lines" after he had buckled the ends together.

Once, while they were poking down the steep hill above the cheese factory, she fell asleep in his lap and the reins, slipping from her grasp and dragging over the dash, dropped down behind the old mare's slow-moving heels. Unwilling to wake his charge, Father's startled "Whoa, whoa!" hardly rose above a stage whisper. But Old Fan was ever ready to come to a full stop even when going down hill with a vehicle crowding her. Thereupon he crawled carefully out with the little sleeper in his arms and managed to recover the reins and climb back into his seat without rousing her. When at other times he had to drive by the house and could not well have her come with him, her frantic shrieks, "Ganpa, Ganpa! take me, take me," would often compel him to capitulate. It was funny to see him try to escape, while, with arm shielding his eyes and ears, he pretended to ply the whip and to drive furiously past without seeing or hearing her.

Five weeks after Babe's wedding Father and Mother were urgently besought to come to the old Webb homestead in Austintown township, not far from



Youngstown and close to Mineral Ridge, where, as Mother wrote (February 14) to her sister in Hiram, they felt that their daughter had "almost an ideal home and an almost ideal husband, too." After five months and a half in Cleveland they returned at the close of March to Geauga Lake. Through the winter Father had made several trips out there, sometimes stopping at his sister Ann's over night or longer. In January he spent two or three days at the farm packing into a dozen barrels the gallon and half-gallon cans of maple sirup held vainly for a higher market since the spring before and now sold through a Cleveland commission house at about sixty cents net for 188½ gallons, a gainless outcome. Another day at the Lake was spent in agreeing with his nephew Fred Brewster about taking the Squires Place for a year at one hundred and forty-four dollars. In February he was there again, in the fruitless effort to make the Home Farm tenant, Short, furnish the latter's agreed quota of cows. For a month after the middle of March he was sick with a cold and the recurrence of his rheumatic pains. Wise old Doctor McMillin's diagnosis was, "Your liver is locked up," and his prescription of "vegetable remedies" ruled out the "poisonous mineral medicines that gather about the heart"! A fortnight after moving back to the farm Father wrote to me:

Gauga Lake, 4/14/96.

Dear Fred:

Yours with Allen's account and your own received today. Enclosed please find check for \$35.33 due you.

I am improving, but still lack strength. We enjoyed the visit of Marcia, Babe, and Jim very much, and wished that you and Lou were here. We are getting things straightened up some, but there is much to do yet.

I must get to Cincinnati, Ft. Recovery, and some other places as soon as it is prudent to move. You can get statistics for Decoration Day speech from Garfield's speech on "Amnesty."

Millions of flowers in the woods, fields looking green, buds swelling, and birds singing. I feel like Uncle Seth.

Love to Lou and babes.

C. E. Henry

The "babes" he referred to included now our second child, Charles Adams Henry, his first grandson, born March 29. Allen Chase was the renter on the Russ Place, to whom, in appreciation perhaps of his imaginative discourse, but more likely from regard for his father, it was now let "on thirds" for another year, the sugar bush, however, being reserved as usual.

## 40. *Crises Public and Domestic*

WITH a presidential campaign again near at hand, politics once more began to steam, the country-wide ebullience apparently centering less than forty miles directly south of Geauga Lake in the City of Canton, where William McKinley dwelt in expectant preparedness. Omaha, home of the Boy Orator, had not yet become the competing cynosure, although free coinage of silver versus the gold standard was already taking shape as the overshadowing issue. Father had always seemed to feel rather lukewarm toward McKinley, looking upon him—I imagine, though I never heard him so declare—as an ear-to-the-ground statesman, of cryptic speech, and ready less to serve than to be served. But afterwards the President's tragic death stilled all such disparagement. Of the two former secretaries of the treasury from Ohio, he naturally hoped that McKinley, if nominated and elected, would call Foster rather than Sherman into his cabinet.

As an argument of strongest appeal, he must have suggested to the presidential aspirant the former's greater capacity for usefulness in the pre-convention and pre-election campaigns and the desirability of soon enlisting him therein; for on March 2 the candidate acknowledged receipt of Father's "concise and intelligent résumé of the situation," indicated his approval of a plan "to keep a lookout on the South," and expressed appreciation of "what you say about Ex-governor Foster." Three other notes from McKinley, all written within the space of six weeks, intimated among other things his pleasure that Father was soon to call upon him, and his interest in the letters that his correspondent permitted him to read. These may not have included the ones above set out, from Foster and Alger, concerning Senator Sherman's gratuitous insinuations; but there was certainly no reason to suppress the fact that the latter's book had not increased its author's influence or popularity among Republicans, particularly in Ohio and Michigan, whose support McKinley must now hold.

But a new generation of politicians had arisen here that knew not Father's contemporaries in the party, and the Ohio candidate was now submitting himself almost wholly to the guidance of Messrs. Hanna and Herrick, who had saved him from bankruptcy and groomed him for this presidential race. And this was well; for they were doubtless the only ones who could have induced him against his own predilection, which Hanna at least had once really shared, to declare unequivocally for the gold standard. For this stand Father gave him at length his whole-hearted support. Governor Alger indeed became



Michigan's representative in the cabinet; but in Ohio, Foster's eligibility could not be welcomed by the new leaders, who, although—or perhaps because—Senator Sherman was now undeniably superannuate, readily allowed the latter's fitness for a place in the cabinet as in no way conducive to inconvenient rivalry. Meanwhile Father received the following curious letter from his friend Lyman, recalling to mind one of their valued former post-office colleagues, a fellow townsman of him who was soon to become the Democratic nominee for president:

New York, April 30, 1896.

My dear Captain:

I hope that McKinley's chances for the nomination are improving every day, and if the platform is not strong on the single standard, I trust that the candidate will make matters stronger by a declaration in advance of the platform that will have no uncertain sound. The foregoing is merely a thought that has occurred to me in reading a report that we have just received from our old friend, John B. Furay, of 1511 Dodge Street, Omaha, Nebraska, the closing part of which I quote as follows for your information:

"I am still plodding along in the old rut, waiting for the Republicans at St. Louis to say that McKinley shall carry the colors, which, as nearly as I can guess without a pair of steelyards, they are bent on doing. Please send out to old Captain Henry of Cleveland, Ohio, an absorbent porous plaster to affix to himself, so that in that event he may be drawn clear into heaven via Jacob's ladder."

I think you had better write Furay on the subject, and tell him to see that Nebraska is in line for McKinley.

Yours truly,  
H. D. Lyman

To Captain C. E. Henry,  
Cleveland, Ohio.

Colonel Furay's message to Father may have been a bit ironical; for west of the Mississippi many of McKinley's protectionist friends, distrusting his ambiguous phrases about "honest money" and bimetallism and distrusting the extent of his "friendship for silver," were unfavorable to his nomination. After it was accomplished, George L. Seybolt, another post-office inspector of Father's time, wrote to him from San Francisco (June 23) in part as follows:

The results of the St. Louis convention are just what the people here expected they would be, but now that the nominations have been made the question of election comes up. Under ordinary circumstances there would be no question about the results in the States of California, Oregon, and Washington. Ninety per cent of the Republicans of those States are favorable to McKinley first, last, and all of the time. I think all of them favor protection, but there are a very large number of Republicans who believe in the free coinage of silver. Just what their action will be when the time comes to vote can not be predicted with absolute certainty at this time. I believe that most of them will support McKinley and that he will get a large number of Democratic votes; but should the Populists, Free Silver Republicans, and Free

Silver Democrats unite, the situation here would make it dangerous for us. Later on I will be able to give you something more definite, but it is safe to say from present indications that no points should be lost in looking after the three States above mentioned.

Father's interest in the campaign grew to deep anxiety when Bryan's dramatic capture of the Democratic nomination with his "cross of gold" speech seemed to draw all debased money advocates unto him. On July 28 Mr. Lyman reiterated with eagerness his hope that McKinley's letter of acceptance would "make a clear demand for a gold standard in unmistakable terms." After making at Chagrin Falls my maiden political speech, I started on August 1 for a fortnight vacation, following my family to my wife's old home in Pennsylvania, where on the eve of a brief trip to New York I received from Father the following letter—its penciled postscript, on Bryan's forensic artistry, embodied—about happenings both in politics and at the farm:

Geauga Lake, Aug. 6, '96.

Dear Fred:

Yours [of] the 4th came today. We were glad to hear from you. Florence returned yesterday from Cleveland with Miss Pope from Mass., quite happy to see Marcia and commune under the trees. Weather hot. Shower today. *Exponent* gives you a good name, and part of your speech. I send it in this mail.

Silver—16 to 1—is loud. Everywhere I go I hear them expounding political economy and the coinage, quoting Lincoln, Wade, and Blaine, and hurling statistics—so called—from the latest "bullington," as they phrase it, from the Treasury Dept. I judge that this campaign should start with "kam" kindness in the kindergarten method.

Bryan's speech is the most skillful blending [of] plain truths and rhetorical phrases and falsehoods in a single sentence I ever saw in the English language. Every sentence has a statement that everybody knows is true; also a statement that all men of common sense know to be false. Other demagogues always use brass and tinsel, as Indian traders use glass beads with Indians; but Bryan uses the most glittering diamond dust in his trash. "Crown of thorns on the brow of labor"—with a 50¢ \$!

We hope you will all have a good time. We should indeed be glad if you could stop off [here] a few days. We have more eggs than we can eat, and green corn, apples and berries galore. We all join in love to you all.

I am inclined to think it would be a good thing for you to visit New York. If you do, call on Lyman.

C. E. Henry

"Kam kindness" and patient schooling kept the country three months later from quitting the gold standard. From Washington on July 24, arrived Mother's dearest friend, a little older than she, "Aunt" Myra Robbins, whom we had not seen for seven or eight years and who had then for a dozen years been the wife of Major James McNabb. He had lately lost his Government clerkship and they were now without means. So while "the Majah" was seeking a new position, Mother invited his wife to spend the rest of the summer at



Geauga Lake. There she remained, save for a short stay in Hiram, until November, when Father and Mother—both ailing—came to Cleveland for the winter, and Aunt Myra went to visit Aunt Mollie Kennedy, who lived a few blocks away from our home. Meanwhile, in a note to Louise, enclosed with Father's letter of August 6 above set out, Mother wrote:

Aunt Myra is here, just as lovely as in the long ago. I hope you may meet her before she goes home. Also Florence and Flo Pope. Aunt Mary is at Babe's, staying with Ellen while Babe and Grant are at Chautauqua and Niagara Falls. I think they expect to return home today, and then Aunt Mary will visit us. She has not been here this summer and is anxious to see Aunt Myra. Fred and I planned that we would fix up the office for you and the babies and him, and I am disappointed that he thinks his New York trip may interfere with our plan. However, I hope you may be able to come for a few days, if not longer. I want to see my little sweets very much. Fred gets lots of compliments for his speech. It has been awfully hot and we have done nothing but try to keep cool. I am doing a little sewing, and a good deal of housework—when it is not too hot.

The first and last sentences soon proved to be eloquent of impending tension. On the way back to Cleveland my wife and babies stopped a day at Geauga Lake. There I met them at night and the next morning we all went on home. Mother wanted us to return soon; but I wrote to her (September 2): "Lou and I have concluded that we had best wait until Jim and Marcia, Florence, Aunt Myra, and Aunt Mary are all gone before we come out there. We are thinking of going to Mineral Ridge next Sunday or the week following." Crossing with mine but reinforcing its conclusion, came Father's letter of the next day to me, the tenor of which is disclosed in the following extracts:—"We expect Uncle Joe and folks here Saturday. . . . We are full of work. Jim and a man are clearing off the rock under Russ barn. It will be a fine stable. . . . Aunt Mary and Mrs. McNabb are having a fine time—will remain some time and receive their visitors. . . . Judge Pardee writes urging Mamma and me to come and visit them."

September 21 was the opening of the fall term at Hiram, where Marcia was now "Principal of Ladies' Department," Jim was a freshman, and Aunt Mary had several student roomers. She had taken Aunt Myra back to Hiram with her; and Mother, addressing both (October 1), wrote, "the roads are in such condition that it will be impossible to go to Hiram as I planned. . . . What horrid weather; and the weather department forecasts a gale, 'probably becoming dangerous,' which I am awaiting with what composure I can. . . . Write me, Myra, when you wish to come back. Perhaps the 'gale' will dry the roads so that I can still come." Aunt Mary's house in Hiram was so palpably crowded with her roomers that Aunt Myra was not long in determining to return to Geauga Lake.

Father was soon trying desperately to get her a place where she could earn her own living; for she had gotten on his nerves so that he was beginning to

show it, and at this Mother could not but feel resentful. So, when he returned via Cleveland from business trips, rather than go on home to Geauga Lake, he would often put up at the Weddell House overnight and sit till late bedtime before the blazing fireplace in the lobby, meditating its motto, "Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest." Since the beginning of the year his diary had now and then recorded that he was "not well." And until its close such entries kept recurring. He made little "fuss about it"; but his trips and achievements for the Surety Company, though repeatedly commended by it, were less frequent and his activities generally grew less energetic. Without his vigilant oversight the spring sugaring had proved of little account. He "chored some" at the farm, made garden, employed Mr. Ben Chase pretty constantly, and contracted with Allen Chase to repair the Russ barn and put underneath its west half a basement stable on the outcropping rock.

Earlier in the year he had spent two or three days (January 25-27) at Mrs. Garfield's in Mentor, planning with her and her brother how best to entertain the Forty-second regiment at its reunion there in August; he had complied with an invitation to speak (February 21) at Dennison School in Cleveland; he had taken pride in Jim's progress at Hiram and especially in his oration on "Cardinal Richelieu" (March 12) for class rhetoricals; and whenever from then on to Commencement Marcia or Jim or both came home of a week end, sometimes bringing their college friends, and once (June 8) a party of twenty, he always greeted them warmly and shared their "good time." He wanted my family there in the summer, and was much put out because we felt and he had to concede that if we came Mother would be overworked and the house overcrowded. She generally had Franc (Mrs. Light) to do the laundering and housecleaning; but a maid for other housework, though she had often had such aid, would now, she felt, "only be in the way." As Aunt Myra had no faculty for domestic duties and made little effort to help, it did not improve Father's state of mind to see her sitting serene and Mother gladly waiting on her. The gracious manners and charming conversation of their guest now simply irked him. Her constant presence choked his freedom. If, as often now, he felt "shiftless" or ailing, he could not unconcerned take his ease in his own house or, with clothes half-buttoned and low shoes down at the heel, shuffle out to the "office" or the woodshed unobserved. To him there seemed to be far more solicitude for her comfort than for his. In fact his state both of mind and body seemed enough to drive a man to drink.

As for Mother, the tense home atmosphere, with the strain of averting an outright family breach, contributed to bring on by mid-October a recurrence of her so-called malarial fever of two years before. In a manner her sickness was a blessing, for it solved what had grown to be a dangerous domestic impasse. The crisis came when Father's niece, Mrs. Cora Kellogg, stopped at Geauga Lake to see Mother, of whom she was very fond, and found her and Aunt Myra there alone, the former almost unable, and the latter not really



knowing how, nor even seriously trying, to carry on the simple but necessary household tasks. Cousin Cora not only took hold of things and quickly straightened them out, but emphatically protested that Mother must go at once to our home in Cleveland for the winter. Father soon returned from his short business trip, and Cora's counsel prevailed.

Thereafter and while Aunt Myra, still without resources, was staying at Aunt Mollie Kennedy's and elsewhere until after Mother's return to the farm in the spring, Father kept on besieging all their friends in Cleveland to give or get her some position, and begging his own political acquaintance in Washington to obtain for the Major a clerkship under the new administration. Among those at the capital to whom he applied was Colonel W. B. Thompson, formerly the general superintendent of railway mail service but now treasurer of the Republican Congressional Committee. This good friend responded (April 22) that he had once had "a slight acquaintance" with the man, had also "boarded at the same house that his wife did before their marriage," and had been "surprised that she married McNabb." He added: "You may be assured that I will do my best to secure him a position; yet it is a difficult thing to do, from the fact that President Cleveland put almost everything, including the watchmen, under civil service. If McNabb was a soldier, it may be that he can be reinstated, without examination, under the soldier clause in the regulations."

He wrote again the next day that he had seen McNabb and asked him to get from the war department "a copy of his military record," but was told "he had filed that with his application in the post office department, and would let it go at that." Advised, however, to procure another copy, his caller finally "started off to do so," after vainly demanding the name of this powerful intercessor's correspondent. On April 30 and again on May 5 the Congressional Committee's treasurer wrote to Father that, having heard nothing further from McNabb, he was now himself sending for the needed copy of the latter's record; and in conclusion he commented, "To say the least, his course is singular; saying that, however, does not accomplish what you desire. I will do all that I can to succeed." On June 9 Thompson wrote further, "I am pressing H. Clay Evans, commissioner of pensions, all I can for a place" for McNabb, "and I believe he is inclined to do something." Thus the balky Major was at length lifted into official employ again.

In the meantime, in Cleveland, while Aunt Myra was staying for two or three weeks in March at the home of Probate Judge and Mrs. White, who, like Father and Mother, had been old-time schoolmates of hers at Hiram, the Judge suggested through his wife to Mother that he might possibly give her employment at two dollars a day in the probate court. But he afterwards determined instead to seek a salaried place for her in the Northern Ohio Hospital for the Insane. This project, however, also lagged. So after Aunt Myra, having come again to Geauga Lake, had been there for some time and

it seemed to Father that his previous summer's "torment" was to be repeated, he wrote to me from Indianapolis on June 6, 1897, "I wish you to take Judge White, or Squire, or anybody—Mrs. Kennedy maybe—and go to the Asylum and, as Lincoln wired to Grant at Petersburg, 'Hang on and choke and chew' till you get something. It is either a place as attendant on the payroll or myself as a patient."

But from Geauga Lake two days afterwards he wrote again: "On my return home I found a letter from Mr. Perkins asking that Mrs. McNabb report to the superintendent and say she called at his (Perkins's) request, as the Doctor wrote him he would give her a *place soon*. Will try to get her off tomorrow. She wondered if she had better go in a day or so or wait a few days." By the end of the month I was able to report to Mother (who thought it "dreadful") that "Aunt Myra has the care of patients in the easiest ward and has Saturday afternoons off." Though borne stoically enough so far as I ever heard, this post in the asylum must indeed have seemed to her like the post-mortem abode of unbaptized infants as sung by the Reverend Michael Wigglesworth, Colonial poet, to wit, "the easiest place in Hell." Her husband was at length able to send for her, and after more than a year's absence she returned to Washington. Too bad that in the eyes of all the rest of the family Mother's idol was forever broken.<sup>1</sup>

Over against his tribulations both mental and physical, Father's pleasantest experience in the twelvemonth preceding was probably the reunion of his old regiment on August 26 at Mentor. As secretary he sent out the notices, which this year were unusually neat and bore a small picture of Lawnfield, the Garfield home. He remained overnight there, but very early the next morning after his return home he wrote to Judge Pardee, who disliked gush and could seldom be induced to attend the reunions, his report of the proceedings upon that occasion as follows:

5 A. M., Geauga Lake, O., Aug. 28th.

Dear Judge:

The Reunion passed off in fine shape. The boys were well pleased and it was unanimously agreed the best one we ever had. The only thing lacking was that you were not there. I explained to the first ones who came that you were very sorry not to be able to come and they told the rest as they arrived. Many brought their wives and children, so it made about four hundred to feed. Mrs. Garfield, however, had enough—and *got* enough in the village—to feed them all so no one left hungry.

About one hundred and forty straight 42nd men were present, and a score or more of 42nd men on paper or with some claim of having raised the regiment or enlisted and couldn't go out in '61.

Among the early arrivals was a fine-looking man of Co. D, from Barnesville, O., E. T. Petty, attorney at law. I had heard of him before, of good

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<sup>1</sup> Aunt Myra was indeed a charming and cultured woman, and to Mother her companionship was ample requital for her entire care and keep indefinitely. But in the face of Father's patent displeasure, the hospitality proffered for "the rest of the summer" should certainly not have been protracted far beyond its original limit.



report. He told me he had a son, twenty-three years old, Don Pardee Petty, of Oil City, Pa.; whereupon I advised the boys to make him presiding officer for the day—and they all agreed—because he had sense enough to name a boy after his old commander and perpetuate his own record as a good soldier. I enclose his name. N. B.—He don't need any money consideration for the name.

We had the 42nd flags there. Jim went to Columbus and got them. I had Pem Cowles take the colors and head the column on a march of eighty rods to the grove and back to the tables near the house. I told them it was probably the last time they would ever march behind the colors, or see them, as it was difficult to get them out of the Flag Room at Columbus. I could say no more, and I never saw so many 42nd men break down. It is indeed wonderful how an inanimate thing of wood and silk will invoke the deepest feeling. The wives and children, also spectators, were deeply moved.

After dinner we had speeches from several 42nd men. They called for me among the first, and I begged off, but briefly referred to one of the greatest military movements, in strategy, in the War—the holding back all one afternoon of fifteen or twenty thousand rebels by four hundred 42nd boys under command of Colonel Pardee. This set them going and Pem Cowles led off by telling more of the details, at Mill Springs south of Tazewell.

Other boys followed, and thus, while incidentally polishing up the collective and individual records of the 42nd four hundred—far above the New York "Four Hundred"—they burnished up the record of their old commander in that engagement that emptied "forty saddles" (they have got it now) of rebels, and lost not a drop of 42nd blood that afternoon. Indeed the record of "Old Pardee" was burnished till it shines with great brightness.

My wife and I will try to get to Kent to see her relation in a week or so, and while there will go to Wadsworth for a day or so, when I will tell you more. She desires to see Mrs. Pardee very much, and we both join in kindest regards, hoping for her speedy recovery from her illness.

I wish your father could have been at Mentor.

C. E. Henry

A little later he wrote that the proposed visit must be postponed; and in another letter (December 28) written from his office in the Garfield Building, Cleveland, to Judge Pardee in New Orleans, he says, "We got ready to go to Wadsworth, when my wife was taken sick with malarial fever, and before she got up it was November." On November 9, her fifty-seventh birthday, I wrote to Jim that she was "very much better," and by the 26th she was able to enjoy with the rest of her family, including Marcia from Hiram—Jim was off playing football—and the Webbs from Mineral Ridge, the Thanksgiving dinner in Cleveland at my home, where she and Father had joined our household about the first of the month. They remained there, save for brief visits to Mineral Ridge and Hiram, until the last of March (1897).

For them the new year was to have little or none of the sickliness of the one before. Judge Pardee's wife, however, on February 16 succumbed to her long illness; and after the funeral in Wadsworth, which Father attended, the exchanges of letters between the two friends grew more frequent than ever. Meanwhile Father visited (January 24) "at Mrs. Garfield's" that other

and earlier friend, her brother Joe; a week later he stopped at the home in Cleveland of his sister and her husband, "Maria and Shelt" Goodsell; and the next week both he and Mother went to the Webbs' home to see their new grandchild, Isabel, who had arrived on February 3.

He now renewed for another year the leases of the Russ and Squires' places to Allen Chase and Fred Brewster for \$110 and \$120 respectively, farm rentals and prices having kept on falling for four years after the onset of the panic of 1893. On the Home Farm he let Short go and accepted the application of A. J. McClain, who came well recommended and was indeed an ambitious farmer, but grasping and spleenful. None of Father's tenants or farmers that was honest, diligent, and respectful ever had trouble with him. With dishonesty he knew how to deal effectually. Slothfulness he could by admonition mitigate. But disrespect he could never brook. Allen Chase could devise the most ingenious though transparent pretexts for favors sought from Father, and wheedle almost anything out of him; for Allen was handy with tools, ready with his help or shrewd suggestions, and always loyal. But those who, like McClain, sought to bullyrag him into concessions were never successful. Though seeking no reprisals, he "simply declined further relations" with any man of that stamp.

A month before moving back to Geauga Lake about April 1, he accompanied Mother there to decide upon things to be done in connection with the spring housecleaning which Franc Light was soon to start as usual, while Riel Kennedy would repaper both their own home, including the "office" and the sirup-house, and the tenant house, fifteen rooms in all, and also do the interior painting of the former. A heavy snowstorm came on and they had to wade back to the railroad station through deep drifts, whereby Mother caught a bad cold. From her letter to Aunt Mary Williams emerge the following bits of the family news then current: "I am getting quite impatient to go home. I have got paper for all the downstairs and also a rug for the dining room. . . . I am going to have all the woodwork, except kitchen, painted white. . . . The baby, little Charles, walks all about; he looks too cute trotting around." Thus far we "have made and sold at ninety cents a gallon about thirty gallons of fine sirup. . . . I had a good letter from Babe last week. She said everything was satisfactory, though rather lonely since the nurse and Marcia were both gone."

In Washington, meanwhile, a protracted litigation, which Father had followed with mixed feelings, had reached its end. Soon after the final decree by the United States Supreme Court, Judge Pardee sent to Father a copy of the opinion sustaining the refusal of the court of claims to restore to Judge Advocate General D. G. Swaim the compensation he had lost through the judgment of a court martial on February 24, 1885, which suspended him from rank and duty for twelve years with forfeiture of half his pay. Though the opinion intimates that it was a harsh sentence for a military offence which



if not venial was yet not grossly venal, the conclusion is that it was not reviewable by the civil courts. Pardee, however, seems to have had no use for the man who could thus dishonor the friendship and preferment with which President Garfield had favored him; for the document bears this disdainful endorsement: "Here is the last word on the life and public services of Brigadier-general David G. Swaim.—Don A. Pardee." Replying (March 13) Father observed, "I would have been sorry for Swaim, only the court left him still above his measure in rank."

In the same letter he laments the Judge's bereavement, and adds: "Keep your home. Stick to work. Your loss in such a splendid wife as Mrs. Pardee is indeed heavy. To be idle would be much harder." He mentions also the enclosure—and asks the return—of a letter to himself from their old colonel (which I can not now identify but suppose to be one wherein Garfield extols some military exploit of his young major), whereof he says: "Some years ago I gathered up all of Garfield's letters I could find and put them in a tin case. A few days ago I was out to the farm looking over some old papers and found the enclosed." About a fortnight later, and after a visit from the Judge's cousin, Professor B. A. Hinsdale, he wrote to the former again:

Cleveland, Ohio, March 29, 1897.

My dear Judge:

Burke was with us yesterday and left last night for Ann Arbor. They are all well and all right except maybe some mugwump malaria lurking in the system. He mentioned the fact that you are sixty years old today.

The mugwump is like "Brither Jock." A clumsy Scotchman enlisted in a well-drilled regiment. The next day they marched past his home. His sister cried out, "Mither! they are a' oot o' step except Brither Jock."

We are about going to the farm for the summer. Marcia and twenty or thirty lady teachers go to Europe about July first. The Ann Arbor law department is fooling around Fred for a professorship there at twenty-five hundred a year. I think he had best stick here. He is growing because he works.

I want to visit with you some the coming summer. With advancing age I prize my old friends. With the hope of pleasant years ahead of you, I am

Very truly,

C. E. Henry

A month later he sent to the Judge one of Talmage's sermons, and wrote: "I was much amused on several occasions to hear you read Sam Jones's sermons to Mrs. Pardee and Mrs. Sheldon, and hear your remarks thereon. Their expressive faces were particularly amusing to me when he 'ran empt'in's' as you phrased it. I never shall forget those happy times [and] the potent, strong influence of two noble women." Father appraised Talmage above Jones, agreeing with the *Britannica's* estimate that "His eloquence, while sensational, was real and striking, and his fluency and the picturesqueness of his language and imagery were remarkable." Judge Pardee, esteeming him differently, replied (May 8):

It may be, as you say, that Dr. Talmage "thinks, while Sam Jones thinks he thinks," but Dr. Talmage's thinking is directed towards the manufacture of startling phrases and ejaculations, and they are calculated more to bring Dr. Talmage into prominence than to spread the Christian religion. Since Dr. Talmage announced his belief in the actual swallowing of Jonah by the whale, and since later he declared himself in favor of the free coinage of silver, I have had my opinion of him as an apostle, an evangelist and a blatherskite.



## 41. Hinsdale and Pardee

I REGRET that I have so few of Father's letters to President Hinsdale. "President" was always his title in our family; for we could never get used to "Superintendent," or "Professor," or "Doctor." Father, it is true, called him Burke, or Hinsdale, or sometimes quoted roguishly a fatuous sentimentalist's "dear old Doctor Hinsdale." Though he delighted to prod and taunt his friend, as being afflicted with academic censoriousness and political impracticality, the truth is that he had the deepest regard and esteem for Hinsdale as mentor and confidant, and a profound respect for the intellectual and moral majesty of the man. Their correspondence touched a variety of topics. The following letter of Hinsdale's discloses the forward look of his mind:

Ann Arbor, Mich., May 27, 1897.

My Dear Captain:

I received the copy of a Washington paper that you sent me containing the article on "School Histories of the United States." I had seen similar criticisms before, and am, in fact, quite familiar with the subject.

There is no doubt, I think, that most of the school histories that are now in use put the War of the Rebellion in a very different way from that in which you and I have, for the most part, been accustomed to regard it. This is due, as I think, to two principal reasons. One is the commercial reason. Publishers, and I suppose I must say writers as well, desire to command as wide a sale for their books as possible, and very naturally seek a market in the Southern States, where few school books, or none that are worth anything, are produced. A red-hot Union school history, you can see at once, would not be apt to sell readily in Alabama or Arkansas. Hence the tendency is to tone down both the substance and the language of the book, so as to adapt it to the Southern audience, with the result, perhaps, sometimes that there is danger of losing the Northern audience.

The other reason is much more subtle, and would take much more time for its explanation. The doctrine of Evolution, as finally formulated by philosophers, has made a great change in the writing of history in two or three respects. One of these respects is that it has caused historians to *tend* to look upon any development as natural, perhaps I may say as almost necessary, and, therefore, as right, or, if not altogether right, then as not very wrong. The doctrine, as applied by historians, carries with it, or tends to carry with it, the assumption that the history of any people is the natural expression of its life, and that a phase of it is to be accepted as the best state or condition for the people at the time and under the circumstances.

I presume that you will agree with me that there is unquestionable truth in this view of the subject. There can be no doubt, in any event, that it tends to eliminate the elements of feeling and emotion, that it tends to abolish moral

indignation and what was once thought wrong, treason, or cruelty, and to beget a *laissez faire* sort of man that manages to content himself with almost anything. This branch of the subject is particularly interesting to a philosophical mind. A man who knows enough to do it might, in my opinion, write a very valuable essay or dissertation upon the consequences that have flowed, and are flowing, from the application to history of the philosophical conception of Evolution. The old soldiers, of course, want treason to be made "odious," but how odious it will be considered in the long run, it is not probable that the old soldiers are the fittest persons to decide, or, for that matter, the men who lived through the old-soldier period.

What do you think about politics? How much do you think there will be left of the Republican party in the course of six months or a year if things go on as they have been going since the fourth of March in Congress? I am,

Very truly yours,

B. A. Hinsdale

With Father, however, and with his comrades of '61, aggressive patriotism was bound to be the natural expression of their life, and might as well, therefore, be accepted as the best state or condition for them under the circumstances. So, on the day after receiving the above letter, he attended the Memorial Day exercises in Hiram, where he with the other Hiram boys of Company A had enlisted thirty-six years before; and, on the eve of Commencement week, referring to contributions he had obtained from Colonel William H. Clapp, Captain Hiram S. Chamberlain, and perhaps others of his comrades, he wrote (June 21) to Judge Pardee, "I have just bought a No. A 20 x 10-ft. flag to float over the dome of Hiram College. Patriotism must be taught in the schools, and indeed everywhere."

Hinsdale's next letter dealt with a different historical subject, and one upon which he was as emotionally sensitive as Father, President Garfield's good name. On this subject at least, whether in their feelings or in their convictions, the two men were in perfect accord. The former had once remarked, not patronizingly but in compliment, "Charley, your intuitions are sometimes more authentic than my reasoning," and in the missing letter from Father, to which this one responds, there seems indeed to have been intuitive strategy according to the true Socratic method of flank attack. For if history could now properly condone the treason of the South, must its crystallizing verdict on this other question be accepted also? Emphatically, no! Though expressing in his letter a quite natural impatience of Father's "flings" at such academic philosophers as they who teach that in history whatever is, is right, yet in this matter for the truth's sake Hinsdale justly resisted the implication of their philosophy. Thus did they give and take. The magazine article referred to in the following letter is "Secret History of the Garfield-Conkling Tragedy" by J. B. Connery, in the *Cosmopolitan* for June 1897.

My dear Captain:

I received some days ago your letter calling my attention to an article on the Garfield-Blaine-Conkling imbroglio in 1881. As soon as circumstances



would permit, I obtained a copy of the article and read it through with both care and interest. On the whole, I think it a valuable contribution to the controversy. Its principal value, in my judgment, lies in the account that Mr. Connery gives of his call to Washington, of his interview with Conkling, and in his summing up of Conkling's character and spirit. I think this is all very well indeed.

However, the thing that galls me is that he puts Garfield in the relation that he does to Blaine. Garfield was himself to blame in part for the false relationship in which he has come to stand in the estimation of a vast majority of American citizens. I do not think it an exaggeration to say that practically he has gone into history as subject to Blaine's dictation relative to a great many subjects concerning the cabinet and his short administration. It is not uncommon even for men to speak of it as "the Blaine-Garfield" administration, while such things as those that Mr. Connery puts forth are in the mouths of nearly everybody that I ever hear speak on the subject.

I have just said that in my judgment Garfield has practically gone into history in this shape. If he has not already gone into it he is rapidly going. Tradition is rapidly hardening into history in this case, as it does in all others. Practically, therefore, the question is this, whether it will be possible in the future to reduce history again into molten form and to pour it into a new mould. On that point I have no opinion to express. I have always assumed that there were facts well authenticated in the archives at Mentor that, if they could be got at and be put before the public in proper form, would tend very materially to put Garfield in better shape before the public, and to relieve him from the very equivocal position that at present I am compelled to admit that he occupies.

For some reason Mrs. Garfield and her sons have seen fit to let the history be made these last few years without apparently taking any notice of it. Judge Pardee wrote me at the time the Sherman book came out, in a tone of some indignation that the Garfield family had allowed this to be done. I feel the matter keenly myself, but am powerless to do anything. I wrote Mrs. Garfield a long letter, and as strong a letter as I knew how to write, now some two years ago, urging that something might be done in the premises at as early a day as possible. She replied that she had been impressed with what I had to say, and that she and her sons would take the matter into consideration. What conclusion they came to, if any, I have never been informed.

As you are aware, I know something myself about the make-up of the cabinet, and I feel very strongly moved this summer to write an article on the subject, including all that I know of my own knowledge, improving the opportunity to state the way in which Garfield's mind worked on some of the questions involved. What do you think of it?

I note what you say about the Republican party. Your simple childlike faith in this political organization is very touching. I see but one thing that would naturally in any way trouble you. I should sometimes be bothered to explain how it happened that two wicked men like Conkling and Arthur ever came to be found in so perfect an organization. If you will permit me to say so, I will express the opinion that flings at professors and educated men, such as those that you are much given to indulge in, do not, in my opinion, promote the best interests of American society at the present time. I do not think that the influence of professors and scholars over the minds of the American people is of a kind or of a degree to threaten very serious distress to Ameri-



can civilization in the very near future. My own opinion would be that politicians are the men who are doing the real harm, or a very considerable portion of the politicians.

Our daughter Ellen returned home from Europe in good health about two weeks ago, having been gone nearly three years. It seems to be the expectation now that she will spend next year in New England. I received the newspaper that you sent containing an account of your son's oration, and laid it on the table for future reference. I have not yet read it, but please to accept my thanks, as I am always interested in hearing from him. We have at length been plunged into a bath of hot weather. It looks very much as though I should be compelled to remain here and work during most of the coming summer vacation. I am,

Very truly yours,

B. A. Hinsdale

Sufficient evidence to refute the legend of domination by Blaine, either in the selection of Garfield's cabinet or in the subsequent contest with Conkling, was, however, all the while in Hinsdale's possession. It was used for that very purpose, after his death, by his daughter, Doctor Mary L. Hinsdale, in her *A History of the President's Cabinet*, as cited at pages 236-7; and many years afterwards the facts substantially as he knew them were discussed at length in the second volume of Smith's *Life and Letters of James Abram Garfield*, at page 1100 and especially at pages 1108-9. So it was only an overscrupulous waiting for the Garfield family to take the initiative that kept Hinsdale from himself setting history right before it might be too late.

But on current politics his shaft struck home. As if to try Father's "simple childlike faith" in his party, it was now becoming apparent that Hanna's success in getting McKinley nominated for president, as well as the prosperity of the former's own candidacy for senator, had implications even more "touching" than Hinsdale had suggested. In the next few months Father was to learn unpleasant truths about new Federal appointees in the South whom the Senate when it convened again would be asked to confirm, and about sundry Republicans already seeking seats in the Ohio legislature where they could vote for senator the next winter. What in the South had been done to secure McKinley's nomination must needs be outdone now in Ohio to make Hanna senator. Of all which, as reflected in Father's letters, more anon. To Hinsdale, or anybody else, he could save his partisan face only by asseverating—what was true enough—that Hanna's competitors, and especially his Democratic foes, resorted to political practices less savory than those of McKinley's aggressive promoter.

While pledges to Republican leaders in the South were thus being redeemed by the McKinley administration, a rumor in Dallas, Texas, that the designation of a new Government depository might be made a political plum, led officials of The American National Bank to appeal to Father, as one of its stockholders credited with having interest in Washington, to forestall any such change. A telegram to this end from one of the bank directors, his old friend



L. S. Thorne, now vice-president and general manager of the Texas and Pacific Railroad Company, was at once passed on to Colonel W. B. Thompson, who as already recounted was doing one favor for Father and could no doubt be counted on for another. The latter promptly replied (June 9) "I have given the matter some attention and feel quite confident that there will be no change in the depository." Coming from the treasurer of the Republican Congressional Committee, this assurance was of course practically conclusive.

In a letter of thanks, Mr. Thorne wrote to Father, "Messrs. Thomas and Gannon feel very grateful to you and wish to be remembered. How about that long promised visit? I can assure you that you have lots of friends here that would be glad to see you."

As if to reassure him of this there came a week later a long letter from his faithful clerk Prudhomme, telling proudly of a year-old daughter; conveying remembrances from Quick, senior clerk in the old office, and from J. W. Everman, promoted to assistant general manager under Thorne; and declaring his own devoted regard for Father, who now felt deeply moved by the unswerving loyalty of this true-hearted creole gentleman, so cheerful in the face of a consumptive's fate. From the cashier of the bank, E. J. Gannon, another letter (June 30) gratefully acknowledged the help that Father had given it and enclosed the usual sixty-dollar semi-annual dividend on the latter's ten shares, adding that in the preceding half-year the bank had at no time "had out more than ten to twenty per cent" of its deposits, but that prospects for the next half were much better, and that the president "Mr. Thomas wishes to be kindly remembered to you."

About the same time, a receivership dashed whatever prospects Mother had of any return from the People's Investment Company there, an auxiliary corporation set up by the City National Bank, in behalf of its own stockholders, to liquidate its doubtful and slow assets when in the panic of 1893 the bank's capital stock was scaled down forty per cent. Father rightly felt, however, that now after four years the depression was nearing its close. In answer to an urgent invitation to visit Vacation Ridge, he wrote to Judge Pardee (July 27) that he had been called suddenly to Cincinnati but would try to "get around next week." He added:

I see on every hand signs of confidence in business. Indeed, the people begin to feel it and believe in it, except a few, like Sherwin, Tommy Parsons, and Dr. Burke Hinsdale. The latter wrote me recently and asked the poser, "What will become of the Republican party six months hence?" I replied, "Where will the Democrat party be six months hence, and where is it *now*?" Burke, I think, was worried about the tariff when he asked. Twenty-five cents a bushel for potatoes, five cents a dozen for eggs, and four dollars a ton duty on hay from Canada I suppose grieved him, and his inexorable logic reasons the Republican party to the bow-wows. Almost ready to vote for anything else—the party of free riots, and to eliminate any injunction to protect property from crazy mobs. "Bub and me have got to get whipped."

Tommy needs Colonel Pardee just now to "jack him up," more than he did at Chickasaw. We are all well. Kind regards.

C. E. Henry

A fortnight later, having meanwhile made his visit (August 2 to 5) at the Judge's farm, he was mailing out as secretary the usual post-card notices of their regimental reunion, which this year was held a week ahead of the regular "last Wednesday in August," and among them he sent the following special reminder:

Cleveland, Ohio, Aug. 9, '97.

My dear Judge:

If you can meet the boys in Akron on the 18th, I think it would be a good thing to do so; moreover, I think it would be pleasant for you. I do not think you regret the meetings you have attended, and we never will have as many more.

You are the only living and, indeed, in large measure the only man who *ever* lived for whom they had an abiding faith and confidence when under fire. The pet name of endearment and affection of every good soldier, applied to "Old Pardee" before he was thirty, should be remembered after he and his old boys have passed the sixtieth milepost. Especially as they have nearly all got pensions and have nothing to ask now but to see him and take him by the hand. Be sure and have Sutt take your father over. My wife thinks she will go with me. Only a few more reunions for the Forty-second.

Very truly,

C. E. Henry

That Father's appeal this time prevailed with the Judge appears from the Akron *Beacon's* report, which mentions that "General Don A. Pardee was compelled to leave the meeting early in the day on account of the feebleness of his father, Hon. Aaron Pardee, who was too much bowed down with weight of years to withstand a whole day's fatigue from celebrating." Father's song, "The Forty-second Boys," aroused again, of course, the enthusiasm of his old comrades. Among them Aaron Teeple, whose home was in Akron and who some years before had retold in print the stirring story of their greatest campaign, was acting as host for the day. As arranged by him the veteran's outing in the afternoon at Lakeside Park brought this well-planned Twenty-ninth Reunion to a pleasant close. Father stayed overnight once more at the Judge's farm.

Meanwhile, on the day before his appeal to the latter to attend this meeting of their former companions in arms, he had been rounding up his own domestic circle for a reunion and dinner on August 8 at our old home. All were present except Marcia, who was then abroad. His third grandchild, and the newest one at the moment, was Isabel Webb, six months old, and by him styled "Tother-est," after Rogue Riderhood's "totherest governor," while Marcia Louise, the first-born of Isabel's two little Henry cousins, was "Ganpa's-and-Ganma's," and Charles, the first grandson, peculiarly "Ganpa's." So in these odd



terms of endearment a post card brought to my household his summons to this home-coming over a week end which none outside his elect should share.

Geauga Lake, Aug. 6, '97.

Dear Fred:

Coast clear. Grant and Babe will be here with Totherest. So, with Ganpa's-and-Gamma's, and Ganpa's, and colt, we will have a good time.

C. E. Henry

During the preceding twelvemonth it had seldom been convenient and comfortable for us all to meet thus at the farm; but thenceforward as long as Father lived, there was hardly a month, from early spring to late fall while the house was open, that there were not one or more such gatherings. Not only could the grandchildren as they grew older be taken without too much trouble back and forth by train, which was then the only practicable means of conveyance, but happily Mother was now neither worried nor ill, while Father, too, could report (July 7) that he was "in quite good health" and (July 12) "Things O. K. at home," with mention also in the same letter that "Aunt Mary came tonight." She stayed indeed during most of the College vacation though with short visits elsewhere, and was hardly gone when Uncle Newton Henry, whose home was in Champlin, Minnesota, came (August 28) for a briefer visit, and was likewise welcomed. The next day Father wrote to me:

Home, 29th, Sunday, 4 P. M.

Dear Fred:

I just left Uncle Newton at Aunt Ann's. He got off west-bound milk train last night, and we have had a good visit. He goes to Cleveland Tuesday or Wednesday, and I told him to call at 44 [Euclid Avenue], your office, and you would be glad to see him. He will tell you, if pumped, about Robert Henry coming from Wales or North of Ireland, about 1740, and John Henry, born soon after, who fell in love with Parson Gager's daughter and married. Simon H., your great-grandfather, was the oldest [child]. Don't fail to get some talk from him; he is a good man, and will tell you more in an hour—if he don't sidetrack on "Grandfather's Old Ram"—than anyone else can in a day. Show him your wife and children; put him on the car to Aunt Maria's.

I go to Toledo tonight, and from there to Muncie, Indiana.

C. E. H.

It was several years after this before my interest in our genealogy was sufficiently aroused to pursue the subject. I should then have spared myself much research and expense had I remembered the above letter; for I later found that the family tradition as thus recounted by Uncle Newton was not only substantially correct but that it carried the lineage one generation earlier than any other version of it to be found among our kindred here. A few days afterwards Father wrote from Geauga Lake to tell me of my sister's safe return from Europe:

Thurs., Sept. 2, '97.

Dear Fred:

Marcia and Grant came last night on milk train. The two o'clock train wouldn't stop for her, so she stopped at Mineral Ridge. I believe they will go to Cleveland Saturday. Marcia is well and happy.

I got home last evening from Indiana. As none of the rest write, I thought I would.

C. E. H.

During the previous week Father and Judge Pardee had exchanged significant letters about the possible future consequences of the popular unrest then current.

Weddell House, Cleveland, O., Aug. 23, 1897.

Dear Judge:

I felt some way that I ought to get to Cleveland the morning I left your house and, sure enough, I found I was needed at Columbus and Delaware. I got through today and am back this far. You see I am like a country doctor or a fireman.

I had many things to talk about—at least I wanted to—and notably what I hear in my travels of "government by injunction." It is a sort of crazy distorted statement and phrases from agitators of so-called laboring men that I fear may lead to trouble. I guess, however, as Lincoln said to Captain Sherman, just free from Louisiana in '61 and introduced by "Brother John"—and after a voluble homily on a "Terrible War" and "that Washington would be captured by the rebels," Lincoln replied, "Oh, I guess we will manage to keep house." So I guess the judges will be able to hold court.

What fools these mortals be! No Laputa Island of Gulliver for mugwumps and no bedlam for labor agitators. No place but Congress or State legislatures to send them to.

Dollar wheat may aid in common-sense legislation and deliverance from cranks and Pecksniffs as leaders. Folks well.

C. E. Henry

On the main theme of the foregoing letter Judge Pardee replied (August 28) as follows:

Under our institutions all the obstructions to socialism and anarchy have been removed except the courts, and now, as you write in your letter, the war is directed against the judiciary. I have read a good deal in the papers with regard to the injunctions issued by various courts during this last strike and notice a general tendency among newspapers to side with the miners; and the attack is made by direct misrepresentation. So far as I have been able to learn, there has been no injunction issued by any court, State or Federal, which interfered with the freedom of the press, liberty of speech, or any person's individual rights. All the injunctions have been directed towards restraining trespasses and other unlawful acts on private property, or else to the restraining of unlawful acts directed against the liberties of others.

But I see no particular use for either you or me to worry. All these things will be straightened out in time, and if the result is not a government based on universal suffrage it will be a government based on the rights of property, and a man on horseback to administer it. I have no fears that either socialism or anarchy will finally prevail.



Throughout this summer, as for many years before and a few thereafter, until the Giles and Kent pleasure grounds ceased to operate, there were picnics almost daily on both sides of the lake. But the railroad embankment a third of a mile away happily hid them from view and spared Father annoyance from "the stealing and carousing with some of them," while the constant music of their bands and dance orchestras, as subdued by the distance, was rather agreeable than otherwise. "We jog along as usual," he wrote (July 25) to me, with "People generally well," save that Lyman Robbins's wife was "expected to die at any time." But he perceived "quite a number unhappy until they get sixteen to one ratio, and both gold and silver to fill their pockets and perhaps pay their debts—if they can't get rid of paying."

Except as he could this time say that "Abundant rains have soaked the ground," the summer first and last was hot and dry. A railroad fire at the farm (June 22) burned several acres of grass and it was over five months before he could get adequate pay. But when he and the Erie superintendent finally met, they readily agreed, as disclosed in his gleeful post card mailed to me from Youngstown the same afternoon (November 30) and meant for a gloating stop-work notice to his "doless" family attorney, as follows: "Have settled with Donaldson, O. K. All happy—\$37.50—A. Ward with twins. Off to Grant's. C. E. H."

Another problem, the theme of his recent correspondence with Judge Pardee, was not however to be treated with levity or unconcern. In his travels he kept hearing more and more ugly utterances. It was not any actual overturn of society that he apprehended, but rather what those favoring such a policy might do to Judge Pardee. So on September 10, from Erie, Pennsylvania, he wrote to the latter again:

Touching on these points, restraining orders, the judges should be clear and explicit. The language used should defy misrepresentation and misreport. These so-called labor leaders and walking delegates, like the silver men, dodge the truth. They don't like the facts. I see many of them and listen. I avoid controversy, but I know that they gloat in power and are after the Federal judges. I think they worried Judge Ricks to his present condition. I have no fear that they will worry you or Judge McCormick. I desire, however, to put you on your guard, as I know these fellows through and through. I fear that two or three judges in the North will yield to them. In your circuit there is not so much danger. They are *there*, however, and full of the devil. You may think this is rather prevalent in my mind, but if you knew half of what I hear you would think of it also, as these fellows are ugly and have votes. You are right about the Federal judiciary being the only bulwark. The State judges are elected. The point with these fellows is, how to effect a revolution.

Although Father in a subsequent note (October 7) briefly mentions the same topic once more, Judge Pardee's letter of the day before, which crossed with it, discloses no concern over revolutionists, but does pay heed to the

danger from yellow fever which delays his return to the South. The thing that then, however, moved him to write was—

The Lawyers' Co-Operative Publishing Company, of Rochester, New York, propose to publish a series of sketches of the senior circuit judges of the United States, with portrait supplements, like those of the justices of the Supreme Court recently published, and have requested me to forward a photograph and an outline of the facts which ought to be included in the sketch. Of course I will send the photograph—photographs are cheap. How would you like to write the sketch?

Father considered this request for a fortnight, and perhaps made an effort to comply with it, before finally responding as follows:

Cleveland, Ohio, Oct. 21, '97.

Dear Judge:

I received yours relative to a biographical sketch and am very much interested that it should be correct and fair in detail. I am not the one, however, to write it, for the reason that I am not well posted enough on the legal record. The best plan, I think, would be for one or two lawyers to prepare it and submit it for correction to one or two more, say, Judge Bruce and Mayor Grant. I would be glad to do it—nothing would please me more; but, really, I desire that full justice should be done to your long years of work on the bench. Only your attorney friends can write that up.

I have tried two or three times to visit you, but, on getting home, would be called elsewhere. I have just called the board of trustees to attend the funeral of Uncle Zeb Rudolph at Hiram. Burke will preach. Wish you could be there to get religious admonition from your cousin.

C. E. Henry

From New Orleans, on November 30, after holding court in Atlanta for a month until the yellow fever had subsided at home, Judge Pardee replied that the biographical sketch for *Case and Comment* had been furnished and was reported satisfactory. "Not finding any of my friends jumping in to supply it at once, I fixed it up myself. It is a little lengthy, but contains all the valuable information the public needs."

Meanwhile the fall elections attracted much interest in the circle of Father's correspondents and friends. The next legislature in Ohio, as well as in other States, would elect a new senator. There Hanna was the leading Republican candidate and John R. McLean, owner of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, the foremost Democratic aspirant. In a postscript to his last letter above quoted Father had written:

I am afraid "Johnny" will be senator. First, I find that many Republicans want Hanna eliminated from the executive department. Second, all intelligent people know that Johnny is as good a [sound] money man as anybody who "knows enough to know" money; and the common low-level Democrats who want silver will be fooled—and they ought to be.

The next week, after spending "four days in Columbus on a bank case," he wrote again (October 29) to Judge Pardee, "The election outlook is much



better than three or four weeks ago," but the "silver men and those against injunctions are loud and boasting and many of them are full of 'pizen'!" Of one thing he was sure, that "Hundreds of white and colored brethren have been boodled by gumshoe agents, and each one has a grievance against the Republican party or Hanna or McKinley. I think it will result in victory for us, but for reasons above stated I am not overconfident." After the election his humorous comments on the result in Ohio and his shrewd forecast of consequences yet to flow therefrom are disclosed in the following excerpt (November 4) and a clause or two (November 15) from his ensuing letters to the Judge:

The State has pulled through—just about—on the legislative ticket, but like the man whom the preacher asked, "Are you saved?"—"Yes, but on so close a margin that I dislike to talk about it."

One trouble I find—that many shouting friends of McKinley and Hanna are like Philip. You used to ask—"Philip, what are you thinking about?" "Jes' now I's thinkin' of *nuffin'*." They are also like Bob Ingersoll's story of the Methodist ox—"bellow all day and don't pull a pound." Still further, they are like the big lazy young Indian at one of our Indian schools. The teacher admonished him and pointed to work on the blackboard by a younger, smaller Indian, to shame him. He grunted out—"Me no figger much, but sing 'Hold the Fort' like hell."

There will be contests enough for plenty of boodle in Columbus. This makes things lively.

He fears "that a few members" will "treat Hanna as a fresh cow and milk him for office." In former legislatures when the opposite party were in the majority and had a senator to choose, like Payne or Brice, they—for, like Rogue Riderhood, "Democrats are honest in one respect"—frankly milked him for money; but Republican milkers—"thank God we have but a few—milk for office. How proud you and I can be that our friend was the *only* man since the War who had the satisfaction of a *clean election*. Uncle John was milked for office every time. . . . I think several members of the Ohio legislature will try to go into the dairy business with Hanna. He may kick, but must be milked." Gossip of this sort, about the latter's roundup of Southern delegates the year before, soon became so rife that Father determined to find out the truth. He wrote to his fellow inspector at Montgomery, Alabama, who replied (November 26):

As to the character of some of the President's appointees in this State, I beg to suggest that it would be well to send a discreet man of judgment and high character to ascertain the facts. Some of the ad interim appointments, not yet confirmed, ought to be looked into before the names are sent to the Senate; for it is better not to send them in to be exposed there or even to pass unnoticed and come up before the next campaign.

The writer proceeded then to cite the names of appointees, together with the proofs of their past infamy. Father was therefore prepared to appreciate

the paragraph in Judge Pardee's letter written from New Orleans four days later, which touched the same sore spot:

I infer from the papers that Hanna's election is now a sure thing; if that is the case he will be the political boss in Ohio during the balance of this administration. Whether he has changed his mind with regard to the very bad lot he picked up in this State and Alabama remains to be seen. The President, however, is showing good sense in holding Hanna back until the Senate shall be in session. If the class of men he is going to appoint, judging from the present outlook, are confirmed, I shall be surprised. I wish Mr. McKinley could get out into the country, Haroun al Raschid fashion, and learn how rapidly he has made himself disliked by men who have no other motive than to treat him well and have a good administration.

The course of events in the next few weeks was such that Father's disgust with Hanna's office-mongering was completely overshadowed by his indignation at the worse methods used to defeat him. Hinsdale, writing from Ann Arbor, also commented to Father upon the election, but strangely enough he said nothing about the Ohio boss. Censuring McKinley for having, in the interest of Platt, interfered with the struggle in New York; reproaching the Republicans for having thought to bring back prosperity and eliminate Bryanism by means of the "enormous protection" of the Dingley Bill; and generally whipping Father over the party's shoulder for its not having picked up "intelligence and courage enough to do something in regard to the currency," his academic friend in Michigan "never touched" him. But the bartering of offices for bad men's votes, whether to nominate a president or to elect a senator—that, in Father's sight, was the real weakness within the ranks of the party.



## 42. *Corporations as Bondsmen*

FATHER'S interest was by no means engrossed with politics. Never, indeed, had he viewed the subject with more detachment. Coveting no public preferment but identifying his own interest with that of the company he served, he affirmed to all and sundry the desirability of tendering or accepting only the surety bonds underwritten by it. Most of his work had to do with default cases, and his territory embraced not only the whole of Ohio but parts at least of the five adjacent States. The surety company naturally sought to limit its payment on the bond of any embezzler to the lowest sum consistent with its name for making prompt and fair settlements, and to recoup its loss and expense from the delinquent or his family and friends wherever possible without compounding a felony or impairing its reputation for relentless pursuit of defaulters whom it had bonded.

Father's extradition trips to Brazil and Costa Rica a few years before were still remembered, and they furnished to all with whom he dealt persuasive reminders of his own and the company's diligence in such pursuit. Thus without using either threat or promise he could in general, by acting promptly, obtain full reparation from the offender's connection and not ask for or become involved in the starting or stopping of a criminal prosecution. At the company's call it was his duty to find and confer with the persons concerned, to agree upon the amount of the shortage, to arrange for prompt payment thereof to the employer, and to obtain and remit to the company the sum so disbursed by it, together with all expense incurred in thus adjusting the claim.

To discharge these duties, which now took the greater part of his time, required diligence, tact, and integrity. He usually had four or five such cases each month, and from them he as often returned sums ranging as high as two or three thousand dollars to the company. He frequently received its special commendation, as in Vice-president Lyman's letter to him of October 29—"Accept our expressions of high appreciation of your work in this and many other cases heretofore." He was apt, moreover, to be Mr. Lyman's choice as the one to solve any question about the integrity or competency of the company's local agency representatives in his region.

But he would not ask for more pay, though he remarked to me in a letter from Columbus (November 4) "I get more praise and less salary than almost anyone." The disparity, however, was soon to be remedied, measurably speaking. Indeed his efficiency could not be denied, even if Lyman now and again had, gently or mayhap with a twinkle, to remind him to observe the com-

pany's red-tape methods in his paper work whensoever his reports—full and true in fact and figure and abounding with human interest—happened not to be scrupulously disjoined for every separate case handled on the same trip, or not statistically predigested to suit the stomach of a New York accountant. Among employers and public officers he made many new and agreeable acquaintances for himself as well as for his company so that as a rule he seemed to enjoy his travels and even, like the grave-diggers in Hamlet, to unearth in his grim work material for drollery. But it was always with his family and farm in mind that he carried on.

Marcia's travel letters from Europe and her conversations at home about her trip were of course interesting to him, particularly when they dwelt upon scenes of English history or literature made familiar by his favorite Macaulay, Dickens, or Scott; for she was the first of his family to visit them. He was happy, too, about her position in Hiram College, feeling that she was deservedly called into the line of succession from Almeda Booth who had held the same place when he and Mother attended the institution forty years before. Those old Hiram memories had lately been vividly brought to his mind at the funeral of Father Rudolph and in his subsequent correspondence with Hinsdale about materials from which the latter was about to write his "Zeb and Arabella Rudolph, a Memorial." And of my brother Jim's success at Hiram in combining athletic prowess with academic standing, Father and all the family could not but be proud. His son-in-law at Mineral Ridge had also won his unqualified confidence, and when business took him into the Mahoning Valley he liked to stay overnight at the Webbs'.

On the last day of October the whole family, including children and grandchildren, assembled at Geauga Lake for Sunday dinner—the final reunion of the year at the farm, for the house would soon be closed again till spring. Meanwhile, when for a day or so he tarried at home, his diary discloses that (October 23) he "put up sugar wood," or (November 18) "Split posts"; for in the crisp sunny autumn weather he loved to take his ax to the woods when the trees were all aglow with color and the leaves, silently falling round about him, covered the ground with their tapestry. On November 24 he "Left Geauga Lake, with wife and trunk, for Cleveland," where three days later he wrote to Judge Pardee:

We are all well and wife and I are in town for the winter. The brethren generally are well and politics have settled down. Men of advanced age continue to marry, especially just before winter.

The wives of Teachout, Cooley, Jones,  
Have gloomy years of life before them,  
With Father Time, chill winter's blast,  
And old age slowly creeping o'er them.

I have already quoted the political part of the Judge's answering letter of November 30. It continued:



I noticed your poetry about Brothers Teachout, Cooley and Jones. I think when I write to my niece Flora, who has views on that subject, I shall send her an excerpt. My late letters from Wadsworth advise me that Father is in the usual health. Mrs. Sheldon is now visiting Mollie Garfield Brown in Washington; whether she will go to Northern Ohio or not, I am not advised. I am hoping she will return to California by the southern route. I have received a copy of the *Western Reserve Law Journal* containing an article of Fred's on "Municipal Corporations under the Constitution of Ohio." I will examine it carefully and with great interest. Judging from his brief that I saw last summer and some other writings of his, I think he is going to make a big mark as a lawyer. Don't let him get switched off into politics; he will get more of it and a better article after he has secured a high standing at the bar. If then he wants to go into politics he won't have to go in at the bottom, nor will he need or be expected to do the dirty work which nowadays falls to young politicians without reputation at the bar.

To this Father replied:

Cleveland, Ohio, Dec. 6, '97.

My dear Judge:

Fred just showed me a splendid letter from Judge Dillon of New York thanking him for his "able article in the *Law Journal*." I told him it was worth hundreds of dollars to him. The Judge does not know him nor his poor old father, but wrote the high commendation after reading it. Like Old Weller I am "rayther proud" of the boy.

C. E. H.

With the above was another note, enclosing a scurrilous clipping from the *Los Angeles Times* for November 27, entitled "Big Man Lost," which disclosed that their old commander, General Lionel A. Sheldon, had quit the Republican party and declared for the free coinage of silver after "the McKinley administration had made arrangements to go on without him." Father's comment was, "I never told you all that I heard—with much humiliation—of demands of our mutual friend"; but "we love him still and he has a noble wife." The Judge's answer is characteristic:

New Orleans, La., December 16th, 1897.

Captain Charles E. Henry,  
Garfield Building, Cleveland, Ohio.

Dear Captain:

I have yours of the 6th containing a clipping from the *Los Angeles newspaper* dealing with General Sheldon as a free silver Republican and containing other information in regard to the same matter, and also informing me that Judge Dillon had written a splendid letter to your son Fred, commending his able article in the *Law Journal*. Since writing you last I have read the article and agree with Judge Dillon that it is very commendable. It shows diligence and, above all, that discrimination which is necessary to make a good lawyer. You may well be proud of the young man—particularly as he is taller than you.

I am not surprised to hear that Sheldon has come out as a silver Republican, he has been nearly that for some time; but I do not take any stock in the other talks and hearsays, reports, etc. I do not believe that Sheldon made

any application for any position under the McKinley administration; he may have asked for others. The application that I made to have him appointed collector of customs at Los Angeles was without his knowledge or consent, and solely on the suggestion of Mrs. Sheldon. She probably thought that if he were tendered such a place it would be a good appointment and would keep him probably from expressing his opinions on all subjects. He may have applied to have expenses paid for certain trips which he made prior to the election in the interest of the Republicans; but that he made any other demands for pay, or anything else that was not well-founded, I don't believe. You know when I don't believe, I don't believe.

The trouble with the McKinley administration is that it has for a kitchen cabinet a lot of people who are afraid that somebody else will influence the President in some way, and to prevent it they resort to all sorts of underhanded measures and make as little bones of telling lies and stealing papers and carrying tales as the expert Louisiana politician, and that is saying a good deal for McKinley appointees in Louisiana. There is, however, no danger of all the sour Republicans turning to the sixteen-to-one business, for they expect to get their innings about 1900 when these representative McKinley people set out to get McKinley delegates for the next national convention.

Mrs. Sheldon is still somewhere in the North, probably Peoria, Illinois. The weather is pleasant here and matters are going along in the usual style. Give my regards to Mrs. Henry.

Truly your friend,

Don A. Pardee

Father responded (December 29) that "Sheldon is a hundred times more worthy than many who seem to have a pull." His letter concluded, "I take much comfort in the respect of friends and the good conduct and record made day by day by my children. They all know who aided me in giving them a good education and they will never forget it. A Happy New Year to you."

More clearly to link current history, as he had long kept consciously appraising it, with those precursors of the war for secession and slavery which in his youth had streamed unheeded by him till he joined the grand army that made history, he now looked expectantly to Rhodes's *History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850*, the first three volumes of which, then ready, I had ordered. So on a Saturday afternoon (September 11) I found on my office desk in Cleveland this penciled note—"Fred: If you get the History bring one volume to Geauga Lake. I just returned from Erie. Will go at 3 P. M. on Connotton Ry. for Solon. C. E. H." During the autumn, besides reading these books, he browsed among *Atlantic Monthly* volumes, a score of which he had lately got back from the bindery. Three articles in the May, 1884, issue of Volume 53 he commended (November 15) to Judge Pardee's perusal, namely, "The Progress of Nationalism," Lodge's "William H. Seward," and J. Laurence Laughlin's "The Silver Danger." The last had foretold the economic collapse from which, in 1897, recovery was first dawning.

In the June number he must have found Laughlin's "The New Party" even more interesting, if perhaps not wholly convincing, for the fresh light it shed



on President Garfield's battle with "the bosses." The author was, of course, Mother's former pupil in Alliance, "when you and I," continued Father, "were in the War." In the same letter he recalled "the telegram" sent on January 3, 1872, by a handful of "Macks and Sheldons, who didn't like Uncle John," that is to say, anti-Sherman Republicans, in the nearly evenly balanced legislature, "together with the solid Democratic vote, offering the senatorship to Garfield"—and he declined it. Curiously enough, in January, 1898, less than two months ahead, a like situation was to arise, when a few bolters from the Republican caucus, together with all the Democrats in the Ohio Legislature, sought unsuccessfully to choose Robert E. McKisson, the young Republican mayor of Cleveland, for senator, instead of Hanna, the caucus nominee.

But McKisson's ability, character, and conduct were infinitely beneath the plane of Garfield's life. They were below Hanna's level, too; for the latter was a man of parts, while his young opponent, personable and politically astute, had far less education, culture, or depth of character to recommend him. I had been employed in the same law office with him and knew him well. But Hanna holds a lesser place in history than Sherman, because the former was cartooned as a corruptionist, till even the historian Rhodes, his brother-in-law, could not overcome the set tradition. There will doubtless always be some to insist that one or two legislators got money as the price of voting for him for senator. But in seriousness Father, who was on the ground, did not believe it.

He and Mother were guests of Mrs. Garfield and Uncle Joe Rudolph and wife in Mentor for two days over the year's end and just before the convening of the new legislature. J. R. Garfield, re-elected as State senator, was in Mentor and there discussed with Father what both foresaw would be a bitter imbroglio. B. A. Hinsdale's brother Roldon, of Wadsworth, Medina County, another high-principled man, was then a member of the lower house. These and many other Republican members of like character whom Father knew, stood staunchly by Hanna from first to last. His victory was none too savory; for it was not without some bartering of local offices, together with the muster at Columbus of groups of angry constituents, that barely enough bolters were beaten back into line to elect him.

While this massing of influence cost money, Hanna might truly have said with Iago, "The very head and front of my offending hath this extent, no more!" Father had little acquaintance with Hanna and hence felt no special attraction to him except negatively and by way of repulsion from his upstart adversary. This, however, was enough to draw him and many other disinterested Republicans into the thick of the fray. Most of the following letter from Judge Pardee pertains to the same subject as viewed by him more distantly. (As for the first paragraph, Private Sowers's "42" could have been so carelessly written as to be misread "110.")

New Orleans, La., January 3d, 1898.

Captain Charles E. Henry,  
Garfield Building, Cleveland, Ohio.

My dear Captain:

I have yours of the 29th of December; glad to hear from you and to know that you and your family are getting along well. I forward you today a copy of the New Orleans *Picayune* of yesterday which contains a very veracious story about the Colonel Don Pardee of the 110th Ohio Volunteers; maybe you know of that regiment and who Sours is—I don't. What a commentary on fame and reputation! Forty-second Ohio eliminated and 110th inserted. I believe that fame is correctly defined to be success in getting your name in the paper and having it spelled wrong.

Mrs. Sheldon arrived here a week ago last Saturday and remained over three or four days, leaving last Thursday night for home; got a note from her at San Antonio that she had gotten along that far safely. She told me about her disappointment about not meeting you and Mrs. Henry, and particularly Mrs. Henry, down at Garfield's, but somebody's sickness and her own delays hindered.

I have been out of town the last two or three days on a quasi-fishing and hunting trip, and on account of the very cold weather (thermometer down to 23) and low water, we did our hunting in a yacht tied up at the wharf and in a very comfortable clubhouse rigged up with gas lights, hot and cold water all over the house.

When I came in this morning I saw a paper giving more or less information about the hot time there is in Ohio over the senatorial question. I think Hanna is going to pull through because, first, I don't believe any sufficient number of Republicans elected under a pledge to vote for Hanna are going to refuse to do it, and, second, because, if there is going to be a breakup in party lines and Democrats are called on to vote for a Republican, Hanna, with considerable of his own property and all the balance left from the McKinley campaign of '96, will, in my opinion, get more Democrats than any other Republican can think of getting. It is generally supposed Hanna has about two million dollars of that corruption fund of 1896 still undisposed of to be applied to just such emergencies. As Father says "the defeat of Hanna will raise hell," I am rather in favor of Hanna's election, certainly over any so-called Republican who relies upon Democratic votes to beat his own party caucus.

The weather is very pleasant today and we are usually well. Give my regards to Mrs. Henry.

Very truly yours,  
Don A. Pardee

This letter had no sooner reached Father than he was off for the capital. There Governor Bushnell, who in the spring before had reluctantly appointed Hanna to succeed Senator Sherman and who was now starting his own second term, had sought during the recent campaign to placate Senator Foraker's followers, whom he had before displeased, by secretly promising to withhold his support from Hanna for the latter's election, and he now felt sorely plagued by this ridiculous commitment. The political pot was boiling furiously when Father answered the Judge's letter:



The Neil, Columbus, Ohio, 9 P. M., Jan. 7, '98.

My dear Judge:

Hanna has gained one vote today—if they can keep him. I will tell about it as it illustrates what is going on.

G——, of Union County, *was* a Hanna man. Suddenly he was missing, no one could find him. It sort of leaked out<sup>1</sup> that Mrs. G was in it in some way—that she had got five thousand. One thing led to another. G——'s friends couldn't find him. He was guarded by minions of the "Johnnies, the critters and Kurtzes," but his good Union County friends finally got him home to Marysville, Ohio, and will *stay with him till he votes here*.

Meanwhile Mrs. G won't come to him. She is absent. The Hanna crowd can't find out. Mr. G, however, has pledged before five hundred people of Union County that he will vote for Hanna. That will do if the statesman is true to the *people*.

I wanted Hanna to win, so I came down, as I feared his fool friends—some of them, we all have them when in trouble—would be talking or *offering* boodle, and I knew it would drive Jim Garfield and some of your relatives—*elsewhere*.

So you see where the trouble is and lurks. The Hanna fight has been badly managed in some minor details, and it has been the people and Republican party against the very *wicked* world, the flesh and *mephitis americana*—I'll not slander the devil. Give him his due.

The Governor is about half crazy, I am told. He can't let go. A considerate probate court would adjudge him insane. I think Hanna will win as things look tonight. I feel anxious on account of good morals and the party.

To change the subject—today I had an impressive recollection. Over thirty-six years ago Company A of Hiram students arrived here and Colonel Garfield got permission to march us into the supreme court room to sleep. Today I heard a *fine* argument—so the lawyers said—before a full bench, and I was assured by several good attorneys that the "court couldn't get around it."

There was a "Sours" or *Sowers* in the Forty-second. I'll let you know when I get home. Your friend raised the 42d to 110th. Otherwise the story is perfectly consistent with history and truth. I know we have a few Forty-second men scattered out there. The story is all right except the number of the regiment.

The whole trouble with the Hanna campaign is as I think I wrote you about the lazy young Indian at one of the Indian schools—"Me no work and no figger much, but sing 'Hold the Fort' like hell." Mr. H has too many such friends.

Very truly,

C. E. Henry

The senatorial struggle resulted the next week as Father and Judge Pardee had predicted. On the day it was decided, Mr. Lyman wrote to him from the surety company's home office as follows:

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<sup>1</sup> "Sort of leak out" was a roguish phrase of Father's, too familiar to need quotation marks.

New York, January 12, 1898.

My dear Captain:

Before I learned that you had gone to Columbus I was on the point of writing you to go down there and assist Mr. Hanna in any way that you could. I have met him only once in a great number of years. His mother and my mother were first cousins; that is, his grandfather Porter Converse, of Cleveland, was a brother of my grandfather John P. Converse, of Parkman. If you see Mr. Hanna you might call to mind the connection and the assistance you rendered to him at Columbus. He will recollect me after a little thought, notwithstanding I have not run across him all these years.

With regards to Mrs. Henry and Fred,

Yours very sincerely,  
H. D. Lyman

While living mainly at my home in Cleveland through the winter, Father was absent, of course, for the surety company or otherwise, more than half the time, and Mother, besides other short excursions, went away for three or four weeks after the middle of January to visit Marcia, Jim, and Aunt Mary at Hiram, and the Webbs at Mineral Ridge. There Father, too, spent most of the first week of February between appointments in Pittsburgh, and struck up quite an intimacy with Grant's old uncle, the last survivor of four Webb brothers who had lived there together, their name a synonym of thrift and probity. The week was bitter cold and bore hard upon the eighty-eight years of Uncle Huron. He rallied however, and lived four years longer. There had once been a fifth brother named Erie, but lacustrine praenomens stopped with these. From Pittsburgh Father wrote to me (February 6):

Uncle Huron was attacked seriously three days ago and seemed to want me with him. He is better now, but we thought and the doctor thought he might drop off. He couldn't talk and only mumbled for two days. Yesterday, however, he wanted to see me in his room and showed me his papers, bankbooks, etc.

Two days later Father wrote to Judge Pardee that "Business in Pittsburgh is much better than a year ago and far better than two years ago." This was just a week before the blowing up of the United States Battleship *Maine* in Havana harbor, with loss of two hundred and sixty lives, which precipitated war with Spain; and it is thus a mistake to think that it was the war that cured the five-year depression. Writing again (February 11) to the same, this time from Detroit, he said:

I find some amusement this winter in Boswell's *Johnson*. I read it many years ago, but other things came along at the time and left it behind. In many things Johnson reminds me of Burke Hinsdale. He was indeed a great man, and Boswell, as Macaulay says, is the greatest of biographers. I find more fun in the narrative than from Mark Twain. The great value, however—to me at least—is that I go back to those times in English literature. Johnson's remarks about this and that writer, and his opinions about men and measures of that day are interesting. His blunt and at times rude replies to inquiries



are unique. "What do you think of such a young man's work?" said Goldsmith. "An old man cares little for a young man's work or his whore," said Johnson.

Father also discussed with me the likeness that we both discerned between the two learned doctors, and I told him how, seven years before, when I was living in Hinsdale's family, I had the presumption to intimate something of the sort to him. Hinsdale made no comment that I recall, but I was not impressed that he felt complimented, though I meant nothing else. He had foibles, but unlike some of Doctor Johnson's they were never absurd and never abusive. Both men were, in different sorts and degrees, scholarly, ponderous, blunt-spoken, true to their ideals, kind-hearted, and even humorous—sometimes unconsciously so. Each had peculiarities, which, however, for the most part, tended to attract to the possessor the liking and interest of the discerning.

Judge Pardee differed often in his sentiments and to some extent in his ideals from his cousin Doctor Hinsdale, but each was far from holding the other in serious disrespect. It was thus not a considered opinion that is expressed at the outset of the following letter; for anyone applying Boswell's skill to the writing of Hinsdale's life would find much to spread the latter's fame and nothing to belittle it. Of course it may have been "lucky" for him that some unpopular pronouncements of his were not widely advertised out of season. (The omitted part of this letter relates only to surety bond business).

New Orleans, La., February 19th, 1898.

Captain Charles E. Henry,  
Garfield Building, Cleveland, Ohio.

Dear Captain:

The last letter I had from you was from Detroit when you seemed to be consoling yourself with Boswell's *Johnson*. I think it mighty lucky for your modern Johnson that he had no Boswell to write him up. . . .

We are pretty full of business here. The weather is mixed; just now we are having more rain than the Carnival visitors like, but it is nothing compared to the bad weather you have up North. I am still keeping house, and have standing company in the person of General McMillen whom you may recollect. Our evenings are spent discussing propositions in which he is on the other side. If I attack Hanna and incidentally McKinley, Mac comes up promptly to the rescue and shows exactly why they do exactly as they do. If, on the other hand, I speak a good word for Hanna, Mac immediately demonstrates what a political failure he is. I notice by the papers that he is to have bribery charges preferred against him in the Senate, and one would think that would teach him a little caution. But I noticed the other day, in the investigation of the character of McKinley's nominee for naval officer of this port, it is alleged that Hanna thrust himself into the committee room and browbeat the witnesses and generally attempted to bulldoze the committee and all concerned.

I have one good thing to note, however, and that is that, under the pressure of the Army of the Cumberland and endorsements from all the decent Repub-



licans in Alabama, the President has appointed my old friend General J. W. Burke to the position of collector of the port of Mobile, for which position he was promptly confirmed.

I am not worrying a great deal about the *Maine*, because so many people are stirred up about it. All the Cuban jingoes of course are trying to use the accident to create hostilities between the United States and Spain. The pessimists generally are suspecting trouble; charitable people like myself attribute the whole matter to accident, undoubtedly caused by lax discipline on board the *Maine*, and if the truth is ever obtained that will be found the real cause of the disaster.

Speaking about Cuba, I was pleased the other day to notice that in the Constitutional Convention (called here to disfranchise the "niggers" on the ground of illiteracy, ignorance, and corruption, and yet preserve the franchise to all the illiterate and corrupt white men) a fiery resolution was introduced in favor of the independence of Cuba and the immediate recognition of the same by the United States, when a bulldozing Democrat from an up-country parish said, "We are here in the convention to throw off the 'nigger' government in the State of Louisiana, and that resolution proposes to establish a 'nigger' government in Cuba." I suppose, if Cuba should secure her independence and not be absorbed by the United States, that a negro government is an absolute certainty; still I am in favor of the independence of Cuba and opposed to the acquisition of Cuba by the United States.

Give my regards to Mrs. Henry.

Very truly yours,  
Don A. Pardee

It turned out within six weeks after the blowing up of the *Maine* that the cause of it really was a submarine mine and not an internal explosion. Was it set and fired in Spain's behalf, or craftily for Cuba's? *Quién sabe?* At any rate, as might have been foreseen, it was the latter's gain. "Remember the *Maine*" was indeed a slogan to stir the blood of "a first class fightin' man" like Father. He could forgive old foes like General McMillen; but the Spanish oppressors of Cuba—not yet! His reply starts mildly, but soon steams up in revolt from his old commander's spiritless views:

Dayton, Ohio, Feb. 26, 1898.

Dear Judge:

I see that you and Judge McCormick are relieved from judicial toil in some measure by speedy punishment, by what you call "the people," of post-masters in the east end and horse thieves in the west end of your circuit. I know the recent correction of Yankee abuse occurred in South Carolina, but you have the same proud kind of people in Florida, Georgia, Mississippi, and Louisiana.

I was in Pittsburgh yesterday and Detroit three days ago, and find everywhere that the people, as you used to call them, want to fight. Just now I would commend to you to look over again the first Napoleon in Spain—what he did, how he treated Spain, deposed the rulers and put Brother Joseph on the throne. Spain needs him back on earth for a few years now. You were educated for the navy. Spaniards destroyed the ship and murdered two hundred and fifty men in time of so-called peace and good will with the United States. Can you remain calm? Would you not like to see Napoleon back as



he was in 1810 and 1812? What would England do, or Germany, or France do, had it been one of their ships? What would any nation do if the same thing occurred [to its battleship] in front of New York, Boston or New Orleans? You and I don't like jingoos, but it is well to look at the facts.

You say General McMillen is with you. Well, he is good company and a good fellow. As Halsted telegraphed to the Chicago Convention in 1880, "Tell Garfield I forgive him," [so we forgive General McMillen]. When someone wrote in 1881 that somebody in the New Orleans post office [plotting with others] was getting money to put in their own pockets, I advised, "Find out the facts." I knew that General McMillen was not in it.

C. E. Henry

Patriot shouting now moved Judge Pardee as little as the rebel yell had budged the young Colonel Pardee thirty-five years before. So Father's fervid interrogatories elicited no reply. Perhaps it was mere coincidence that his application for admission to the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States, which he had long neglected to complete, was now perfected and that on March 2 he was elected a "companion of the first class." But it sorted oddly with his present heat that on the same day he was seeing to the storage of the summer's supply of ice at the farm. Though he could thus take days off from his work pretty much as he pleased, he did more traveling than was actually required of him. The surety company procured for him annual passes on nearly all the railroads in his territory, so that he was able at little expense to go when and where he chose, "soliciting business" by the way and seeing people that he "wanted to see." He was far from being that "unprofitable servant," mentioned in St. Luke's gospel, who, without supererogating, "did that which it was his duty to do"; for, though he himself took no applications for bonds, he was always discreetly sounding the praises of his company that wrote them, and advocating corporate instead of personal suretyship as better for all three parties to such a contract. Private bonds were then the rule where security was required from persons in positions of trust, and his timely and persuasive words contributed not a little to the rapid abatement of that nuisance. On the back of his business cards he had printed the following quotation, attributed to Sir Walter Raleigh:

If any friend desire thee to be his surety, give him a part of what thou hast to spare; if he press thee further, he is not thy friend at all, for friendship chooseth rather harm to itself than offereth it. If thou be bound to a stranger, thou art a fool; if to a merchant, thou puttest thy estate to learn to swim.

His monthly pay was now at the rate of fourteen hundred dollars a year, for which, however, he was expected to render much less than full-time service. The discretion thus allowed to him in the disposal of his time gave him a measure of freedom that was exactly to his taste and was incidentally used by him to spread the company's good name into sundry influential quarters. Whenever he had occasion to visit any of the larger cities in the area he covered, it was seldom that he patronized the newest hotels, choosing rather

to put up at such comfortable and time-honored places as the Galt House in Louisville, the Gibson in Cincinnati, the old Neil in Columbus, and the Boody in Toledo, or nearer by, the Weddell in Cleveland, where he felt specially at home, and the Monongahela in Pittsburgh; each of them famous for its honor roll of distinguished guests and gatherings of the past, and for him perhaps also linked in memory with some visit long before of his own.

From the last mentioned place he wrote twice on March 25 to Judge Pardee. One of the letters consists mostly of the narrative already quoted about his custody of rebel prisoners at the same hotel in November 1861. For the rest he told the amusement he had got out of certain magazine articles he had just read; and first from that "On a Woman's Chance of Marriage."

You are the only friend I have who would be likely to get some fun out of it, too, by jollyng some of your nieces and lady friends. I always thought you too discreet in your daily relations of life to need even a hint or reference to the admonition of the elder Mr. Weller to his son relative to marriage or indeed any relations possible to the "other sex." I have sent a few numbers of the *April Strand* to some of my spinster and widow friends, with marked statements, or underscore of the statistical statements—just for fun. . . .

Just before going to bed I see two other articles in the *Strand Magazine*. You sometimes asked—"Philip, what are you thinking about?" "Well, jest now, I'se thinkin' of nuffin'." I have thought for several years that an aluminum shell of proper size, well braced and filled with nuffin', ought to aid in solving the problem of aerial movement.

The other article, "The Shifted Cargo," reminds me of a trip on the Atlas line from Port Limón to New York. The cargo of coffee bags and other stuff shifted over till my stateroom seemed at an angle of forty-five degrees from a level. I complained to the captain, a Scotchman, who assured me, "We wud come all right to New York," but quietly put his men to work and shifted several hundred bags of coffee, and leveled up the steamer.

In a postscript he added, "Fred has just formed a desirable and, people think, a profitable partnership, Winch, Henry and Thompson, in the American Trust Building—twelve stories high—on second floor, over the old Joe Richards bar and restaurant," and "has hung up in his private office portraits of the justices of the United States Supreme Court, John Marshall, Webster, Lincoln, and *one member* of the U. S. Circuit Court." Judge Pardee replied promptly as follows:

New Orleans, La., March 29th, 1898.

Captain Charles E. Henry,  
Garfield Building, Cleveland, Ohio.

Dear Captain:

I have lately received two letters from you written from Pittsburgh, from which I infer that you have been looking after some defaulter for the Surety Company in that locality; for certainly no one would stay in Pittsburgh for several days unless he had important business there.

I had read the *Strand*, and particularly the two articles you mention. In the old days the shifting cargo at sea was a very dangerous cargo, and I



recollect of but one more dangerous, and that was a cargo of grain which was allowed to get wet and swell.

The article on widows and spinsters escaped me, though General McMillen had read aloud portions of it, so that I knew its general drift. The fun in it is for young spinsters and elderly widows. For old widowers there is consolation. The elder Mr. Weller acquired his clear-cut wisdom from experience as well as observation. Have I discretion? My recollection is that Old Weller only secured safety by establishing a quarantine, and in these days the shot-gun is the only certain quarantine officer. And there are marrying men and marrying women, and it is very likely that when either gets into the way, he or she will follow it up.

The weather here has commenced to be warm again, and the mosquitoes have put in an appearance. The business in court is pressing, but all the same I am going to take a week off for a trip to the eastern part of the circuit.

I have thought until within a few days there would not be war with Spain, but I am beginning to think that war is certain. The jingoes and the people who have things to sell and the people who have nothing to do and the Cuban agents over the country have demoralized public opinion. I sincerely hope that if war is declared we will not meet with disaster in the early part of it for want of preparation; for I am certain there will be but one end to such a war, even if the people of the United States have to get mad from one end to the other.

Your reminiscences of Pittsburgh from '61 and the circumstances under which you were there are very interesting; it is a matter that had gone entirely from my recollection. I hope your wife and family are well and that Fred will succeed in his partnership. My old friend Judge Bisbee used to say that when business was good and you were making money you couldn't have too few partners, but when it was bad and you were losing you couldn't have too many partners.

Very truly yours,  
Don A. Pardee

## 43. *Expansion Stifles Anti-Imperialism*

EXCEPT for the Pittsburgh case, which later required him to spend yet more time there, Father had through March much less than usual to do; and as spring advanced, he yearned to be at the farm again. So on the last Monday of the month he and Mother moved back home, where he soon rehired the Englishman, John Pembroke, and started him hauling stone to mend the culvert washout in the road below the house, besides clearing up the dooryard, making garden, and doing chores. Meanwhile he had rented the Russ Place to Charles Hickox for one hundred and twenty-five dollars, reserving as usual the "forty acres" and the sugar bush. Yielding further to his seasonal urge back to the soil, he himself delved valiantly for a few days and in the same mood bought from his tenant McClain, for no discernible reason, a calf and yearling heifer.

For Mother the sudden change from city sidewalks and steam-heated rooms to muddy country roads and a drafty house, with its spring cleaning not entirely finished, proved this year to be her undoing, and it was not until April 7 that Father's hasty morning note, left on my desk in Cleveland, at length reported, "Mamma some better." A week later he was again writing from Pittsburgh to Judge Pardee, this time to contrast with Mr. Roldon Hinsdale's absolute uprightness the bad eminence derisively ascribed to two or three of the latter's legislative colleagues.

Monongahela House,  
Pittsburgh, Pa., Apr. 14, '98.

My dear Judge:

I saw your Cousin Roldon yesterday at Columbus. I assure you that he is yet pure amid a corrupt throng. If he were some of them he would return to Wadsworth May 1st, buy out his cousin the Judge, have a ten-thousand-dollar station for his fellow people, secure a State university or public building on Vacation Ridge, have a fine team, go to the seacoast in July and Florida in winter, and a few years hence have a big funeral and a record of a great statesman. You see your tribe are old-fashioned plodders and back numbers.

You told me several times years ago—thirty, I guess—that you thought you made a mistake in not sticking to the navy. I felt glad of it, because I would not have known Flag Officer or Admiral Pardee—no more than I know Sigbee or the rest of the naval fellows. Moreover, you would not have known Garfield, Sheldon, and the boys. Indeed, not even old St. George Cooke. You see that our circle of friends, good and bad, we would not swap in after life for other people we know not of.

Roldon told me that Sutliff is with you. I think on the whole that the Pardee



tribe have root in Wadsworth and had better keep the tree there. The tribe is too good to cut loose from old Medina. What is there in the lapse of years but sentiment and history?

I saw poor Dyer the other day in Cleveland. If I did not know that his pension is twelve dollars a month I would have felt bad indeed. He is physically active, but seedy, with dollar-and-a-half pants that just reach the top of dollar shoes. I would write this to no one but you, for he is one of us. He told me he "hung out" at 161 Prospect Street. That is a sort of two-dollar-a-week locality just east of the old Prospect Street Hotel.

Captain Starr, also, I have had much bother [about] and running to aid him in a deputy collectorship. I am only too glad to do these things, but the weight of advancing years and keeping the pot boiling and getting my fourth child through a seven years' course pulls on me from year to year.

By the way, Pittsburgh is intensely loyal. If I had five Spaniards to guard tonight, as I had seven "secesh" thirty-seven years ago, I would have about the same anxious job.

Bryan has just left here. He has the silver cranks well in hand for 1900. If Lee can get fifty thousand men to fight Spain there will be a three-cornered fight. Polk put Taylor, a man without ambition, in Mexico. Taylor was elected. McKinley is a politician and will be warned *not* to do too much for Lee. On the whole the Lee family since Washington's time have bothered the Government too much.

C. E. Henry

Nothing else that I might present could so well reveal Father's character and interests, his reactions to current events both public and private, the kinds of folks he liked and who liked him, the caliber of his mind and the quality of his humor, as the intimate letters sent and received by him, which I shall hence continue now to set forth, often *in extenso*. To the last one, above given, Judge Pardee's reply is dated, "New Orleans, La., April 18th," and the chief concern it discloses is upon the issue of peace or war with Spain. He thought that the debate in Congress might delay the decision so long that "diplomacy, which is said to be the height of civilization, ought to be able to prevent the alleged most civilized and enlightened nation on the face of the earth from going to war with the alleged most barbarous nation on the face of the earth, because of the latter's cruelty and inhuman treatment of its own citizens within its own territory." Turning now to family affairs the letter continues:

My brother Sutt has not yet arrived in this part of the country, but a letter received from him this morning informs me that he proposes to leave Wadsworth next Wednesday and sometime thereafter arrive in New Orleans. He expects to come here only on a short visit to recuperate a little in his general health; he is troubled with "nerves" and complains of insomnia. I don't think he has any intention of leaving Wadsworth and doubt very much if he could, even if he really desired to. Where a man's treasure is, he must stay and look after it, even if his heart is somewhere else. But he is living there in very bad shape; his son is well grown, trying to take a college course, and he himself, so far as his housekeeping and personal comfort is concerned, is left to his own devices and the assistance of hired help.

The trouble about hired help, no matter how efficient it may be, is that a



person has to be on his good behavior in the matter of politeness nearly all the time. Most men want somebody about that belongs to them in such a way that, even whether out of sorts and cross, it would be impossible to say, "I find I don't suit and I think I will go home to Ma." As the young man is conceded to be too young to marry a housekeeper, there does not seem to be anything left except for my brother to marry again. He has already been married twice, and is very bashful, and I think he is afraid, even if he could find the right person, the boys in the neighborhood would charivari him for his propensity to matrimony. Perhaps he might find a young widow who has had two previous ventures and who would be sufficiently anxious to join forces with him to do a little over her half of the necessary courting. Anyhow when he comes down here I am going to talk to him.

As to politics he added, "The worst thing I have seen with regard to McKinley's lack of popularity is that the Chicago *Inter Ocean*, that unterrified dyed-in-the-wool Republican paper for so long back, is now finding fault with Kohlsaats president."

On the 20th, Father, again in Pittsburgh, where he had a "hard case" to "get before the prosecuting attorney," wrote to me about his coming as a witness to the trial in justice court of a bitter lawsuit between his former employes and tenants, the brothers Christian and Friedrich Hirschman, one of whom had retained me as his lawyer. His letter concludes:

Dutch'n and T'other Dutch'n have, I think, some forty cows. Dutch'n will hold the heads and T'other will hold the tails for some weeks, while astute lawyers will get the milk. The testimony of Totherest Dutch'n [Fred Dietz] may determine which lawyer gets the most. At all events come out for over Sunday—Lou, Cheechee and Brozzer—at ten A. M., Saturday, for the birds and fields, for a loving Ganna to welcome.

But all these humbler interests were eclipsed when war with Spain was suddenly declared on April 21, and on May Day Dewey destroyed the Spanish fleet in Manila Bay. The declaration being once made, dissenters acquiesced, and Judge Pardee wrote to Father on the 28th that the Loyal Legion in New Orleans having so voted, "none of its members could afford to spend any breath in quarreling with the arrangements made by the Government or in throwing cold water on the war fever." But he was apathetic about it and readily turned from this topic to his brother's nuptial plans, in regard to which it seemed that the latter was visiting New Orleans not to take fraternal counsel about marrying again but to make announcement of his already settled intention so to do. The brothers also discussed, and Sutliff engaged to support, J. R. Garfield's candidacy for the Republican congressional nomination in the district which included their old home, despite the competition he would encounter in Medina County from its own Senator Wightman.

Father's answer of the 30th passed lightly from the lesser topics to the one absorbing theme for him. After expressing the hope that "Sutt will keep up the old homestead," for there is "something in blood and name and family pride and honor," he quickly adds, "there is something, too, in national pride and



honor"; and for this cause he would give to Lee, Wheeler, et al.—he doesn't call them "rebels" now—"of the old Confederate Army, a fair chance to fight before they die, under the flag and on the right side." Writing again (May 4) after Manila, he suggested that appropriations for "shot and shell do more at times for missionary work than passing the plate for years in churches"; and closed with a playful poke at the Judge's academic kinsman—blinking the fact that the one hardly less than the other had opposed the present war—with the allegation "that Dewey and his men and their heroic achievement at the antipodes should certainly flash a gleam of light and cheer to our gloomy friend in Ann Arbor. His philosophic mind should certainly see some ray of hope therefrom in the missionary line and the elevation of mankind." Father's war fever of course touched another exultant peak with the destruction of Cervera's fleet off Santiago, the news of which came as an Independence Day gift to the Nation just thirty-five years after the surrender of Vicksburg. Meanwhile the excitement of arms yielded for a time to that of the news contained in the following letter from Judge Pardee:

New Orleans, La., June 2d, 1898.

Captain Charles E. Henry,  
Garfield Building, Cleveland, Ohio.

Dear Captain: The examples of Brothers Teachout, Jones, and Cooley have been too much for me, and so, somewhat disregarding the admonitions of the elder Weller, unless something happens between now and the 14th of June—which is not likely though of course possible—I will on that day marry the widow Wells of Atlanta. If I had a photograph I would send it or else give a description, but I haven't any photograph and you will have to guess. I can only aid you by saying that she is under forty and has no encumbrances; she is not rich nor yet poor, having enough, however, of this world's goods to satisfy me that it is "her will and not her poverty consents."

The present plan is to go from Atlanta by direct route to Vacation Ridge and there remain during the summer. I have no doubt it will be carried out in the main. I shall be very glad to have you come over there and make a visit; for certainly up to this time I can give the invitation. You may have heard that my brother Sutt was recently married, my niece Belle expects to be married in July, and you can infer that in the epidemic I have caught the disease.

The war with Spain does not seem to go on as rapidly as Admiral Dewey started it. Judging by myself I should say that the community is hungry for a victory over Spain every day and disappointed when they do not hear of it. There is a good deal of comment outside as well as in the newspapers on the unnecessary delays, bad management and so on of boards of strategy and war boards and orders with strings tied to them, etc. I understand, however, that the country was not really prepared for war in the way of arms, uniforms, clothing, and ammunition and that delay is absolutely necessary in order to get troops fit to send out of the country.

Just now General McMillen is imbued with the idea that the President may be imagining himself a sort of second Napoleon and trying to direct the whole war from his office. I guess not, however. I have great confidence in McKinley outside of his political ties to Hanna. If I were in his place, however, I would

appoint the Honorable 16-to-1 Bryan a major-general or brigadier-general and tell him to go out and do some "fiat" fighting; anyhow, I should give him a good opportunity to show whether he is a good soldier or not.

It does not interest me much, but I do think the President's treatment of appointments in Louisiana is getting to be scandalous; it is understood that he is holding everything back, although the terms of offices have expired, and refusing to make any appointments until he can have all opposition to Hanna's man Wimberley withdrawn. It is now sixteen months since McKinley was inaugurated and during all that time he has tied the whole Louisiana patronage to the Wimberley kite. If I had an opportunity and was interested in the matter, I would frankly tell him that I thought he was behaving very badly.

Give my regards to Mrs. Henry; tell her I hope to be able to see her during the coming summer.

Very truly your friend,

Don A. Pardee

The Judge's second adventure into the realm of domestic romance, coinciding with the near approach of the Hiram Commencement season, could hardly fail to make Father's whimsical muse "drop into poetry," and since it wouldn't do to burlesque the bench, he must needs fall back on a forty-year retrospect of his own

#### Tender Memories.

How dear to my heart are the scenes of old Hiram  
And all the loved spots that my callow youth knew—  
The campus, Big Hollow, the deep-tangled wildwood,  
As I and my best girl dissolved from the view!

But dearest of all was the well on the campus  
Where an auburn-haired maiden cast o'er me a spell,  
How eager I lingered to fill up the pitcher  
Of the auburn-haired maiden who came to the well.

Continuing he declared that it was really "No moss-covered maiden" that "hung round the well." Following the Commencement meeting of the Hiram trustees on June 23, where he "expressed his desire and determination to retire from the office of president of the board," Father was presented with a formal address, duly voted by them and suitably engrossed, which sets forth his colleagues' "high appreciation of the services Captain Henry has rendered Hiram College"; mentions "the ability and uniform courtesy with which he has discharged the duties" of the chair, and declares their "satisfaction and pleasure that he still remains a member of this board."

Of course Judge Pardee brought his bride to the Wadsworth farm, and he hoped she would elect that they continue to spend their summers there. On June 13, in answer to Father's congratulations, he wrote:

The new matrimonial arrangement is arranging itself satisfactorily, I think. It may be that only a speaker pro tem. has been chosen. I shall soon have an idea whether "Vacation Ridge" fills the bill as a summer rendezvous. My health has very much improved since I came North, and while I do not look



pretty I do look healthy. I am very glad to hear from you and hope that soon you can give us a visit. If I have not urged it before, it is because I have had in mind that the long-time standing invitation was in full force and you would and could come whenever you had time and convenience. Two new women to get acquainted with. Regards to your wife and son and all the others. I am not keeping up with the war—nor with McKinley's politics.

Loving his farm, the Judge had little zest for fashionable summer resorts. But though Wadsworth did not cease to be his vacation home, New Orleans promptly gave place to Atlanta as the principal family seat.

During the scorching dog-days and until the August lull in the farm work, Father clung pretty close to his front porch rocking chair under the shade of the maples at Geauga Lake. From this watchtower he sallied forth anon to every scene of action on the place; as when he superintended the threshers who on July 16 filled the bins at the south barn with 254 bushels of wheat; or, later, when he hauled away his oats; or, near the year's end, saw to the slaughtering of his hogs, 15-2/3 hundredweight, and to the marketing of so much of the pork as was not to be kept for home use. He rebelled at the suggestion that this season ought really to wind up his active farming and that henceforth his work for the Surety Company would embrace all that he should any longer undertake. Yet the peace that for him had always sprung from the soil was now eluding him. The bumptiousness of his farm tenant continually provoked him. Somehow he couldn't "keep kam."

Mentally he kept as alert as ever. While the peace treaty with Spain was under negotiation he was eager to have the United States acquire the Philippines and other island possessions of the enemy. My anti-imperialism quite disgusted him and the address I made upon the subject soon became in his eyes a deservedly wasted effort. In politics, national and local, his interest was never keener than now and he showed no hesitancy in taking a pronounced position pro or con on every public question. When rarely he erred, he was not without express reasons for his views.

Early in August, while Louise and I with our two small children were making our annual vacation pilgrimage to her old home in East Smithfield, he wrote to me twice:

Cleveland, Aug. 4th, 5 P. M.

Dear Fred: I just came from the 20th Dist. Convention, Red Cross Rink. Garfield was beaten by Phillips of Medina, whom Medina men didn't want. Am told that Beidler beat Garfield; and, indeed, for twenty ballots it was clear that "Anything to beat G" was the game. Jim came within one of it.

White-winged peace has come, and you may feel about your lecture as Grandpa Williams felt when Aunt Mary handed him dessert after dinner—"Too late."

We are all well and send love.

Very truly,  
C. E. Henry

With his next letter he enclosed a clipping from the Cleveland *Leader* of the day before containing an interview with his old friend Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll in favor of taking over the Philippines:

Cleveland, Ohio, Aug. 9th, 1898.

Dear Fred: I have just now returned from Medina County where I had a very pleasant visit with Judge Pardee and other friends. The Judge appears to be in good health and enjoys the society of his new wife, who is a very charming woman. She evidently is very proud of the Judge and very much attached to him.

I am on my way home. Marcia is at Redbrook for a couple of weeks. Aunt Mary is stopping with us. I enclose a slip from the *Leader* containing an interview with "Pagan Bob." You will observe that he is not disturbed by the danger of "Imperialism" and outlying possessions any more than I have been. I do not agree with all his views, but in the main he is not very far from right.

We hope that you will have a happy time with Lou and the children and a safe trip home. Give them my love and kindest regards to all.

Very truly yours,

C. E. Henry

When in Father's boyhood the town of Cleveland had grown so great as to number "almost twelve thousand inhabitants," his first journey thither, already noticed, took him on foot with his father over the Heights, whence the distant city sprang into view. Imposing though it seemed, Cleveland was then scarcely a tenth as big as the metropolis at the opposite corner of the State. But with the lapse of half a century the former had just overtaken and was now fast outstripping the Queen City. Perhaps this amazing stride of the Forest City brought to mind his early admiration of her bigness; or it may be that, in looking down now upon Cincinnati from the Hills above, he recalled his first glimpse of the latter's future rival, now triumphant, and was moved to write about it to Hinsdale, who enjoyed such reflections and in whom it served to stir the kindred memory disclosed in his tardy reply as follows:

University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.  
Aug. 24, 1898.

Captain C. E. Henry,

My dear Captain: I received a letter from you, written at Cincinnati on June 30, that I do not think I have answered or even acknowledged. In this letter you give an interesting account of your first visit to Cleveland. In 1844 the Loomises removed from Wadsworth to Mentor, settling on the farm next but one to the Garfield farm on the east. Here my father and mother, with their children, paid them a visit in the autumn of that year. We drove across the country to Mentor by way of Akron, Hudson, Aurora, and Kirtland, and on our return we went west on the road to Cleveland, spent two or three hours in driving about the streets, and then went out to Poe's tavern in Brooklyn where we stayed all night. I remember that the Erie Street Cemetery, then the great city cemetery, made a great impression on my mind. I recollect, too, that the Catholic Cathedral was in process of being built, and I think the



Weddell House also. I do not know what the population was at the time, but when the village became a city in 1836, it is said to have been only 5000.

I noted at the time and have reread what you said in your favor about the War. I shall not consume space to exploit my ideas in regard to this extensive subject. As you would probably expect I have maintained a conservative attitude from the first. We are certainly *in* for taking care of Cuba and Porto Rico, and I know not how much of the Philippine Islands. I am free to confess that, as the result of all my reading and reflection on such subjects, I look forward with much apprehension to our country's attempting to build up a colonial system. If we could keep our colonies—if we must have them—out of politics, as England does, we might get on. But it certainly seems that politics, in this country, must mar and smear pretty much everything that exists.

I was in Cleveland a few weeks ago on my way down the St. Lawrence. I called to see you and called to see your son, but unfortunately found you both out. On my return I also called at your office but was sorry to find you out again.

I regret the defeat of the son of our old friend for the congressional nomination, but after talking with Dietz and others I had no difficulty in understanding how it came about. We had a very pleasant time on our trip down the Lakes and St. Lawrence River. We are all at home now, but in the course of two or three weeks two of the girls will be leaving again.

Please to remember me very kindly to your family.

Yours very truly,

B. A. Hinsdale

At the date of the above letter Father was himself in Michigan, having started two days before with the *Ohio Farmer's* "Harvest Excursion" to Mackinac Island. Returning on the steamer *City of Alpena* in advance of most of the party, he stepped ashore at the town of the same name, a way-stop scheduled to last fifteen minutes, and, coming back from a ten-minute walk, was chagrined to find the vessel getting under way and already out of reach. For their witness of his right to be recompensed, or else from mere official habit, he noted the names and addresses of bystanders and of some fellow-passengers who shared his plight and choler, and then proceeded tediously by rail to Detroit. After a day there attending for the Surety Company a business man's convention, he reached home, found Hinsdale's letter, and no doubt wished he had seized the chance offered by his misadventure to travel home via Ann Arbor and visit his friend there instead of spending the dour day in Detroit.

A week later he went to Ashland where Companies C and H, remote "Lost Tribes" of the Forty-second, welcomed this year the thirtieth reunion of their regiment. Eighty comrades were gathered there in the sizzling heat and, after an address of welcome by the mayor at the courthouse, to which, as the local daily put it, "Captain Charles E. Henry, of Geauga Lake, Ohio, responded in a happy speech," they listened to a paper entitled "The Vacant Chair," a

well prepared eulogy of their old colonel, James A. Garfield, by John W. Fry, of Company H.

During most of the latter half of 1898, Father continued pretty steadily on the go, visiting not only widely scattered towns in Ohio, but also and frequently Pittsburgh, Louisville, Detroit, and other cities in the adjoining States. Mother would thus have been left much alone but for the presence of her housemaid Laura Chase, who worked for her about five months through the middle of the year. For outdoor work in the spring the queer Englishman, John Pembroke, had again been employed a month or two; but to keep him thereafter was needless, with my brother Jim at home over some of the week ends and through the long vacation. As for the Home Farm tenant, Father couldn't stand the man; but Mother found Mrs. McClain to be quite a refined woman, unequally yoked though she was.

While the old farmstead seemed less lively this summer than in former years, some of the children and grandchildren were apt to be there over Sunday, Jim's college chums drifted in and out, and Mother had company enough, even with Marcia abroad, to keep home from getting too quiet. Father's hearing had of late been growing noticeably dull, and henceforth, though never an assiduous churchgoer, he now attended preaching services hardly at all, but his diary discloses that he was still contributing to the Disciples' church in Aurora. I do not find that during 1898 he wrote anything for publication, although in health he seldom before or after stayed so long "out of print." His spare energies were much occupied now with his small grandchildren, three in number, with whom he kept in full sympathy, nicely graduated to suit their respective ages; and their response, never hesitant, was frequently tumultuous. At my home in Cleveland or the Webbs' in Mineral Ridge he often stopped during business trips to have fun with them, the same sort of highjinks he had earlier played with his own children.

On October 4 he attended the Republican Convention at Warren, Ohio, where Professor George H. Colton of Hiram College and Colonel—afterwards General and United States Senator—Charles F. Dick were the principal contestants for the congressional nomination. He had to leave in the afternoon, before the delegates decided in favor of the latter, but not till after the outcome had ceased to be doubtful. With good reason to feel kindly to both, he stood nearer of course to the Hiram candidate. That evening, before leaving for Columbus, he dropped me a note from the Weddell House in Cleveland saying, "I did not dodge, but favored Colton, with Dick as second choice. Every possible vote for Colton till his best friends say quit; then Dick."

He also enclosed a check for five hundred dollars which his old postal colleague, Colonel William B. Thompson, treasurer of the Republican National Committee, had for some inscrutable reason sent him to hand to Colonel Myron T. Herrick in Cleveland for deposit in the latter's bank, the Society for Savings, Father in turn enjoined me to "Give him the letter and check and



write Thompson, as I wish you to become acquainted with both." Such a roundabout method of doing simple things through others was not uncommon with Father, and the same trait thus appeared in his friend. It was with them, I think, something more than a mere token of trust or gesture of friendliness; it was a cementing of both.

With certain intimates Father appeared to have a mutual kinship of kindnesses freely done and received, whether solicited or not. There seemed to be no calculated reciprocity about it. When he was in the post office department he helped not a few competent aspirants to get into the railway mail service. While marshal of the District of Columbia he smoothed many a needy comrade's path to a lawful and merited pension. He enjoyed doing favors for those who were worthy of them, especially for anyone that he liked; and he justly presumed that his tried and true friends were pleased to do the like for him. Of such altruism on his part, one of several instances occurring about the same time is disclosed in a letter of thanks (October 15) to him from Mr. Lyman for the gift of a memento of the latter's native town in Geauga county. Touching first, at Father's lead, on politics there, and hoping that Mr. Dick would "make a creditable showing in Congress" after the great men who had preceded him, for "Wade, Giddings, and Garfield are hard names to cope with," the letter continued:

I have also received from Mr. H. H. Howard, upon your order, the water color of the old sawmill on the south side of the pond at Parkman, and by this present you have placed me under renewed obligations. It was a great surprise and a very gratifying one. As a work of art it is beautiful, but when you take the association, it is priceless to me. I attach a copy of a letter that I have this day sent to Mr. Howard, being the earliest acknowledgment I could make since my return and an inspection of his work.

From 1891 to 1894 the name of Hugh Huntington Howard had appeared in the annual catalogues of Hiram College as Teacher of Art. Then and afterwards he did many choice landscapes in all the region round, especially along our Aurora fork of the Chagrin. My sister Marcia and he were congenial colleagues on the faculty, while he and my brother Jim were companions in frequent rambles over the rolling terrain about Hiram and Geauga Lake, the one sketching while the other botanized. At Hiram, too, Aunt Mary Williams, herself a dabbler in painting, formed a firm friendship with Mr. Howard and his attractive wife, Fannie Galley. For a summer or two he spent some weeks at the farm, where he made charming water colors of the old highway bridge over the Chagrin in Pettibone road, the wheat field before the house with its shocks of grain, the wagon road and bridge across the brook in the Brewster woods, and of other local scenery, some of it idealized. Quite a number of these are still treasured by Father's descendants, and Father himself, well pleased with Howard's work, enjoyed also the society of this sensible and cultured man and artist.

In behalf of another and older friend, it was on Father's suggestion, based on the judicial repute of the recipient and broached without consulting him, that Hiram College had lately given an honorary degree to Judge Pardee, full cousin to its distinguished former head, and sharer with the latter's preeminent predecessor in the command of that now famous regiment which had included most of Hiram's soldier boys. Acknowledging the dignity—gained “through, as I suspect, your very favorable testimony in my behalf”—the Judge responded (November 6) that Father had thus “made an everlasting friend of” his new wife. “She does not know exactly what it is about or why it is given; but she takes it as a great honor conferred upon me, and indirectly upon herself, and feels accordingly.”

A while after this, Father was able to do a further kindness to one of the leaders of the Hiram soldier group, Major Will H. Clapp, who, having remained in the military service after the War, had for several years been doing a notable work as head of the difficult Pine Ridge Indian Agency with its Government school, and was now aspiring to one of the newly created colonelcies in the regular army. On December 6 Father wrote to Major Clapp's (and his own) old commander, Judge Pardee, to enlist the latter's aid in furtherance of the merited promotion:

He is certainly deserving and has the facts and record to win. I will of course do all I can to aid you. Garfield told me that he had taken care of two of his friends in the army and he would take care of the third one, Major Clapp, in due time. He really intended to make him a lieutenant-colonel in the staff. I have often thought that if Clapp had been in Swaim's place he would not have struck a reef.

The next June at Hiram he had the degree of A. M. conferred on Lieutenant-colonel W. H. Clapp “for educational work among 5000 Indians.” Towards the last of October at my suggestion he sold Mother's National City bank stock in Dallas for \$1378, and subscribed for about the same amount in the new American Trust Company of Cleveland, but held for a while longer his shares in the American National Bank in Texas. I thought he should get his investments nearer home where he could more easily watch them, and that his farm effects, the care of which was beginning to bother him, should be turned into bonds and bank stocks. Reluctantly he consented to a “closing out sale” at Geauga Lake the last of November, just after his sixty-third birthday. So, as the bills announced, there were auctioned off “twenty dairy cows, fresh and springers, six horses, seventy-five tons barn hay, fine grain drill, wagons, harness, fine lot of farm implements, plows, cultivators, harrows, two sets of bobsleds, and other articles too numerous to mention.”

Under the last category Mother and the rest of the family brought to the auction block a great deliverance of ancient gear from garret, cellar, and shed. This renunciation was just too much for Father to stand, so he contrived



surreptitiously to retrieve a favorite cripple of a lounge and some other trumpery, which he hauled out of sight and seizure to his sister's home a mile away, and later, in the rôle of Indian giver and to the Brewsters' glum surprise, fetched home again, after Uncle Henry Brewster, supposing it to be a gift, had repaired the couch and presented it to his granddaughter. Though plainly feeling a sharp wrench at thus deliberately quitting the life of a farmer, Father realized from this disposal of his farm chattels, besides the money return of fourteen or fifteen hundred dollars, more comfort and "kam" than he had lately got from keeping them just for tenant use.

The renter, A. J. McClain, seeing that he could no longer commandeer farm equipment and services outside of his lease, and that his day there was done, left the place the next spring before his time was up and, a month later, got the meddlesome Charley Squire to back him in bringing suit against Father before Martin Miner, J. P., charging breaches of the landlord's covenants in an amount of damages and upon trumped-up grounds that were not only absurd in fact but quite outside the justice's jurisdiction in law as to both subject matter and amount. The trial, postponed for several weeks, finally took place in the Bainbridge town hall on May 6. Quickly nonsuited, McClain pared down his claim, sued again, and again lost—the new case, with summons waived, being heard the same day. Thereupon he and his backer paid the court costs and retired from the fray for good. But it took me ten days to dissuade my paternal client from invoking the law, turn about, against his late tenant for misappropriating cash collected. He finally wrote me (May 16), "I thought over what you had said about litigation, and you are *right*." So he resolves now to "use philosophy and Christian forbearance" and to "look upon bad men as he regards poison ivy or *mephitis americana*."

McClain was not a bad farmer, but he had a social agitator's contumely and blustered preposterously about his "rights." Father never wrangled, but the presence of such a character he could not tolerate. This one, locally transient, passed erelong from his sight and mind—a being of the genus *Ephemeridae* that buzzes and vexes for its one little day. But the "heelbiter," a native—genus *Crotalidae*, ever lurking and venomous—stayed on, and kept plying his pastime of slyly stimulating to bitterness the trifling disputes of his neighbors and of abetting the meaner party with a show of friendly aid and comfort. Either specimen Father classed alternatively as of the species before referred to that befouls whomsoever it encounters. In a letter to me written six months afterwards, when the same trouble-maker had been encouraging another's vain effort to convict one of the neighboring Giles family of some slight offence, Father said (November 28, 1899):

I just returned from Ravenna. Would have gone to your house but had to meet Hartshorn on his return from St. Louis tonight. Ervin Giles and "John Doe" or Tom Beatty, Jim Giles's hired man, were discharged today with the remark of the mayor, "There appears to be no evidence against them." The



“frozen punkin”-faced prosecutor and his miserable ally sneaked home like coyotes over sage-brush plains. They have added a tribe—the whole Giles tribe, old and young—to their multitude of enemies. Henceforth the “heelbiter,” so-called, will *know* the Giles tribe and all their friends as their enemies until death. What folly!

Did you ever think that enemies even can be classified? A man who swindles or wrongs you is an enemy, but the real stay-by enemies are those who have been attacked with sly insidious malice. Out of one fuss into another. You forgive or overlook the past of a man who cheats or swindles; but real enemies are those who, unprovoked and with no possible hope of gain, devote themselves to toil—the only toil of their lives, to cause anguish and keen bitterness. . . . I kept still today.

No witnesses for the defence; but the Giles tribe were loaded and armed with claws more terrible than so many grizzlies'. Ervin's wife and boys were there. Alice and her husband [Morrison]—Alice a fine looking woman, who remembered the days of yore when frozen-punkin face took his hat from her hand and set up a defence or apology, “I thawt it do no hawm to twy.”

Father's differences with tenants might have been avoided by a consistent attitude of kind reserve. He was always too affable to them at first, and quite severe when afterwards, presuming on his indulgence, they neglected their duty. With the majority, however, he had no trouble; and to those that were industrious, trustworthy, and respectful, he was always fair and friendly. In 1899 August Erdmann with his lawless boys succeeded Charles S. Hickox on the Russ Place; J. E. Snively rented the Brewster Place that W. H. Lawrence, of the *Ohio Farmer*, for personal reasons had felt obliged to give up; and George Souda, being denied a lease, was employed to farm the Home Place, and worked there with stock and equipment partly his own and with the occasional aid of Mr. Ben Chase, Charley Harding, and during the college vacations my brother Jim.

Meanwhile, after the surrender of Manila and the destruction of Cervera's fleet that had ended the Spanish war in midsummer of the year before, Father, as already indicated, was strong for “National Expansion.” But as time wore on he felt somewhat staggered, though still unconverted, by Judge Pardee's lack of enthusiasm and Professor Hinsdale's decided distaste for that policy—sentiments which I continued to share. His letter to me from Columbus (December 18, 1898) humorously avowed his bent.

It is the duty of a father to keep his sons from waywardness. I am not clearly settled yet myself about “Hauling the flag down,” Expansion, and Imperialism. I am influenced, however, more by the evidence and judgment of Dewey, General Merritt, and General Howard than I am by Bryan, Carl Schurz, the *Nation*, and “Bub and me.” I will be much gratified also if my sons will use calm judgment and common sense and avoid bullheaded and scholastic assumption of supreme knowledge relative to Expansion. We have expanded since the Revolution, and a bit of water between portions of our land is a “Bub and me have got to be whipped” reason if we give it up. I enclose some reading from one of the ablest independent papers on this and other questions of interest. Where are we now in prosperity? Where *were*



we four years ago? Bryan, Schurz, the *Nation*, Bub and me, and the Cleveland *Recorder* may be able to explain. I take the evidence of Dewey, Merritt, General Howard, and common sense when I have no lamp of experience [such] as our great Patrick wanted to guide his footsteps. I guess we'll manage to keep house.

His letter to Judge Pardee from Pittsburgh two days later, while less outspoken about keeping our flag over the Filipino, intimated at the close that President McKinley might amass more and better political capital by advocating such use of the colors than by countenancing their being crossed with rebel flags to welcome him on his speaking tour through the South. This complacency of the country's chief executive, and the unsavory character of his newly appointed Federal officials there, Father could hardly stomach, and likewise the conduct of Hero Hobson who was then courting a smother of feminine kisses for having partly corked the bottle-neck of Santiago Harbor against the escape of the Spanish fleet.

Pittsburgh, Pa., Dec. 20, 1898.

My dear Judge:—The outlook today from here is that the President and Hobson are overdoing the flag and kissing business. I see that a Col. Wiley of Georgia was waving the Confederate and Union flags before "the Major." The incident recalls a sort of "Col. Wiley" at Dallas some years ago. Judge McCormick knows him. The Texas Col. Wiley was no colonel at all. In fact "no nuffin" except a sort of soldier somewhere in the Union army. He was a good-hearted blatherskite, slopping over at all times in a speech. He had married a secesh girl, and at a G. A. R. meeting he blazed forth about wanting to see the "Old Glory and the glorious Stars and Bars, that grand old Confederate flag, twined together and unfurled at every festival."

I was mad. A hornet was nowhere with me. I broke forth, "We have but one flag and don't twine it with anything." The old boys cheered and "Col. Wiley" was squelched.

The English government permits monuments to Robert Emmett, and certain memorial services to Irish patriots. No one will go further than I will for respect and honor to the Confederate dead and living. A government, however, can not officially take cognizance [of a rebel flag] with dignity and self-respect, unless it also pensions the disabled Confederates and finally assumes the Confederate debt.

I see that the President acts with much delicacy and discretion by not visiting your city, to cause you and Judge McCormick, Governor Warmouth, and other high-toned gentlemen, to [join in] enforced social recognition and civilities with rascals.

I saw General McMillen at Columbus last evening and had a very pleasant visit. His head is level.

"Who will dare to haul the flag down?" That will ketch 'em!

Very truly,  
C. E. Henry

Such defiance of our flag-flying soon asserted itself in an unexpected quarter. Until a sudden and startling Filipino uprising against American forces in the islands stampeded the Senate into ratifying on February 6,

1899, the peace treaty with Spain which ceded the Philippines to the United States, final acceptance of President McKinley's bargain for the acquisition of "insular possessions" still hung in the balance. Pending the decision Father's interest in the subject was unabated. One of the many with whom he talked or corresponded on the subject was of course his friend Lyman, born and reared in his own Geauga County and soon to head the American Surety Company that they both served. The views expressed in a letter (January 10) from this eminent New Yorker and former high official in Washington had weight with him and still have value as disclosing public opinion then.

My dear Captain: I was very glad to receive, and have read with much interest your two personal letters from Cincinnati. Messrs. Edmunds and Hoar, pretty strong men, have fulminated against the so-called "expansion." Whenever in politics a class desires to defeat the other side, they seize upon some word which overstates the case and which they think will be repugnant to the people generally, and use it for all it is worth. Thus the words "expansion" and "imperialism," which in their widest sense are repugnant to everybody, are made to do duty for what might properly be termed "acquisitions," and that only in a minor degree as compared, for example, with the acquisitions of England or France.

In my opinion we ought to go ahead and take the Philippines, and if they can ever be brought to a position where they can govern themselves, let them do it; but I fancy if that situation ever arose we could not drive the Philippines away from the United States. The difference between Cuba and the Philippines is the difference between what may be called education and ignorance, it being believed that the Cubans are sufficiently advanced in education to govern themselves, although there may be some doubts on that score.

In my opinion the trouble with Hoar and Edmunds is the fact that they are like a great many men in my experience who have reached advanced age, and from that fact are disposed to let well enough alone and to shirk responsibilities. It is safer in such a case, at least for the time being, to remain quiescent rather than to build for the future, with chances of mistakes. If that policy had been adopted from the start I do not know what would have become of this country.

By contrast a few weeks later Judge Pardee, replying genially and at length from New Orleans (February 28) to "several short communications" received lately "from different places around your circuit," dryly touched upon the mooted topic:

I am not worrying much about the spreading of the gospel and civilization and good government, etc., in the Philippine Islands. My recollection is that you were rabid on the subject, and I can tell you for your satisfaction that Judge McCormick actually beams whenever a few hundred of the natives are slaughtered in the interest of civilization to let them know this is a land of liberty.

Hinsdale, too, in remitting the price of a case of sirup shipped to him in Ann Arbor, and querying, "Don't you ever come this way?" grimly added



(April 30), "Yesterday it looked as though the holy work of killing the Filipinos might cease; this morning's news I have not seen." To Father, though his own mind was made up, it was a cat's jump whether settled public opinion would regard the little brown man as "our brother"—to be deserted—or as a wily misguided foe to be subdued and civilized. And whether, in that saltatory rôle, the affinity of mugwump and Bryanite—the pure and the simple—for a frowzy heathen alley-cat would turn the scale "in the election, depends," Father philosophized to me from Cincinnati January 2, "on a good citizen's feelings" and not alone on his discretion; as when Arabella Allen felt that the "saw-bones" deemed by Sam Weller "the dirtiest vun o' the two" must surely be "her brother." No doubt it was to stimulate filial patriotism that Father four days later gave me "\$25 for Loyal Legion" initiation fees; for it rather bothered him that I was not in sane agreement with his imperialistic views. But he was pleased to appraise as "splendid work" his son's handling of the recent suit against him; and my brother Jim's academic and athletic successes as a junior in Hiram of course delighted him. Jim excelled in both football and basketball, and he now gained many compliments also for his really studied essay on "The Iliad of Homer."

## 44. *All in the Day's Work*

IN AID of Hiram College, to whose welfare his whole family felt increasing devotion, Father was himself active at this time in getting quite a number of gifts that ran in all to some hundreds of dollars. He and Mother attended the Hiram banquet at the Stillman Hotel in Cleveland on the evening of March 6, and on the next day, having finished their regular wintering at my home, they returned at the first call of spring to the farm. Nor was it long before they began having my family there often over week ends; as when he wrote me from Indianapolis March 24, "I will be in Cleveland tomorrow and go home on milk-train with Lou, Cheechee, and Brother." "Cheechee" was the little Brother's rendering of "Sister." Again on April 24 his diary records that "Babe and Lou came in evening." Two months later (June 28) Father enclosed with his letter written at the Weddell House to Judge Pardee the following hastily penciled note:

Our little five-year-old granddaughter "Cheechee" was out to the farm for a week with us. We turned her loose in the house, piano and all. We returned from church Sunday and soon heard her on the piano banging away and singing,

"Dear blessed Lord Jesus  
Marching through Georgia."

I informed her that her Aunt Marcia had a dear Georgia friend who thought other kind of folks were marching through Georgia in 1864, and that "Rock of Ages" or "Greenland's Icy Mountains" would be less sectional. I may add that a Mrs. Russell of Savannah, Georgia, has been in Hiram the past year with two daughters and a son. They will return for another year. She is devoted to Marcia; wants her to go with them to Europe when they go. She is "secesh" and a noble woman—a widow, wealthy, and a "Campbellite." Your wife would like her; so would you.

For years I have been asked to be in Hiram Decoration Day. I managed things to have the Junior Class take charge and make speeches. It works well. I, however, am always called on to speak. This year Mrs. Russell was one of the first to thank me—"for not saying things to make her angry to Yankees." Among other things, I said, "If Hiram boys had been born South, they would have been in the Confederate Army; but, *thank God, they were born here!*"

I noted your reference some weeks ago to Mrs. Pardee's kind feelings towards Hiram. My notion about where a dollar would do the most good would be to fix one or two rooms in Ladies' Hall in decent shape. The beds are miserable and furniture poor. From three to five hundred dollars would put several rooms in decent trim, and the girls would be grateful to Mrs. P. and



the Judge, especially if pictures of the Judge and Mrs. P. should hang on the wall.

I never believed in begging, even for colleges. Still, it has to be done. The Duke of Argyll put posts up along the path over a divide, and Scotchmen would stop and scratch their backs and say, "God bless the Duke of Argyll." A few good beds in Ladies' Hall, and, "God bless Mrs. Pardee and the Judge." From *pretty girls*, too.

In the short epistle which carried this long appendage Father told of a recent letter from Colonel Clapp asking him whether Hiram would care to have some of the "wagon-loads of fossils" that "were scattered about in South Dakota," and of his own reply "that all colleges were beggars and mendicants for everything, especially fossils and money"; and indeed there are colleges which seem to "prize fossils so highly that they pay some of them salaries." I never heard that Colonel Clapp's offer was accepted; for, among others, Professor E. B. Wakefield, then a member of the Hiram faculty and previously with the U. S. Geological Survey in the Northwest, had already provided the College with considerable collections.

Very popular with the students and alive to everything that concerned the welfare of the College, Professor Wakefield was just now (June 27) sending to Father, for him to complete, a partial roster of the Hiram soldiers who had been members of the Delphic Literary Society there. Colonel Clapp was one of the twenty-five in his list, and there were probably twice or thrice that number in all. Wakefield was himself one of the youngest of this group and Father one of the oldest. The two had so many interests in common that the former was naturally the minister chosen to conduct the latter's funeral service some years later. At this time, however, the inevitable event had not yet cast its shadow before, and Father who was half way through his sixty-fourth year, continued to be as alert about things in general and as active in his regular work as during any recent year. So, to the congratulations which he and the Garfield law firm now tendered to The American Surety Company's newly chosen president, Henry D. Lyman, the latter replied (April 15):

I thank you and, through you, the Messrs. Garfield for kind expressions in your telegram just received. I am strengthened in my conviction that I can keep abreast of our competitors when I know that I have such able and active advisers as our representatives in Cleveland.

No longer now did Father have the sense of slipping or, in farmer phrase, of "losing his cud," as when, in the year before, he quit the chair of the Hiram board or when later he auctioned off his farm effects. Then he was chafing under the impudence of his tenant at Geauga Lake, drowsing fitfully in his swivel chair at the surety company's office in Cleveland, lingering through long evenings before the massive fireplace in the Weddell House lobby, or, vainly as Job, seeking spirit solace of the juniper tree. Now, however, he had got a new grip on himself and was able to write (June 28) to Judge Pardee,

I am still on the move and have been quite busy, but have things in control for some weeks to come. We are all well. . . . My wife is at [the Webb farm near] Youngstown, with Babe, our second daughter, who has, like Mrs. Cluppins on the witness stand under oath, "confident expectations." Jim and Marcia are at home.

On July 14 the "expectations" were realized with the birth of Father's second grandson, Frederick Henry Webb; so now my sister and I could each claim his family benison, "First a daughter and next a son, then the world is well begun." Of late, as his diary discloses, his churchgoing was becoming noticeably more frequent,—to Aurora with Professor Dean (May 14) to hear him preach there, to morning service the next week from my home in Cleveland, and another Sunday to Aurora again. As usual, too, he had attended (June 21 and 22) the College trustees' and stockholders' annual meetings in Hiram along with the Commencement exercises. There he felt a deep sense of satisfaction when I was chosen to fill a vacancy on the board and so became a co-trustee with him. A fortnight later his Hiram score rose another notch with the receipt of a letter written on Independence Day by Judge Pardee from his beloved Wadsworth farm, Vacation Ridge, where he had just settled himself comfortably for the summer. This communication ran:

Mrs. Pardee has been thinking over your suggestion about helping Hiram, and you will find enclosed draft on New York payable to your order for \$300, which she asks you to have used according to your taste and judgment in going as far as it will in furnishing one or two rooms in "Ladies' Hall." Her "picture" will be a matter of consideration as soon as she gets a photo which will pass muster.

Under the surface Father's "begging" for Hiram may to some extent have been prospered through the recent death of Aaron Pardee, a Disciple of the generation that had founded the institution, because his son now "missed" him at the old home.

Professor Colton, treasurer of the College, acknowledging receipt of the gift, declared his readiness to propose Father for financial agent. There was indeed a real and continual need of such an official if the budget were to be kept in balance; for, although the institution with its growing enrollments and newly constructed buildings was apparently prosperous, yet for lack of endowment its support depended almost entirely on tuition fees and many small contributions to its current expense budget, with inevitable letdown of its academic standing and a gradual estrangement from those who, when Hinsdale was president, had believed in and practiced plain living and high thinking in the true classic tradition.

Fallen out of touch with the College, though always fond of it, Doctor Hinsdale had neither opened nor widened this breach; but he had spoken in confidence to Father somewhat bitterly of the short remembrance of himself which those long in control of the institution had exhibited in dropping him from active membership on its board. True, they had rightly thought that after



his removal to Michigan he could no longer regularly attend its sessions. Equally true it was that in Hiram a new ruler had arisen "who knew not Joseph," so that the College, without Hinsdale's bodily presence at its council table, had lost for a while the consciousness of his spirit there.

Father, though a staunch partisan of President Hinsdale, was not college-bred, and his own continuous connection with the institution may readily have blinded him to any adequate apprehension of its lately acquired faults. As long as it seemed to be making material progress its sub-standard courses and recent prodigal awarding of honorary degrees gave him no distress. Not until some of the alumni actively revolted against these policies did he begin to appreciate their conception of what a college should at least aspire to be. It was well that Hinsdale could have no part in these matters. But Father, eager to make amends for the unintended personal slight to his old friend, proposed now to have him restored to his former place as trustee.<sup>1</sup> To this the latter replied (July 26):

Perhaps I was petulant in what I said about the trusteeship at Hiram. It was this way. My name had stood in the Catalogue from 1870 to the time when I came to Michigan, and a little after—about twenty years. I had come to feel a little sentiment about its standing there, that is all. Those in authority saw fit to strike it out of the Catalogue, so the chain of sentiment is broken, and nothing that can now be done can restore it. I see that I am published as an Honorary Member. Taking these facts into the account, it will be better for you not to make any effort to restore my name, as you say you shall do. Thanking you for your courtesy, I am

Yours very truly,

B. A. Hinsdale

Clearly it was an untoward chance that, in the filling of the office of trustee at Hiram the month before, the choice fell, not on him whose primacy among the old College elite stood unchallenged, but on myself, his admiring former pupil, who would gladly have yielded had I but known. It was hapless, too, that at the very time when the College was finding a new friend in Judge Pardee she should seem to be neglecting the older and far deeper friendship of her great president, his cousin.

In the Judge's letter last quoted from, he commented also on what Father had written him about the attractive overture made to me by a law publishing house to write a book on "The Ohio Law of Negligence." He said,

I doubt whether he ought to write a law book. There are a good many now of the medium kind, and a good one will take time and thought which a lawyer in practice can not always spare except to his clients' detriment, and I do not believe in law books written to order under a contract of which time is of essence. But my opinion is not worth much, and I would not have said this much if I hadn't known that Fred has a mind of his own and understands his business.

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<sup>1</sup> In June, 1892, S. E. Young succeeded B. A. Hinsdale, who in June, 1894, was first listed as an honorary trustee—so remaining until his death.

The book was by this time well along and I was already finding the Judge's opinion entirely correct. Eyestrain, moreover, impelled me to suspend the undertaking; but such progress as I had made in thus studiously reviewing the subject was proving helpful to me in the defence of damage suits, a line of trial work in which I was now almost constantly engaged. This litigation was chiefly concerned with industrial and traction railway casualties involving questions of employer's or carrier's liability. But though the interurban companies that my firm served were using the Cleveland streetcar tracks to reach the heart of the city, none of my cases rose out of the street railway strike which began there on June 10 and lasted for over two months.

The strikers' non-success during the first six weeks was followed by the hurling of stones at passing cars, the exploding of dynamite cartridges under them, and the perpetrating of increasingly ruthless acts of terrorism and sabotage. This frightened away for a few days nearly all of the company's passenger traffic, but so alienated public sympathy that the strike could not long hold out. I felt no less impatient than Father and the people generally felt about all such violence in labor disputes. But in certain other aspects of employment relations the workman's plight stirred my sympathy for his cause. From time to time I intimated to Father my growing conviction that the old law of Master and Servant needed revision to afford not only more general and uniform compensation for industrial injuries, but also, if possible, some system of conciliation to avert industrial warfare.

In such conversations he always objected to the phrase "master and servant" as offensively suggesting actual servitude, and also to the expression "wage slavery" as a nonsensical disclaimer that the laborer is worthy of his hire. Like most of his generation who had both earned wages and paid them he held that without a time contract the relation is justly terminable by either party at pleasure, since you may no more compel me to work for you than I may force you to employ me. So the Cleveland strike roused his resentment, and with the onset of violence his indignation boiled over.

On July 26 he wrote me from Detroit two letters enclosing newspaper clippings of reporters' interviews with my teachers in political economy at the University of Michigan from 1889 to 1891, Professors Henry Carter Adams and Fred M. Taylor. With the sort of banter which in politics had so irritated Hinsdale, he now premised that the college professor as a rule must—"at least a first-class professor must, demonstrate to people that he is a grandson by direct descent of Tom Moore's Fadladeen—a deluge of words and wisdom." He conceded however that "On the whole, the views of the two professors are far more sensible than the edicts of labor leaders and jawsmiths, the instigators of bomb-throwers." The State board of arbitration or the city council committee, feeble and futile under strain, is "only what college men would call, or should call, *pons asinorum*. They break down, fail to carry the people over the stream of anarchy. Better have steel and lead bridges, of



bayonets and bullets, till women and children on street cars are safe from dynamite." Of the women who "came down town in hacks for fear of being blown up on cars," two were nieces "very dear to me" he said.

Florence told me they saw a car come with only one lady in it. They said "How brave that lady is!" The car stopped and Marcia got out. She had just arrived from the country and did not know how the ladies of Cleveland feel. It seems that Cleveland today is more dangerous for mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters than the jungles of Africa or the Amazon valley. Why can not the people—lawyers and courts—stop it? For nearly four years the picket line of the Army of the Potomac, the Army of the Cumberland, the Army of the Tennessee, was detailed each night to guard sleeping comrades. Each line would be enough to guard and protect every foot of street car lines in Cleveland so that mothers, wives and children would be safe and free to ride in a public conveyance. At the cost of millions we cleaned Cuban and Spanish towns to protect life. Why can not Cleveland rid itself of reptiles worse than the poisonous snakes and beasts of the tropics?

I feel a deep interest in this so-called labor problem for the reason that the fooling has drifted along for weeks. The people should now see that the common law be enforced, that an employer can seek labor in open market, and any man can sell a day's work without molestation. Gurth must not go to Cedric and say, "You had an iron collar on my neck, I was your slave. I took it off. You must put the collar on my neck again or I will have friends to put dynamite under your street cars." The *Leader* has spoken well and bravely during the past week. I hear people speak well of its course. I wish you would see Morrow and Perdue and commend their action.

Continuing the same theme Father mailed to me the next day a trio of stanzas styled "Song of the Strike Leader" and modeled after a certain cowboy idyll then current. "Roaring Jaky Dynamite" sings thus, as he blusters into the strike scene "on a boom"—

With my pockets full of stun  
I can hit each mother's son  
When the scabs cross Shaker Run  
In the gloom.

Father's deep choler having now characteristically evaporated into airy humor, his covering letter boasted (so that Mother's sister from Wisconsin, who was visiting them, might overhear),

I slung the enclosed off last night just before going to bed. I will let Aunt Annis know that poesy and song are on the paternal as well as maternal side. I can sling a pome as rapidly as mother and son. My daughters are too lazy to try. Nobody fathers such stuff, but I had our pretty typewriter mother it here so far as to make a copy. I sent the foundling to Mr. Morrow and perhaps it will appear in the *Leader*. Ridicule is a good weapon just now for the galoots.

Father stood by no means alone in reprobating those that were making or countenancing such assaults. Mr. Lyman wrote to him from New York on August 5, "You have put forth the situation in poetry and prose in first class

style. It is outrageous how matters are being conducted in Cleveland." And Judge Pardee's letter of July 30 from his farm in Wadsworth shows how he, too, felt that murderous rioters' lives were justly forfeit. He wrote:

Dear Captain: I would have visited Cleveland this past week but for the strike and its accompaniments. With strikes and boycotts and dynamite I am indignant enough down here. I would like to hear that about 200 rioters had been killed by the militia. But I try to keep cool and think it is none of my business.

Mrs. P. would like to meet your daughter Marcia and talk over the best way to fix up some of the girls' rooms at Hiram, but, as things are, the early meeting is not practicable. It seems the best way for Marcia to use her own judgment, as she is fully advised of the wants of the girls in question. As a bald proposition, it seems in the interest of Mrs. P. that a few rooms should be furnished complete and comfortable rather than a number half supplied with good, or fully supplied with cheap, shoddy furniture. At the same time she is fully satisfied that Miss Marcia will do things just as they should be done, and she ratifies in advance.

I have been expecting you to drop in, and hope that your business will soon permit you to report. By the way, the *National Tribune*, the Grand Army organ apparently, has been coming here to me as if I had subscribed for it. The numbers I have looked at are mainly devoted to making war on the pension commissioner, Evans, a matter that rather satisfies me that Evans has been doing or attempting to do his duty. If you directed the paper sent to me, I'll try to read it and be interested.

We are pretty much as usual. My wife's sister is with us and she is not strong—this has much to do with preventing Mrs. Pardee from traveling much, and allows me to look after my farming interests, which delights me. Still, as Fred got us transportation to New York, I think we will go to Saratoga in August. Regards to your wife and family.

Cordially yours,

Don A. Pardee

It was true, as the letter suggests, that through midsummer of this year Father's time was especially preoccupied with his work for the surety company. More than ever its new president seemed now to rely on him not merely in default cases but in every sort of trouble that its local agencies in Ohio and adjacent States might get into. Again, in its agency towns, leading citizens—with their consent, of course—were made resident vice-presidents of the company, to countersign, quickly on occasion its surety bonds and court undertakings; and Father often had to inquire into the character and competency of these as well as its legal and other representatives, contemplated or already appointed. Thus he extended or renewed his acquaintance with pleasant and influential people in scores of cities and county seats within this area.

Now and then his incessant short journeys would detain him from home over week ends, but any long absence from the farm in these days was almost surely by necessity. President Lyman's letters paid him frequent compliments, such as (July 24), "Of course I knew you would have a tough customer to deal with, but your appeals are always strong and take the right direction";



or (August 5) "We appreciate your work in this matter, which was, as usual, very complete and satisfactory." Often, too, they corresponded unofficially about politics, the old days and friends in Washington, local happenings in their native Geauga County and the Cleveland vicinage, or other topics of interest to both.

Father exchanged occasional letters also with others of his circle already mentioned who were too remote to visit often or at all. These included, besides Joseph Rudolph and B. A. Hinsdale, both of whom were now gone from Ohio for a season or for good, Col. W. B. Thompson now summering in Maine, General L. A. Sheldon of Pasadena, Col. W. H. Clapp still in the regular army, Captain Frank H. Mason newly promoted consul-general at Berlin, L. S. Thorne and E. J. Ganson as well as other friends in Dallas, Charles Foster, former secretary of the treasury, with others whose letters he failed to preserve.

But during his latter years Father's most intimate and constant correspondent was certainly Judge Pardee, with whom, thirty-five years before, he had been for a twelvemonth in close daily association at Baton Rouge. Grandmother Henry had then expressed her anxiety lest "Don Pardee might corrupt her Charley"; whereupon Col. Pardee countered, "It's the other way around; I am the younger." He was born March 29, 1837. In his philosophy, as the above letter reveals, the notion was basic that, since public order is indispensable to stable government and since the orderly and peaceful redress of popular grievances is the prime quality of a free government, it is both justifiable and imperative that in our country every seditious tumult be rigorously crushed. With him this principle applied alike to negro lynchings, mob violence, ku-klux outrages, strike riots, and armed rebellion. Clearheaded and courageous, neither bigoted nor unfeeling, this drily humorous and quizzically cynical man commonly bestowed his sympathies on the underdog, heel-biters alone excepted. Thus he wrote again to Father (August 17) from Wadsworth:

Dear Captain: I notice that the strikers are still rampant in Cleveland, Chattanooga, and other places; that nigger-killing and lynching still furnish occupation to the whites in the South, and that we are still killing off men in the effort to extend our high-class civilization to the effete East, together, I suppose, with the benefits of our religion which tolerates the whipping of Mormon preachers in Georgia and Alabama. A Baptist minister headed one of the mobs in Mississippi to drive out a Mormon conference. Still, I am in favor of whipping the Filipinos, and whipping them good, before turning them loose to shift for themselves.

With this pacific prologue the Judge's letter went on to announce that about the 26th he must quit Wadsworth and return via New York to Atlanta where urgent court and household matters claimed his attention over the month's end, after which he purposed to come North again. Meanwhile to enter summary appearance at the Pardee farm Father was thus judicially cited:

I have been expecting you to visit me every week since July, but you have been otherwise busy. A visit North will be incomplete without my spending some time with you. Can't you make an early effort? Mrs. Pardee will be very glad to see you. She still likes all those who praise her husband.

Thus adjured, Father contrived to visit Vacation Ridge from the 24th to the eve of the family's departure. The thirty-first reunion of their old regiment was to be held the next week at Elyria, where its old major (who from twenty-five on had commanded the regiment) would as usual, though absent, be almost apotheosized. In this near prospect and through the long perspective of their past he and Father now entertained each other with a private pre-rehearsal of the gallantry of the Forty-second in crushing the rebellion, regarding which Pardee's letter had playfully admonished, "I rely on you to keep my memory green."

Far from surfeited with their two or three days' visit together, they for-gathered there again just a month later upon the Judge's return for another fortnight of vacation at his farm. He had written characteristically (September 14) "I hope when I get back to Ohio to see you and get a full account" of the reunion, "where of course you did the singing and most of the talking." To function acceptably in Father's rôle of perennial secretary and spokesman for the Forty-second survivors was obviously to court such raillery; yet the plaudits of his comrades on all occasions left him small need to blow his own horn. One of them was even then inditing reminiscences of "The Battle in the Bayous" which, in the excerpt already quoted from the *National Tribune* of October 5, 1899, admiringly extols Father's calm courage there.

Meanwhile the surety company kept him journeying all over Ohio and beyond, affording him new contacts with old friends. From Fostoria he wrote to me (September 20), "I have had a splendid time with Governor Foster. He is a noble man." And from Columbus (October 27), "I just had a talk with Col. Dick," by whom, on behalf of the Ohio Republican Committee and on suspicion that their opponents were boodling, he was "requested to look into some things; and, as Conkling said at Chicago, 'Acting under instructions that I should not *dare to disregard*,'<sup>1</sup> I obey." In the same letter, commenting caustically on a recent undignified physical encounter to which Judge Walter C. Ong stooped while on the common pleas bench in Cleveland, he added, "My early dreams were to have the prefix of 'Judge' to my amiable son's name before I should be gathered to my fathers. Please *avoid* the title; a good and honorable lawyer is far above it."

As the autumn wore on, with its harvest time and the approach of winter, farm and home affairs increasingly claimed his attention. He had his surrey and "long buggy" repaired at Chagrin Falls; paid for forty rods of wire fence; purchased "potato digger, \$10"; also "three cows of Miner, \$130,"

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<sup>1</sup> Father often quoted this phrase derisively, and imitated Conkling's pronunciation of a before r, like ai in air.



to replenish his dairy after disposing of a mixed lot of eight head of cattle old and young for \$188; procured five thousand brick to equip the Russ sugar-house with a chimney stack, for which (October 14) "Hissett will be on soon to make the stone foundation," and the finished work "will help much to make a sweet home"—especially "on the Russ Place"—all too seldom a saccharine domicile for its shifting and often shiftless tenantry—and will also "aid to pay the bills and borrowed money of princely, lavish, and prodigal sons"—a paternal side-thrust at Jim's college expenses and retrospectively at mine, no doubt, as well.

Soon afterwards (October 27) he clipped from a newspaper the picture of a heavyweight football player bearing some resemblance to his younger "prodigal" and sent it to me with the label, "Our Jim, when we fit him to practice law with his amiable brother in the Cleveland courts." Looking forward two years he added (scribbling across the pictured athlete's massive front) that it will have "cost much to fit him for 1901"; but when that time shall come, let the awestruck "Goddess of Justice and scales—stand back." What a "quiet larf" he set astir with his conscious Hibernicism. And what unconscious tragedy was mercifully veiled in his forecast—for in 1901 Jim died, his goal all but won.

Worth noticing at this point are three or four happenings that touched Father's life in the fall of 1899 as disclosed by his diary and correspondence. On October 3 occurred the funeral of Mr. Benjamin Chase, a most worthy man, who succumbed suddenly at the farm to heart failure after being for some time virtually superannuated in Father's employ, while Laura Chase, his granddaughter, was Mother's housemaid. Then, in Father's travel routine, his journal mentions an interlude (November 16) "At Youngstown and Grant's," where his four months old grandson, Frederick Henry Webb, was still the center of interest. On the 29th he remarked tersely of his own anniversary, the sixty-fourth, "My birthday. Home." And on November 30, "Moved into town. Thanksgiving."

In keeping with what these days meant for him was the receipt just at this time of a letter addressed to "My dear Charlie Henry" and dated from the "Consulate-General of the United States of America" at Berlin, November 16, 1899, in which his "old chum and fellow soldier," Captain Frank H. Mason, ruefully explained how half a year had elapsed before he learned, in regard to the late award to him of an honorary degree from Hiram College, that Father was "the prime mover of the whole scheme," which, he said, "has conferred such honor upon me and given me something that it will be really a source of pride and satisfaction to leave to my children. While I do not think that I have deserved quite all that you said to the Board in your letter of May 19th, it is a great pleasure to me to know that you thought I did."

At about the same time Father contributed to the Cleveland *Leader* of November 26 his reflections on the current revulsion of feeling in regard to Admiral Dewey when that national hero conveyed to his wife the mansion in Washington which he had just received as a gift from the people. In this article, "Gifts to Soldiers," he cited an apposite line from Scott's poems and closed with a passage lifted from some college verse of mine. At the Weddell House, across the street from the *Leader* editorial office, he wrote to me (November 24) concerning the news reports of "how they are pounding Dewey," and added:

I expressed my views hastily on paper and showed it to Mr. Morrow. After reading it the editor said, "Must go into the Sunday *Leader*." Hence this note to you, as I trespassed and quoted from the wizard Sir Walter and you. What I quoted from Sir W. was from "The Lady of the Lake"—"This changeling crowd, this common fool." It occurs to me that it may be "changing crowd." Sir W. is dead and can not pound me if I quoted wrong; but my son *can*, in the "Roman Lay," play the part of Riderhood to "T'other governor" that quoted and writ him down wrong. I claim original authorship for myself—and Mamma—to "the hosts of Rome and Alba" and the "Horation Arches," but, with a kind fatherly interest, notify you to see Mr. Morrow *tomorrow* and, as A. Ward used to say, "punctooate the pome" that you jerked off in early days.

His appropriation of my verse was only "to illustrate the Dewey business, and the plaudits—and withering scorn a few days after—of the Dear People," who, like a "capricious and fiery-tempered mother, will take a heavy slipper to spank her darling baby."

Before moving to Cleveland for the winter Father had remained at home much of the first half of November while Hissett was building the high brick stack at the Russ sugar-house, and now again just before the middle of December the winter charm of the Chagrin valley drew him irresistibly back to the farm for three or four days over the week end; so on Sunday at Aunt Ann's he had "Dinner with Aunt Eliza—the first family meal with three of us for some years."

On New Year's Day, 1900, the Cleveland *Leader* printed a short article of his on "The Spanish War." It was perhaps the receipt of year-end statements for his Masonic lodge and Loyal Legion dues that put him in mind to write this condensed moral and martial critique of the late conflict. The eloquent young Senator Beveridge from Indiana, after a sojourn of some months in the Philippines, had lately essayed to justify to the world his country's ways with Spain, and Father now wrote, "We are convinced that he speaks the truth." It was in fact superfluous so to persuade one who was already sure that those ways were best for all parties concerned and that our annexation of Spain's colonies was but righteous retribution for affronts we had long suffered at the hands of her supercilious naval officers. "So the war had to come." Before that conflict our fleet had sedulously schooled



itself in gunnery practice so as to hit what it shot at; whereas, of their foe's expertness, Admiral "Bob Evans said months afterwards at Santiago, 'The Spaniards could hit the ocean'." Father never experienced any noticeable change of heart about Spain's war-guilt. But after this last printed utterance he no longer dwelt upon it. There was no need. As President McKinley's re-election was soon to prove, the article precisely registered the people's thought. The new governor of Ohio, George K. Nash, wrote to him (January 17), "I thoroughly sympathize with you in the sentiments therein expressed." Judge Pardee, however, writing from New Orleans (January 19), said:

I read with interest your letter in the *Cleveland Leader* on patriotism and the Philippines, and expansion and imperialism, and while I do not agree with all that you said, I am in accord with the spirit and tone of your letter. I have no doubt that the sayings of public men, and particularly the anti-imperialistic speeches made in the Senate of the United States are a direct help and encouragement to the people in arms against the United States, and I disapprove of them entirely. If Senator Pettigrew and Senator Hoar could for a short time be put in an insane asylum and afterwards released, without detriment to their health, I think it would be a good way to dispose of them for the time being.

Some weeks later (April 10) the Judge made more explicit his own notion of sound policy for the United States in relation to our new "island possessions":

I think we should have annexed the island of Porto Rico as a part of the United States for all purposes, and the attitude of the Republicans in the Porto Rican legislation strikes me as being very bad. With regard to the Philippines, I should declare to the Filipinos and the world that we were holding that territory as guardian; that whenever the Filipinos got of age there would be a settlement of accounts and a putting of the ward in possession. Then I would have an understanding with myself that Congress would declare when the Philippines were fit to govern themselves.

As usual Father began the new year by turning off his postponed or unfinished chores, domestic and social; though he was no hand to procrastinate, save for his habit of ignoring as long as possible any unwarranted demand upon his pocketbook. One of his errands was to call (January 3) on Dr. W. S. Streator, who was now confined by age and weakness to his home in Cleveland and whom of late he had seldom seen despite their frequent meetings when Garfield was alive twenty years before. Twenty years later the Doctor's son, Harold Streator, was to paint the posthumous portrait of Father which was so like, that when Mother unexpectedly first saw it she exclaimed after a moment's pause, "Why don't you speak?"—the very words that Michael Angelo addressed to his completed statue of Moses.

The next day (January 4) Father went with Jim to the Law School of Western Reserve University to learn in advance the terms on which a few months afterwards the young man might matriculate there. That evening a kinswoman of President Garfield, Miss Cora M. Clark, professor of modern

languages in Hiram College and a colleague there of my sister Marcia, was married to the Rev. Harris R. Cooley, who in the ensuing decade was to render distinguished service as the director of charities in the Cleveland city government. Both were graduates of the College and had other group affinities with Father, who was glad to witness this start of their long and happy life together. Her successor in the faculty was Professor Charles T. Paul, an accomplished young scholar and linguist, who afterwards did notable missionary service in China and elsewhere and became an eminent teacher and authority in the field of world-wide missions.



## 45. *Monuments*

THROUGH all the years from Father's matriculation at Hiram in November, 1857, until his death in November, 1906, the institution there ranked among the very first of his life interests. In 1900 it had lived as school and college through gray days and gold for just half of the notable century then drawing to its close. Formal celebration of its semi-centennial anniversary was to be the concluding exercise of the Commencement week in June. Meanwhile Father was preparing his lecture entitled "Monuments" which, by arrangement with President Zollars and as a sort of prelude to the coming official observance, he read to the faculty and students at Hiram on the evening of March 9. It treated discursively of leading figures and disciplines in the Eclectic Institute when Garfield was principal and of their useful and lasting influence upon and through the after lives of those who then studied there, including some who achieved distinction directly traceable to that impress.

Among other plans for the June event the Delphic Literary Society at the beginning of the year sought to have their printed history revised and extended by its author, whose name on their membership roll they justly prized. On receipt of their request Hinsdale wrote to Father (January 6) enclosing a contribution for the College and asking for suggestions to aid him in the discharge of this task. But the active members of the society ceased to urge the project after their distinguished Delphic brother in Ann Arbor had accepted the invitation of the College to make the principal address of the anniversary occasion.

The first week end of the new year found Father at the farm settling accounts with Erdmann and Snavely, his tenants on the Russ and Brewster Places. A week later he was "at Mentor with J. Rudolph," and the next Sunday at Youngstown and the Webbs'. Meanwhile, L. S. Thorne, lately made manager of the Texas and Pacific Railway, wrote to him from Dallas of betterments completed upon the road and of the doubled value of their shares in the American National Bank there. Diffident but highly efficient, Thorne had always looked up to Father with a younger man's deference and respect not only for his services to the railroad during the great strike and afterwards but for unfailing friendship and backing in whatever personal embarrassments its transportation head had to face, such as extending civilities to President

Jay Gould and daughter, to Justice L. Q. C. Lamar representing the court that had custody of the road, and to other high officials happening by. Their intimacy, now dating back sixteen years, naturally linked itself in thought with the man whose official act had brought it about, Judge Pardee.

Writing now to the latter (January 12), Father told of seeing U. S. District Judge Ricks on the train from Cleveland to Toledo the day before and of that jurist's "pitiable condition" of senility which made him "unfit to decide cases"; whereas his predecessor Judge Welker had been able to "give clear and lucid decisions" to the very last of his service. This reminded Father of another instance of contrasting judicial capacities which had come to his notice sometime after he as marshal of the District of Columbia and Pardee as U. S. circuit judge were together sworn in by the presiding district judge in Washington nearly nineteen years before: "Judge Cartter, who signed your commission and mine, was a man of vigorous intellect" as well as "of strong likes and dislikes." Once when some decision of "a namby-pamby whiffler in judicial robes" was cited to him, "Judge Cartter looked it over and looked at me with a smile like the open door of an iron foundry" and stuttered, "Captain, this op-p-pinion hardly amounts to a r-reasonable d-doubt." The letter concludes, "You used to say that Philip had times of thinking of 'nuffin'. I fear that some Federal judges have the same spells on the bench."

If this was contempt of court Judge Pardee's gossipy rejoinder took no judicial notice of it save perhaps in the postscript's dry mention of a dusky model of decorum whose court etiquette he cited with patent approval: "P. S. —Andrew Jackson, a quiet sedate citizen, called lately. He is very conservative. Inquired for you." Earlier in this letter the Judge's expression of his hope that Father had "had a healthful and pleasant winter" seems a bit premature, since it was yet a fortnight before mid-winter would be turned, according to the old test that

Half the wood and half the hay  
Ought to be left on Candlemas day.

To see how in these respects and others the farm was wintering, he and Mother on the 24th took the train to Geauga Lake where they opened the house and remained overnight. She then went on to Hiram and stayed with Marcia and Aunt Mary Williams for three weeks, and thence to Mineral Ridge to visit the Webbs. Meanwhile Father wrote to his sister, Aunt Maria Goodsell, and her younger daughter, Cousin Kate Augur, who lived in the south part of Cleveland, the old time University Heights, that he was coming to stay overnight at their home. His whimsical allusion to a self-invited and frequent guest of early times delighted them, reminiscent as they knew he meant it to be of Grandfather Henry's way of turning his neighbors' names into metaphors.



Weddell House, Cleveland, Ohio, Jan. 16, 1900, 8 P. M.

Dear Maria and Kate:

If not called elsewhere I will try and "Fanny Russ" on you tomorrow eve. I have just returned to the city—last evening—and got my mail cleared up today. I really ought to go out in the morning and see about the Russ Place and getting ready for sugar-making [where] I paid out last month \$200 for a chimney stack; but I want to see you and visit. Indeed, I like to see you and Jennie, Kate, and Bro. Shelt quite often, and *most* of my relations often, for their lives are braided into mine; I love them. But here and there is a relative I don't care to see—even once in a great while.

C. E. Henry

"At Maria's" over this week end, as in dining with his other two sisters at Ann's six weeks before, he had a grand visit, the reminiscent talk ranging over his first twenty-five years from the log-house days when as children they played along the banks of the Chagrin, to their school days in Hiram when, for such as could resort to the Institute there, the young principal Garfield was quickening their spirit and broadening their horizon till war abruptly ended this chapter of their lives. Aunt Maria, who was nearly six years older than Father, had a strong mind, a tender heart, and a matter of fact humor which, together with the native wit of her husband, Uncle Shelt, stirred in him a rich vein of pleasantry, less piquant perhaps, but more imaginative, with moods naïve, quixotic, or boisterously burlesque, and often, as with Lincoln, intruding on the soberest councils.

Apropos of such veering between gay and grave, a bitter political tragedy in Kentucky now wrested his thoughts from mirthful memories of log-house days to the scene of his first soldiering where he had marched and counter-marched from January to October, 1862, across the dark and bloody ground of the old border. Two months after the Kentucky election for governor in November, 1899, and some weeks after the assumption of office by the Republican candidate, William S. Taylor, the legislative committee on contests announced that William Goebel, the Democratic candidate, was the lawful choice of the electors. Immediately afterwards on January 30, Goebel was shot on the state house grounds, and four days later, after taking the oath of office, he died. Less than five years before, he had himself shot and killed Col. John Sanford of Covington. Taylor fled in fear of prosecution, and Lieutenant-governor Beckham succeeded Goebel.

Could Father have reversed the participants' politics he would doubtless have dipped his pen in the gore of this episode to point a plain partisan moral. Failing this, he seized the occasion to dash off some reminiscences of "Why the Kentuckians Love Feuds and Duels." He carried his really readable piece to the *Leader* office, across the way from the Weddell House where he had just penciled it, and showed the manuscript to his friend Morrow, the editor-in-chief. Morrow at once claimed it for a feature article in the next Sunday's issue (February 4), and in another column he published also the

same contributor's parody of a popular song, freshly adapted to the regional scene by a closing line that quickly gained wide currency:

Kentucky, O Kentucky, I love thy classic shades  
Where flit the fairy figures of thy bright-eyed Southern maids,  
Where the mockingbird is singing 'mid the blossoms newly born,  
And the corn is full of kernels and the colonels full of corn.

Among other pertinent anecdotes told in the feature article is the story of a drumhead court martial which Father witnessed at Manchester, Kentucky, in August, 1862, and which was followed by summary execution of the death sentence on a Union soldier for murdering a comrade, both of whom were Kentucky mountaineers and born to the "shootin'" way of settling personal quarrels. The article continued:

The same blood is in Kentucky and Tennessee today. It is summed up in three words: "They will fight." They like to live, as well as other people do, but they were born and reared in a condition of life or semi-barbarism, call it what you will, that prescribes a gun to resent an insult or a wrong. Why is this difference in Kentucky and the Southwest from the States north of them? The only solution is the character of the men and women who landed at Plymouth Rock and of those who peopled the colony at Jamestown; Puritan North, the Cavalier South. . . .

Among the foothills of the Cumberlands and Alleghenies in Kentucky, Tennessee, and North Carolina we find a curious and strange people. Along the narrow valleys of Goose Creek, Beefhide, Marrowbone, and Stinking creeks are thousands of log cabin homes with their joys and sorrows. They love peace and life and happiness as well as we. But they were born and obliged to grow up within their social environments. As illustrative of their daily life a story was told of a traveler who halted at a log house by a creek. A frowsy woman was at the door.

"Where is your husband?" said he.

"He's gone down the creek to my dad's," she replied.

"When will he come back?"

"I reckon he won't be back."

"Why?"

"Well, he called Dad a hog thief, and Dad heard on't, and I reckon Husband won't be back, for Dad is the shootinest man about these parts. No, I reckon Husband won't come back."

Writing to Judge Pardee the same evening (January 31) and promising to forward a copy when printed of "some things" which the assassination had moved him to set down, Father added, "If you can induce Mrs. Pardee to read it, please say that the writer is in the rôle of the fat boy in 'Pickwick' when he went to Wardle's old mother and said 'I wants to make your flesh creep'." First class citizens of Kentucky are, he presumed, no less averse to being killed than the Judge, "although," the letter proceeds, "I thought *you* careless about living when three or four Company A boys jerked you down from the hog's-back ridge about sunset at Thompson's Hill." As for the



shooting of Goebel, "They will call it a 'fuss' five years hence in Kentucky," and not "as your father and mine taught us—*assassination*."

Dismissing the subject thus with his conclusive "That's all there is of it," and at the same time loosing that spirit of caprice which so charmed his familiars, he flung this parting boast at the Judge, "I find I can get good pay to print my views instead of fooling them away on you and your illustrious cousin." And it was even so. The same scene soon inspired another feature story (February 25), "Fair Women of Kentucky," wherein, as the *Leader* said, "Gallant Captain Henry comes to their defense." A Kentucky clergyman had preached a sermon, at the State capital on the Sunday before, entitled "Kentucky's Shame." In it he affirmed that women erred in inciting their men-folk to bloody vengeance, so that "if one man was insulted by another and did not resent it, he became the subject of feminine sneers and was called a coward." Father did not fail to point out that "a woman did not incite Goebel to kill Sanford, and no woman influenced an unknown 'shooter' to kill Goebel." He cited the Scot's famous comment on the definition of "oats" in Dr. Johnson's dictionary, and argued by analogy that only with a truly wholesome nurture could Kentucky have produced, "above the average in all the States," such *women* and such horses. So, with much other humorous logic, he showed that the Rev. Mr. McCready had "made a mistake when he charged the splendid women of Kentucky with being responsible for many of these 'fusses'."

Among those to whom his previous *Leader* article had appealed was his comrade of the Forty-second, Aaron Teeple of Akron, who wrote to him (February 6) how it had carried him "back to Goose Creek and scenes about Manchester, where," the letter continued,

we were brought face to face with the tragedies of those simple-minded people who knew no law save that of self-vindication, usually enforced by a long knife or an old horse pistol. One of those characters, an ex-Confederate soldier, now a civil engineer, lives in Akron. He can equal any of them in chewing tobacco and in profanity. He justifies the conduct of the citizens of Kentucky, and says that in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred they shoot the right man. I am inclined to think, if indiscriminate shooting is right, that his statement is not far from correct so far as Goebel is concerned.

After mention of their comrade Harry Monroe (whose published story of the Chickasaw assault vies in interest with the separate narratives of Father and Mr. Teeple) the letter closes with greetings "to all Forty-second boys." It had now been more than thirty-five years since the regiment was mustered out; but these and others of its rank and file still treasured the memories and friendships of their soldier service, and for Father probably no day ever passed without a revival or reminder of his old army associations through some letter or visit, a chance meeting, or printed reminiscence. All this meant much to him as long as he lived.

The reverse of pleasant, however, were the sentiments stirred by echoes of the McClain and McNabb affairs, when an afterclap of the former's turbulence rattled through five pages of bluster that he addressed to Father (January 30), or again when, as to Major McNabb, a rumbling from Washington (February 28) warned that, unless Aunt Myra's consort quit pestering Commissioner Evans for promotion, he would soon lose the clerkship in the Pension Bureau that Father through Colonel Thompson had got for him. But nothing further, I believe, was ever heard of either after Father, ignoring the one, had silenced the other, concerning whom he replied (March 7) to the Colonel, "The Majah's ghost is worse than Banquo's to Macbeth," and promised to invoke wifely witchery to lay it, but on second thought prescribed instead "a man with a club," and a cautionary word like that which "the Hiram professor said to his assistant in handing over a class in Greek, 'Do not kill them—but come pretty near it'." <sup>1</sup>

These trifling concerns of course mattered far less to Father than the notice which now reached him of the recent death (January 17) of one of his old Hiram teachers, Professor (later President) John M. Atwater, whose life record gained for him long afterwards a merited place in the carefully edited *Dictionary of American Biography*. Of him Father said in his ninth of March address in Hiram:

John Atwater laid the foundation of his monument here. He lived a pure, manly and noble life. He inspired hundreds of boys and girls to lofty resolve. Every day of his life he was a follower of the Great Master. His toil for more than sixty years left no stain on his armor or shield.

Hinsdale, to whom Father, writing his thanks for a clipping, had commented in like vein upon the death of their friend, now replied as follows:

Ann Arbor, Mich., Feb. 26, 1900.

My Dear Henry:

I received your favor on Saturday. I am glad to know you are interested in my article on Bradford, but can not think for a moment that the article is one of any particular merit. I sent the copy to you because I thought the reference to Garfield might interest you.

I was very sorry to hear of the death of John Atwater. John was at Hiram the first term that I was there, 1853-54, and my acquaintance extended from that time till the day of his death. I met him in Cleveland one day last September, and heard him preach. He preached very well, but I saw that his hold on life was breaking, and was not really surprised to hear of his death. John had his limitations, like the rest of us, that were not always pleasant; I never could have lived with him very long in any personal or intimate relation, because I never could have accommodated myself to his obstinacy and slowness, but I recognize the fact that John was a true man, as you say, and did a good work in the world. Peace be to his ashes!

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<sup>1</sup> Professor George H. Peckham's injunction to my sister Marcia when he was about to take his sabbatical leave.



Frank Green is now the only man left who was at Hiram my first term, as far as I remember, with whom I have retained any particular acquaintance. Everest was there, but he was older, and I never belonged to his set, well as I knew him in other relations in later years.

I wrote to Dean at Hiram relative to the publication of some Hiram history in connection with the Jubilee, but I have not heard from him. Probably, however, I shall hear in a short time. I am,

Very truly yours,

B. A. Hinsdale

I see you are much given to meditation upon various problems of civilization that are brought to the surface by the times. This is well. I have reflected somewhat of late upon the two following sentences that I long ago read on the page of one of the great English historians. I think it would be well if you would cause them to be struck off on slips of paper, and would then send copies to the President and his Cabinet, together with all members of Congress, with the suggestion that they paste the slips in their hat.

"If there be one lesson which history teaches, it is this, that free nations can not govern subject provinces. If they are unable or unwilling to admit their dependencies to share their own constitution, the constitution itself will fall in pieces from mere incompetence for its duties."

Such characteristic raillery from his learned mugwump friend, and much else in their intimate correspondence, especially during Buckeye occupations of the White House, grew out of Father's well known penchant for National politics in every phase—its mechanisms, its measures, and its men. Never himself a contestant for elective office, it was perhaps for that very reason that he won and kept the confidence of so many men of national influence in the councils of his party. But of those in the front rank during Garfield's congressional career and his half year as President, about the only survivor near to Father in these last years of the century was "Calico Charley" Foster. He had served in Congress from 1871 to 1878 and had been twice elected Governor of Ohio, being the incumbent when Garfield was chosen senator and President. He later became, as already told herein, President Harrison's Secretary of the Treasury 1889-92, and, as a man of good practical sense and the highest probity, he was in 1900 still wielding great influence in Republican circles.

To most of the newer party leaders in Ohio Father was of course well known, but due no doubt to his long sojourn in Texas he never got on the same intimate terms with them as with their predecessors of twenty years before. McKinley was this year to be re-elected President, with the fiery Teddy Roosevelt as his running mate. Foraker and Hanna were the senators from Ohio, each watchful if not suspicious of the other. John Sherman, who had been kicked upstairs into McKinley's cabinet for a brief season to make room for Hanna in the Senate, was now dying in bitterness of spirit because

of this betrayal by his friends. The flowers sent from the White House to his funeral were rejected. Robert McKisson, whom I had known and rather liked as a fellow clerk in Webster and Angell's law office in Cleveland, had in 1898 read himself out of the party when, as already mentioned, he got the Democratic minority in the Legislature to join with a very few recreant Republican members in their nearly successful effort to make "the curly-headed boy" Hanna's successor in the Senate. Governor Asa Bushnell, who had been dragooned into appointing Hanna to succeed Sherman as senator in 1898 and who was charged with trying afterwards to get even, by covertly aiding McKisson, was now succeeded by George K. Nash, whom Charles Foster had long befriended and who was of course far more acceptable to the Washington administration than his predecessor. In Garfield's old district the loyal and shrewd Charles Dick of Akron was now half way through his five years in the lower house of Congress and was still unthought of for senator. Two years were yet to elapse before Myron Herrick and Warren Harding, though already active in politics, were jointly to head the State ticket in Ohio and win their way to national recognition. The foregoing recapitulation, with the contemporary public events of common knowledge, will provide a sufficient clue to political allusions in Father's correspondence with Judge Pardee, Governor Foster, and others. From the latter came now this gossip letter:

Fostoria, Ohio, Mch. 15, 1900.

My Dear Capt.—Yours of the 13th with enclosure of your Hiram speech, in which you say kindly things on my administration, is at hand. I thank you heartily for saying what you did.

I have said to Nash that in his unostentatious way he *must* quietly have it understood that he is Governor, and without antagonizing anyone. I fear I see an inclination on his part to be controlled too much by the Hanna-Dick people. I have nothing against them, but they are not popular with the masses. By the way, do I underrate Dick when I say that I think he is covering too much ground for a "man of his size"? In thinking of the old 19th it seemed to me that the stature of its representative had greatly dwindled when Dick took the place of Garfield. Perhaps I underrate Col. Dick—certainly I don't wish to do so.

Nash is inclined to appoint Hollenbeck (confidential) for Oil Inspector, an office worth \$10,000, with nothing to do, which my self-respect compelled me to decline. What about Hollenbeck—the elder? The junior, I take it, is not of the highest order of morals. Somehow I think it would be a mistake to appoint him.

The Governor, I fear, has the notion that he is under obligation to the people who supported him for nomination and is disposed to appoint very largely from this class. I do not consider this notion the highest order of statesmanship. I recall the fact that I regarded the people who supported [Alphonso] Taft as just as good Republicans as those who supported me, and I declined to regard those who supported me with special favor. As yet he has made no sign to me what he proposes to do in the matter of the railroad commissionership except that the incumbent will not be disturbed.



Excuse this long letter. There are things in it that you will readily see ought to be regarded as confidential. How is Jimmy coming out in his Congressional race?

Resp'y yours etc.,  
Charles Foster

Capt. C. E. Henry.

Apparently this old friend who had been Governor was trying to have his protege, the new incumbent, appoint Father to some desirable state office, such as the railroad commissionership that had once been offered him by Governor Foraker. It was just another instance of Foster's fondness for him; this time unavailing and really needless, for Father's position with the surety company, with its roving commission and light duties, was well suited to his years and habit, affording him and Mother enough income to live on and also to care for Jim's schooling that was fated so soon to end.

Like Foster, Father was contemptuous of office-mongering or any taint of demagoguery in politics. Lying agitators he despised, infallibly discerning and often blasting their specious or generalized libels of conscientious citizens and officials. In the *Ohio Farmer* for March 1, 1900, he thus rebuked one A. C. Gormley of Sandusky, who had written that journal about "stupendous frauds that are being perpetrated on the American people by what is known as the 'Star Route' speculators with the aid and encouragement of Government lawmakers and officials." These speculators "buy a sufficient number of congressmen to obtain any legislation they desire," and oppressively sublet to underpaid rural mail carriers the fat contracts which, through their "stand-in," are awarded to them wholesale.

Father disposed of this reckless accuser by observing that "if what he says is true he should go before the first grand jury of the United States in Cleveland or Toledo and give his evidence of fraud." To be sure there "have been frauds from time to time" in connection with some star routes; but "Congressmen and senators are not thieves and scoundrels and the postmaster-general is a man of honor. They all desire to make the service better. It can be made better by improvement in country delivery. It is simply this: Make every star route driver practically a letter carrier. I advocated this twenty-five years ago and several postmasters-general approved my reports." What Father had thus proposed has since been realized throughout the country. As for this destructive critic of the postal system, he continued, "readers of the *Farmer* will treat him with kind consideration and read with amusement his wholesale indictments of alleged rascals whom we vote for. The people rather enjoy once in a while these sweeping charges from anyone who will give them a 'piece' of what he calls 'his mind'."

Father was always welcome to enter the sanctums of Editors Williams and Chamberlain of the *Ohio Farmer* and James B. Morrow of the *Leader*. He had an inexhaustible fund of good stories as well as of timely reminiscences,

which they were glad to print. His travel letters and feature articles they paid for. On March 13, 1900, the death of General J. J. Elwell moved him to write for the next Sunday's *Leader* how the General "Furnished facts to strike down Confederate lies" that had charged terrible mistreatment of Southern soldiers in Northern military prisons. Recalling that on January 11, 1876, Congressman Hill of Georgia had voiced in the House of Representatives a sudden and savage partisan attack on the alleged atrocities in Elmira and other Federal prisons, he described the magnificent, devastating, and almost impromptu counterblast before which the assailant and his supporters cringed and flinched.

When the House met at noon the next day General Garfield replied in one of those masterly speeches that only Webster could equal in debate. He proved from official reports of Confederate officers and witnesses the premeditated cruelties and starvation at Andersonville and other rebel prison pens. He read from reports of Confederate officers that they recommended the removal of General Winder, in charge of prisoners, because of his cruelty and "killing by starvation." He then showed that Jefferson Davis promoted General Winder in charge of all Yankee prisoners a few days after he read these reports.

After this overwhelming proof and conviction the General turned in his speech to defend the honor of the Republic and Abraham Lincoln, the executive head during the war. He had gathered in the war department and the surgeon general's office reports and statistics the night before relative to the treatment and food of Confederate prisoners.

The Confederates and some Democratic members had especially attacked the treatment of rebel prisoners at Elmira, N. Y. Garfield had some evidence that they were well fed and cared for, but more proof would stamp the infamous charges with shame and bury them forever as falsehoods. While he held the House spellbound by his array of facts and felicity of language, a messenger boy placed a telegram in his hand. He tore open the envelope, glanced it over, and said: "Mr. Speaker, the lightning is our witness. From all quarters of the Republic denials are pouring in upon us. Here is a dispatch from an honored soldier of Ohio, which tells its own story:

"Cleveland, O., Jan. 12, 1876, 10:33 a. m.

"To General Garfield, House of Representatives. By authority of the Secretary of War I furnished fifteen thousand rebel prisoners at Elmira with the same rations—coffee, tobacco, coal, wood, clothing, barracks, medical attendance—as were given to our own soldiers. The dead were decently buried in Elmira cemetery. All can be proved by Democrats of that city.

"General J. J. Elwell."

In the light of the history of that winter these words of General Elwell should hang on the walls of every Grand Army Post and blaze with living light along the pathway to his tomb.

The *Leader* staff had now publicized Father to the point where they wanted to print his picture. This was early in April 1900, just at the turning point when daily newspapers were beginning to use the halftone or zinc etching in



place of the woodcut, and they were still sparsely and poorly illustrated. Father was remarkably coy about "falling for" this rare flattery, giving as a reason for his reluctance that after *Leslie's Weekly* had published his picture taken at its request in Washington in 1881, a New Mexico paper printed a rude but unmistakable copy of it a year later labeled with the name of a particularly villainous local murderer. He may have felt too that some newspaper woodcuts were still so wretchedly bad that a second such attribution would not be at all unlikely. However, a year later both the *Leader* and the *Ohio Farmer* ran cuts of his "slouch hat" photograph, quite the best picture he ever had taken and the one from which after his death Dr. W. S. Streater's son, Harold, made the oil portrait of him already mentioned.

In the year and a half following his closing-out auction at the farm, it became evident that he would never voluntarily rid himself of his farm cares. All finished and ready for the 1900 sugaring, his new equipment at the Russ camp was his pride, though it could hardly pay for itself in his lifetime, if ever. But he wanted it, and he now had the satisfaction of seeing it put to use with the help of sundry capable hands, including Charlie Harding; Steve, man of all work whom he hired off and on through most of the year; George Souda, who quit about the first of April and whose status, whether as hired man or Home-farm tenant, was not altogether clear; August Erdmann, the Russ-place renter; and in the spring vacation my brother Jim, who was now nearing graduation at Hiram and much preoccupied with what Father called "girl fever." In the week of March 28 alone over a hundred gallons of maple sirup were shipped to select customers, mostly in Cleveland, Cincinnati, and Chicago; and of the 377 gallons made this spring, a quantity left over at the end of the season was sold the next winter.

Jim's girl, to whom he was engaged to be married, was Delia Richards, of Wayland, Portage County, also a student at Hiram and very popular, but this year staying out of college to teach district school. She was already beloved of all our family, and still is; but Jim's untimely death forestalled their marriage. For him just then, there were also many other absorbing interests to engross his time—spring athletics, college orations on "Loyalty" and "The Iron Chancellor," and, in the offing, final exams and all the excitements of his Commencement. In the circumstances it was surely too much for Father to expect that Jim in the spring of 1900 would have either leisure or zest for the farm tasks that at other times he was diligent about. But the spring work on the farm was crowding, and Father, too impatient to judge impartially the youth's deserts, wrote me imprudently as follows:

Garfield Building,  
Cleveland, Ohio, Apr. 17, 1900.

Dear Fred: I have just cleared my desk to typewriter, but did not, from family pride, dictate this. We are in a bad fix just now. Snavelly has milked the cows for 16 days, besides his own. Ours have earned say 75¢ or a dollar a day since April 1st above their board. Snavelly is good but can't get help.



I am lame and loaded with cares in my work here and cannot hustle and rustle as I did once to look after home affairs. I explained all this to Jim, as he could aid—just a *little*—without interfering with his studies. I knew you did it at 19 and 20 years old, and saved me some money. Jim, I regret to say, has no conception of this kind of aid—of *actually collecting* and *getting* some part of delayed payments and *selling* farm *products* for *money*. We have 100 bushels of potatoes to sell, also 75 bushels of wheat, also 9 or 10 cows, and 200 gallons of sirup. You, at 19 or 20, would have aided to convert them into cash, and been grateful to get your honest dues—say 50 or 100% cash. Jim, however, don't seem to realize the situation, that somebody must do something.

I cannot get about, very fast. Jim can, but some way he does *not*—except to drive 10 or 20 posts and nail wire on and complain of being tired at night. The next day the cows get over his wire fence. "Too tired to staple another wire on"—and goes off to see some girl for four days and leave cows to get out and two dollars worth of tools to be stolen by the highway, and all cost me a dollar or so extra by hunting up cows, and ill will of neighbors. The school Jim needs is to cut 100 cords of wood for \$25 and then buy a suit of clothes and pay for tuition and board for a "higher and better life"—to quote from one of my recent statements. I see no solid education for the boy but to turn him loose on such men as the Hirschmans were, as I did you to collect from them and Hubbell a just account. It was practical *law* and *equity*.

On the horse ranches of Texas the trouble was to move elsewhere the yearlings and indeed many two-year-old colts. Oftentimes a good-natured mare had a young foal, also a yearling, and even a two-year-old, lugging at her. I was once offered two carloads of yearling colts in the spring for \$6 a head, to get them away from the young ones. In my case, however, the older ones are weaned, but the foals and Jimmie-colts lug at me when I am too old and too feeble to even kick. Like David Gamut's old mare, the foal takes advantage of every halt "to exact a parental contribution," with no thought of any effort to get ready 100 bushels of potatoes, or 75 bushels of wheat, or 10 or 12 cows, to market; much less to chop 100 cords of wood for 25 cents a cord to pay for tuition.

C. E. Henry

Father had not dealt quite wisely with Jim in money matters. Instead of encouraging him as he had me to get money for college expenses by stirring up sluggish farm revenues, he let the boy start at least one of his years at Hiram with no advance allowance and no express understanding about any. But Jim, though really a willing worker and fond of his home folks, as they were also fond and proud of him, was certainly not naturally thrifty or very provident about his pecuniary affairs. And if in contrast Father now praised my earlier stewardship of his farm business, he had on occasion censured me, too harshly as I felt, for neglecting to sense and serve some other interest of his.

Jim's graduation fell in this year of Hiram's Jubilee. His Commencement Day was to mark also the more or less successful finish of President Zollars' grand endowment drive. To this end the president had in the preceding year enlarged his staff of field agents so that it now included five well



known Disciple ministers, O. G. Hertzog, J. L. Darsie, J. L. Garvin, R. P. Shepherd, and J. S. Ross. The last named had long ago been Father's army comrade and fellow railway-mail clerk and was of course well known to Pardee who had commanded the 42d when Ross, near the close of the War, became captain of Co. A. It was he who now bore Hiram's appeal to its ante-bellum connection as well as to its church supporters, while Father, jealous of such further approach to their old colonel and anxious to protect the Judge from any other Hiram "touch" than his own, wrote to him thus:

Burnet House, Cincinnati, O., May 4th, 1900.

My dear Judge: I was at Hiram a few days ago and saw that they had opened a regular bureau to milk everybody. I had advised them to go slow on the milking business and especially not to solicit from you or Hinsdale and a few others who I knew had always given here and there as your several judgments and consciences prompted. Col. Clapp I mentioned also, to let alone. I received a letter from Clapp saying that he had given \$250. That is all right if he thinks best to give. I do not, however, like to have my friends milked by any implication of my consent. I told the brethren that you had many calls for aid to colored schools, etc., in five States, and *not to ask you*. I fear they have. You and your wife have been very generous to Hiram and scores of girls are grateful to you.

Because a cow gives a gallon of good milk the brethren should not try to milk two gallons. A Hinsdale or Henry or Pardee cow may kick the brethren if the brethren try to milk too often or too much.

We are well and join in regards. Fred has a third baby, a daughter<sup>1</sup>—five grandchildren. Not much else to brag of.

Your friend,  
C. E. Henry

The letter suggests that Father had not failed to realize the disfavor encountered by his previous request for Mrs. Pardee's portrait to adorn one of the Bowler Hall rooms so lately refurnished at her charge, when the Judge wrote to him from New Orleans (April 10) that he could not induce his wife to sit for her photograph. Reverting then to other topics mentioned in Father's recent letters, he added, "I have practically unloaded the affairs of the Nation, and only have to say with regard to Admiral Dewey that he never did have any political sense, and his last appearance before the public is perfectly ridiculous." This I think was apropos of the hero's absurd coyness about running for president. The nominations were not yet made but it was already apparent that McKinley and Bryan would again oppose each other. Of this contest the Judge observed:

I am not a mugwump, but I am getting more and more reconciled every day to the increasing prospects of Mr. Bryan being elected, and no longer get indignant when my home paper speaks of McKinley as the weakest man that ever was President of the United States and keeps pushing Hanna to the front as the father confessor and general executor of the administration.

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<sup>1</sup> Charlotte Sophia Henry, born April 27, 1900.

Concerning the Hiram "Jubilee" Hinsdale wrote to Father (May 16) to learn the progress of the fund to which he had lately contributed and the program for the Reunion where he was expected to preside and also to speak on the history of the institution before it "donned college dignities." The time set was Friday, June 22, the day after Commencement. Hinsdale could hardly have received a more fitting welcome had it been foreseen that this was to be his last appearance on the Hill. Accompanied by his family he held a reception from his easy chair on the campus green and conversed delightfully with various groups of his former pupils, colleagues, and old schoolmates who crowded about him there. His formal address had been carefully prepared and he rightly deemed it of sufficient historic value to be printed. Seeing that the College could hardly afford the expense, he himself caused it to be printed at Ann Arbor in pamphlet form.

Father, who could only stay for the board meeting and Jim's graduation and had missed hearing the speech, was pleased to receive a copy afterwards with the author's compliments. It included brief memorials of their Hiram friends who had recently died, O. C. Hill, John M. Atwater, Mrs. Phoebe Boynton Clapp, and especially Professor A. C. Pierson whose death had just occurred suddenly at the start of Commencement week; also reminiscences of some of their ante-bellum teachers who had gone before, A. S. Hayden, Thomas Munnell, Norman Dunshee, Harvey Everest, Charles D. Wilber, Almeda A. Booth, J. H. Rhodes, and James A. Garfield. In one respect the speaker was a bit cynical. He dared to cast doubt on the distinctiveness of that cherished concept, the "Hiram spirit," saying laughingly:

I have observed that every good school has a spirit. I have observed, also, that the spirit of one good school is strikingly like the spirit of another good school. First, every school having a spirit is very well aware of the fact. It considers itself in some way distinctive and peculiar, if not remarkable. One or two of the teachers at least are something quite unusual, while the students also tend strongly in the same direction. . . . Furthermore, a school that possesses a spirit is very sure that its competitors, or its near competitors, do not. They may be good in one or two features, but, some way, they are sadly lacking in the very things that give the favored school its character. These are some of the common marks, as I have observed them, of the schools that have spirits. The central fact is that these schools are on very good terms with themselves, as Hiram certainly was in the Eclectic days. I speak, of course, from the standpoint of the students.

From the opposite standpoint a second image was by way of being shivered by Hinsdale's speech, namely, the short-lived policy at that time cherished by the Hiram administration of offering for the A.B. and B.L. degrees certain so-called "ministerial courses," truncated or otherwise shaped to fit the laureate needs of budding preachers. Without express reference to this practice the speaker described the change from a like objective over forty years before:



The year 1857 marked an era in Hiram history. More attention was now given to education as education, and less attention to making preachers. There was some change in the tone of the School. The colored glass through which men of a certain mental habit are fond of looking at the world was gently laid aside. Some persons would say that the School was less religious than it had been; but the fact turns on the conception of religion that the judge happens to hold. The truth of history compels the statement that the change of 1857 was attended by some friction.

Garfield belonged to the progressive wing of the Church, and tended strongly to muscular Christianity. Naturally enough, some of his brethren, including prominent preachers, looking upon him with some distrust, sorrowfully saw the School pass into his hands. Some of these people never became fully reconciled until he had passed out of their circle. The fall of 1857, the first term under the new régime, I spent on the farm at Wadsworth; but I remember meeting Garfield at the yearly meeting at Akron, where he told me that the croakers were as thick as the frogs in Egypt. But this state of things did not last long. Young Hiram was on Garfield's side, and it speedily bore down all opposition.

One may perhaps be permitted to wonder why, if there can be such a thing as a change in the "tone" of a school, it does not thereby develop a distinctive "spirit."

The College had another celebration four months later when its new library and observatory was dedicated and Father, responding on behalf of the trustees to the speech of presentation, made the principal address. This was declared by Editor Williams of the *Ohio Farmer* in his paper to be "a model of its kind, terse but comprehensive," voicing just the three essentials, gift, giver, and gratitude. In the tower was mounted the Reverend Lathrop Cooley's great gift of a telescope whose nine-inch lens was then next to the largest in the State. To house this as well as the College library Mr. Abram Teachout furnished the means. Both of these capable and pious men were veteran members of the board. At the close of the exercises Messrs. H. R. Newcomb and C. B. Lockwood each contributed five hundred dollars to provide the library with needed accessions. All these gifts enhanced the very considerable fruitage of President Zollars' Jubilee Endowment campaign. Father, likening his leadership to that of Moses, declared that "He smote the rock of capital and made it possible for Hiram to live" by its flow.

But the same rebellious young zealots who had long opposed him felt now that no modern encore of the miracle of arid Zin could expiate the attendant profanation of their adored alma mater by the letdown of her educational standards; so that in the upshot Hiram's Moses, unable to quell this revolt, was fated only to glimpse the Promised Land of her academic flowering. Before the close of the ensuing college year, 1901-2, he had resigned, and later he was called to the presidency of Texas Christian University at Waco. Father's annoyance because his firstborn was a ringleader of the insurgents, even though he himself was convinced against his will that their uprising was



right, served to turn his thoughts Hiramward more often nowadays than before. Although Mr. Lockwood had succeeded him as president of the College board, he was still a member of that body and of its executive committee. Besides his two Hiram speeches, in March and October of this year, excerpts from which have already been given, he contributed to the *Cleveland Leader* of December 2, 1900, a portrayal of "The Hiram College Girl before the War," and this also I have largely drawn upon herein to depict the scholastic scene whereof the co-ed, however styled, then made, as she still makes, an indispensable part.

Throughout the summer and fall of 1900 the lively letters exchanged between Father and Judge Pardee give glimpses of how each was affected towards the latter's cousin and the former's long time friend. Politically all three had started as Republicans. For a quarter-century until after the death of Garfield they all remained such. True, each had at times repudiated some man or measure of their party. But on the whole they had conformed to Judge Jere Black's dictum that, as with a man's family or his church, so with his party, when it errs he should stand by it, for then it needs him most.

But Hinsdale had removed to Ann Arbor away from his old moorings and into the academic stratosphere of a liberal and superior non-partisanship. So often now was his ballot cast by way of "rebuke" to his party, that he who had written the *Republican Text-book* for the Campaign of 1880 was considered in 1900 to have voted himself completely out of the GOP. His previous partisanship had often been what Father called "gloomy." As an ex-partisan his criticism of Republican principles and practices could on occasion become teasingly derisive. Meanwhile Pardee, with a life place on the Federal bench of the deep South, was constrained both by his office and his environment to temper the display of his Republicanism. After the National Convention which renominated McKinley he wrote to Father from his chambers in Atlanta (June 26) :

I didn't see your name in the papers in connection with the Philadelphia convention but I did see that, while Warmouth and his respectable Republicans of Louisiana turned down the administration gang, other people went to work and in spite of Hanna's and perhaps McKinley's suggestions, nominated the man who made our Spanish War a success. Unquestionably the nomination of Roosevelt was the very best thing to strengthen the administration ticket. It is the general impression in this region that only the moderation of Roosevelt's friends hindered him from being nominated for President.

I have not kept up with all the literature on the subject of Imperialism, Expansion, etc., but I can see that Professor Hinsdale will have hard work to align himself with any political party this fall unless it be the new party which is talked about, the Anti-imperialists. I have the impression that before the campaign is ended a lot of patriots and statesmen usually called mugwumps will get decidedly scared for fear that Bryan will be elected, and find themselves compelled to turn in and not only vote but work for McKinley.

Down in this region everybody seems to consider that McKinley will un-



doubtedly be elected, and any number of Democrats that I run across ardently hope for his election, although they will vote for Bryan. . . .

A month later he wrote from his farm in Wadsworth (July 27) that he and his wife had arrived there about the 20th and were talking of starting the next week up the lakes on a Duluth and Buffalo steamer; adding,

I hope to see you in Cleveland and induce you to take your wife and go along. Why not? Anyhow, I can see you for a visit, and after I return—the trip only takes a week—I want you to come out and condole with me on the wheat crop (maybe yours was good!) and talk over things. As you say, we are getting few. . . . I think of you as physically and mentally vigorous and your family as all well and thriving and increasing.

Father could not get away for the lake trip nor to go to Wadsworth when it was over, so after another month the Judge wrote again (August 26) saying,

Mrs. P. does not leave for Atlanta until September 1st and I think now will go with me to the Reunion. Burke Hinsdale is here but I have not seen him. Suppose he will put in two or three days. The Akron riot has been the event of the week, and you will guess that my Moses does not like the outlook. What is "the poor darkey gwine to do?" When he was a slave he most always had a protector. If Father were living he would speak a piece! He had a great horror and disgust for lynch-law.

A week after the reunion of their regiment and their visit, there and in Wadsworth, with Hinsdale, Father had yet another letter from him who had before described himself as "truly your old friend." It awaited the former's return from a trip for the surety company to Ashland, Kentucky, where Sergeant Henry had served under Major Pardee nearly thirty-nine years before. A fortnight later he again visited the Judge in Wadsworth where they no doubt discussed anew this Sandy Valley expedition which first taught them how it felt to be under the enemy's fire. The letter follows:

Wadsworth, O., Sept. 5th, 1900.

Dear Captain: The day before you left here I intended to go over to the station with you, and in the hurried leaving I forgot to emphasize the proposition for you to come here again after the weather got cool and we could ride around the country. Don't forget that when you have a little spare time you are to come and help me. You are about the only crony left—certainly in Ohio the only one I have. Mrs. P. now says she is going next Monday. She is pretty well, and I have no doubt looks on my cousin Burke with more awe than you and I. Shall I show her your late letters?—but you must always remember there is only one Burke, and he is a seeker after *truth*. Many years ago he said—not anent me, however—to Garfield, "All the Pardees are licentious; it runs in the blood," but I never cared, I knew it was not so—to hurt. I have always got along first rate with Burke, but you know I never wanted him to do anything for me—and he *is* a learned man. I may be as cold and unsympathetic as he is, but I am a pretty good fellow, if I do not divide my aches with my friends. I am always glad to get your letters. Regards to your wife.

Sincerely,

Don A. Pardee

Neither cousin was insensitive in the respects the other imagined. To preserve the Hinsdale heritage of sound Puritanism it no doubt had been well that "Bub and me has got to get licked" for running off to play with the young Pardees on a Sabbath afternoon. But it was surely not well to construe uncompromising fealty to truth and utter reprobation of evil as an arrogation of ethical superiority on the one side, or, on the other, to impute moral latitudinarianism to those who in youth had not been blessed with such discipline. As for dividing one's aches with one's friends or being cold and unsympathetic—moods certainly misjudged and magnified—Father perceived that Hinsdale was not his normal self during this last visit to his native Wadsworth and that the shadow of death was then already stealing upon him. On the morrow of that event not three months afterwards Father summed up the whole matter to Pardee thus: "We are all proud of his work. We all have our follies and caprices. Did Burke really have more than we? Every man makes his own record." And casting up his entire account, "Can we show a better balance in ours?"

Conclusive testimony to one phase of the noble contribution Hinsdale made to human uplift appears at page 193 of Nicholas Murray Butler's *Across the Busy Years*, published thirty-nine years after the former's death. Speaking of "the work of the teaching profession and its organization in this country" at its "peak of distinction" around the turn of the century, he said:

In those days there were some exceedingly interesting happenings which have become landmarks in the progress of educational theory and practice in the United States. In 1894 when the National Education Association met at Asbury Park, the Council of Education assembled two or three days before the general meeting. At that time there was read what proved to be a most remarkable and significant paper by Doctor B. A. Hinsdale, Professor of Education at the University of Michigan. Doctor Hinsdale was the holder of the only important professorship of education which existed until Teachers College itself was established. The paper was a very searching examination of the doctrine of formal discipline. Anyone who will read the record of that meeting will see in Doctor Hinsdale's paper the beginning of a very great change in our educational theory and practice, to be attributed in high degree to his influence.

In the same newspaper that printed Father's piece about the Hiram schoolgirls of his own time, he read also the obituary of this outstanding scholar, teacher, and indubitable figure of a man, who became his special friend in school and, for combined mental and moral make-up, there ranked first in his esteem. Hinsdale died in Atlanta, Georgia, where he had come only a few days before to rest and if possible to recover his health. The day of his sudden death (November 29) was also Father's sixty-fifth birthday. The latter's "Old Tutor," so styled between themselves, was a year and four months the younger, for he as well as his cousin, Judge Pardee, was born in Wadsworth, Medina County, Ohio, in March, 1837.



Though differing widely in their training and tastes and sometimes mutually cross-grained, these cousins each had a personal dignity that commanded unfailing respect. Father, on familiar terms with both, not infrequently disagreed with either, as they also did with one another; but he and all their acquaintance of whatever age looked up to and honored each of them. To the survivor Father wrote (December 1) from the Weddell House:

Dear Judge—Burke is dead. I just heard of it and wired you. . . . At Camp Chase he singled me out from the boys of Co. A and took me to the Major's tent as his friend. . . . I thank God for both friendships, the Major he introduced me to and my chum Burke in school. . . . At our last Reunion, when you had him there, I saw that what he said was commonplace, that he was not the same "Old Burke." We must all reach the same other shore in time. Since Garfield's death nothing has depressed me more. . . . I feel that you are almost the only one left tonight.

In an interview for the *Cleveland Leader* of December 2, he said further of their visit together at the Reunion in Lodi and at the Pardee farm on August 29 and 30: "When I bade him goodbye, the Professor strongly held my hand and his words showed that he was loath to have me depart. We both felt that we should never see each other again." And once more to the Judge, two days later, he quoted Gray's stanza ending, "The paths of glory lead but to the grave," on which he commented,

Yet I believe that my father and mother, I believe that Uncle Aaron and your mother, and Uncle Albert and Burke's mother, I believe that Burke and Garfield, and Augustus Williams, are not dead but living in soul and spirit. It is the only consolation I have.

About his own religious beliefs he was rarely thus outspoken. In this his small granddaughter, Marcia Louise, seemed to take after him. Pious Mrs. Newton Wood, to whose home in East Smithfield, Pennsylvania, she went calling with her mother, asked her, "You love Jesus don't you, dearie?" And the little four-year-old responded, "Yes, but I don't generally talk about him to strangers." Not long before writing the above letter, Father in his work for the surety company had come upon a disgusting instance of sacrilegious cant penned by an embezzling railroad agent. The absconder sent back a letter saying, "Frank, please explain matters to my folks. I could no longer, as one professing the religion of Jesus Christ, face the music. I will never return, but will some day in some way let you know that I am true to Christ and will always remember the lesson I learned in Middlefield. Do explain all to my dear wife and parents, for God knows it will set bad enough with them as it is. But at some future date I will reveal my whereabouts and call for my sweet wife and babe. With love and God's blessing, I am," etc. He had fled in August from Ohio to Texas, where, as Father reported on November 15, "He revealed his whereabouts several weeks ago on the Denver and Gulf Railroad by another default, stealing \$300." Later Father added, "I got him near Cald-

well, Ohio, a few weeks after, and his father and brother sold some colts and corn and made good the second default. 'True to Christ,' 'sweet wife and babe,' and 'God's blessing,' did not help him out; but father's and brother's corn and colts sold to keep him from the pen." To my brother Jim and me Father sent copies of the culprit's letter as an egregious exhibit of religion gone to seed.



## 46. *Religion, Politics, and Football*

IN 1900, during the second McKinley-Bryan campaign, with its issues of imperialism and dollar diplomacy, religion and ethics were ostentatiously interwoven with politics to an unwonted degree in partisan discussion. The surety company's representatives in Cincinnati, J. E. Bruce, counsel, and Warner Opes, general agent, both keenly interested in the presidential canvass, were warm friends of Father's, though not in accord with him on those specific questions. Even after the Republican victory the former, continuing their argument, wrote (November 9) as follows:

One only needs to bring to his mind's eye the rugged, honest face of Captain Henry to know that he means what he says; but you must never forget the twinkle of the eye, . . . which may alter the effect. . . . Opes and I agree with you and St. Paul as to honesty in all things, but we also believe in the Ten Commandments, and especially the ones "Thou shalt not kill" and "Thou shalt not covet." One applies to civilization by the bayonet and the other to acquiring commerce by right of might. . . . You are an honest man of honest instincts, and a lie is an abomination to you. I would no more deceive you than I would my own father were he living. Now are not Opes and I right?

Though Father could not agree that they were right politically, he liked them personally and felt that the surety company's Cincinnati interests were in good hands. But he could not feel the same about some of its people in Cleveland, and at his suggestion an examiner was sent on from New York to investigate the Cleveland office. On October 4 President Lyman addressed a letter to Father, by whom he intended it should be shown to those who could help to mend matters.

At the first moment, in the pressure upon my time, I take up the matter of the management of the Cleveland office, and address you this letter, which is intended as joint for the perusal of Messrs. Garfield, Garfield & Howe, W. B. Uhl, and yourself, and in answer also to Mr. James R. Garfield's letter of the 29th ultimo, in which he states that in view of the fact that there have been two defalcations in the Cleveland office, he suggests that we get a man of the capacity of Mr. Beckwith, formerly with the Marine Bank, at a compensation of about \$70 per month, if that sum would be satisfactory to Mr. Beckwith.

I agree with that proposition, if you all agree to it, but in view of the facts reported by Mr. Lobb in connection with the work of the office, and the references made to Mr. M. Stanley Brown, I imagine that Mr. Brown should not be further employed, and it may be that Mr. Beckwith can perform

all the office work that is necessary, in conjunction with the able assistance of Miss Percival. Think the matter over and let me have your joint views. Please ask the Messrs. Garfield and Mr. Uhl to read the report of Mr. Lobb and return it to this office.

I have never supposed for one minute that Mr. Uhl, barring the time that he was to be in Columbus, did not supervise and know something about the accounting, but it seems that he had some understanding with our former secretary, Mr. Keyes, that while he was to be manager of the Cleveland office in name he was not to be so in fact. I want it understood hereafter that he is to look after the employes who are to be his subordinates and under his direction, and that the manager of the Cleveland office will be manager in fact as well as in name.

Mr. Lobb was obliged to report the exact facts as he found them, and I think there is no question but that the recommendations herein made are proper, . . .

The event proved that the manager, a none too nice politician, should have been let go; and as for Brown, a youth who was just disagreeable, his remote relationship to the Garfields by marriage was the sole ground of Father's successful intercession to let him keep his job; from which vantage point, however, he sought by degrees to infect them with his pique against Father for being privy to President Lyman's judgment of him. Of course nothing of this could ever shake Lyman's implicit trust in Father or impair their mutual confidence and regard.

But another and quite unrelated incident of about the same time shows how hard it is to restore such relations when once the very foundations of faith and fellowship are sapped by betrayal or deceit. One may have many praiseworthy qualities besides, but common experience compels acceptance of the presumption, *Falsus in uno falsus in omnibus*. Father had never sought to retaliate the old and flagrant wrongs his younger brother had done him. Fully acknowledging Uncle Edward's bravery in war, his excellence as a teacher, his unfailing devotion to an invalid wife, and other undoubted virtues, Father had long since ceased to trust him and could never have any dealings with him again.

So when Superintendent M. T. Jones of the United States Express Company in Chicago now wrote that his subordinate, Edward E. Henry, perhaps distantly connected with him by marriage, could no longer take proper care of a sick wife while doing his duty by the company, and must have Father's help, the latter in reply (October 31) drafted an ironic recital of his grounds for refusing it, which, however, a little reflection induced him to suppress. Uncle Ed was of course entitled to a soldier's pension and to residence in the Soldiers' Home at Sandusky, where, after his wife's death in September, 1902, he was admitted and remained until his own death on March 9, 1910. The good in him, outweighing his shortcomings, shone forth in the letter (August 6) in part already quoted, which he had recently written from Chicago to his sister, Mrs. Maria Goodsell, and her daughter, Mrs. Kate



Augur, after a visit at their home on University Street, in Cleveland, and with other relatives and friends in the country :

The Fairfield car hurried me towards the Union Depot and in thirty minutes I was on the limited for Chicago; before I realized that we had whirled sixty-four miles the conductor called out the old Indian name Sandusky. Daylight at Kendallville; Goshen, Elkhart, South Bend, and LaPorte; breakfast at Chicago; at 8 A. M. I was at my desk piled full of stuff; made me jump all day to catch up. I went home early and our housekeeper began to laugh as I began to sing the old song, "Do they miss me at home, *do* they miss me?" Annie very weak; and then she slept soundly to think I was watching and sleeping near her.

Saturday and yesterday were the hottest days here. I rode with Mr. Jones and his son Reece to Manhattan Beach to [join] the thousands in swimming—men, boys, children, and women. I could see girls like Jane Henry and Nancy Linton strike out and swim like geese. Over five thousand in swimming. When I went home Annie was [ready for] peach sauce, and she eat her toast with weak tea and Michigan peaches—ten cents for a big basket.

Following the boyhood reminiscences, already quoted, of his two oldest brothers, Simon and Newton, Uncle Ed's letter continued :

In revisiting those old places how many memories it recalls. I could see myself marching up Superior street to the gay marching tunes of Jack Leland's band—a fairy quickstep—an old woolen blanket tied around for uniform; April 1861.

Sylvester Squire's grave! A great man, somewhat like Colonel Grangerford in Huckleberry Finn, dressed in white duck and homespun linen; raised turnips to supply the whole neighborhood, there by Fred's [F. H. Brewster's cheese] factory.

James McClintock was a good man; Sullivan Giles, and all those whose gravestones you look at; each man's characteristics rise up like a monument before you.

Yesterday I called at Caroline's [Mrs. C. T. Blair's] and saw them all for a few minutes. Mrs. Larned, Ella, thought it was too hot for her mother to go to church. Josephine and little Frank went to Sunday school, and when Caroline came back she *was* used up. Charlie Blair and wife are always jolly, and Charlie enjoyed to hear about Uncle King and the Pencil Falls, and the old orchard and Geauga Lake.

I hope Shelt is better. Annie kept me telling about all I saw and heard about you all. Send me one of Mrs. Powell's, Jennie's, fine pictures. . . .

Purged of its irresponsible ingredient Uncle Ed's *joie de vivre* was fairly rivalled by Father's gaiety on occasion. To six-year old Cheechee, my firstborn, he penciled a summons (August 18) to attend the deporting of redundant barn-cats and their progeny :

Ganpa wants you and Brother to insist to Papa and Mamma to come out tomorrow eve. Ganpa has two baskets of kittens. When Papa and Mamma get away and you and Emma get to Ganpa's, we will have *fun*. We will measure the two baskets of kittens in a big bag, and Ganpa, you, and Brother will take them in the buggy with Fanny—for solemnity—and when we get to an old barn, two miles off, that is full of mice, we will open the bag and say "Goodbye

Finnegan." Wouldn't that be a catastrophe, a cataclysm, . . . a catacomb, and especially a catacoustics? What fun!

Fetch Papa and Mamma out and Uncle Jim will meet you at the station.

On New Year's eve he wrote to his four-year-old grandson and namesake concerning two old army muskets he had whimsically picked up at a clearance sale, perhaps to hang this letter on:

My dear Little Boy, Charles Adams Henry,—Ganpa gives you a gun that was made to kill wicked men. . . . The number of the gun is 38603. Ganpa gives another gun like it to your Cousin Frederick. No one can tell how many wicked men this gun killed, but a great many. Fifty years from now, 1950, it will be safe for you and Cousin Frederick to say that each gun killed more than a thousand wicked men. . . . The wicked men kept shooting at both your dear ganpas for nearly four years . . . but did not kill them. Your ganpas killed more of the wicked men than they did of your ganpas. Your dear ganpas do not like to tell how many wicked men they killed in four years. . . . Your papa never was in any war, but your Uncle Jim went through nine football games this fall and is still living. . . .

Jim had entered the law school of Western Reserve University in October and on the strength of his athletic record in Hiram had at once made the varsity team. In sending me the money to pay his tuition—for I was then on the faculty—Father said (October 10) "I guess Jim will pull through for some sort of attorney, though rather costly to Pawpaw." He doubted if lawyers were as high-minded as they used to be. They were bringing more trumped-up lawsuits. In a letter to me from Ashland, Kentucky (September 6), enclosing a clipping about the damage suit of a child who fell into a cellar hole while playing hide and seek in a neighbor's back yard, he wrote—orienting this incident, as almost everything else, in relation to his own demesne in Bainbridge:

You see what this miserable business called law leads us into. After Mamma and I hand over to you children, someone will step into a woodchuck hole on the old farm, or tear his clothes crawling through a wire fence, or taste of some fruit or cucumbers or melons that give him a bellyache, and sue for *damage*.

As for Jim, a father's faith and pride shining through his jocose cynicism foresaw in him as clean a fighter at the bar as now upon the gridiron. The football season was just beginning when *Collier's Weekly* for October 20 came out with a double-page cartoon of a fierce scrimmage, and on the margin of a copy to me Father wrote, "Mamma must be a Roman matron next Friday, October 26, in the great game." In ink upon the picture he had labeled the players, Boxer, Eye-closer, Bone-breaker, Jammer, Gouger, Killer, Buster, and on the broad bottom of the one in the foreground, whose head was submerged in the human maelstrom, he had written "Our Jim." On the far side line "Mamma," almost beside herself, stood agonizing, in close touch with the



watchful field surgeon on tiptoe at her elbow. Before the Oberlin game a month later Father wrote to Marcia in Hiram (November 22):

Enclosed is an account of the coming contest next Saturday that our Jim will be in unless a flood of tears from a fond mother prevents. I tried to console her with the Roman matron argument. I advised her to persuade Lou to wrench off a shutter and with the aid of Cheechee and Brother take it to the ball grounds and use it as a shield to bear her darling last-born off. . . . Nineteen hundred years of Christian civilization! Brother Hayden, Brother Cooley, and Brother Campbell were away-backs. Not one of them could have been even a quarterback in this advanced Christian (physical) culture. . . . Jim asked me to write you and the faculty to be there, and I promised. I have tried to keep my word good. . . . I fear Oberlin if defeated will say that the wicked fellows of the W. R. U. got a "buck nigger and Jim Henry to win the game." . . . We are well—until next Saturday. . . . If it goes against the "great university in Christian culture" tell Mamma to

Shed not a tear o'er our Jim's early bier,  
He is gone—he is gone.

The next morning's *Leader* carried an interview, "Played Football with Garfield," wherein the same proud father, "who at present has a son on the team of Western Reserve University," told how, before the Civil War, the young Hiram principal sometimes joined in the informal contests or practice of his pupils. "The trouble is that I don't understand anything about the game as played at present," Father confessed. In that day they played a "game entirely different, and it was football indeed. . . . We didn't have as many rules nor as many signs as they have in the game of today, but I do believe it was more fun. At any rate it was less dangerous, and everybody who wanted to play just got into the rush." Father seemed to be somewhat impressed with the "danger" of the modern game, but the distress that he attributed to Mother is humorously exaggerated.

The next week's Thanksgiving Day victory over Case was the season's great event and occasioned spirited rejoicing at the family dinner in my home in Cleveland when the contest was ended. According to the *Leader* (December 1) the opposing coaches agreed after the game "that such football has never been seen before and will not be duplicated for many a year." Father described both games in the following letter to Judge Pardee:

Cleveland, Ohio, Nov. 30, 1900.

Dear Judge:

Your inquiry about Oberlin and "Our Jim" moves me to explain soon. The game was played a week ago in the rain. Pools of water were here and there on the grounds from two to six inches deep. The boys were wet as ducks, piling in heaps when they rushed, and soaked with water. Game about even. Many pools of water made it what some called a "Campbellite game."

Our Jim won glory for his tribe as a good kicker yesterday. He kicked the pigskin twice by a signal from the Reserve captain; his place was right guard. I felt a father's pride when I heard the boys say that Jim really won the twelve-to-nothing by the two long kicks. One of the kicks sent the ball beyond

the goal over a building and over a high fence. It was a big game yesterday—my birthday. . . .

C. E. Henry

Meanwhile, on September 15, the first annual meeting of the Henry Family society, descendants of Simon and Rhoda Henry, took place under the maples on Father's lawn. Convened at my instance when I began to be interested in our genealogy, this reunion was heartily approved by him. With the exception of two years, when the meeting was held at the Nelson Henry home, not far from the site of their common ancestors' first dwelling in Ohio, the clan have since continued, with some changes of the date, to assemble for their yearly picnic dinner where the custom started. The death (October 4) of Cousin Delos Root's first wife was the first new obituary to be entered in their record of "Vital Statistics."

Things went on at Geauga Lake throughout this last year of the century much the same as they always had. A sudden and marvellous increase in the importance and diffusion of newly devised products of applied science was about to break upon the world and afford magical conveniences and luxuries in the daily life of the common man. But except for printed accounts of novel inventions and discoveries not yet in general use, it was here still true for the most part that "the old order changeth not." Country life and farm methods were but little different from what they had been before the Civil War, although, under tillage by renters, farms were more apt to run down. Nils Jorgenson and wife were now working the Home Farm, Snavelly rented the Brewster Place, and the Hepners occupied the Russ Place.

Mother's new and accomplished friend, Mrs. Bodifield, afterwards teacher of oratory in Hiram, together with the latter's friend, Miss Knowles, a New York City teacher, became, at their instance, paying guests in July and August at Maple Farm; and the former, returning there other summers until after Father died, came to be one of his and Mother's closest friends. From the outset this arrangement was welcome to Mother, who otherwise would now have been much alone. In the usual run of other visitors and callers through the autumn, she and Father especially enjoyed having John Gould, the National Grange lecturer, and his wife, both of them genial and jovial, come home to dinner with them after church in Aurora on the last Sunday in September. With the near relatives in Mineral Ridge, Hiram, and Cleveland, there was of course no lack of visiting back and forth until late fall, when Father and Mother again came to winter with my family at 154 Kensington Street in Cleveland, and the home at Geauga Lake was once more shut up until spring.

As election day drew nearer, Candidate Bryan's stumping seemed to grow more dangerously effective. In a letter to the *Leader* (October 15) Father likened his platform performances to the skillful jugglery of a professional magician. In Cleveland the Boy Orator followed Kellar, whose star achieve-



ment was to pass "a hoop around a beautiful lady suspended horizontally in air, to show people an optical illusion." As for the secret of it—"find out if you can." But Bryan said nought of illusion. "He takes the honest voter on a mount and shows him the kingdoms of the earth. He shows him vast riches. Behold, this is justly yours." And here and there credulous voters, swallowing Bryanism, will "run down steep places into the sea." Of this article Judge Pardee wrote:

United States Circuit Court, Fifth Judicial  
Circuit, At Chambers, Atlanta, Ga., Oct. 18, 1900.

Captain Charles E. Henry,  
Garfield Building, Cleveland, O.

Dear Captain: Receiving a copy of the *Cleveland Leader*, with your little screed on "Bryan the Magician" marked, reminds me that I have not yet informed you of my migration South. I left Ohio on the 9th, got here on the 10th, and have since been getting along as usual. The papers here are very confident of Bryan's election, fortified with despatches from their correspondents from all the different places in the North, claiming that New York and Ohio and Indiana and Illinois, will all vote for Bryan. The late visit of Bryan to New York seems to have been a great political success, and it may be that, with the aid of Tammany, New York may be in danger; but I would prefer to bet on the State of New York on the McKinley side rather than on the State of Indiana.

I suppose by this time you have moved your family back into Cleveland and will be found there mainly during the winter. Shall be glad to hear from you from time to time when anything of interest turns up. Give my regards to your wife.

Very truly your friend,  
Don A. Pardee

It was not long before Father was able to respond with his comments on some things of mutual interest which the smashing Republican victory turned up. McKinley and Bryan shared the country's popular vote in almost exactly the same ratio as in 1896, though the electoral votes of Nebraska, South Dakota, and Utah were now switched from the latter to the former. Locally the Twentieth District Congressional race claimed Father's and Judge Pardee's attention because its revival of the old Republican split had cost James R. Garfield his expected nomination for Congress. As a member of the Ohio senate, he had helped to rack into submission the handful of Republican renegades in the legislature who, with the Democratic minority, vainly plotted in 1897, as already told, to elect to the United States Senate Mayor McKisson of Cleveland instead of the Republican caucus nominee, Mark Hanna. Later it was generally considered that Garfield should succeed in Congress the one-termers, F. O. Phillips, of Medina. But in May, 1900, the Republican congressional convention was "stolen by the traitorous McKissonites," who chose their sympathizer, Jacob A. Beidler, as the regular party nominee; whereupon Phillips, the incumbent, abetted more or less by the

Hannaïtes, committed the folly of running as an "Independent Republican" to succeed himself. On these election themes Father now philosophized:

Weddell House, Cleveland, O., Nov. 7, 1900.

Dear Judge: The election is over and came out better than I expected.

Hayes and McKinley have been the most lucky men in politics I ever knew in thirty years. Hayes won, by the skin of his teeth, in every election he entered; McKinley, in nearly all of his early elections, in convention and at the polls. His last two—largest—elections, he had a walkover, simply because the Democrats were hoodooed by a mountebank and thimblerrigger.

Both Hayes and McKinley have good records. Both were good men. But both would have failed and passed into private life had they been confronted with the battles in politics that confronted Garfield. McKinley has been by far the best politician of the three. Van Buren was the only man who came near the high level of McKinley.

Look over the list, from Jefferson to Bryan, and from Webster and Clay to Blaine and Sherman, and see the long line of wrecks and failures. Yet Hayes and McKinley could not have won had they been born to fight the political battles that fell to Garfield's lot.

Hayes and McKinley have been like two men flipping coppers twenty times, betting on heads and winning every time. Hoodoo Bryan has done more for McKinley than Mark Hanna. It was nothing but Providence. Let us thank God for [his] providence. Especially should the Southern States thank God for [his overruling] providence when their solid electoral vote for many years is cast against what they really desire. All over the South the people are glad of the result, yet they know that they have but the semblance of an elective system of government. Like Carl Schurz, they want to kick out the Republicans, tie up the Democrats, and deny the people what they vote for.

I saw Jim Garfield today. He had just figured out the columns from precincts [to expose] the infamy of the Beidler and wicked traitors, the McKisson crowd—the trades they had made with the "low-down" Democrats. Jim had it complete to show that Beidler would have been left but for low-down trades. I said, "Jim, Beidler has just got there by a few votes. We must swallow it and say nothing." Too late to make a fuss. Beidler was elected, just as you outlined to me at Vacation Ridge, by wharf-rat votes in Cuyahoga County and a falling off of pledges to vote for Phillips in Medina County.

At all events we are happy [over Bryan's defeat], North and South. Especially should they be, in your large judicial circuit, with the present price of cotton, although they *declared* an alleged vote for a miserable political humbug, who did *not* believe what he tried to make the people believe was best—to vote for him for the highest office of the greatest Government on earth and [trust] that he could not do anything dangerous because Congress could prevent it; and [withal to remember that] "militarism and imperialism are dangerous indeed, and I wish to deliver the people from their thralldom."

My kindest regards to Mrs. Pardee. We are well and, just now, scattered.

C. E. Henry

A postscript to the above letter argues that the jumble of its penultimate paragraph, burlesquing the candidate's sophistries, "fits Bryan, and the whole of your circuit votes for him."



From New Orleans (November 23) came the Judge's concurring opinion: "The election, it seems, went your way and Hanna's way and Beidler's way. . . . In this town everybody is quiet, attending to business; whatever is said about politics is in the way of great satisfaction at the result." Crossing with this, Father's letter of the same date from Indianapolis used for a text the copy he enclosed of a petition to Congress for an associate district judgeship in northern Ohio, and recounted the careers on that bench of Judges Charles Sherman (older brother of the General and the Senator), Martin Welker, and the incapacitated incumbent, Augustus Ricks. Of these the one he had best known was Judge Welker, "a good man, still alive at Wooster, Ohio. He made a good judge, too lenient at times, but had sense enough to retire according to law," though he "could now return to the bench and do business better than it has been done since he retired."

The moral of this discourse was that Judge Pardee, who was then sixty-four, should plan to retire at seventy and not wait to be wished out. "Mark Hopkins resigned as President of Williams when people regretted it. I may have a selfish reason in your case, after you are seventy; I want to see more of you with advancing age and I want you to look after the Forty-second boys in their old age. They want to hurrah and shout for somebody living, and you are the best man they know of to stir their blood." From the Judge's prompt reply (November 28) I quote:

I read the petition with regard to an associate for Judge Ricks, and your letter on the propriety of judges retiring, with considerable interest. A year ago Judge McCormick said he would retire as soon as the clock struck his seventy years of age; the other day he did not speak so positively about it. It seems there is a bill pending to increase the salaries of circuit judges and no judge can afford to retire, no matter how old he is, as long as there is a prospect of having his salary increased.

Judge Ballinger of Texas used to tell me a story about Justice Miller of the Supreme Court of the United States. Miller was appointed the latter part of the War, and when he went on the bench he found a lot of old gentlemen like Clifford and others who were no longer useful working members. He and Judge Field used to grumble at the old superannuated fossils remaining on the bench where they were a nuisance and obstruction. As for him and Judge Field, as soon as they reached the retiring age they would gladly retire, because they were certain no man should stay on the bench after he had got to be seventy; his friends ought to compel him to resign if he would not otherwise do so. Judge Clifford and the other old fossils passed away, and when Miller got to the age of seventy he discovered he was just in his prime and he hung on to the bench until he died, as they say, "in harness." Justice Field hung on until he was long past eighty and had failed so that his brethren excluded him from the consultation room on account of his garrulity.

What Judge McCormick and I will do when we get to be seventy remains to be seen. Many years ago I read *Gil Blas* with profit, and the little incident recounted by him of his employment by the Archbishop of Toledo made a great impression upon me.

When Judge Hill of Mississippi got to be of retiring age some friends asked him why he did not retire; he said, "If I retire people will meet me on the street and will say 'Good morning, Mr. Hill,' and go on about their business, and if I want anything I will have to go after it. As long as I stay on the bench, they stop and cordially shake me by the hand and say, 'Good morning, Judge Hill; how is your health, is there anything we can do for you?'"

It was said that both Justices Field and Miller remained on the bench because of their wives who insisted on maintaining their standing in Washington society, having observed that the wife of a retired judge did not get much attention. That is an element of the matter which will have to be considered by Judge McCormick.

Father sent this letter to me (November 30) endorsed, "I commend the exquisite humor of this to my oldest son, eminent as a good kicker and defender of suits on the wrong side from the popular and jury standpoint." It was really, however, his younger son that was winning public acclaim as a good kicker. Father was not in the habit, whether in play or in earnest, of engaging in or courting contests needlessly. His Irish line did not lead back to Donnybrook. But he could brag a little about having sons on two of the law's embattled fronts, besides viewing with a critic's eye other people's altercations, especially, as already instanced, any high-class "killings" south of the Ohio River.

In this category was the casual encounter in Williamson, West Virginia, between "one of the most forceful and eloquent of Presbyterian ministers of this State," upon the one side, and, on the other, "one of the most prominent young lawyers in Mingo county," who was formerly a "Virginia University president and comes from a family of the Old Dominion." Each was shot—the parson fatally and the educator and counselor dangerously. Father's inevitable letter about this set-to (December 6), with clipping enclosed, suggested that should his jurist friend be assigned to hear the case on appeal, Judge McCormick and Mrs. Pardee "may be able to help you in the tangle" of points of law. The eminent preacher, "with the Thirty-nine Articles of faith in one pocket and a six-shooter in the other, met his Christian friend and ex-president of Virginia University, a gentleman of high standing and an honored member of the bar," and "fired the first two shots," whereby he wounded his adversary, "yet lost his life by being a poor marksman"—this branch of Christian expertness failing him—while the other distinguished citizen "saved his own life for judicial investigation."



## 47. *Texas Ten Years After*

IT WAS not indeed the lure of such excitement as "killings" in Dixie Land that now led Father to plan a trip South, but the hope of retrieving a substantial portion of his old investments in Texas bank stocks by selling his remaining shares and his rights in segregated asset items that were still being slowly liquidated after the panic of 1893. The next day he wrote to his old colleague, L. S. Thorne, general manager of the Texas and Pacific, about coming to Dallas for their bank meeting on January 8, and promptly got back a hospitable reply (December 10). Thorne was a director of the American National Bank, strongest of the ones above referred to, and he with its president, W. H. Thomas, and its cashier, E. J. Gannon, were among Father's few close friends left in the State. Another was J. W. Everman, then assistant general manager under Mr. Thorne.

A week later Father wrote to Pardee—mistakenly as it turned out—that he and Thorne would be "in New Orleans sometime in January, just to call and have a pleasant time." From this forecast of his Southern journey he naturally drifted into discourse upon the South's perennial race question, being specially moved thereto by Booker Washington's narrative then running in the *Outlook*, wherein this new unofficial leader of the Negro race in the United States "advises 'his people' to keep out of politics and lift themselves to a higher level in life by merit alone." But as for his predecessor in the leadership, Father had long since become "disgusted with Douglass, for the reason that he was always whining in conversation that he was more white than black in social life," whereas "in politics he always said 'my race, my people'."

To self-assertive members of the race Booker Washington's advice undoubtedly dealt a heavy blow, just as the kindly counsel of Garfield had done "when he told the Southern colored delegation at Mentor after the election in 1880 something like this, 'You must depend upon yourselves, but we will reach out the hand of help to you when you merit help'." Pardee and Father had always befriended the negro not only as a race but individually as well, and at the same time had maintained pleasant and even intimate relations with some of their former masters.

In the same letter Father now recounted to the Judge how in Rio Janeiro in 1893 he had formed a warm friendship with the son of a wealthy Southerner named Gunther who had been a slaveholder in two hemispheres. This man

had owned five hundred slaves in Alabama before the Civil War. In 1861 the war cloud brought grave doubts and forebodings. To him in his peaceful home with wife and five children the war was abhorrent. Selling what slaves he could, he and his wife buried fifty thousand dollars in coin, and "No nigger knew where it was buried." He was swept into enlistment and served four years in Lee's army. Wounded at Antietam, at Cold Harbor, and at Petersburg, he stacked his gun at Appomattox.

Coming home, he found his wife and children—four years older—and nothing else. He said to his wife, "We have always lived with servants; we will go to Brazil where we can have them still." They dug up the fifty thousand dollars and sailed from Savannah to Rio. There were no steamers from Mobile then. Leaving his family near Rio, he traveled over one thousand miles to locate. At length he settled about fifty miles back from Pernambuco and began to buy slaves. He put his faith in cotton more than in sugar cane. He wanted five hundred slaves, the old number, and kept on buying from year to year.

Of a sudden, another cloud, this time from São Paulo, menaced slavery and forced Dom Pedro to proclaim freedom to the slaves. Gunther's father had just reached the old mark of five hundred. His heart was broken and he soon died. With toil and strength through unforeseen difficulties he had gathered up, by purchase, five hundred slaves. Now Dom Pedro by an edict, a stroke of the pen, had set them free. The family were left fairly well off, with about a hundred thousand dollars in our money or five hundred thousand Brazilian milreis. Young Gunther and his mother gathered up the broken threads and did the best they could. They thrived and the paternal property back of Pernambuco gave them about four thousand dollars a year. He had been a little boy when the family first came to Rio and he had learned to speak Portuguese better than English. But he longed for his native land.

He returned to the United States, but soon decided that South America was best for him and that his lot in life was cast under the Southern Cross. "He told me why his father was so much handicapped and troubled in South America. It was because the condition of the child followed the father instead of the mother. Slave mother and free father, free child." Our laws had always fixed the mother's status on her offspring. Hence the mulattoes, quadroons, octoroons, etc., that were born to bondage. Slave-breeding was done away with in Brazil by the statute law of 1871. After that Gunther had to buy from the country's existing stock.

Complete blotting out of slavery came there a quarter-century later than in the United States. Dom Pedro simply followed the example of Lincoln. Father asserted that "The motive force behind this was Martin Luther, the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock, the pioneers of the Lake region, the Civil War, and the hand of Abraham Lincoln." But the right as in Brazil to be born free stemmed from Luther's contemporary, Loyola, and his followers, the "terrible Jesuits,"



first missionaries to the New World, pioneers whose heroic threading of the great northern waterways availed them little, but who clung steadfastly to their peaceful conquests in the tropics. So the freedmen of Brazil included fewer octoroons, and there slavery virtually wore itself out, with no need of such outpouring of blood as here.

Such in substance was young Gunther's story of how his father's "Saxon blood and pluck, with five hundred slaves in 1861 and four years and three wounds in Lee's army, went under," but starting new where slaves might still be held, he "won five hundred more under Dom Pedro"; then "down again, and children yet more happy in the sunshine of freedom." Continuing this theme Father wrote further to Pardee (December 19) how the Cleveland novelist, Charles W. Chesnutt, "has been a court stenographer for several years and now is a story writer. He is a sort of blond, almost white, and most people don't know, when they see him, whether he is a white man or a nigger. The mixing of blood was done under slavery. He is not to blame. Booker Washington can claim proud [and unmixed] ancestry. Poor Chesnutt is only a mongrel. . . . The point I make is this: the 'terrible Jesuits' in history, that your father and mine abhorred, stood like a rock for the condition of the child to follow the father. I merely refer to these questions for you gentlemen in silken robes—."

This abrupt stop, in connection with what follows, suggests a gibe that he may have hesitated to write down, to the effect that the contrary rule from earliest times in our country was no doubt judge-made law, probably first laid down by senile jurists still clinging to their posts after retirement age. Father liked to poke this kind of fun at lawyers, judges, professors, and their learned compeers generally, as if they all belonged to the guild of doctrinaires; and sometimes the practice irritated the butts of it, though a final humorous twist nearly always stifled resentment. So now he added:

A lean and lank old man used to drive around with sickle-hammed sorrel mare and ramshackle cart when I was a boy. He said, "I am a colporteur, sir. Here is a nice tract, 'Food for Infant Minds.' It is just what you need." If the same old fellow could only come around to the United States courts in Ohio he would hit the nail on the head. I hope that you and Judge McCormick will see that there will be no need of the old colporteur coming around in the Fifth Circuit with "Food for Infant Minds."

Another anecdote, preserved in another letter (December 18) from Father to Judge Pardee, recounts with substantial accuracy a laughable incident of a solemn occasion. Within a fortnight after the Hinsdale funeral in Ann Arbor, memorial services were held in Cleveland at the Euclid Avenue Christian Church and at the Franklin Circle Church on the West Side. In the latter, one of the principal speakers was the Reverend Lathrop Cooley, who among other reminiscences told of the time when Hinsdale was up for re-election as superintendent of the Cleveland Public Schools.

Four more than half of the school board called on Burke a few hours before the election and pressed his hand one after another, and promised him their votes. Burke believed what each one said. Evening came and he was defeated. He could not understand such perfidy. He was shocked, amazed, and disheartened. The next morning he drove down town. Now comes Brother Cooley's testimony in his memorial tribute. He said, "I was on the sidewalk the morning after the election of school superintendent. Hinsdale had in a short four years done a great work; yet he was not re-elected. I saw him driving past. He saw me and stopped at the curbstone. He looked sad and disheartened. He said to me, 'What shall I do? What shall I say to them?' I replied to him (and dare I say it within these sacred walls? Dare I use the words I advised him to say to them?)—I told him to tell them to go to—*grass*. I repeat it, those are the words I used." It occurred to me that the Honorable Judge of the Fifth Circuit, and even our old chaplain of the Forty-second, would have used a more forcible word in the climax. Especially it was grotesque to me to think when you and I were boys both Bro. Cooley and Bro. Jones had many times informed sinners in earnest and tremulous tones that they must, unless they repented, go hence where there was no grass.

During December and throughout the winter, in the intervals between his trips for the surety company, Father as usual made frequent excursions "home" to the farm at Geauga Lake where he loved to roam over his four hundred acres, see how the tenants were doing, and especially to meditate the memories of his boyhood along the Chagrin Valley. Though the house was closed, he would usually build a fire and lodge there, but sometimes he would go to Aunt Ann's to eat and sleep. With the end of the year there came also the turn of the century and curiously the close of an era as well. England's queen, whose reign had begun when Father was a babe in arms, died suddenly in January. During her long ascendancy the level of human wellbeing had vastly and permanently risen, though in the even tenor of civilized life the change as it went on was little noted.

But with the accession of her sophisticated son the decorous Victorian folkways began to crumble. Apprehending the new in the light of the old tradition Father sensed the change vividly if not impartially. In a letter (January 27) to me he referred to British popular acclaim of "the miserable bacarat gambler, Edward VII, whose record of women and horses meets the cheers of miles of Royal Guards and 'this changeling crowd, this common fool'." And to Judge Pardee (January 24) he opined that a certain "modest judge of the Fifth Circuit is a better man than Edward VII. I would be ashamed of him if he were not."

Closely correlated with the old farm in Father's affections were his grandchildren now five in number, the youngest, named Charlotte Sophia after her grandmothers, being less than a year old, and the oldest seven. At intervals of two or three days after his letter written on New Year's eve about the two old guns that he was giving to his two young grandsons, he wrote four more numbered chapters of "Ganpa's 'Child's History'," the last two of which are as follows:



January 7, 1901.

Dear Cheechee:

In the last chapter Ganpa told you of your many great great-ganmas. He did not tell you how great and good they were. He will now tell you of a few of them. Your great-great and good ganma, Rhoda Parsons Henry, was one of the best ganmas who ever lived. She always had two or three delicious fried cakes or a lot of cookies or soft cream cheese that would melt in your mouth to give to your ganpa when he was a little boy and called on his dear ganma. Your ganpa loved her very much for other reasons. She was always his friend when your great-ganma took your dear ganpa across her lap when he showed a single sign of a tantrum. Your ganpa's ganma always took his part when your great-ganma spanked him.

You had another splendid, beautiful and loving great-ganma. Her name was Marcia Underwood Williams. She worked and toiled and spun, and braided most beautiful hats, far more beautiful than any hats today. She had several little girls who had tantrums, some of them quite often. She had no closet to shut them in, so she had to spank them. In this way she made one of the best of loving ganmas in the world of her dearest and best little girl for you and Brother and Isabel and Frederick. She may not have spanked her enough, but she made your ganma a very dear and loving ganma for you after all. When your great-ganma was at your ganpa's many years ago she would not let your dear ganma spank your dear papa when he was a little boy and had tantrums. So you see he is a mugwump. Your great-ganma did not let your dear ganma spank him enough.

You had many other noble and beautiful great great-ganmas. They had to run from their homes sometimes to escape wild Injuns. Ganpa knows that you never saw them, but he gave you the guns for you and Brother to hunt wild Injuns who drove your dear great-ganmas from their homes in dark and starless nights. You love your ganmas dearly, but think of your great great-ganmas! What noble ganmas they were!

The further back we go in history the more beautiful and noble and loving our ganmas. They are the dearest friends of their loving grandchildren on earth. Papas and mammas are friend-enemies, but ganpas and ganmas are true friends of their darling little ones.

Ganpa C. E. H.

January 11, 1901.

Dear Cheechee and Brother and Isabel and Frederick:

Ganpa has told you of only two of your wonderful great great-ganmas. You have many others just as good as they were. Your dear ganpa is the only one who can tell you of just a few of your dear, noble, and splendid great, and great-great, ganmas. They should be loved by you all, even more than your ganmas whom you know.

Your great-ganma, your ganpa's mother, was a most lovely girl. Your great-ganpa John Henry saw her when she was teaching school. Your great-ganpa had been asked to teach a "high school," as folks called it then, in Canfield, many miles from Warren, Ohio. He went on foot for many miles from Warren to Canfield and found a lovely girl teaching the little boys and girls. She had a funny name but most beautiful face. She was an angel to your great-ganpa, also to your ganpa except once in a while when she spanked him when she mistrusted he had tantrums. Your great-ganpa loved



her very much, because she was lovely and had a silvery voice. Your own dear ganpa can say that she had the sweetest and purest voice of any person who ever lived. Your ganpa will not except Jenny Lind and Patti. Your great-gamma held hundreds of people spellbound with her part in hymnal symphonies in praise to God. Her maiden name was Polly Jaqua, the great great-granddaughter of the great Lord House on the maternal side and Cardinal Jacques, or Jaqua, on the paternal side! You see that your ganpas and ganmas had far better ganpas and ganmas than you have!

I name only two or three of your great-ganmas, among the many, who could do many things far better than your dear ganmas. Both your loving ganpas will tell you that—when dear ganmas are elsewhere, visiting! You all owe very much to your great great-ganmas. They watched over your own dear ganpas and ganmas so they in turn would spank your dear papas and mammas, who would admonish and spank and shut in closet to make you good when you get to be folks. You all have splendid ganmas, and most of them better than your ganpas. Your dear ganpa thinks that of the multitude of great great-ganpas and ganmas, your ganmas have done the most since the cave dwellers to put you where you are. Maternal love (and plenty of spanking) has lifted man from the cave dweller, the savage, and the Cossack, to the palace and peaceful home; and always upward to a higher life. Thank your dear great great-grandmothers for the great privileges you enjoy, even if Papa and Mamma take away from you the guns that you wish to use to hunt wild Injuns who drove your dear great great-grandmothers from home in dark and starless nights in wildest storms.

Yours truly, Ganpa

The year-end renewals of annual passes, issued to the surety company for its inspectors by the railroads whose employes it bonded, were this year slow in reaching Father. For his passage to St. Louis he had to wait until January 13, too late for the Dallas bank meeting. He then put off his Texas trip for another week in order to testify for the company in a criminal case at Crawfordsville, Indiana, on the way. From Dallas he wrote to me (January 27) "I arrived here last evening at five o'clock on one of the alleged 'Cannon Ball' trains from St. Louis, . . . tired with nearly a week's travel and a grand jury in Indiana," but pleased with "warm greetings" from "the boys of the T. & P." Two days later he wrote again:

I have been the guest of Mr. Thorne, but he left last night for New York on telegram from George Gould. He took me in a carriage home, as he said his wife was from Ohio and would be glad to see me and show me her baby four months old. She is a comely and loving wife and was delighted to know that I knew Dr. Pomerene, our 42d army surgeon. His folks were friends of her folks. Thorne was sorry to leave and exacted a promise from me to spend a week with him before April over the line. All the boys were very glad to see me and asked about you. Prudhomme cried and his voice went all to pieces with emotion. . . . A snapshot of the Doctor and Mrs. Cochran and your poor old father, all three embraced, and kissing each other, would make you laugh and *Mamma weep*. Scores of the old boys greeted me with strongest love. . . .

I wrote you about Old Tom. His name is Matt Hereford and not Tom.



He hunted me up at the general office today and greeted me with the deepest rolling-thunder laugh, far below his boots. What touched me most, however, was to see the tears in Old Matt's eyes. I gave him a quarter for the tears, for it was worth ten dollars to me. Indeed the splendid greetings from scores of the old boys touched me deeply. I never had a relative greet me so tenderly—unless they wanted something—except my father and mother, and Cheechee and Brother, and their gentle mother, my Little Dorrit, and, I will add, my Little Marcia. I love you all, however, and leave for home by Thursday or Friday. I have not decided whether to return by the Katy Flyer north or New Orleans. Everman told me they had captured Crazy Snake and perhaps I might see him, if I went that way, as he was a prisoner on the line of the M. K. & T.

Learning that he could not conveniently be routed home via New Orleans, he so informed Judge Pardee (February 1) and added, "I have had a pleasant time here in Dallas during the few days that I have been here, and nearly closed up the little business" of transferring "the few Texas eggs we had to Ohio baskets." On the same date he mailed to me to deposit the proceeds of his American National Bank shares, twenty-eight hundred dollars, and the next morning took the Katy Flyer for home, curious to see which would arrive first. Reaching Cleveland on February 4, he told a reporter the story, published in the next morning's *Leader*, of his adventure en route with the notorious redskin captive of whom Mr. Everman had spoken. With a clipping for the children he wrote to them (February 6):

Grandpa sends you a mons'rous Injun story about Crazy Snake. Your dear grandpa would have been delighted if his dear little Cheechee and Brother and Isabel and Totherest had been with him when he saw Crazy Snake. Grandpa was not afraid of Crazy Snake, for Crazy Snake was really a good Injun. Crazy Snake had done nothing wrong, had not killed anybody; but the white folks were afraid that he wanted to be like Edward VII or the Emperor of Germany, a sort of boss over other people. Your dear mamma will read to you the mons'rous Injun story and interview of your dear grandpa with the great Injun chief, Crazy Snake.

The clipping recites that at McAllister, I. T., a dozen prisoners with Federal guards boarded Father's train. The conductor, an acquaintance, invited him to go forward two cars in the vestibuled train to see the celebrated Crazy Snake. He replied that he had seen sundry crazy snakes in legislative bodies in the North and would be glad to see their prototype. He found a fine looking Indian, whose custodian was a "squaw man," for the deputy marshal had an Indian wife. The prisoner wore no blanket but was dressed like the farmers there, and though some of the others were handcuffed he was not. From a piece of cornleaf he rolled a cigarette with tobacco-filling and was lighting it, but on being offered a handful of paleface cigars he felt of them and grunted his satisfaction. The newspaper account winds up the skein of Father's yarn:

The Captain returned to the Pullman car, where there were a dozen or fifteen ladies. One of the younger ones with some earnestness and curiosity asked him if it were really true that Crazy Snake was on the train. The Captain offered to point him out to her. Noticing the curiosity of the others he added that her lady friends could also see Mr. Crazy Snake. They went forward and found him with his hat pulled over his eyes. He was glum and surly. The Captain, to get him to look up and show his face, saw that he must in some way introduce the ladies. Turning to the first he asked, "Madam, your name, please?" and then, "Mr. Crazy Snake, I wish to introduce Mrs. Wright to you."

Crazy Snake looked up, showed his face and gave an Indian grunt. The other ladies pressed forward eager to see the hero. The next announced her name as Mrs. Walcutt. The Captain repeated, "I introduce Mrs. Walcutt to you." The third was a pretty miss, who modestly gave her name as Miss Brown. The Captain gravely introduced her to the great chief, "Mr. Crazy Snake, I present to you Miss Brown, who is a friend of your people." The Indian again grunted. And so on with the rest of the ladies who were all introduced. Roars of laughter came from the gentlemen in the cars, probably produced by the gravity of Crazy Snake.

There were evidently other contributing causes for their hilarity. Father reveled in such comedy. But even behind this farcical episode, the "startling Indian uprising" was mainly humbug, and Crazy Snake an opera bouffe chieftain. No racial revolt could overcome the deterrent influence of munificent Government subsidies and the growing numbers of squaw men in the territory. Father is further quoted in the same article:

Many of the squaws are halfbreeds and rather pretty. Every Indian and squaw has set aside for him or her six hundred and forty acres of land. Besides that, they have appropriations from the Government from time to time and, being prudent and saving, there are thousands of young squaws who are worth many thousand dollars besides owning large fertile farms. The squaw men, all of them, say that a squaw makes a much better wife than a white woman. Some of the squaw men are good men but most of them are lazy shiftless fellows and it is clear that the squaws have the worst part of the bargain.

It was no doubt Father's trip South that led him now to polish up and publish on St. Valentine's Day in the *Ohio Farmer* the lyric, "Growing Love," that he had adapted to the tune "On the Banks of the Wabash" and rendered as the inevitable encore to his other popular song-hit, "The Forty-Second Boys" (air, "My Ain Countree,") at all the later reunions of his regiment. Martial memories, romantic reveries—how his rich voice stirred their veteran souls! From the first number:

Far down the Mississippi, boys, your flag was in the van;  
Five thousand at Fort Hindman surrendered to a man!  
Port Gibson, Jackson, Champion, and on Black River's shore  
You helped to take, with Vicksburg, full thirty thousand more.

And then the other song of their sweethearts at home:



On the lonely beat we guarded comrades sleeping,  
 In the starless night and storm we thought of you,  
 Our hearts were sad and lonely—almost weeping,  
 We wondered were you thinking of us too.

Over the week end and while yet under the poetic spell, to which his admired "Uncle Seth" early every spring succumbed, with "poetry bilin' in his natur' " and with sap bilin' in the Russ bush, Father simply had to visit the farm. There he wrote (February 16) to his oldest grandchild, enclosing a newspaper caricature of a pedantic gangling youth, presumed to resemble the child's father, and possessed of enormous nether extremities:

My dear Cheechee: Ganpa sends you and Brother some nice poetry and a first-class skunk story. Your dear mamma will explain to you the quotation of a really fine poem—

And thus I know, sweet Hiram, by the token  
 Of many a mystic memory of yore,  
 That at my call thy echoing woods have spoken,  
 That o'er thy hills my feet have trod before.

Ganpa sends you a picture of the feet that came after Ganpa's and Ganma's feet.

Ganpa has two or three hundred woodchucks all rolled up asleep underground in chambers of dried leaves, waiting for you and Brother to come out in the spring and try to catch them.

With love,  
 Ganpa

The other enclosure was a clipping from the Cleveland *Leader* of February 12 containing his literary redaction of a naive recital by Nils Jorgenson, his Danish tenant, and hence titled "Modern Hamlet's Soliloquy":

I not spak English well, but read him much. I go hunt skunk at night. I find track in snow where cornfield was. I have the lant', the light, and mak 'long on track of skunk to woods. I find skunk. I put the lant' down and tak big club and kill skunk. He was nice skunk, mos' black all over, dollar-half skin, number one skunk, but he mak me smell all over ver' bad. I skin skunk and go home and go to bed. My wife she wak up and kick ver' much. She kick awful. She say, "Ham, your offense too rank to smell to heaven. You smell to other place. You smell like city council. Avaunt! Get thee hence! Go to barn and stay with cows. Oh, how I pity poor cows! When rooster crow at early dawn and gloomy night give way to rosy morn and jocund day, I hand you food outside the door on pitchfork tine. Oh, how I pity poor cows."

But he was number one skunk, mos' black, dollar-half skin.

Concurrently with this predicament of his tenant, Father too was by way of exemplifying the folly of needlessly closing in upon one's malodorous quarry. On August 15, 1900, while checking the shortage of the absconding railroad agent at Middlefield whose canting letter has already been quoted, he chanced upon the freight bills for certain glucose shipments to a local

wholesaler of "pure Geauga County maple sirup." This discovery he later made known to the State dairy and food commissioner's office in Columbus and mentioned it also in a private letter to one of the editors of the *Ohio Farmer* in Cleveland. An item soon afterwards appeared in that paper's agricultural news columns (January 10) as follows:

Captain Henry of Geauga Lake, Ohio, writes us that three carloads of glucose were shipped into Geauga County the past year to a so-called "pure maple sirup" concern that buys thousands of gallons of pure sirup in bulk, of farmers, and they fix it up with glucose for the trade.

This revelation from a past president of the Western Reserve Sugar Makers Association, whose successor organization in Geauga County would soon be holding its annual convention, was well calculated to stir up a hornets' nest. One of its members, C. R. Post, a fellow townsman, wrote to him (January 16) urging that he attend the meeting, give a full account of his discovery, and meanwhile forward full particulars to the food commissioner so that the culprit might be arrested. Just after Father had left for Texas his reply to this letter was published (January 20) in the Chagrin Falls *Exponent*. In it he wrote, "I must leave tomorrow for the Southwest for two weeks so I cannot be with you."

But he had already advised the commissioner's office of what he knew, and had received in reply the plea that "they were helpless to stop it, as 'such stuff' was sold and sent out of Ohio." Soon after his return from Dallas he found that the sugar makers' association had passed resolutions demanding that he name the consignee of the glucose. A Burton firm dealing in maple products also "admonished" him (January 14) of his "duty to report it"; and this letter with his answer (February 13) was likewise printed (February 21) in the *Exponent*. The hue and cry being now hard after him, the latter's editor in the same issue sheltered him by querying "What would be the use of his naming the party when there is no law in Ohio by which the offenders could be punished?" And besides he had not said that the glucose shipped to the dealer in "pure Geauga County maple sirup" was in fact mixed with the sirup. The *Ohio Farmer* editors also gallantly came to his rescue by explaining to its readers (February 21) that such inference, expressed in its columns some weeks before, was not quoted from his letter but was their own comment thereon.

What Father had really aimed at was to arouse effective popular protest against the lack of vigilance by the State officials in the enforcement of its pure food laws, which had been enacted for the protection alike of the honest producer and of the otherwise defenseless consumer. So in a letter from Pittsburgh (March 12) published in the same paper (March 21) he returned to the fray. Citing a decision just rendered by the Pennsylvania supreme court, which showed that, under a statute similar to the Ohio law, adulteration and fraudulent imitation of food products could be punished even though such



wares were destined for consumption outside the State, he recalled that "Two years ago the *Farmer* had a picture of our pure food commissioner with hands tied."

Alluding now to that officer's predecessors, including his friend, Frank A. Derthick, the first to hold the place, he asked rhetorically, "Were Derthick's hands tied? Were McNeal's hands tied?" He had written to Mr. Post two months before that "If the people could have Derthick, or some such honest blockhead" for commissioner, who did not know enough to know that fraudulent food producers in Ohio were unpunishable if their product was not for Ohio consumption, those malefactors would now stir up "a howl that he is a bad man and unfit for the place." Commissioner Blackburn, sensitive to Father's published strictures on the "poor" food commissioner, had sent his chief deputy, Charles Martin, a Chardon man, to Geauga Lake (March 4) in company with Editor Robinson of the *Exponent*. Being assured that Father had not witnessed any actual mixing of the glucose with maple sirup, Martin thereupon published a statement that samples of the suspected dealer's wares had frequently been examined by the State chemist "and no trace of adulteration had ever been found." The *Exponent's* satirical comment upon his manifesto was:

This lets Middlefield shippers out of the woods in great shape with colors flying and a defiant rock maple chip on each shoulder. And Commissioner Martin has also given "every extensive shipper" of sirup in northeastern Ohio a clean bill of health, slap dab! John Van Buren used to boast that Kinderhook, N. Y., was the center of civilization, and now we can boast that northeastern Ohio is the national center for unadulterated sirup! Like the Dreyfus affair, there are clouds and darkness about this glucose case. Capt. Henry—and nobody questions his shrewdness, fairness and veracity—says he saw the freight bills for three carloads of glucose shipped into Geauga County. We move the previous question, and enquire to whom this large quantity of glucose was shipped.

All this publicity effectually ended the shipping of glucose into this region. And inasmuch as Geauga farmers produced about one-sixth of all the maple sugar and sirup in Ohio and their product was more than that of any other county in the United States, this achievement was bound to be of great benefit to producers here and to consumers everywhere.

## 48. *Joy and Mourning under the Maples*

AS INTEREST in the glucose mystery abated, sugaring on the Russ Place began. After the middle of March Father now and again went out there for two or three days, and by the 26th, when Mother, who had been visiting her daughters, joined him, the old home awoke from its hibernation and their winter in Cleveland was over. A week later eight or ten of the *Ohio Farmer* staff came out to see the new "sugar fixin's" and have a spring frolic in the country. Father let the young folks scurry around as they pleased, but my brother Jim was everywhere on hand to do the honors. Their friend, the young assistant editor, James F. Cunningham, took snapshots of the host's residence, sugar house, and "the ledges," or Russ rocks, and wrote the front page story that his paper published (April 18) of their "Little Journey" to "the Farm of Captain C. E. Henry."

Whether outside, roaming over the 400-acre farm, wandering through the sugar bush of 3000 trees, clambering over the romantic ledges resplendent with their beautiful conglomerate, visiting the well-kept barns with their inhabitants of contented livestock; or inside the very comfortable and well appointed country home, with its wealth of literature, art, and objects of historic interest, listening to some of the inimitable tales of the Captain's personal experiences; or in the actual "drudgeries" of sugar time—making taffy, sugaring off, boiling the sap, etc.—everywhere was the same open-handed, big-hearted request to "make yourselves at home, now," and "the place belongs to you today!" That these requests did not go unheeded will be attested by every member of the party. The entire day was one of the happiest in the memory of the writer.

The "sugar-bush" was the center of attraction, and in some particulars this bush is of especial interest. In the first place it is one of the largest on the Western Reserve. The land is quite rugged and the bush is a little hard to work on this account; but the sirup is the very nectar of nature, for it comes from a foundation of rock. Many of the trees grow upon the bare boulders and ledges, their roots reaching the soil beneath by tortuous courses over the face of the stone.

The sugar house, however, furnishes the most interesting feature to sugar-makers. As will be seen by the illustration, the boiler has an immense stack. This stack is built of brick on a solid pier of dressed stone and stands fifty-five feet high. It makes a splendid draft, so that, as the Captain says, they "can burn almost anything but ice." The boiler is a sixty horse-power one and the evaporating is done by steam. The steam coils are in the bottom of the three compartments of the evaporator. Captain Henry is the first successfully to utilize steam in maple sirup making.



The capacity of the apparatus is eight to ten barrels of sap per hour, using wood for fuel. Mr. Fuller, the operator, said that by using coal he could largely increase the output. The evaporator has fifty-six square feet of surface and is fifteen inches deep. Captain Henry has noticed that a crust of silica is likely to form on the coils in the first compartment. As this crust is a non-conductor of heat it is necessary to remove it to get the full value of the heat. The boiler cost two hundred dollars complete, the chimney three hundred and fifty dollars. The quality of sirup from this process is excellent. In this bush it is boiled to eleven and a half pounds to the gallon—a half pound over legal weight. The buckets were turned down April 5, and the season for 1901 was ended. It was not a heavy run.

It must be borne in mind that the readers of this weekly were dirt farmers, descendants of the pioneers that came from New England to the Western Reserve, men of intelligence and education. They wanted clear explanations of every new device or process in their calling, and precise information in regard to costs and the results to be expected if such improvements were adopted. This requirement having now been met, the article proceeds to describe the landscape.

The scenery about the sugar house and beyond is grand. The land rises from the Chagrin river in a precipitous bluff which is capped with a heavy stratum of white quartz conglomerate, with a few pebbles of jasper. In some cases great fissures have opened back into the breast of the bluff, and in others the rock overhangs the path to a distance of ten to fifteen feet. Numerous evergreens give a distinctly mountainous effect.

Coming back across the river to the Home Place a mile southwest of the Russ rocks, the *Farmer* party found the "house roomy and very comfortable"; the cellar capacious and dry, with its "cement floor and raised cases for the canned goods," its store of potatoes "in bushel crates," and its large barrel of delicious smoked hams packed in bran that "keeps them sweet and clean"; the living rooms "well supplied with music, art, and literature"; and the "excellent dairy barn" housing "twenty fine milch cows." Of Father himself the summary concludes, "He is a good man, of the highest principles, cultured and refined."

Some weeks earlier the *Ohio Farmer* people of their own motion had recommended him for appointment to the board of control of the Ohio Agricultural Experiment Station. Their partiality naturally pleased him, but he neither coveted nor received the appointment. Being shown their letter to Governor Nash and feeling bound to tone down its excessive praise of his record as soldier and civilian, he could not but own (March 1) that "more than any other man in the Forty-second Regiment" he had enjoyed the "confidence of the three field officers—Garfield, Sheldon, and Pardee—during the War, and after it," and that he was trusted in like manner by the "seven postmasters-general, from Creswell to James," under whom he subsequently served. On

May 12 a further appreciation of him, with a double-column cut,<sup>1</sup> was published in the Cleveland *Leader* under the heading, "His Intellect is Keen and his Heart is Kind." It concludes:

Captain Henry is a man of wide information, and he has always been a great reader. This fact, combined with his varied experience as an officer of the law, renders him a most delightful story-teller. He furthermore possesses the ability to write his stories as well as he tells them.

The accompanying portrait, a striking one, which might be termed "The Man with the Hat," was from the photograph of Father by Charles Horton, taken in Cleveland about April 4. Another, made at the same time but without the hat, seems less like him. He was then eighteen weeks over sixty-five years old, and to all appearance in sound health. Of course each of these "write-ups" made mention of his army record, but they could only faintly reflect the stirrings of that great adventure as he felt them throughout his life. Those vivid years of his young manhood from twenty-five to twenty-nine kept thronging his memory. Four decades had not dimmed them. To Judge Pardee on Washington's Birthday he sent this war-time reminiscence:

It seems that our dear old Hewitt is still alive, blind and helpless, with a paltry pension of twelve dollars a month. . . . He was seventy or seventy-five years old when I heard him tell his first lie, to the surgeons who examined us as we stood in line for muster. They looked at him and asked, "How old are you?" "Forty," said he. As he was then seventy or seventy-five, he is much over a hundred years old today! He told, however, a noble lie when he was sworn into the service, a lie that you and I always enjoyed, that had no "pizen" in it. . . .<sup>2</sup>

I regret very much that I could not return North by way of New Orleans and see you. My family are all well and healthy. The grandchildren begin to bother and climb on Grandpa's lap—which I enjoy very much.

From New Orleans the Judge responded (March 2) that he was willing of course to help get old man Hewitt an increase of pension, but "if Colonel Charles Dick, godson of Hanna and McKinley, has undertaken the job and failed, it seems to be a pretty hard case." The rest of his letter tells of the advent in New Orleans for Mardi Gras of a prosperous looking man who "introduced himself as Daniel Dull, Meadville, Pennsylvania, and formerly a member of Company F, 42d O. V. I.," and with whose remarkable career during and since the War the regimental secretary should in reason become acquainted.

Like Comrade Dull the whole country was now enjoying a settled prosperity. Whether or not defalcations were on this account growing less frequent, the demands of the surety company on Father's time diminished noticeably in 1901. President Lyman congratulated him (February 11) on his

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<sup>1</sup> See frontispiece, and page 594, *supra*.

<sup>2</sup> Here follows the account of Hewitt's feat of "loading an army wagon on to mules," as already given at page 111, *supra*.



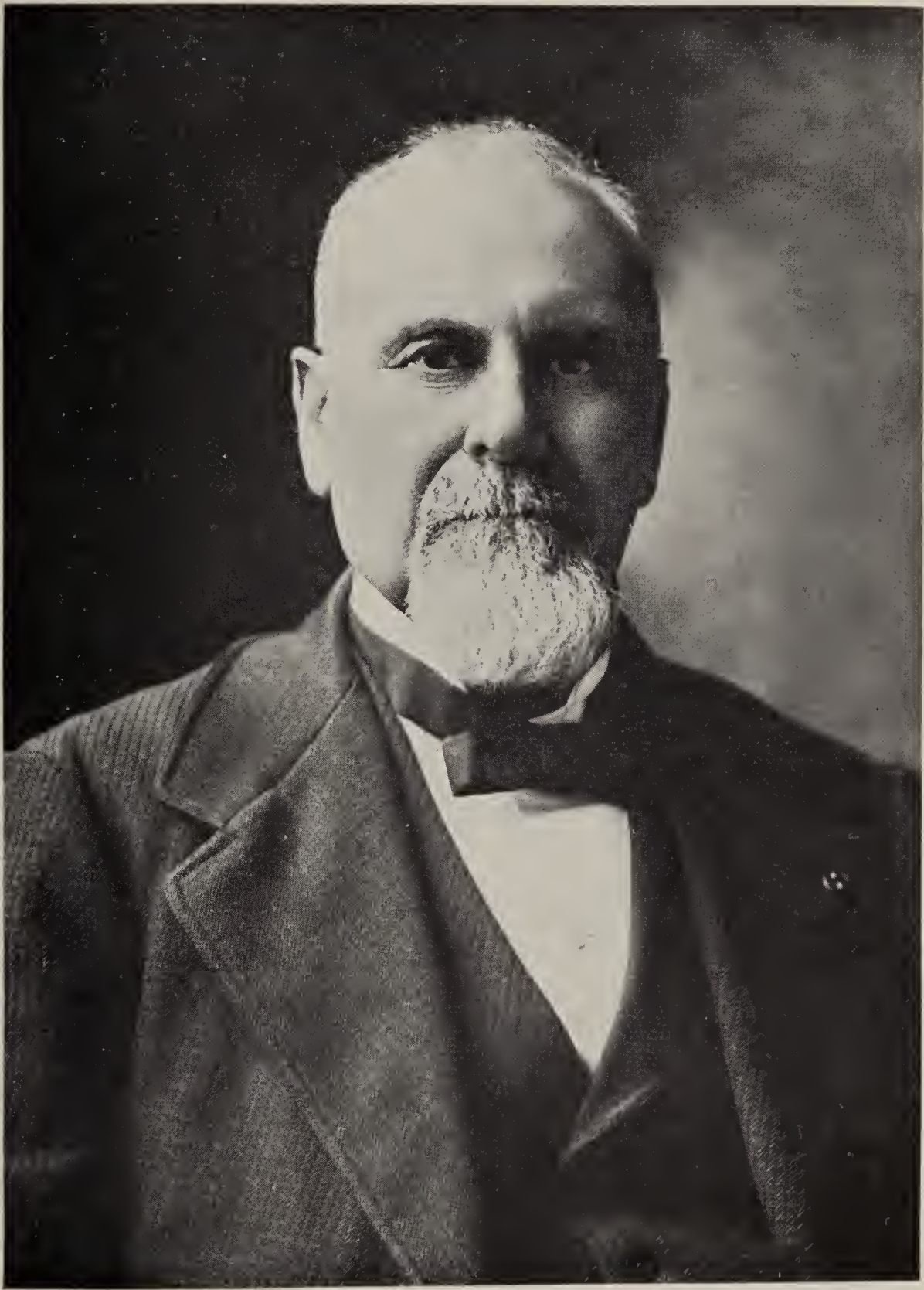
success in securing the difficult conviction in Crawfordsville, and from time to time expressed satisfaction with his handling of other matters. One hopeless case was that of a defaulting female employe in a Cincinnati insurance office. Three of her young women acquaintance there told him "that she was a spendthrift and had no notions of honesty," having "borrowed money right and left of her friends, with no thought of repaying them."

He regretted having "to report the facts in this case" (April 12) because he had maintained "for years that young women as cashiers and handling other people's money were far safer to bond than young men." And he added chivalrously, "I still think so." But his generous opinion and the reasoning with which he supported it were ere long confuted by cold statistics, as disclosed in the story he gave to the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, whereby he incidentally managed to make prominent the name of the American Surety Company of New York as that of "the oldest and largest bonding institution in the world" and to procure for it (and himself) half a column of free advertising, a part of which follows:

He has consistently maintained ever since his connection with the surety company that the premium for bonding women should be just one half as great as that for bonding men. His reasons for this were that he considered that women as a rule had not the temptations to become defaulters which were always in the way of men, and moreover, that women were of better habits and naturally of more strict ideas of honor. He has been working to have the premium rate for bonding women reduced, holding that as the risk was less than for the men the premium should be correspondingly less. He has several times presented this idea to the officials of the company and his proposition has met with considerable favor. So much attention has been given to this subject that lately an investigation of the relative honesty of men and women has been gone into by them.

For the past few days President Henry D. Lyman of the American Surety Company has been visiting relatives in Cleveland. Mr. Lyman and Captain Henry have had several interviews during the former's stay in the city. It was during one of these interviews that Captain Henry's disillusionment occurred. President Lyman told the Captain that he had investigated the matter carefully and that he had discovered that the proportion of female defaulters was considerably greater than the proportion of similar culprits among the sterner sex. Statistics gathered after a close investigation showed that there were three female defaulters to two male; in other words, women are half again as dishonest as men. Captain Henry was much surprised. . . . He rather inclines to think that it arises from the fact that women as a rule are not so accustomed to handling money. . . .

A few days after reporting upon the Cincinnati woman's case, Father's ire was hotly stirred by the actions and pretenses of one of the Bainbridge township trustees, whose unlicensed "borrowings" of river gravel above the old wooden bridge of the east and west road were not merely for the public use but his own, and not only within the real or pretended limits of the highway but several rods upstream on Father's land. Of this he wrote to me in a series



Captain Charles E. Henry (last photograph, 1900)





of vehement letters (April 21-22) from which some excerpts will serve both to vindicate his irritation and to eke out the public annals of this township road.

Before I was born, a rude road was laid out on the lot line from Uncle William's corners to John Henry's corners. It was absolutely closed up according to law by Dr. Shipherd for several years. The line fence was put in the middle of the old road straight up the [west] hill to the four corners. I think it went that way for five or six or seven years. . . . Several years after, Uncle William secured by petition a new road to run from his corners to your grandfather's corners a mile west, and to run as near the lot lines as practicable. Dr. Shipherd yielded—by the kind influence of John Henry—and insisted upon a bridge, as he had bought the Russ Place. . . . This road had nothing to do with the former old blazed path and stoneboat road, vacated and closed years before. . . . C. E. Henry and Marvin Henry, then boys, about 1847 or 1848, carried the chain to run out the road.<sup>1</sup> At the river they chained across just below two sycamore trees for convenience of a bridge that was built several years after. Dr. Shipherd advised the roadway at or below the sycamores, as it would cost less. . . . Before the bridge was built, people crossed the river a few feet above the sycamores for convenience and not by right. . . . The line or roadway was run across the river at sycamores below and north of lot line. . . . They [the trustees] can get gravel on our land by paying for it. But the road is not four or five rods wide, but only forty-seven feet. . . .

From the trespasser's evasive answers to his cross-examination of him, Father surmised that, among others, his neighbor, the son and heir of old Dr. Shipherd, had abetted the offender with the assurance that the gravel between the bridge and the upstream margin of the original road was free as air to all the world. In support of this conjecture he cited to me (April 22) the same neighbor's trespass farther down the river a dozen years before. The Russ Farm east of the Chagrin had been acquired by Father from Henry Shipherd in 1882 and was separated from his brother George Shipherd's farm by the thread of the stream. Meanwhile the river kept gnawing gradually into the latter's land in an ever widening semicircle. Like Hotspur in Shakespeare's *King Henry IV*, this neighbor determined to right the wrong himself:

See how this river comes me cranking in,  
And cuts me from the best of all my land  
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out.  
I'll have the current in this place damm'd up,  
And here the smug and silver Trent shall run  
In a new channel, fair and evenly:  
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,  
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

"George Shipherd cut a ditch on east side of the river, giving him over an acre of land from the Russ Place. I was in Texas and heard of it. I came

<sup>1</sup> Cf. page 65, *supra*, and note.



home and went for him. He offered to mark and settle. I marked '\$40.' He marked '\$50.' He looked happy and said, 'We'll split the difference.' I replied, 'No, forty dollars is the damage to me and the gain to you. That is all I will take.' "

Father's heated reminiscences of just where the relocated road had been run in crossing the river, led him now to reopen communication with the cousin and boyhood crony who when they were fifteen years old, had helped him carry the chain in Grandfather's survey of the proposed new highway. From West Lincoln, Nebraska, came the prompt reply (May 6), with photograph and sign manual of the " 'Superblueskin' that used to ramble over" the Russ sugar camp, and still remembered "old Fanny Russ' log cabin at the spring" and the "little white dog called Sailor" that "always crawled under her old red petticoat and would stick his head out and growl." The letter tells of his easy circumstances and of his good health for sixty-five, at which age he "can walk ten miles as quick as forty years ago"; speaks with modest pride of his son, twice elected treasurer of Holt County; recalls his "visit to the old birthplace about seventeen years ago," half his motive being to see his old playmate, who, he found, was in Texas; and adds that, having made Nelson Henry's his headquarters while in Bainbridge, he "got Ann, Lizy and Mariar together in Cleveland and had a good visit at Shelt Goodsell's."

Devoted and attentive as Father was to his farm, with its little river and the tributary spring brooks, its diversity of soils, native plants, and small wild creatures, its rugged woods, rocks, and gullies, every feature redolent of his own life story, yet the seclusion and wide extent of his acres, with his frequent and sometimes long absences from home, attracted the lawless to help themselves not only to his natural supplies of sand, gravel, wood, game, nuts, berries, bittersweet, and the like, but even in a few instances to his "boughten" wedges, log-chains, harness, hand tools, sap buckets, milk cans, etc. Two or three times he retrieved such chattels from their hiding-places, and merely lectured the young rascals, whom he might well have prosecuted. In fact he never prosecuted anybody for such offenses against his own property rights.

Adults that whined some false pretense of license for their poaching, he regarded as hopelessly reprobate and would have nothing more to do with them, but would vent his choler by excoriating them in letters to me. Whether such encroachments multiplied during his latter years or his sensitiveness to them increased, he certainly had cause enough for his fiery sentiments; but they quickly subsided in the joy of his grandchildren's society. For him theirs was the earth and the fulness thereof. In his curious tender tone of badinage that he almost always used to them he was forever assuring my little boy Charles, his namesake and first grandson, "Grandpa will take care of that boy." It was a pretty fiction, for the real care of them was luckily not

Grandpa's job. He well knew whose it was, as is shown in his letter (March 23) addressed to Charles's mother by the pet name he applied to her:

My dear Little Dorrit: I send you a gem from an unpublished poem of Joaquin Miller. I saw him two or three times and liked him. He was looked upon as a crank. So was Doctor Johnson—Goldsmith and Byron and even Tom Moore. Here it is:

The bravest battle that ever was fought;  
Shall I tell you where and when?  
On the maps of the world you will find it not,  
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.  
Oh! those battles they last so long, so long,  
From babyhood to the grave, . . .

My Little Dorrit is a splendid and loving major general in this long conflict from the cradle to the grave. Mamma has been the Iron Duke, who stands "four-square to all the winds that blow," and Aunt Mary—chief of staff.

Pawpaw

Deeply attached though he was to little Charles, the boy had by no means supplanted his seven-year-old sister in their grandsire's affection. To her he wrote on April 13:

The hens told Ganpa a few days ago that they would sit three weeks for Cheechee and Brother on some eggs, and show them some nice little chicks. The robins, too; they sing for you to come—Cheechee, Cheechee, and Brother. The bluebirds also call for you. The crows call for you from the top of the great oak tree. The frogs sing for Cheechee and Brother, enough to drive folks crazy. Ganpa saw several woodchucks run for their holes, saying, "Cheechee and Brother, catch me if you can; I will get away from you in my nice home underground." The bluebirds are crazy for you. No music on piano can equal them.

Ganpa knows what the hens and turkeys and cows say. Ganpa was splitting kindlings for Ganma in woodshed. An old hen looked in and began to scold. She wanted Ganpa to get elsewhere. He got out; so old hen got in and fussed around in a box on the woodpile. Soon old hen came out, yelling, "Qu't, qu't, ka-da-kut," as loud as she could yell. She told Ganpa that she and the other hens wanted Cheechee and Brother, and the little sister they had heard of, to come out and take care of them.

Ganpa and Ganma have a nice new stove. Ganpa sneaked off to woodshed and barn when they put the stovepipe together. Ganpa loves Ganma dearly, but he don't want to put up stovepipe with her.

In spite of the allurements of spring at Geauga Lake, Father was kept from home in April more than half the time on business of the surety company, including special trips for it to Youngstown and Toledo, to Lexington, Kentucky, and to Erie, Pennsylvania. Weather conditions in the last two places were sharply contrasted. From the Reed House he wrote to me (April 22) "I find snowbanks three and four feet high all over Erie. It seems funny after leaving Lexington." There, curiously enough, just after his arrival, a "killing" had occurred, like those he had so often commented on before. "I



did not see the Kentucky colonel killed, but saw him gasp on the floor, I think three times, near the Phoenix Hotel after the other Kentucky colonel gathered him to his fathers." Observers assigned "weemen" as the cause of the "fuss." A few weeks afterwards another instance of Dixie's lax regard for the sixth commandment again stirred his sarcastic comment.

Of course he did not hate the South, for he had too many friends there, many of whom had been wartime foes. Even with friends in the North he rather liked on slight occasion to "rub it in." He poked roguish fun at or over the shoulders of nearly everybody in his circle and, not least, the members of his own family. It wasn't always easy for them to "take it." Thus, upon a letter to him from Dallas (March 20) returning his Security Mortgage and Trust Company stock certificate as worthless, he indorsed this gratuitous comment to his lawyer son: "Dear Fred: Here goes \$1000 according to law and the courts." As if "law and the courts" had had anything to do with his loss! So now he wrote to Judge Pardee (June 13) apropos of another race outrage:

Dear Judge: It seems that the Prophet Elijah in Louisiana can not depend on ravens and U. S. courts. In Kuklux days negro women seemed to be safe when thousands of male negroes were shot to death like so many snakes simply to keep them servile and "know their place." The gallant and chivalrous whites of that region seem to be forced, fifty years after slavery was doomed, to begin to shoot negro women also. The appellate U. S. Court has my deepest sympathy not even to act the part of the ravens.

C. E. Henry

P. S. When are you coming to God's country? I want to see you.

C. E. H.

The same evening from Detroit he wrote to my children a modernized "lesson of Elijah" and his self-anointed successor, saying,

Your papa and all the courts can not do for this black Elijah what the ravens did for first Elijah long time ago. The Elishas of today, in the Southern States,

Go up in a chariot of *kerosene* fire  
Safe to the Promised Land. . . .

Ganpa also sends picture of mons'rous ship, to kill folks with. Ganpa and Ganma don't want to kill folks. Your papa and mamma don't want to kill folks, and you and Brother and Sister and cousins do not want to kill folks. Yet here is picture of big ship to kill folks. It seems to Ganpa that some folks must be very wicked, somewhere, and that many good folks get killed when they try to kill wicked folks.

I wish you and Brother would think of these things, and also try to decide the question—that bothers Ganpa—where feelings leave off and tantrums begin and where tantrums leave off and rampage begins. Nations and folks and children are governed by these three emotions, but children and folks and ganpas and ganmas can not build big ships to enforce feelings, tantrums, and rampage. Only kings and queens and emperors can do that. Old Elijah

had ravens to feed him. The black Elijah of today has bloodhounds and shot-guns to follow him. So ends Ganpa's Sunday School lesson to his loved ones.

The same sympathy and gravity with which Father thus submitted infantile emotions to subjective scrutiny, he now applied also to the "kindergarten" members of the Hiram College board. I had been chosen a trustee in 1899 for an unexpired term to end in June, 1901, and at the next annual meeting of the corporation another young alumnus, Warren Hayden, was elected for a full term of three years. The College was then a non-profit stock company, and Hayden and I were quietly seeking proxies to insure my re-election in June and to put in others of our generation, or at least of our way of thinking, should any casual vacancies meanwhile occur. Though not unfriendly to President Zollars personally, we were opposed to much of his educational program.

Will Dietz and some other trustees agreed with us, but we were not yet in a majority. The administration, too, could get proxies, so we could not afford a bitter contest. And we must be careful not to embarrass Father, a past president of the board, nor my sister Marcia, whom President Zollars had called to teach in the institution and afterwards promoted to be lady principal, and was now proposing to compensate at a slightly higher rate. Of this and another contemplated pay raise he had already advised Father, who replied (March 9) thanking him for the "small increase of her salary to \$800.00 a year, only a part of [that] which she really deserves."

The bracketed word corresponds with his opinion "that she was worth a thousand dollars a year to the College." But because he was a trustee his "tongue was tied"; and indeed the Henrys, wheresoever employed, "generally have done better elsewhere when they were satisfied they were not getting their just rights." And this is precisely what Marcia did two years later. So now Father, counseling patience, sent me an administration protest against the brewing rebellion of the alumni trustees.

Cleveland, Ohio, June 2, 1901.

Dear Fred:

I refer this to you and Hayden and other kid members for consideration and as a missionary tract, "Food for Infant Minds." I admonish you kids not to cavort too much nor get on the rampage against the notions of the *brethren* on the board. If you do, it will spoil my scheme of getting on the board all the kids I can. The old brethren will not stand too much cavorting and rampaging of kids on the board.

Very truly,  
C. E. Henry

It was probably our good fortune that I was unable to attend the meetings in Hiram a fortnight later. Father meanwhile headed the nominating committee. In my absence I was reelected, and by way of peaceful compromise Judge Henry C. White and Mr. Harrison R. Newcomb of Cleveland were the newly drafted trustees. Neither of these was of the insurgents' genera-



tion, nor was either of them college bred, though each had attended Hiram in the Eclectic period and, best of all, both of them were sympathetic with the kids. Father's diplomacy had triumphed. Mr. Newcomb was president of the Citizens bank in Cleveland, and a few years before had taken kindly notice of me as a plodding young lawyer in the bank building at 44 Euclid Avenue. Another youthful alumnus, H. D. Messick, was picked by him about that time for the bank's first office attorney, who before long was to serve with him on the College board. Mr. Newcomb, at his death a few years afterwards, left half his estate to Hiram College.

From quite other bank connections Father himself derived substantial benefit at this time. Most of the money that he retrieved from Texas he subscribed at my suggestion for twenty-three shares of Metropolitan National Bank stock. This Cleveland investment he soon sold (April 17) at a small profit, because in the Mahoning Valley there were now superior opportunities, concerning which his son-in-law's bank ties there gained him firsthand information. President now of the Niles bank wherein Father had a little stock, Webb was also closely connected with two banks in Youngstown. Thus through him Father came to be an early small stockholder in the new iron and steel corporation that was afterwards styled The Youngstown Sheet and Tube Company, an investment which was to become very profitable.

Mother had previously shifted her stock in the City National Bank of Dallas for a few shares of the American National Bank in Cleveland, which, with another small investment of hers, were now worth above two thousand dollars. At her instance and with Father's approval, I exchanged for these the house in Hiram that Aunt Mary Williams had built, together with some of my stock in the company that owned the new Williamson Building in Cleveland. The Hiram property cost Aunt Mary more than she counted on, and after a while she had got me to take it over and pay the mortgage, in return for securing the life estate in it to her.

Soon afterwards she experienced the first symptoms of that slowly spreading paralysis of the extremities, which seemed to be hereditary in her mother's family and had come to be known as the mortal "Underwood disease," but which is now identified with pernicious anaemia that can be halted with a diet of liver. Her seventieth birthday (May 23) found her so nearly helpless that after waiting three troubled weeks longer, Mother suddenly took action to end her sister's stay in Hiram and bring her to Geauga Lake. So I readily agreed that, since the care of her through a probably lingering illness was henceforth to be Mother's responsibility, the home she had built, less what money I had in it, ought also to be Mother's and on June 13 it was conveyed accordingly.

Aunt Annis Newton, starting on September 9 from Durand, Wisconsin, to visit her sisters in Ohio, had the hard luck en route to fall and break her hip, so that, with her purpose thwarted, she dragged out nine weeks in a

Chicago hospital and regretfully returned home with the aid of her daughter Sophie who had hastened to her side. In the late autumn Mother journeyed to Wisconsin and found her remarkably recovered. She lived for more than a score of years longer to the age of nearly ninety-four.

When Aunt Mary, crippled but surprisingly cheerful, was moved to Geauga Lake, my family were already quartered there for the summer while our house in Cleveland was being enlarged. Jim, too, was soon home from law school, but Marcia was booked for study at Harvard during the vacation. Fortunately the lodging resources of the old home were expansible in warm weather, when the detached office and the two-room "sirup house," needing no summer fires, afforded extra space for three or more double beds. Staying with us through that trying summer in the country, our loyal maid, Emma Hausman, proved herself a treasure to the entire household. Mother, with Aunt Mary on her hands, could scarcely have done without her. It was hard to get about except by rail, and just to drive or walk through the mire to the station was an ordeal until the weather cleared. Heavy rains kept the roads horribly muddy at first and swelled the Chagrin in its mid-June flood so that the bridge floors were awash and the turbid current extended across the flats to the high banks on either side of the valley.

A day or two before moving out to the Lake I curried the favor of Father's horse sense to help me pick and buy a handsome young mare, with trim harness and top buggy, so that we might all have some freedom of movement; and Bird's performance quite justified the promise of her name. The next day (May 24) Father wrote from the Weddell House in Cleveland to his dear Cheechee:

Ganpa and Ganma present to you and Brother and Sister a *mons'rous nice* present—a fine horse, buggy, and harness. Ganpa suggests that you name the horse—a woman horse—Dolly, because your great-ganma had her favorite horse named Dolly. However, Ganpa will not insist on the name. He only insists that he and Ganma give you the whole rig, with their love. Your dear papa paid for the outfit, but we will keep silent about that, for this is the way the world goes. You must thank Ganpa and Ganma for the gift, for we give them to you because we love you so dearly. We give them freely and lovingly, to do as you please with them, subject to Ganpa and Ganma's, Papa and Mamma's, Aunt Marcia's and Uncle Jim's directions. . . . Subject to the above limitations, you and Brother have *absolute control* of Ganpa's and Ganma's magnificent gift.

A fortnight earlier (May 9) he had written from Grand Rapids to Marcia Louise about her little Webb cousins' ecstatic transport—and incidentally his own—with a more primitive kind of vehicle.

Ganpa had *mons'rous* good time with Isabel and Frederick. He wheeled them around in wheelbarrow, and it gave Ganpa much delight and happiness. Ganpa wished that you and Brother and Sister had been there to fill the wheelbarrow. . . . The most precious load Ganpa can wheel is . . . his grandchildren, and dump them on a pile of sand at Maple Farm.



He took the two older ones (June 10) with him to mill; and in general wherever he went, on the farm or through the countryside, the demand that they "go along" was mutual. To me he wrote (June 18) about Charles:

He and Cheechee and Sister are the comfort of my life. They are better every day than a Wild West circus. I can not express the fun and enjoyment I have from their budding lives. Roses and calla lilies, Mareschal Neil and Jacqueminots, are nowhere with them. My life with advancing years is braided into theirs. Hence I want them with me. . . . Charles will make a good man. I will tell you why. Ganpa had four or five bushels of potatoes to sprout. He asked Brother to help. At first Ganpa sprouted two or three to his one. Soon the little boy sprouted faster than Ganpa. Ganpa asked him to pick up cobs in corncrib, and casually remarked that when he returned in a few days we would sweep and clean up. An hour after, Ganpa went past and found the boy had swept the big corncrib clean as best he could and thought nothing of it. . . . Ganpa felt that he was thousand times better than Ganpa's own boys. . . .

Three days later he was writing again to Little Dorrit, about his "dear little Sophia," whose efforts to acquire the English language were a linguistic exercise "far more delightful to Ganpa than to study a Latin grammar with the most beautiful girl of the thousand pretty girls" that have gone to "Hiram in fifty years—except their Ganma." Grandchildren understood his baffling periods if their elders did not; for were they not already familiar with "the squidgicumsquees that swallows theirselves," and with the Cheshire cat, outlasted by its own smile?

Until nearly midsummer Father with all the family kept in fine fettle. On Memorial Day in Cleveland General Barnett halted his carriage in the van of the parade and invited him to ride at his side. On June 22, by request of the local companions of the Loyal Legion, he read to them a paper called "Some Unwritten History of the First Year of the Civil War," which the *Leader* printed (June 24) with the title, "Garfield's First Campaign." When Editor Morrow "says a thing is good, it *is good*," Father exulted in a covering note to me. In this address he described the origin and outcome of the expedition up the Sandy Valley in Kentucky, and added some account of its leader's subsequent service as chief of staff to General Rosecrans. Among other commendations of his speech was a letter from his old schoolmate and comrade, Colonel William H. Clapp, who wrote to him (June 28) from West Hartford, Connecticut, of his pleasure in reading it, and enclosed a check in payment of his previous subscription to Hiram College. An interesting reminiscence of their commander had lately come to Father from their old friend, James N. Tyner, President Grant's last postmaster general, who wrote (May 31):

Often I recall the many hours I spent with Garfield in committee room and in private communion, and I can see him now as he stood the day before the assassin's bullet shot away his great life, when, with hand affectionately on my shoulder, he said: "I am going away for three weeks to play as a boy plays.

I am thrilled with the anticipated pleasure of a vacation. Come with Mrs. Tyner in the morning and ride over with us as far as Philadelphia on your way to Atlantic City. I shall have a private car." I playfully answered, "You are very kind, Mr. President, and I scarcely know how to decline the honor of the invitation. . . ." A hearty shake of the hand was our last parting. My name came up before his cabinet within two hours after that moment, when his secretary of state made a malicious assault on me, and Garfield defended me and silenced him. So far as I know, that was the last time my name ever passed his lips, and it was coupled with words of praise. I can not thank him here. May I be permitted to do so Up There.

Across this letter Father penciled to me, "You see why some folks disliked Blaine and loved Garfield." At the same time came also a letter from the wife of Mr. J. M. Ferris, of Toledo, who years before had been general manager of what is now the Erie Railroad. Writing (June 1) their thanks for clippings and papers sent them, containing the articles already mentioned about Hiram and Maple Farm, and for some words in praise of her and her husband, she added in regard to the farm this pleasant recollection:

I remember passing a most glorious summer day there some twenty years ago, with a party of dear friends, now widely scattered, who would, I am sure, agree with me that it was one of the few red letter days of life, so perfectly lovely was it in every way. We and our children often recall those happy days on the old N. Y. P. & O.

But at the farm now there were bitter days ahead. For one thing, Aunt Mary steadily grew more helpless, and it was plain that she could not long survive. A week after her removal from Hiram, the Commencement Day (June 20) was followed by the alumni reunion and luncheon, for which Louise and Jim, the Webbs, and Delia Richards, with scores of our friends, remained. As they sat, a jolly company, at table, none could suspect that there was "death in the pot." A fortnight later twenty or thirty of them came down with typhoid fever, including all those above named except Louise. It was never quite determined what item of the food or drink was contaminated. Some thought it was water from a little used spring or well on the campus, but the majority opinion fixed upon the ice cream that was brought in from outside. Many became alarmingly ill, and two died—Professor Hugh McDiarmid, of the College faculty, and our Jim.

On Independence Day Jim was cutting wheat with the binder, and despite his mounting temperature and growing languor he stuck to his work to the finish. Until almost the last of July we were confident that he would pull through. He lived until August 18. Meanwhile Father suffered a heat prostration at home (July 26) and a week later he was knocked over near the surety company office in Cleveland by a carriage and team turning swiftly from Euclid Avenue into Bond Street. Taken to a hospital he was found to be bruised and cut but not badly hurt, and he was out again in a day or two. For the next fortnight he stayed out at the farm, growing daily more anxious about Jim until the end.



The funeral over, he went again about his business, but he was never afterwards quite the same. President McKinley was shot on September 6 and died on the 14th. Aunt Mary died September 29. The Webbs and Delia Richards had meanwhile been convalescing from the fever, but the latter was not told of her fiancé's death until some days after he was buried. Louise and the children having gone to her parents' home in East Smithfield while Jim was languishing, now of course came back for the funeral, and as soon as the addition to our house was finished we returned to Cleveland. Jim's nurses stayed on to care for Aunt Mary. Marcia had come home from Harvard the last of July when anxiety about Jim deepened, and I was present during the first weeks of his illness and the last.

For three months the old farm home was the scene of tragedy unrelieved, but another two months passed before it was closed again for the winter. Mother meanwhile spent some time with my sisters at Hiram and Mineral Ridge. Her burden of work had been heavier than Father's, but she simply had to carry on, though his strength and spirits wilted. On September 19 the *Ohio Farmer* printed an appreciation of Jim by its junior editor, John F. Cunningham, a strong liking of each for the other having begun six months before, with the office staff's "little visit" to the farm during sugaring. Along with its own eulogy, the editorial incorporated also "the following testimony of Professor E. E. Snoddy of Hiram College, one of his instructors," who wrote:

After a boyhood spent on his father's farm, James entered Hiram College at a very early age and graduated at nineteen with the class of 1900. With one exception he was the youngest graduate in the history of the institution. After his graduation he entered the law department of Western Reserve University to prepare himself for his chosen profession. During his whole college career he was a leader among his fellow students. In athletics his tall and well-built form made him the favorite of all. In the class room he was among the best. He was noted for his courtesy to his teachers and kindness to his fellow students. His ready wit and good cheer enlivened every social gathering he attended. In his literary society he was admired by all for his oratory and wise counsel. He had large plans for the future and had he lived he would certainly have made a high place for himself in life.

But in all his collegiate work he never forgot his home and the friends of his boyhood. He was true to every circle of friendship that he ever formed. He never seemed so happy as when holiday and vacation seasons permitted him to go home and renew his acquaintance with the scenes of his father's farm. There his academic training was splendidly supplemented by the practical education of the farmer. He was passionately fond of books, but he loved the life of nature and men even more.

Among many other letters of condolence addressed to Father, three afforded melancholy parallels. One came from John Hay, then secretary of state, who the same summer had suffered a like bereavement in the sudden death of his son Adelbert. As the author of *Pike County Ballads* and of *The Breadwinners* (for Father had long since guessed, what was ultimately ad-

mitted, that Hay, a resident of Cleveland in the early eighties, must have written this anonymous and highly successful novel), and also as co-author of the ten-volume *Abraham Lincoln, a History*, he had won the high regard of one to whom, though their acquaintance was not intimate, he now extended the fellowship of stricken fatherhood. From Washington he wrote to Father (October 1) with his own hand:

I have your kind letter of the 26th September and, thanking you for your sympathy, I beg you to accept mine in the loss of your son. We can understand each other without many words. The best of life is gone for both of us.

Lincoln, Garfield, and McKinley—three of the dearest friends of my youth, my manhood, and my age—all foully murdered at the height of their fame. What a dark mystery!

Yours faithfully,  
John Hay

A like kinship in sorrow is disclosed in the letter (August 23) from Father's fellow officer in the Forty-second Regiment, Captain H. P. Foscett, of Medina, who wrote:

We know the heartaches attending the loss of one dear to our lives, under almost the same circumstances with the same dreaded disease. Our son was attending school at Cornell University, and died in his senior year, age twenty-one years.

And from a Hiram schoolfellow of Father and Mother, Charles A. Dudley, practicing law in Des Moines, and himself similarly bereaved, came (September 27) "the sympathy of an early friend who has borne a like affliction."

In answer to a tender tribute to Jim's memory from President Charles F. Thwing, of Western Reserve University, Father wrote (August 29) about the youth's training in practical farm affairs as well as in book learning:

The point is this—the educators had my boy for eight years, and he made a good record from the high school for the whole time. I only had him during vacations. Meanwhile I taught him to plow, to fit a collar on a horse, and in the work of daily life. When he was seventeen years old, I bought a binder and told him to put it together and run it. It took him nearly two days, but he did it, and cut over a hundred acres of grain during the next three years. I mention this because I have seen scores of college men, years ago, working on street pavements in Western cities because their education did not apply to skilled labor in daily life.



## 49. *Putting off the Harness*

THE shock of the assassination of McKinley may have helped to distract Father's mind from his own great grief. Within half an hour after hearing that the President was shot, he committed to paper some interesting reflections, which the *Leader* published a week later, headlined "Worse than Snakes." The following excerpts are of more than temporary significance:

The plays of Shakespeare and the history of centuries disclose the fact that some miserable crank has a longing desire to kill a ruler. Caesar said, with the poniard in his breast, "Et tu, Brute?" Brutus replied—to the people—"I love not Caesar less, but Rome more." The same reason [*pro patria*] was given by the assassin of Lincoln and by the assassin of Garfield, and, no doubt, by the assassin of McKinley. . . . An unwritten law for hundreds of dynasties in the civilized world has made it a shame and disgrace for the next in power to oppose the living ruler. Queen Victoria ruled fifty years. She was shot at three or four times during her long reign. If her oldest son, now king, had opposed her policy, . . . she would have no doubt been killed before she had served even half of the fifty years. The unwritten law, however, of England prevented the prince from opposing the administration. . . . What about the United States? Jefferson and Aaron Burr disclosed a dangerous gulf which the fathers bridged over. By conventions and other methods they made it impossible for a president and vice president of opposite political parties to be elected. . . . The Lincoln murder was an incident of war. What was the inspiration of Garfield's murder? Here would be a parallel case.

The article then goes on to illustrate how, if the conduct of leaders on the political stage in 1901 had followed the pattern of twenty years before, the argument of this year's tragedy would have echoed that of 1881. "Supposing Vice-president Roosevelt months ago had joined Senator Hanna or Senator Foraker in active logrolling for re-election after they had resigned and asked vindication from the legislature" at Columbus for having vainly defied the president elected by their own party, we should have to admit that such conduct by the next in succession would naturally supply "the inspiration of some crazy crank 'to save the country.'" With the motives of the assassin of President McKinley, however, we are obliged to inquire in other fields." Father ascribed them to the indiscriminate admission of aliens secretly imbued with the "spirit of anarchy prevalent in this country" of late years—wretches that know no patriotism, seek here no faith's pure shrine, and are "worse than snakes."

Though one may doubt that all such contagion streamed to our shores

with the uncontrolled influx of foreigners, this country was certainly beset with a spreading epidemic of lawlessness, from the petty larcenies and trespasses of the sorts that annoyed Father at Maple Farm to the far graver crimes of violence multiplying in the wild West, the new South and in the congested industrial centers throughout the North, with now again the yet more sinister doing to death of a president of the Republic. Sardonicly Judge Pardee had written (July 4) two months before, "We only lynched three niggers through the South yesterday," and later in the same letter he notes that "there are strikes in a mild way all over the Union and an apparently dangerous one in St. Louis."

Father's personal popularity, his strong and enduring friendships, and his tender love of children show that he was far from being a cynic or misanthrope; but on the day McKinley was shot a letter that he wrote to me closes with this dreadful judgment of the state of civilization in our democracy—"here we are, confronted with the murder of a good man, and our only explanation is that, with our school system costing hundreds of millions and our splendid churches, not less than fifty per cent of so-called sane people are no better than beasts or birds of prey." Plainly this was not an extemporized opinion nor one founded alone upon his inveterate pursuit of criminals, but his matured conviction derived from a long, varied, and intimate acquaintance with people in every economic and social stratum throughout the United States. Some years afterwards this ethical appraisal was matched in the intellectual realm when the World War draft showed the mean I.Q. of American youth to be startlingly low.

Comparing further the current national tragedy with the previous one so familiar to him, Father in a letter to Judge Pardee (September 24) reiterates particulars of the motive of Garfield's assassin which were written more fully to me a few days before and have already been quoted herein as a part of that gruesome story. I omit what is mere repetition.

The trial of Garfield's murderer took twelve weeks; the trial of this one, eight hours. You courts, attorneys, and hang-ons of courts even up things after all. The people demand an average in the administration of justice.

If Arthur had behaved as Roosevelt did, Garfield would now be living. We have the proof thereof. As "accessory before the act and crime" twenty years ago, a New York ward politician lined up scores of men at saloon bars in Albany and by his acts made himself President by inspiring hell in the mind of a lunatic.

The Judge had as usual come North the second week in July and he stayed till after the first of October, but during Father's summer of sorrow they saw little of each other. In reply to a letter of sympathy, which has disappeared, Father wrote to him (September 6):

You were very kind to say what you did in your last letter. You had always been so good a friend in your acts from year to year for forty years that I find my life braided into yours. Please permit me to lean on you when my



staff is gone. I will try and not cloud your life with my sorrows. Some years ago you wrote me (I have the letter yet) that death and trouble came to your people that summer. I could not but feel a sadness for my friend who many years before curtly ordered me to mount his horse and ride from Tazewell nearly to Cumberland Gap after I had been on picket for two nights before.

Though Father attended the reunion of their regiment at Greenwich, Ohio (August 28) I infer that its leader in many battles could not bring himself this year to brook the veterans' fervent hero-worship. Three weeks afterwards, however, the Judge came up to Cleveland mainly to see his "old friend," as in letters to Father he now mostly signed himself. It may have been about this time that the Cleveland *Leader* printed "A Tribute to Judge Pardee," in the form of an interview with Father verbatim as he gave it.

The annual visit of Judge Pardee, of the Fifth United States Circuit Court, to his old home in Ohio recalls some interesting memories of the War. He was born in Medina county in 1837 and educated at the naval school at Annapolis. After serving in the navy some time on the training ships of those days he resigned and studied law with his father, Hon. Aaron Pardee of Wadsworth.

He formed a partnership with Herman Canfield at Medina and the two young lawyers soon enjoyed a good business. The war-cloud burst in the spring of 1861 and Canfield assisted to raise a regiment, the Seventy-second Ohio, and became its colonel. Canfield was killed at Shiloh. He had been in the Ohio Senate and was an able attorney. Young Pardee stood high in the Naval Academy in mathematics, infantry, gunnery, and naval tactics. His standing was No. 2 the first year and No. 1 thereafter. Garfield was raising the Forty-second Ohio Regiment and he naturally drifted to "Uncle" Aaron Pardee, one of the leading men of Medina and a pillar in the church.

In this way Garfield and Don Pardee came together, and from the summer of 1861 till Garfield's death no man living held his confidence and love more than the young major. The fight at Middle Creek and driving of Marshall, who had a large force, out of Kentucky through Pound Gap, made Garfield a brigadier. Pardee was his right arm in this winter campaign and, although under twenty-five years old, won the title of endearment from the boys of "Old Pardee—we want him with us in a fight."

Twenty years after, there was a vacancy in the Fifth Circuit for judge. Meanwhile Pardee had made his record as a lawyer and jurist, and Garfield became president. Without solicitation on Pardee's part the bar associations of five States recommended Pardee for the vacancy. No other attorney had any support compared with his. The papers arrived in Washington. I happened to be there. Garfield remarked in a pleasant way, "It appears from these papers that I am obliged to appoint my old friend as circuit judge." I think he never signed a commission with more satisfaction than Pardee's.

The young major in the early part of the War won the respect of the boys, and it so happened that he led the Forty-second in nearly all of its battles and engagements during the War. The forcible phrase formulated by our able secretary of state some years ago of a hero Mississippi pilot, Mr. Bludso, would apply to Judge Pardee:



But he never flunked, and he never lied—  
I reckon he never knowed how.

A month and a day after Father's recent letter to the Judge containing his war-time reminiscence above quoted of their foray and skirmish near Tazewell, Tennessee, there occurred in the same locality, as reported by the Associated Press, a gory peace-time fray, which of course prompted another letter to the same with clipping enclosed. The *Leader* ran the dispatch as follows:

Knoxville, Tenn., October 7.—In a bloody fight at the Union Baptist Church at Big Springs, ten miles from Tazewell, Tenn., yesterday, four men were killed, two mortally wounded, and three wounded less seriously. . . . There was preaching at the church, and about six hundred people gathered. Just before the eleven o'clock service Tip Chadwell went to the spring fifty yards from the church. Rush Morgan was at the spring and began firing at Chadwell. Both factions immediately gathered and the fight lasted half an hour. . . . The feud between the Chadwells and Morgans has existed a long time. They met at Walnut Hills, Va., last Christmas, when a pitched battle ensued in which several were killed. Eighteen months ago they met near the Hancock line. Fighting followed and one was killed. Both the Chadwells and Morgans are prosperous and influential and have large families.

To Father, ever ready to draw human or historical comparisons, the opportunity thus afforded, with its various and interesting associations, was quite irresistible. "This," he gleefully writes, "is nearly forty years after 'Old Pardee' at the same point, Big Springs,"

held back the whole of Kirby Smith's army, by his bluff in military tactics of moving the flag from point to point to make Smith believe that Morgan's whole army was in front of him. Old Pardee had six hundred men. I see that the Baptist brethren, forty years after, numbered six hundred. The fight among the brethren lasted only half an hour. Old Pardee's fight with fifteen thousand rebels lasted about ten hours. . . . The brethren killed more men in thirty minutes than Kirby Smith, with fifteen thousand, and Old Pardee, with six hundred, did in ten hours.

The Judge replied (October 11) that he had found Father's observations on the church fight at Tazewell "very amusing," and added:

I have an idea that the country people through that region are just about as little civilized as forty years ago, not much more so. My recollection of the outrages perpetrated by each side on the other are too vivid to scale the Cumberland Gap citizens very high in the ranks of civilization.

The Schley-Sampson quarrel as to which of these admirals had won the naval Battle of Santiago, and the concurrent to-do over the new president's attitude on the race question in the South, were the principal themes of this and two other letters which passed between these inveterate correspondents and from which excerpts are given below. Father, championing Admiral Schley and, as usual, citing or distinguishing historical precedents on land and sea, wrote (September 28) to the Judge:



If Grant had been one hour longer with Foote on the fleet, McClernand would have received the flag of truce and bossed the whole job from then on at Fort Donelson. If Sampson had been even thirty minutes later we would not have had all this fuss. The truth is Grant arrived just in time to receive the flag of truce; Sampson just a little too late with the *New York*—except to make a fuss.

You told me on two occasions some years ago that you made a mistake in leaving the Navy. A sort of chill went through me to think, if you had, I never would have known you. I have thought that if Pardee had been on the *New York* he would have taken a dispatch boat to go twelve or fifteen miles away to confer with General Shafter, and have left the *New York* to aid and fight if Cervera should come out. An English gentleman told me, soon after, that an English admiral would be court-martialed and disgraced to take such a splendid ship out of the line as Sampson did. . . . Schley *was* there, and Sampson appeared with the *New York*—after Cervera was destroyed, and just in time to make a fuss with Schley. Naval officers and U. S. judges may argue and show I am wrong, but I know I am *right* and defy you all if you say Schley did not destroy the Spanish fleet.

I do not find any letter from Judge Pardee on this subject, but I surmise that he did not share Father's view of the matter; and the verdict of history does not support it. After his return to Atlanta he wrote (October 11) "I have had several letters from you lately which I intended to answer about as received, but of course have failed because there were many other things to look after." He comments on President Roosevelt's appointment of Jones, twice Governor of Alabama, to succeed Judge Bruce of the District Court of that State, "who died a few days ago." The President had "acted in great haste as though he did not care much about advice from anybody and was really informed of the situation." Recommended by Booker Washington as well-disposed toward the black man, Jones "is just like every other Democrat down here except that he favors the gold standard and talks as though he is opposed to lynching." As for McKinley's unconfirmed appointees in Louisiana the letter expresses confidence that Roosevelt "will knock out all of Mr. Hanna's men and recognize the white Republicans," not as "the best political move to be made in the case," but because, on seeing "how the Hanna men have managed," he will "conclude to make a change anyhow."

Writing again (October 24) Judge Pardee, with characteristic humor, further explained his views of National politics in the South, a theme on which Father had often descanted to him.

I think on the average President Roosevelt is about right—one day he appointed a Bryan supporter to be United States District Judge on the recommendation of a nigger, which enthused and delighted our Southern brethren immensely and they began to talk cheerfully about the prospect of having next time a candidate of the people who was of Southern descent and appreciated the Southern situation and would put in the last spadeful of dirt necessary to fill the bloody chasm occasioned by the War of Secession, which bloody chasm could only be filled by recognizing the inherent ability of Southern statesmen to govern not only the South but the entire Union; and a few



days afterwards he dined with the same influential nigger and the effect was the same as if a cloud-break had fallen and washed all the filling out of the bloody chasm and left all the Southern people in almost as deplorable a condition as when the carpet-baggers and niggers were looking after all the offices with a view of forcing social equality upon the white race in spite of the original intentions of God in the matter and to the utter degradation of all good people.

There has been much talk and excitement about the matter. Mrs. Pardee went out calling, heard about the Booker Washington incident, learned that all the society ladies here were disgusted, and then she told me what an outrage it was. By judicious cross-examination I found that she had been nursed by a nigger, slept more or less with the aforesaid nigger, but "never, never had dined" with one. Then I assured her that the President only dined with the white part of Booker Washington, and after that we went to the Horse Show all the same. I think myself that the incident has had a good effect because it has taught Mr. Roosevelt one lesson, and that is he will be more or less successful and popular relying upon the old, time-worn, case-hardened, dyed-in-the-wool Republicans than in branching out for himself and relying for popularity on Southern Democrats who flatter him for office's sake.

There has never been a time since the War that the South could not have been fully and freely harmonized by giving them all the offices in the South and a majority of the offices elsewhere. I doubt very much whether the Democratic politicians who live and get offices in the South on the Negro issue will ever permit harmony until that result is reached. There has not been a political campaign in the last thirty years in the South but that not only the Bloody Shirt but Negro Equality have been made the issues upon which to rally our Southern people with unanimity to preserve the Solid South. But I don't believe either you or I care much about it, except, as we read *Puck* and *Judge*—for the fun of the thing.

Father now again got in touch with another and much humbler Southern correspondent, his former T. & P. clerk, "dear and good Prudhomme," who wrote (August 21) from his native creole Natchitoches—absurdly four-syllabled in my Yankee school days, and with stressed penult—that he had been laid off indefinitely in New Orleans, and wished Father to intercede with General Manager Thorne to take him back. Far gone with tuberculosis, of which he later died, poor, faithful Prudhomme had been eased out of the stock claim department by Father's successor and now was out altogether. But he wrote again (October 5) that since mid-September he had been in the New Orleans freight office at fifty dollars per month, whereon, though hopeful of an increase, his little family "with economy manage to get along," and "certainly owe you, my dear Captain, a debt of gratitude." Father endorsed this to me with "Here is a letter from a true Christian gentleman. Poor Prudhomme got the place as Thorne promised me. The hand of help to the worthy is the best religion after all, even if we make railway companies, motor companies, oil companies, trusts, and money-gathering plants a sort of hospitals for now and then a worthy man. I am in favor of the hospital idea—even in business." And on Prudhomme's simple and sincere reply (October 11) to the tardy tidings of Jim's death, Father noted further:



Oct. 14, 1901. Dear Fred: Here is true religion. Prudhomme is far better than the one who coldly turned him out. I got him back, and his dear great liquid black eyes melt with joy. Poor Prudhomme was in despair, worse even than his Acadian ancestors were when banished to Louisiana. I got him back and I am *glad of it*.

C. E. H.

A third correspondent from the South at this time was Acting Chairman William T. Rigby, of the Vicksburg National Military Park Association, whose official communication (August 28) to Father was intended to be read by him as secretary at this year's reunion of the Forty-second O. V. I. But it was mailed from Vicksburg on the very day of the meeting at Greenwich, too late to be read there; so Father "asked for a special meeting at Cleveland" in connection with the G. A. R. National Encampment there September 9 to 14, where a register of the post office addresses of the comrades present was obtained to facilitate further correspondence with and among them. The letter declared that

the commissioners propose, with the approval of the Secretary of War, to restore the lines of earthworks and to remount the old guns of both armies, and to make avenues along the lines of investment and defense. . . . Please ask the comrades to look over their old letters written during the siege and their diaries kept at that time, and send to me any items that may throw light on the part taken by the regiment in the siege and that illustrate the daily routine of duty in the trenches and on the picket line during the siege. This last request is especially made to you and I beg that you will not wait for the reunion of the regiment before complying with it.

If I send you a print showing the lines of Osterhaus's division during the siege can you mark on it the camp of the 42d Ohio and the camps of the other regiments of Lindsey's brigade, and can you give the names of the battery organizations serving guns in the several positions of artillery shown on the print?

Because Father was wounded just before the six weeks' siege began, his own recollection could not supply the precise information requested, but as will later appear he was able to furnish on the battle ground other particulars observed by him which the commission desired and used.

Uncle Newton Henry, chaplain of the Minnesota department of the G. A. R., came down to the National Encampment and stayed on to visit his kinsfolk in Cleveland and Bainbridge. Of course we were all glad to see him, but it vexed Father, while under the summer's heavy expense, to have his reverend brother, who was many years his senior, hinting that the children in Minnesota were not providing as they should for him and that a loan from his brother here would nicely supply the lack. Writing (September 18) to me, the latter declared that "Uncle Newton talked about himself to me at Uncle Henry's for two hours, and traveled many times around Mr. Robin Hood's barn for a loan." Father ascribed this thinly veiled mendicancy to "early training by his Aunt Mary that the Lord would provide"; which is to say,

according to "the old-fashioned doctrine of redemption in this queer world," that "the Redeemer would redeem on loans from the brethren and relatives." So, with old-time Henry bluntness in family communications, Father, in response (October 22) to John A. Henry's sympathetic inquiry from the Janesville *Argus* sanctum about his cousin's death, the particulars of which his father on returning home could not or did not supply, wrote to him a letter (October 22) in part as follows:

He appeared to have no time and no solicitude to inquire about his relatives in Ohio. I state this in all kindness, and also state that he is the most religious and, from your Great-aunt Mary's standpoint, the best of the Henry tribe. He was her favorite nephew. She believed he had a call to preach. She sent him out to preach the gospel and told him that the Lord would always care for him. Your Great-uncle Orrin Henry said he had his doubts about a call to preach to your father, but he always thought that your Grandfather John Henry, for whom you were named, had a call to preach, but did not respond. I regret that your father expressed so much complaint that his children do not care for him. I really think they do. But if you do not, the Lord and Providence will care for him near the sunset of life.

Twelve and a half years the older, my venerable and loquacious uncle, though kindly himself and deserving kindness, should not on that account, as Father felt, escape a brother's sharp censure for his ingrained weakness.

On Tuesday, September 24, five days before Aunt Mary Williams died, a new college year opened at Hiram and, as Lady Principal there, my sister Marcia, who had been two months at home, felt obliged to be present in Hiram a few days beforehand. Of her going, Father wrote to me (September 18), "Marcia has been a perfect gem at home and a great help, but she must leave now for Hiram. . . . Aunt Mary is about the same, yet perhaps a little more feeble. We have two nurses and will need a third." Marcia's birthday (October 13) was near at hand, and the reprint in the *Ohio Farmer* (October 3) of the "Ballad of James Bird," which in Father's mind, as already noted,<sup>1</sup> was humorously reminiscent of her babyhood, prompted him not only to write (October 7) a piece entitled "The Pathos and Poetry of James Bird," which the *Farmer* published (October 17) and an excerpt from which is reproduced below, but also to note down his addendum for "private" perusal within the family—"The Pathos of James Bird, in a Lullaby by Jim Giles to Soothe my Gem to Sleep," as, carrying her in his arms and walking the floor

With heavy tread of ponderous feet,  
He sung a lullaby to my sweet,  
In mournfulest voice that ever was heard,  
Sung twenty-eight verses of "James Bird."  
At every step Gem would kick and yell,  
Made Home, Sweet Home, the bloom of—;  
Gem made more fuss than young 'uns seven,  
But in after years made sweet home heaven.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. page 236, *supra*.



Noting that the *Farmer*, in reprinting the ballad, had dropped five stanzas of the original twenty-eight, Father in his article illustrated its enormous vogue in his youth but gravely questioned its historic verity.

More than fifty years ago was heard the doleful song of "James Bird" at winter spelling schools in thousands of log schoolhouses in northern Ohio and along the shores of Lake Erie. It was generally sung when the best speller had been spelled down and the speaking of pieces and the rude literary exercises and songs closed the spelling school. The spelling school was followed by the lighting of many tin lanterns and the bending of the right elbow by gallant swains to escort the fair maidens to their homes.

As poetry the song of James Bird may have been "wretched," but quoting from memory for two or three generations has made it still more wretched. The original version began, "Sons of freedom, listen to me," and not, "Sons of pleasure, listen to me." So on, the song has been abused . . . and as foully murdered as Bird was. . . .

Does any reader of the *Ohio Farmer* believe that a soldier named James Bird, or any man wounded in the battle of Lake Erie, would be shot for desertion after the War? . . . My father was a soldier in the War of 1812, and when the song of "James Bird" appeared many years after that War, he said he did not believe it; that he did not believe that Commodore Perry hastened to the spot a few minutes too late and said, "Alas, O God, they've shot him!" Deserters were executed during the War of 1812, and also in other wars thereafter. Intelligent persons, however, will naturally hesitate to believe that James Bird, or any soldier or sailor who was wounded in the battle of Lake Erie in the manner described, would be shot as a deserter. I dislike to throw any doubt on Washington's "Little Hatchet" and the "Cherry Tree" and the doleful song of "James Bird." . . .

It appears, however, that despite Father's doubts the highly romanticized story was really founded on fact.

That he now interested himself at all in this and the other affairs above described, besides many that are not mentioned, shows how stoutly he strove to stand up beneath the weight of his grief for Jim. He wrote to me (October 25):

I still awake at one or two o'clock with Jim's gentle voice, "Hello, Papa." I see him plainly as I ever did—he is holding our little Don in his arms. I cannot sleep then—till I am weary indeed.

Full short his journey was. No dust  
Of earth unto his sandals clave;  
The weary weight that old men must  
He bore not to his grave.

Never before had he classed himself with "old men." To his friends and family he had never until now seemed old. With his wakeful nights at home he began nodding in his office. Once in his slumber he leaned too heavily on the arm of his swivel chair so that it swung around and spilled him. All the office personnel understood the matter and made nothing of this incident save only Brown, who determined to profit by it. The office manager, W. B. Uhl,

had formerly been employed in the Cleveland post office. For a year after coming into the employ of the surety company he did good work. After that, in politics, he ran successfully, by leave of President Lyman, for the Ohio legislature, and he now aspired to be senate clerk; so that, as Father observed, he was "generally elsewhere."

As for Brown, he had been "sort of unloaded" from Washington on the law partners, Garfield and Garfield, resident counsel for the company. Placed at first with a local trust company, he was tried in two or three positions there and then let out, whereupon he was taken over by the surety company. As early as the fall of 1900 President Lyman "had thought best to let Brown go, and with the aid of Miss Percival and a good clerk to Mr. Uhl," he felt confident that the office would do well. Brown knew this and knew also that, for the sake of his sponsors, Mr. Lyman had been prevailed upon by Father to keep him. But believing that Uhl would now have to go and hoping to succeed him, Brown rightly assumed that Father would not favor making him the head of the office.

Miss Lena M. Percival, an "honest and efficient young lady," and young E. F. Archer, the quick and capable office clerk, both declared that they "could not stand Brown's ways." His domination was "offensive" to his associates and "repellent" to the company clientele. The chair incident was now cited by him to confirm a suggestion conveyed to the home office in New York that its efficient inspector in Cleveland was becoming senile and even inebriate. When I heard something of this and realized that Brown's story was bound to bias the Garfields, though Father, fond of them as they always were of him, now assured Mr. Lyman that they were "very honorable and asked no favors for Brown except on his merits," I wanted Father to be rid of it all and urged him to leave, since he and Mother had saved enough to live on for the rest of their lives and their surviving children were all fending for themselves.

Meanwhile President Lyman desired to deal very gently with his old friend, whose desultory services during the past three months he knew had been performed under heavy strain; but of course the company could not afford to ignore the disquieting complaint from Cleveland that he was slipping. Mr. Lyman accordingly wrote to Father (October 9) that, preceded by Inspector Felter, he was himself coming to Cleveland soon to review all the default cases that Father had in charge. Writing (October 15) to me about other matters, the latter remarked quite unconcernedly, "Felter is here and we have gone over some work in Ohio." They conferred again (November 8) and the final result of these interviews and of my suasion emerged in the following formal letter to Father from the American Surety Company dated at New York, November 22, 1901:

The Company has this morning received your letter of the 17th instant advising it of your wish to retire from its service, and tendering your resignation to take effect January 1, 1902.



The Executive Committee and the Officers of the Company regret very much that the personal reasons specified in your letter have caused you to take the step indicated, but you certainly have earned repose after such long and faithful service, first, in the War of the Rebellion; second, in active service in various capacities under the Government, and latterly, and for many years, in connection with the American Surety Company. The Executive Committee and Officers, through me, here record their high appreciation of the important services you have rendered to the American Surety Company, and in retiring you take with you their good wishes and assurances of their personal esteem.

In a covering personal note, signed "Always, very sincerely your friend," Mr. Lyman added:

In order that you can "throw off the harness," as you call it, we allow you leave of absence for the month of December, and I have the pleasure of sending you herewith the check of the Company for two months' salary; viz., the months of December next, and January, 1902. Please accept the leave and the check for extra compensation with our best wishes.

Father's diary for 1901 stops with November and its last laconic entries: "Thursday, 28, Thanksgiving; Friday, 29, Birthday, 66 years old today; Saturday, 30, In office, closing accounts and attending to correspondence." For good or ill his yoke was laid off. It might have galled had he kept breast-ing it. Would he chafe in idleness anyhow? Or brood over his exit? On January 17, 1902, two months after his resignation, President Lyman wrote from New York to consult him about the personnel of the Cleveland office of the surety company:

I have letter from Miss P., which I requested and which is just what I wanted. I am much bothered for the moment to know just how to handle that matter. I have to consider J. S. B. of Washington and New York, who is interested in the antagonistic and neglectful gentleman of the same initials. How would the Messrs. G. take a summary movement on my part in that direction?

So, his friend Lyman confided in him the same as ever. And no damage had accrued to Father's intimacy with the Messrs. G. or to his old friendly relations with their brother-in-law "of Washington and New York." As for "the gentleman of the same initials," he at length outgrew the adjectives offensive and repellent, but not the disaffection of Aunt Mollie Kennedy at whose home he had roomed. Under Mr. Diggs, who in the fall succeeded Mr. Uhl, he won promotion and increased pay. All in all, Father was well content with the turn his own affairs had taken. He and Mother spent much of the winter at my home as usual, but towards the end of January she went to visit my sisters and soon afterwards Father went to the farm to see about putting up ice and preparing for sugaring.

## 50. *Where Every Prospect Pleases*

MEANWHILE a special dispatch appeared in the Cleveland *Leader* (January 13) under a Louisville date-line, that moved him to a spirited defence of Harriet Beecher Stowe's great romance against some prominent new detractors of it in Kentucky. The dispatch declared that the Albert Sidney Johnston chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, "led by Mrs. Basil Duke, sister of General Morgan and wife of General Duke, the raider's right-hand man, and Mrs. John B. Castleman, wife of General Castleman, another famous Confederate soldier, have opened up war on Mrs. Stowe's play." On Father's original "Letter to the Editor," is the penciled "O. K.—J. B. M." with which Editor Morrow reclassified the MS. as "Written for the *Leader*." So printed (January 19) and with the title, "War on *Uncle Tom's Cabin*," it was "copied by more than twenty papers." Characteristic alike of Father's sentiments and his style, it is still interesting enough to copy here again:

Fifty years ago when Greeley, Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Beecher, and hundreds of others were hurling their thunderbolts against the sale of men and women like mules and horses, a gentle mother started to write a little story. She would write a page and turn to rock the cradle and sing a lullaby to hush her babe to sleep. She would write a little more and turn aside to knead her bread for the oven.

She had traveled South where she saw the shame and barbarism of slavery. She had seen men and women sold on the auction block. She had seen children sold from loving mothers to pay a church debt and buy Bibles and prayer-books. She had seen splendid and proud women witness the sale of their half-brothers and half-sisters because the condition of the chattel followed that of the slave mother. She saw the shame, the sunshine, and also the cruelty of slavery. So she wrote her little story amid her lullabies and household cares.

In a few months *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was born to the world. It was translated into thirty-two languages. The gentle, quiet mother had done more than all the men, all the abolitionists, to quicken the pulse of men and women against human slavery. Her little story lifted the moral sense of millions of people, and made it possible for Abraham Lincoln, the greatest of men, "to change the cabin of the slave to the palace of the freeman." While the founders of Hiram and Oberlin were digging and toiling for the good of their fellow men, the loving mother with her pen did more for civilization than all of them.

The story was dramatized and has been on the stage for half a century, where it has touched the hearts of millions. "Why?" it may be asked. Because it told the truth about a barbarism. Fifty years after the story was given to



the world, Mrs. Basil Duke says "*Uncle Tom's Cabin* is a low, foul misrepresentation of facts." Also that it "was a cowardly attack on the Southern people." Another daughter of the Confederacy is reported in the press to have said that Mrs. Stowe declared a few years before she died that if she had lived in the South she would never have written the book. Another lady, a teacher in the Louisville schools, states that she heard Mrs. Stowe say the same while in Florida years after.

I respect the Daughters of the Confederacy. They are noble women and loyal to their brave dead brothers and fathers. They make a mistake, however, when they attack Mrs. Stowe and *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. We pity Kentucky when the whole power, as reported, of the old Confederates is to be used to push through a bill in the Kentucky legislature to prohibit the play in that State because it is vicious. The truth is that the play of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was never played in the South, or at least was soon stopped by menace and threats. It was only popular in the North, in Canada and in Europe. The author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is greater to the world than a dozen Kentuckys and the good and noble yet misguided Daughters of the Confederacy.

Basil Duke was called "the brains of John Morgan." Morgan never fought like Longstreet, Lee, and Pat Cleburne. He did not even fight as sometimes did Forrest, who was the "Hero of Fort Pillow," where five hundred "niggers" were killed like so many snakes after they surrendered. Morgan, like Mosby, generally got in the rear and broke railroad tracks and captured small outposts. He always hunted up and attacked a much smaller force than his own. The Confederates called it partisan warfare. Other people called it horse-stealing and robbery. Ohio and Indiana paid many thousands of dollars for horses taken by Morgan on his great raid. His force, however, was practically destroyed, and from that time was practically no factor to the end of the War.

I do not say the Daughters of the Confederacy deliberately falsify truth and history. They have probably seized upon and, like noble women, loving sisters, daughters and wives, given another meaning to what Mrs. Stowe may have stated many years after the War. Thousands of Union soldiers have told Confederates since the War that had they been born South and lived amid slavery they might have been in the Confederate army. So Mrs. Stowe possibly may have said, indeed, we may add, probably did say, that had she been born amid slavery she might not have written *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. The statement, however, that she ever expressed regret for writing the story is ridiculous. Men and women who make the charge only become a laughing stock in civilization.

Alexander Stephens, vice-president of the Confederacy, told me twenty years after the War that he knew of a case in Georgia that was more cruel and inhuman than that of Legree and Uncle Tom. A slaveholder had a violent temper and conceived a dislike and hatred of a slave. Mr. Stephens said that the owner in his rage tied the negro up by the thumbs and had him pulled up, hanging by the thumbs, and "whipped and whipped him till the negro was almost dead, and then took him down and threw him on the fire in the large fireplace and burnt him up." Mr. Stephens added, "But the owner was punished by law and Legree was not." I afterwards learned that the owner was fined for what we in the North would call cruelty to animals.

Another incident in the North, illustrating the fugitive slave law: A slave had escaped to seek freedom in the North. His owner, with the aid of United States marshals, found him and had the right to demand of the marshals the



safe return of the negro to slavery. The owner was a good-natured man, and offered to sell the "nigger" to the abolitionists. He fixed a price of some eight hundred or a thousand dollars.

Henry Ward Beecher, then pastor of Plymouth Church, heard of it and called the brethren together and explained the situation. He said he would take bids from any member to the amount of what he was willing to pay to free the slave. Beecher was a man of great magnetic force and strength. Besides, he was a natural born actor. He had the slave on the platform of the church, and used the phrases of a Southern auctioneer at a slave mart. Booth or Forrest never did better. "Fifty dollars," "Twenty-five dollars," came quick and fast, till the slave was a freeman. It was the first and only auction of a human being in a church at the North. The owner pocketed the money and returned home South, happy and proud of his chivalry and honor.

The Daughters of the Confederacy are good women. The Confederate soldiers were brave men. But they do not aid the "Lost Cause" by denouncing *Uncle Tom's Cabin* as a "foul slander, a malicious story." Moreover, they injure and even malign the Lost Cause by claiming that Mrs. Stowe ever regretted that she had written *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

In his letter (January 22) enclosing a copy of this article to Judge Pardee, with roguish regards to the Judge's Southern lady, Father concluded, "If you show her what I say about the 'splendid Daughters' she may not like me, but can not tell why." To this letter the Judge replied from New Orleans (January 28):

I lately provided myself with a music box called the "Regina," a concern which you wind up with a handle and slip in a disc with any tune printed on it that you can find. I have got "Yankee Doodle," "Hail Columbia," "Star Spangled Banner," "Dixie," and "Marching through Georgia." I have ordered "Maryland, my Maryland," the "Marseillaise," and "The Girl I Left Behind Me." I want a genuine "Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching," but I have not been able to find it. Where will I find the words of "Marching through Georgia," and "Tramp, Tramp," etc.? I haven't any book here showing them. Mrs. Pardee stands "Marching through Georgia" pretty well and I next want to try her with "Tramp, Tramp," and after that "John Brown's Body." It takes a long time to get the prejudice out of the heads of some people, particularly women, and I think I can best do it in Mrs. Pardee's case with patriotic music in the machine.

Father responded from Cleveland (February 10):

You can not get "Marching through Georgia" in the South. Fifty years hence you may get it in New Orleans or Atlanta when Yankees and Booker Washingtons are numerous enough to demand and enforce a trade. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" play will be the same way. It takes time for these things. Captain Benham hates "Marching through Georgia"—although [this may not seem surprising since] he is a good Democrat—because he disliked Sherman.<sup>1</sup> So did I for a few years till I thought it was [really immortalizing] the sixty thousand and not old Sherman—who broke up the splendid Army of the

<sup>1</sup> Forty-second men were not very fond of General Sherman after he falsely charged their brigade with slackness at Chickasaw.



Cumberland to eliminate Thomas and took his pick out of it to march to the sea. "Old Pardee" could have handled the sixty thousand on the march to Savannah better than Sherman.

With the business of the surety company entirely off his hands, that of his farms now became of course Father's chief concern. To J. Snavely, who had been renting his Brewster Place and was to remain there another year, he wrote from Cleveland (January 28) as follows:

Yours of the 25th received. You wish to rent the Russ sugar bush. Do the best you can with it. You furnish the fuel and be responsible for the good care of the boiler and divide each run. I will pay you for your half the current price in bulk. Do not get green standing timber for sugar wood, but cut tree tops and dead timber. You may need two or three tons of coal for economy to yourself. You can boil a hundred barrels of sap with one half or one third of the fuel that is used under boiling pans. This is your gain.

I require that you have a man who will know enough not to destroy the property in boiling. The sap must be gathered promptly and not left two or three days in the buckets. I had decided to lock up the whole thing and not run it this year, but I will give you a chance to run it as it should be. My regards to your wife, and hope you are all well.

The letter was hardly mailed before Father decided to follow it to Geauga Lake, though it was only a few days since he had been out there before. For a week or more he kept house alone at the farm, though of course he went about with the tenants, Snavely and Nils Jorgensen, or now and again bestrode one of the farm horses for an inspection tour of the different places or to go to the post office in the railroad station for his mail or to call at the postmaster's home for a chat with "sister Ann and the Deacon." There, too, he wrote for the *Ohio Farmer* of February 20 a vigorous denunciation of the alarmingly increased adulteration of maple and other food products. From Hiram meanwhile, where she was visiting Marcia, Mother wrote to him (February 2):

My dear Charlie: I received a letter from Marcia Louise last evening in which she says you went to Geauga Lake to see about the ice. I hope you are back in Cleveland again, as I hate to think of your being there all alone. This is a stormy day and I am glad to stay indoors most of the time. It seems very strange not to see Aunt Mary here, and I can see our Jim in almost every boy who comes up the walk.

I went to hear a very good lecture a few nights ago by a Mr. McArthur on "The Heroic Age of America." Friday Marcia invited several of the professors' wives to tea. Mrs. Hill furnished the refreshments, which were very nice, for twenty cents per plate. I tell you the Hills set a good table.

We read your article in the *Sunday Leader* on *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and thought it very good. I suppose you will be going to Burton before long. I am wondering how the Hatch suit came out.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> *State of Ohio vs. George Hatch, et al.*, for assault and battery.

Every room in the Hall is filled. The girls seem to prefer to room at Bowler Hall, and Mrs. Hill has about sixty boarders. I hope when you get time you will write to me.

Yours lovingly,  
Sophia Henry

With a letter written on the same day from Geauga Lake to my oldest children, aged eight and five, Father enclosed this clipping:

Scientists assert that early man used to be able to wag his ears as an indication of pleasure or to brush away flies from under his back hair, but as the muscles were not brought into continual use they became rudimentary.

Not wholly vestigial in his own first born was this functional equipment which, he noted, "Your papa could use to keep flies off by wagging his ear." The letter expatiates:

Dear Cheechee and Brother: Grandpa is all alone with turkeys, chickens, and Nils' dog. None to make afraid. He loves Cheechee and Brother and wants you to study science and poetry. You wrote a fine poem on Aunt Marcia. Enclosed is one written before you were born. It is a mons'rous fine poem. You want to repeat it when galloping on colt and end off when colt trots.<sup>1</sup>

Grandpa is selected to go South to Vicksburg and fix a spot for monument where the wicked rebels fired thousands of bullets and cannon shells at dear grandpa and his comrades. You and Brother must say, "The wicked, *awful* *wicked* rebels" in your geographies. The children and grandchildren of the wicked rebels teach in their geographies and histories that both of your dear grandpas were very wicked Yankees.

Study science and poesy and song in the "ear history." Grandpa loves you all.

Grandpa

Far from feeling forlorn at the farm, Father was in high spirits and Mother was needlessly anxious about his loneliness there. Appended to the above letter were two pages of his "Talks with the Turkeys":

Grandpa says to turkeys when dark comes, "Why do you want to sleep in cold tree tops? Cheechee and Brother have nice warm sheds and perches for you."

Turkeys say, "Churp, churp, don't you see our feathers and our feet? We want to fly up on tree tops and teeter around. See our feet—just three claws in front and one behind—that cling to a branch."

"Why do you fool around so much," says Grandpa, "before you go to roost?"

"Because we have to guess. Many of us are gobbled, as they call it, just before Thanksgiving and what you call Christmas. You see our feet—three toes in front and one behind—hold fast to limb. We squat down and face the storm, and our feathers cover our feet and all of us, and we can churp, churp, now and then to each other at times during the night and sleep sweetly as folks do. We don't like what you call Thanksgiving and Christmas. We

<sup>1</sup> The enclosure was substantially a copy of "Lines to Jimmie's Big Brother," who "went to school and learned to wag t'other ear," reproduced at page 362, *supra*.



miss very many of our dear relatives and friends. Only a few weeks ago we were scared out of our beds, where we were comfortable, by wicked chicken and turkey thieves. It was just before what you call Thanksgiving. We flew away in the dark night and got away from the wicked chicken and turkey thieves for two nights. Then came Nils and wife and drove us all into the dark barn and tied us all by the legs, and fooled around and put us all on what they called scales, and finally let us—four hens and one young tom—loose. The rest of our brothers and sisters we never saw any more. . . .

The children were gravely appreciative of this tomfoolery. Two days later he was writing to their Aunt Marcia in Hiram, with a clipping of the New York court of appeals decision on the right of women to wear trousers. "I saw years ago that the future dress of women would not go below the ankle," he declared, but "I never expect to see my Gem running the farm in a pair of breeches, and only the remotest possibility that her girls and my potential dear grand-daughters may." He was always finding in newspapers apposite texts for the expression of his own views in the letters that he wrote on all sorts of subjects. From the *Cleveland Press* of February 10 he clipped a communication in favor of the Single Tax, which ended with the exhortation, "Let us be done talking about the 'benefits of land owners' and consider the rights of the great mass of disinherited." On the margin he penciled to me, "What he calls the disinherited are the great mass of *shiftless*," and added that the writer is just a "crazy crank" who "wants something that other people have earned and saved."

Father was now renting out his own lands on a basis that netted him less than the current rate of interest on either their cost or market value. Snavely's rent for the fifty-five and a quarter acres of the Brewster Place with first-class farmhouse and barn was one hundred and fifty dollars per year, and Henry B. Hepner's rent for about one hundred twenty-four acres from the Russ Place, but without the right to make sugar there, was one hundred forty-four dollars for the like term to begin April 1. But the value of the land to Father was not measurable in money. For gain or sheer pleasure he was glad to have the Russ sugar bush opened again. He shipped some sirup the first of March and again in April; but, without definite figures, I judge the season was not very productive. Worse still, the first of March found him "twisted and tortured by rheumatism," a bitter by-product of the sugaring, as he watched, with unwonted physical strain and exposure, Mr. Snavely's skillful handling of it.

In regard to his health Mother was right in dreading to have him stay at the farm by himself in bad weather. Most of the spring, however, until she joined him there in April, he toughed it out in mire and sleet in order to make things go. He disposed of his share of the sirup, with most of Snavely's, to his regular customers; sold his stored wheat and potatoes; contracted for the sale of the season's milk, and saw the spring plowing and planting well started. Mother's coming confronted her, too, with plenty to do, but to beguile

whatever leisure should come she subscribed to the new Booklovers' Library, earliest precursor of the modern Book of the Month Club.

Neighborhood happenings were now of unusual interest. From before the previous October the Messrs. G. W. Taylor and C. A. Archer, prospectors from Trumbull County, had been bargaining for oil and gas leases in the south of Bainbridge. But for a year longer Father was to keep holding them off in regard to any contract with him until he could contrive to have their drilling started on his own property. Meanwhile another unpastoral project pressed for entrance into his fields as railroad surveyors came staking out a route along the Chagrin valley. It was a time of several such projects in this vicinity. Only the year before, the Honorable Martin (Good Roads) Dodge was "perambulating" a visionary trolley route to run as nearly as possible along the Geauga-Portage boundary past the Bainbridge-Auburn-Hiram region of his own and Father's youth. Now in another direction, but again getting nowhere, tentative lines for a steam road were run through Father's lands on either side of the river.

On May 26 he wrote to me that a "Mr. Campbell was along getting options for a right of way." King Henry had agreed to take fifty dollars for twenty or twenty-five rods below Fred Brewster's, and the latter's father, for a route through his dooryard, nine times as much. So Father presumed that the prices thus set would warrant his demanding, for nearly a half-mile "option on our Russ Place, five hundred at least," and on the "Brewster Place seventy-five or one hundred dollars" in addition. Campbell claimed "acquaintance with his son," so, to gain time, Father referred him to me, desiring me, however, "to be fair with" him, but to "say as little as possible about stone on the Russ Place," lest a right of way gratis be asked in return for access to market by rail. At length, however, it appeared that the rows of stakes marked only the fond memory of this enterprise. It was not really to be mourned. The clean quiet of our Chagrin valley remained unspoiled by the smoke and clangor of trains.

How Father's life was now adapting itself to altered conditions is shown in two characteristic letters of his from the farm. The first is retrospective, looking through relics of the past to the two great pivot points in his career, Hiram and the Forty-second, the very symbols that President Garfield had penned on the margin of his commission as marshal a score of years before.

Geauga Lake, Jan. 21, 1902.

My dear Grandson Charles Adams Henry:

Grandpa gives you two things. First, a record book that he carried in his knapsack for hundreds of miles in winter storm, with sixty rounds in cartridge box. The other thing was given to Grandpa many, many years after from Hiram College. The book is worth more, though both are worth much. Please do not tie a string to the book and use it as a sled.

If you ever say an unkind word to your dear mamma, Grandpa will give



these things to some other grandchild. If you wish to keep them you must not have too much feelings, nor tantrums—nor doldrums.

With much love,

Grandpa C. E. H.

These mementos were the Daily Report Book of Co. A, the entries in which were made by him and have been largely quoted herein, and his honorary diploma from the College. The other letter, written a few months later to me, discloses the recovery of his bucolic interest in domestic and neighborhood gossip.

Geauga Lake, O., May 14, 1902.

Dear Fred:

The Shipherd boys haven't paid for last half of April milk, 307 gals. I wrote them before April that I would sell April for what they paid their father, 10½ cts. They sent check for ten cents. George told Nils that it was a dirty trick the boys played. It makes, however, only a dollar and fifty-three cents, or \$3.06 for the month. Please call them to your office and get what you can of them without too much fuss. Other folks give them a bad name enough without my help. "O Shiplherd boy, come to me," and make them come spry. Don't let them cast you off as an empty stolen milk can in an alley.

I——'s wife was buried Monday. The grief-stricken husband began to drown his sorrow by drink and rampage. He told me he felt a blankety-blanked deal worse than the whole crowd of them. This was the morning she died. I told him to sober up or go to jail. Jim drove him out doors. Bestor drove him out of the station. He went to Cleveland to still further drown his sorrow, and it is hoped by unfeeling people that he will drown himself in his remedy before his return. We had a peaceful funeral. You see, with a disconsolate widower and [delinquent] milk-buyers, we have a fine population. So come and see us, the birds and flowers—and neighbors—and bring the children and Lou. It will do you good.

Ganma and Ganpa join in love to Cheechee and Brother. The old cat also sends love. After much toil she has found six kitties for Cheechee and Brother in the haymows. The old hen with fourteen chicks spreads herself to brood them, like a mayor or senator. Another old hen clucks and makes as much fuss over one little chick as the one over fourteen. Come and see birds, flowers, milk-buyers, disconsolate widowers, and society at Ganpa's. Ganpa is glad to see candidates for judges compelled to keep off the curbstones and act like respectable young widows.

C. E. H.

Father shortly got his check from the Shipherd boys, accompanied by some sarcastic commentary because he had meanwhile resold his milk to one Hall. The latter in turn gave him further trouble, having become so involved that his dairymen in order to collect their pay had to make a general composition of which Father wrote to me (June 19) "We don't want this," and added, "This paper looks like expense and bosh." But when I insisted that it was necessary, he signed it and so at length got most of his money. Nils was now

shipping forty gallons a day at ten cents a gallon, less  $1\frac{1}{2}\phi$  freight; netting  $8\frac{1}{2}$  cents for  $8\frac{1}{2}$  pounds—a meager return.

Viewed merely as an income investment Father's four hundred acres afforded him no reason to become a land miser, and, except his ancestral eighty-five acres and other lands bordering the Chagrin, he had no scruples about selling small parcels to accommodate neighbors. In May he yielded to the request of Emma Seward, in behalf of her daughter, the wife of A. B. Worley and granddaughter of our pioneer neighbor, Sullivan Giles, for the conveyance of a half-acre off the west end of our woods beyond the railroad to afford the Worleys access from their house lot to the Solon-Aurora road. A few years before this he had sold a little over an acre just east of his railroad crossing to Charles and Will Taylor for a general store site, on which, however, to his disappointment, they failed to build. Both of these desirable parcels, for which he received only about two hundred dollars in all, were resold a few years later for many times that price.

Though all the farms, with slight reservations, were rented, there was now as always some extra work, especially on the old Home Place, which Father wanted done but which he could neither do himself nor fairly expect his tenants to do. So on June 17 he hired Harlan Phillips to work until August 1. Thus aided, and except for the excessively rainy haying season, Nils Jorgensen and wife, whose tenure was renewed yearly, had somewhat better results from the farm this year than usual; and inasmuch as it was let on shares Father benefited as well as they. Another boon, gratifying to Father and even more to Mother and Marcia, was the easier and cheaper access to and from Hiram now afforded them by the new extension of the Cleveland & Eastern trolley line from Chagrin Falls via Hiram to Garrettsville. Its service, though less reliable, was more frequent than that of the Erie, and enabled Marcia to run home oftener without slighting her duties as lady principal, and Mother likewise could now more conveniently visit her in Hiram.

The affairs of the College through the spring were in a critical condition, with President Zollars already absent and no one yet called to take his place. Father attended the College board meeting on June 25, and Commencement the next day with Mother. The trustees chose for president Dr. James A. Beattie, brother-in-law to Mr. Abram Teachout, one of their number. President Beattie was a man of good repute and considerable learning, but without other fitness for the office. The faculty were disheartened. Marcia had attended the summer session at Harvard the year before as a step toward qualifying herself to teach English in the high schools of Cleveland, and she was now confirmed in her purpose to take another summer's work, this time at Chicago University.

With Mother and Father thus left alone at the farm, my two older children, eight and six respectively, responded eagerly to the urgent invitations already



recounted, and stayed some lively weeks with them in the country. While Cheechee and Brother were thus absent, their little sister Margaret Rhoda was born on July 26. On her were bestowed the honored names of two of Father's more or less remote grandmothers, of whom he had discoursed so movingly in letters above quoted to his grandchildren. When Louise and the baby were quite able to travel I went with them and little Charlotte to see the other grandparents in East Smithfield, Pa., and then proceeded alone to the Berkshire Hills to learn more about Father's ancestors.

In Washington, Massachusetts, I found town records of curious human interest about Great-grandfather Simon, his different public offices, and the births of his ample family of children. For further traces I scanned every nook and cranny of an old deserted farmhouse on the assumption, later refuted, that it was the home where they had all lived a hundred years before. Answering my letter of September 4 from Pittsfield about the Berkshire footprints of this numerous household—numerous “enough at least to make Mr. Malthus turn over in his grave”—Father wrote (September 8) that he was glad to hear from me “about the Henry tribe away back—stubborn, prolific and honest,” and pertinently added that “Marcia had a ‘lovely time’ in Chicago studying Fox’s *Book of Martyrs*,” besides listening at the last to “a very learned lecture by President E. Benjamin Andrews, of Brown, who was now “silent on the fool 50-¢ \$, but much worried on the Malthusian over-population notion.”

Among the younger generation of Simon Henry's descendants in and around Cleveland the custom had sprung up of having one or two “cousin parties” every winter at the home of one or another of them. This pleasant practice was now in part replaced by the assembling of a wider circle as already noted, in the annual Henry Family picnic on the Fourth of July or Labor Day within the boundaries of their ancestor's Bainbridge farm. It was these meetings, plus my friend Hayden's contagious interest in his own Colonial forbears, that stirred me to search not only for all of the American ancestors of Simon and Rhoda, but for all their rapidly multiplying descendants as well. In 1905, three years after my first pilgrimage to their Massachusetts home, I published a “Henry Family Record” of their posterity, with voluminous appendices about their antecedents.

Father regarded this avocation of mine with some interest, but rather deprecated the time and energy I was expending upon it. Some of the leisure of the lawyer that he had educated ought to be at his service to get after delinquent milk-buyers and others who were indebted to him or whose trespasses or breaches of contract had damnified him. Though he often leaned on me in this wise, we both understood that on my part it was a grateful privilege. He wrote me often about vexing trifles, sometimes when I was too preoccupied to enter heartily into the details. Surely he never seriously thought that I failed him. But this summer on the farm when he was at home all the

time, he missed Jim greatly. No one, of course, could fill Jim's place. During my genealogical jaunt, the summer's farm work at Geauga Lake was dragging into autumn, and not until the second week in September could Father sigh with relief, "We are through haying—just—with seventy or eighty tons—of poor hay mostly. Wet—rain and Providence." Perhaps he was thinking that he might, with a little filial aid, have got in all the hay between showers. Certainly he could imagine Providence smiling sardonically had I devoted my vacation and a barrister's exiguous brawn to the vigorous discipline of the hayfield. More than two months earlier Judge Pardee had written to Father from Atlanta (July 3) that he hoped by the 12th to begin his vacation at his Wadsworth farm, where, according to his advices, "the season has been very backward and farm work somewhat delayed," besides "some injury to the wheat." Continuing he said:

I notice that Congress has adjourned and I suppose left things in as good shape for the Republican party as the nature of the case will permit. Down here we are building a great deal upon the opposition to Roosevelt inside the party, hoping that there will be such decided differences of opinion between Teddy and the political managers as will result in a Democratic House this fall and tolerable chance to elect a president in 1904. I am not worrying about it, however, myself.

What did disturb him was the inclination of Congress to require the Federal courts to sit in sundry smaller places in the Gulf States and, in return for a small increase of salary, to suffer the cutting off of all their travel allowances. If this should be done he declared that

at most of the above places they will have mighty short horses and these will be curried in short order, or else I am very much mistaken in the ability of Brother McCormick to put up with inferior accommodations of the country towns. Of course I can do it, I know how—I mean put up with the accommodations, as well as curry the horses in short order. I hope to meet you as soon as I get up to Ohio, and find you in good health and spirits, as I am myself, at least. Give my regards to your wife and family.

The Judge's hopes were not borne out. He and Father did not see each other at all that year, and the latter's health and spirits seemed none too good. He replied tardily and almost dolefully:

Geauga Lake, Ohio, Sept. 8, 1902.

My dear Judge:

No person living I want to see and visit with more than you. I put off writing you, thinking I could go and see you for a day or two, but one thing and another delayed. Poor help to cut eighty acres of grain and grass, and a boss needed every day; then an old friend, Esquire Blackman of Solon, was ill and died. Other friends also, old friends, wanted my aid. Indeed I could not get away, except one day at 42d Reunion, and nothing done the day I was gone. You see the fix I have been in.

The boys had a good meeting at Rochester, and about all get pensions, as most of them should. Starr gets \$17.00 a month and wants more. Foskett



started at \$12.00 and I think gets more. All wanted to see Judge Pardee far more than Bro. Freeborn does.

I quit traveling in January and received two months' extra pay and a splendid letter of thanks. After Jim died I had no ambition to travel and toil. I put four children through college. The three left are doing well. They need no more help. I had determined to quit traveling after Jim finished law school. But of what avail—of what avail? I have tried hard for a year to get my life out of the minor key, but with scores of my old friends gone—Garfield, Burke, Rhodes, and many others—I see only the lengthening shadows of life.

The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

I see my mother as she lived, I see my father and your father (as they lived), and love to think of what they would say of this and that that comes up today. But I only see them living. I get no response from them *now*. I see Garfield and Burke and Julia, all splendid and dear to me, and I love to think and in some sense talk with them or imagine what they would say of current things. But all, however, is of this world, and no reply from beyond. I have only hope and trust to see them.

The only way I see is to use this life and world without complaint and whining.

Will you be in Cleveland? Can you run down here? Do so. I want to meet you before you go back. Tell Sutt's wife I received a letter from her when I was twisted and torn with rheumatism by sugaring. Beidler knows me to be a "Garfield feller" and my letter would not aid Sutt. We join in kind regards to you all.

C. E. Henry

The next day he wrote again, putting introspection aside and turning to topics that the Judge had broached. Regarding the Southern statesmen's efforts to force judges of the United States "to play justice of the peace at crossroads all over the South" he observed, "For consolation to Judge McCormick and yourself I commend Marshall's and Jay's method of traveling, and their decisions that built up and commanded respect for the third power of the Government left nebulous by the Constitution." And as for the Southern statesmen's Northern compeers, such as Tom Johnson and Mark Hanna of Cleveland, he exclaims, "O, that Webster, Jefferson, Lincoln, Chase, Wade, and Garfield could return to life and see circus-tent statesman for one party and perpetual franchises for public street railways for the other great party, blow their bugles and beat their tom-toms."

To banish now the gloom of yesterday, the letter closes with a recital of the diverting mystery of the razors that "got dull" and the "pretty hired girl with a sore toe." He tersely elucidates: "I hid razors. Hired girl didn't inquire 'Where in hell are razors?' Like Lincoln before he appointed Chase chief justice, I 'kept very shut pan.' Hired girl didn't inquire for razors, more than Bro. Freeborn did for the saw logs." Father's citations were not unfamiliar to the Judge; towit, the matter of his Nephew Vance's profane quest for mislaid boots of a frosty morn at Vacation Ridge, already recounted, and



the case of the tree in Pardee's back lot, close to the boundary line of a pious neighbor, who slyly shifting his worm fence just enough to include the tree, had it sawn into logs for the mill, only to abandon them, on a hint of discovery, to the lawful owner—with fence put back and no questions asked either way. Father's story came to a like happy climax: razors regained their edge; "pretty hired girl didn't inquire"; "toe got well without"; nothing said on either side.

Incidentally now and for the sake of relevancy he proceeded to link the girl's Elliott connection with his topic of the day, the Malthusian doctrine, "in the fact that twenty-five years ago her mother with three sisters drifted here from 'Yaller Creek' near Wellsville. They were blondes; gentle, industrious" and "very healthy." Young men at the neighboring farm homes where they worked out found them most attractive. "They soon were wed, and scores of progeny thronged along the years to cheer their sires." Summing up he adds, "So we populate the earth with the aid of Polacks, Finns, and Swedes, and Irish, and now and then a U. S. judge." This final fillip of course bore no relation to Judge Pardee's childlessness, for Father was merely intimating that the choice Pardee strain represented a rare variation from the normal type of humanity. So he now loyally subscribed himself, "Always your best friend." The Judge responded to these two letters as follows:

Wadsworth, O., Sept. 22d, 1902.

My dear Captain:

Surely I am getting old and worthless. I have been here since July 18th and every day have thought of you and made a resolution to hunt you up and have a good visit; and now it is that I am to start home to Atlanta tomorrow and I have not seen you all the summer. Just before I left Atlanta I wrote you of my intended visit, and again after getting here I wrote you. For a time I must have waited to learn of your plans and whereabouts, but since I got your two good letters a couple of weeks ago I have just been passing resolutions.

Mrs. Pardee came up about September 1st and she has been intending to go to Cleveland and take me along, but somehow she heard of too much small-pox and abandoned the trip. I go back to the South to look after judicial business, the last Congress having provided for a country term on the first Monday in October. My stay at the farm has been personally pleasant but I have never known such a season for bad weather when we wanted good, and it has been impossible to get help. The two men we had hired for the season turned out to be drunkards and N. G. The salt works, match works, and the coal mines take all the labor about, and from that standpoint there is too much prosperity.

I read the papers, if I am too slow and inert to visit my friends and write letters, and have much enjoyment in keeping up with Roosevelt and Johnson and Hanna and Henderson. There are too many round men trying to fill great big square holes. I am glad to see by your letters that you are keeping up with the times and not worrying. Let the young ones worry, and I think some of them are. My Nephew Will is running for probate judge of Summit County, and my Nephew Vance is running railroads in Arkansas, and Don



junior is still trying to graduate. My health is pretty good, though I am so sluggish. I eat well, sleep a good deal—some in the daytime—and try to ride horseback every morning. Texas is getting very thin. I don't know as he will winter. His teeth (grinders) are gone. Still he is very coltish yet and will canter himself into the heavens in short order if the rider will let him.

I suppose my winter will be like the last in New Orleans from November to June. It is some five years yet before I can retire, and I do not know whether I am in a hurry or not. Sometimes I think that if farm labor was plenty I would gladly quit guessing off cases and devote my entire time to farming this ridge—by deputy. When I get to Atlanta I will write again. In the meantime I am expecting you will write me often and fully as you can find time and inclination. My best regards to your wife and Fred.

Your long-time friend,

Don A. Pardee

Father passed this letter on to me after underlining the phrases of warm friendliness and dry humor and noting on the margin, "I selected Texas for the Judge years ago and he loves him." During the next month they again exchanged letters (October 12 and 24), which, though briefly alluding to passing events, seem mainly significant of their mutual regard, as when Father quoted Shakespeare, "The heavens hold firm the walls of thy dear honor; keep unshaked that temple thy fair mind." Meanwhile Mr. Lyman wrote from New York to Father (October 21), expressing "Thanks for your very interesting letter of the 16th," and continuing with a bit of chaff about "your dropping into poetry occasionally." He had news to tell about three of their friends and postal colleagues of years before. The surety company has "Lund back again to take up cases occasionally on a per diem basis" from Marietta, and it still employs "Tidball at Buffalo." But Col. Parker with arthritis is yet "confined to the house in the same way that he was when you visited him, and I report it to you with great regret. His is one of the saddest cases that I ever knew."

Utterly helpless for eight years longer, Colonel Parker before his death dictated the volume of reminiscences entitled *A Chautauqua Boy of '61 and Afterward*. From it his appreciation of Father as post office inspector and marshal of the District of Columbia has already been quoted herein. The book was published in 1912 by Small, Maynard and Company, with a ten-page introduction by Professor Albert Bushnell Hart which declares that "The remarkable interest of this book is due in part to the large scenes and large men among whom the relator's life was passed, but still more to his own interest in what he was doing, which was the reason why he stood among men in high places." The volume contains also a lively account of Mr. Lyman's many-sided career, besides notices and stories of a great many others of Father's friends. It must have been from him that Parker got some of his anecdotes.

In a letter to me from Geauga Lake (October 27) Father mentioned having "just received a splendid letter from Lyman" and one "also from Pardee." Of home affairs he said:

Mamma and I are quite busy in a small way getting ready for winter. The leaves are half off the forest trees and the maples about the yard are about naked. Weather warm, and the wind has piled great banks of leaves in the lee of buildings. Cheechee and Brother could bury a hundred children in the piles. Sometimes the air is filled with leaves whirling with "the north wind's breath." Again they fall in the still air zigzag to earth.

To him now, as always at this season, the "whole country is indeed beautiful but sombre, and the music of autumn is in the minor key" even to the melancholy cawing of the crows. Riotous forest hues are replaced by the decorous purple and gold of the "river valley and shores of the lake," especially "around the outlet, 'where every prospect pleases and only man is vile.'" In that neighborhood, amid scenes and persons such as good Bishop Heber hymned, "they sing those lines with much feeling" at "a sort of little Sunday school" lately "started at the schoolhouse by a steady laboring man, not an LL.D." Years afterwards Will Patterson, a neighbor younger than I at Geauga Lake and sometime a brother lawyer in Cleveland, told me at the hospital, where he lay slowly dying, that he had attended Mother's class in this school and there had heard an utterance of hers, gravely spoken at the close of a special temperance lesson (November 23), which indelibly impressed his mind and ever afterwards governed his conduct: "If you do not touch the first cup you will never die a drunkard." Will's heritage gave him good reason to heed those words. Father's letter goes on: "Mamma and I went to the Falls Saturday and got an air-tight chunk-wood stove that we are assured will keep fire three or four days without putting in more wood. How we wished you were all with us yesterday."



## 51. *The Farm in Winter, and Vicksburg Revisited*

THE preparation for cold weather revealed their intention of remaining at Geauga Lake through the winter, for Father no longer had any business reason to be on call there and Mother felt that the recent addition to my family would make their coming again for three or four months too hard for Louise. Though firm in her determination, Mother was less contented than Father with this prospect. Their birthdays and their wedding anniversary were near at hand and, with my remembrance to her, I expressed the hope and belief that like her father she would live at least twenty-five years more, a forecast which came to be almost literally fulfilled. She answered (November 1):

Your letter was worth one hundred dollars without the check; so you see that I am a hundred and ten dollars better off than I was this morning. I will buy something sweet, like the giver, with the material part, and the rest lay up in the bank of my heart. Your love and dear Lou's and the children's are among the precious things which would make a quarter of a century of living desirable; but sometimes I am tired and lonely and almost hope it will not be so long a time as that; however, none is ever quite ready to die.

We are already preparing for Thanksgiving, have decided which turkey shall be sacrificed and whose cornfield promises the best pumpkins, and only wish it were nearer the time. Papa seems quite well and cannot understand why the rest cannot come too.

Uncle King was here for two or three hours Sunday evening. He told of a man in Cleveland who wishes to buy land near the lake, several families wishing to come out and build, and asked him a great many questions, and he finally referred him to you. Perhaps you will be able to sell your land if you wish to.

Much love to you all and may God bless you unto the latest generations.

Thanksgiving Day fell on the 27th when Rhoda was just four months old. Too young to take to a crowded stove-heated house in the country at that time of year, she, with Shasha and their mamma, remained in town. Despite this defection, Father was in high spirits. He had written to me two days before, "Bring out some celery and two pounds of soft cheese. We have plenty of pumpkin pies and turkey. Babe and young-uns and Marcia will be here." Besides the huge bird, he insisted on having two chickens, so that every grandchild might have a drumstick. I was to start in a few days for a short trip abroad and to me the family reunion seemed especially timely.

In early December Mother's spirits were again depressed by the death of her near neighbor and long time friend Ellen, the wife of Samuel G. Hatch who lived beside the lake, and younger sister to Jennie (Heath) Robison who lived near our old Cedar Avenue home in Cleveland. But her blues were beguiled by the timely and tonic visit of Uncle Joe Rudolph who, with his wife and his sister Mrs. Garfield, was about to leave for California for the winter. Never much of a hand to write letters, he, no less than Father, had lately let down also on their visits back and forth. Of course their mutual love could never cool. Outside of kindred, each was now the other's oldest friend. No doubt with increasing age they felt more cumbered with the care of the farms in Mentor and Bainbridge.

Before and since Father's return to this way of life he had found his Danish farmer, Nils Jorgensen, sometimes amusing and always faithful, but in the last year, with the owner always near by, increasingly self-willed! Nevertheless Father now engaged him for another year. Their arrangement was strictly neither a hiring nor a leasing or sharing agreement, but one in which Nils was a sort of partner-employee and Father the exclusive boss. With this business off his mind, he and Mother planned to go to town for a few days to see Lou and the children and maybe, in my absence overseas, to cheer them up a bit. So early Monday morning (December 15) they appeared at No. 154 Kensington, loaded down as usual with spareribs, eggs, cream, etc.

Father was also to meet Mr. Lyman in Cleveland that week. The weather was cold and except when he went down town he stuck to the gas grate in our hall or library. An old engineer friend of his, Warren Goss, was killed (December 16) in a wreck of the Erie flier at Union Street crossing, and Father busied himself for some time at my desk in composing the appreciation of him and other "Heroes of the Rail," which I have already quoted from the *Leader*, and also in writing an obituary of Mrs. Hatch. For Christmas, Louise now got for him, with Mother's approval, a revolving bookcase, the joint gift of the Webbs and ourselves, and had it shipped direct to Geauga Lake so that ensconced between it and the new "chunk-wood drum-stove," he might take his ease there while napping or reading or writing in his drop-leaf rocking chair.

The Webbs were now planning to move with their two small children, at least for a trial period, from Mineral Ridge to Cleveland, where Grant was to engage in the lumber business with H. C. Christy; but they had not yet made the change, and it was finally deferred until the next fall. So it was agreed that Marcia would have the family Christmas in Hiram. With this celebration in near prospect, Mother and Father returned to Geauga Lake on Saturday morning, December 20. Lou wrote to me the same day: "You would have laughed to see Father; he had a bushel basket, with a big rope tied across to make a handle, filled with a collection of things. Mother let him go on ahead. She said she wasn't proud, but there was a limit."



By Christmas day Marcia had assembled the whole family at Bowler Hall in Hiram, including Father and Mother, the Webbs with their two children, Louise with our four, and Annie Phelps, who at our instance had come from East Smithfield that winter to make her home with us during my absence, and thereafter as long as she liked. She had set out to become a trained nurse, but after her arrangements were all made, she was bitterly disappointed to learn that she could not go on because her temperament was "too sympathetic" to endure a nurse's strain. This blow to her proved a godsend to Louise and the babies, as well as a blessing to us all, from little Rhoda, who became Annie's special care, up to Father, who was greatly pleased with her quiet anticipation of his wants.

Most of Marcia's company had arrived by the trolley line which then operated (when it had power enough) between Cleveland and Garrettsville via Chagrin Falls and afforded the uncertain and sole public transport connecting Hiram with the outside world. On this occasion the holiday congestion so distracted those who ran the road that passengers and luggage were seriously belated, to the sore distress of Lou, whose trunk was missing, and Babe, whose husband was unaccounted for. By Christmas evening the grown folk were writing me a partnership letter, in which Mother led off with, "Papa is telling stories on Marcia, about her crying and screaming and Jim Giles walking the floor and singing 'James Bird' till the rafters resounded."

At the week end our two oldest children were invited by their grandparents to the farm for the rest of the vacation. The weather there became so mild that Father tapped two or three trees in the front yard to let Marcia Louise and Charles boil down the sap and make maple candy. In his roundabout trip home from Hiram, with stopover in Cleveland, Father had found occasion to write from the Weddell House to Judge Pardee (December 27): "I just saw a notice in some paper of the death of Colonel O. J. Hopkins at Columbus . . . run over by a street car. That was all." The tragedy brought to mind Hopkins' dramatic part in the foraging expedition from Cumberland Gap to Tazewell in early August of 1862 (already recounted herein), along with the brilliant strategy of Pardee himself in command of the six hundred, and the bravery of Colonel Sheldon's colored servant Gid, who accompanied them and voluntarily "with gun in hand went with Co. C and did his work to get a good shot at the enemy's cavalry,"—Father's fondest War memory.

At her Christmas party in Hiram and again during her week end at Geauga Lake a month later, Marcia confided to the family her hope to quit Hiram after the next Commencement if she could get an appointment to teach English in one of the Cleveland high schools the next fall. This was her tenth year on the Hiram faculty, and the future there under President Beattie did not look good to her or to any of us. On February 11 she wrote to me, "The mess here is boiling higher and higher; it shows signs of boiling over." The President kept storming over harmless college pranks which he might better

have ignored. "Last night," she continued, "there was a nightshirt parade, which the President followed around town for some time. Finally one of the boys made a speech." Aping Prexy's words and mannerisms and mocking his hysterical crescendo, the young rascal fulminated derisively against those students who were disgracing the College, the town, and the commonwealth! "Mrs. Bodifield, the new elocution teacher, told Mr. Lockwood yesterday that the President was not the man for the place; that he had the respect of neither students nor faculty. Mr. Lockwood said we must remember that the board was hampered; that they had to get a Disciple; couldn't pay much," and the senior member of the faculty "had written him that 'Beattie was doing as well as could be expected.'—True!"

Wisely the head of the board gave no hint or hope that he would soon be calling a special meeting of the trustees to consider a change of administration. As one of their number, Father was from time to time guardedly discussing the situation with his fellow members, and after my return from Europe about the middle of January, Dietz, Hayden, and I, the "kid" trustees, who as alumni were specially concerned for our alma mater, held frequent conferences on the subject. We were all cautious about embarrassing Marcia, but somehow the rumor got abroad that she was planning to resign. She wrote to Father her fear that he was giving currency to this report as well as to the confidential canard that our youngish bachelor cousin, John Brewster, was going to marry the matronal dowager of Schumacher, the Akron cereal king, whose son he had been tutoring. The encouragement Marcia had received from Principal Harris of Central High School about a place in Cleveland, could not yet be given out. The other story, just a Munchausen yarn, might easily, if avouched as true or tattled as gossip, bring confusion to all concerned. Aunt Eliza, indeed, had heard it independently and thought it was true. Father responded with the following letter, which, with the replies to her Cleveland application, Marcia forwarded to me for brotherly attention and the filial restraint that Father protested he did not need:

Geauga Lake—Home, Home, Sweet Home.  
Sunday, Feb. 8th, 1893 [1903].

My dear Gem:

I just arrived here from Cleveland; found your letter. I never let anybody's cat out of any bag in my life. I am doing all I can to catch cats you and Babe let out, and conceal them in bags and other places till Ceres, the embongpong child of Saturn and Opes, moves the magic wand and beckons with a smile, "Johnny, come home with me."

You need not worry about Papa. Papa for thirty years sent hundreds of rascals and thieves to the pen by not letting any sort of a cat out of any bag till he had proof of guilt. You, my dearest Gem, let the cat out and Babe



said "Scat! shoo!" to it to Mamma, and I am trying all I can to catch the cat and bag it again for any length of time desired.

The *Farmer* and *Leader* folks want me to write—see today's *Leader*.

With love,

Pawpaw

All alone, all alone, but happy.

Leaving him well provisioned, Mother on the last day of January had gone for a week or more to Mineral Ridge to cheer and comfort Babe while the Webb children were down with the whooping cough. Father had spent most of this week in town, chiefly at my home. On his return and before his above letter was posted, the way-freight brought him the boxes of thirty-two new books which he had ordered from Burrows Brothers in Cleveland, so he hastily penciled this postscript to Marcia: "I got the finest set of Macaulay's *History*, ten volumes Knickerbocker edition, with pictures—fine. Also, same style, of his *Essays*. I will give Fred (with a string tied to it) the *History*, and you the *Essays*, same way."

Besides this twenty-volume Macaulay, the same shipment included the complete works of Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll in a dozen volumes. One of them contains the words in praise of Father already quoted herein, and it was perhaps this that led him to buy all twelve books when this particular one could not be had separately. He had indeed always admired the great orator's eloquence in court and on the hustings, though deploring his rage against Christianity. Now he could perhaps recreate the spell cast by those marvellous forensic and political addresses. Moreover, Pagan Bob's religious controversies with Judge Jeremiah S. Black, the Reverend Henry M. Field, Gladstone, Doctor Lyman Abbott, Archdeacon Farrar, and Cardinals Manning, Gibbons, and Newman, as here found, embraced the arguments of these eminent disputants as well as his own. Aside from crass irreverence, most of his contentions, so sacrilegious when uttered, were already coming to be considered less vitally hostile to the Christian system than had been universally assumed.

Father's delight in these two handsome sets, each rife with its own kind of gorgeous rhetoric, decidedly outweighed the forty dollars he had expended for them. Half a century had passed since he first reveled in Macaulay's *History*, a one-volume edition bought with the dollar and twenty-five cents he earned by cutting five cords of wood. Ingersoll's oratory had first thrilled him more than a quarter-century before, with the two famous speeches made in 1876—one at the Republican National Convention in Cincinnati and the other at the Soldiers' National Reunion in Indianapolis. But these reminders of the past could not quench Father's zest in dramatizing the present, with its fugitive felines and other sensitive subjects streaming through his consciousness. To me on all such matters he felt free of course to talk or write in confidence. So now after my six weeks' absence he took frequent occasion

thus to relieve his mind of pent up reflections both serious and ironical respecting them. Of the foredoomed administration at Hiram he wrote to me (January 27):

I feel anxious about Hiram. I went to school there and educated my children there. I overheard Lockwood telling other trustees years ago that "Captain Henry was the only member of the board who educated his children there, and Captain Henry's children were as smart as any of them." So I give Hiram the credit. . . . The students are in poor health and coughing terribly when the honored and learned president talks in chapel, . . . a president having a pile of the highest recommendations of ability and worthiness from a dozen colleges, . . . presented by Bro. Teachout, who had just given a really fine building to the College. I am informed (not through Marcia) that the wicked and unregenerate students will . . . decline to recite to the able and good president. If so, the conscientious and timid brethren on the board will find a slip-gap to crawl through, and smile to Bro. Teachout and say, "I stood by you to the last, but your wife's brother will have a splendid recommend to add to his noble record of certificates of ability to run a college better than any other educator in the United States." . . . But this coughing should be cured. . . . Pile up and add to the many recommendations. . . . Letters of recommendation are splendid things to pass them along—and Hayden, being in the bond business, can write a good one.

Cousin John's apocryphal betrothal was another subject not to be passed over without adequate commentary; so, before he was hushed, Father, writing to me (January 30) still in the same mocking vein, declared that (with its pedigree attested perhaps by Aunt Eliza)—

Babe let the cat out of the bag to us. She found it in Cleveland. We will keep very shut-pan about the cat till other folks let it out of the bag here. A splendid deal!—better than trusts. . . . Johnny says, in Mr. Wegg's edition of Watts's *Hymns*,

Must I be carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease  
Whilst others fought to win the prize and sailed o'er bloody seas?

With jewels galore I'll stay on shore  
And slosh around just as I please, Mrs. Boffin,  
And slosh around just as I please.

Behind a frowning providence a lovely woman's face, Mrs. Boffin,  
A charming woman's face.

With jewels and cereal stock and wealthy widow's smile and "Johnny, come home with me"—who wouldn't?

In the evening of the same day Father wrote to me again, in order to straighten out the crossing of our letters of the day before concerning the newly erected family monument at Jim's grave in the Chagrin Falls cemetery. He had sent me more than enough money to pay for it and, remarking now that "We can balance on final settlement," he wanted me to keep on handling this business to the end and relieve him from any painful chaffering about it. At the same time he got rid of another similar bother. The fees of the sur-



geons (including the homeopathic Hamilton F. Biggar, physician to Mr. Rockefeller, consulted by his own Doctor Doty), for reducing Father's shoulder when it was jerked out of joint the fall before, might have taxed him sorely, but were now agreeably minimized by the latter—the same doctor in Chagrin Falls that had attended Jim.

I just sent Doty his bill of twenty-five dollars for pulling my arm back into socket. I wrote him a nice letter; so that is fixed. I expected it would be more, as he made much fuss to get Biggar. I asked for bill in November and told him to pay Biggar himself. It seems that Doty had heard gossip of his inability to get an arm back and also heard that I defended him. His bill was fair and decent.

I am selected to visit Vicksburg and locate the front of our brigade—a fifteen hundred dollar monument to be placed by the United States. . . . I simply did my duty at the head of the charging column the 22d of May '63. I leave it for Cheechee and Brother to do the bragging. The early geographies had a picture of General Israel Putnam riding pell-mell down some long stone stairs in the rock. . . . Grandpa's picture that day, wriggling and crawling down through the brush, would not do to put in geographies. . . .

Grandpa never cut down a cherry tree when he was a boy. If he had, he only stood a half chance of punishment, for he had a brother to take his chance also. . . . The best way to make smart boys in a large family is to whip the first boy you can catch. . . . Tell Brother that if he will cut down Grandma's "splendid plum trees," that never bore a plum and never will, with his hatchet, and tell Grandma that Allen Chase did it, Grandpa will give him a nice hatchet for every plum tree. . . .

In this slander of the trees Father's humor was a little spiteful. Mother had always wanted to raise more fruit, but though Father early in their married life had set out a small apple orchard west of the house and once or twice some berry vines and bushes in the garden, he fell far short of growing all that Mother desired. So after thirty-five years of waiting she in his absence ordered a dozen plum trees and set them out on either side of the path to the well. No sooner had Father thus denounced them as hopelessly barren than they began to blossom and bear fruit abundantly, so that for a third of a century the family nearly always had all the plums they could use.

Oddly coincident with the ill-conceived slight of Mother's tree-planting was his *Ohio Farmer* article (February 12) in which, after remarking that young farmers seem less inclined than old ones to set out trees, he added:

Old farmers are quite apt to say, "I will not be here when this orchard bears, but they who come after will know who planted it." What better monument in the wide world than a tree! What home more lovely than one with the air sweet with blossoms of the apple, the peach, and cherry, and then, following after for two or three months, the delicious fragrance of the linden, boxwood, juneberry, wild plum, and many others in the long list till July?

Embodying meditations "In Winter Months" at the old home, this short piece of Father's in praise of trees, and the next week its sequel, "Winter

Evenings," on the enjoyment of books, abound in apothegms, often with a pinch of rustic salt: "The real artist is in love with nature and not with a picture made with a paint-brush." "The man with the care of millions can not enjoy life as happily as the prudent, industrious farmer." "To set out a few trees and beautify home and its surroundings is the keenest enjoyment, the greatest happiness." "The highest civilization is the child of the snow-drift of the temperate zone." In the second article he declared that "The real growth in home life we get from good books," and opined that

No story-writer equals Macaulay, Parkman, and Prescott in clarity of style; Fiske, Rhodes, . . . and a score of others . . . lift one to a higher level. Among stories, probably *Ivanhoe* is one of the most instructive in history. You live and move with Cedric and Gurth, Rowena and Rebecca, and the Norman lords of that age.

I often get more enjoyment from Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield* and Boswell's *Life of Johnson* than I do from Mark Twain or Bret Harte. Evelyn's and Pepys's *Diaries* take one back over two hundred years, and we thank God that we live now. The poor now are better off than many of the rich were then. Books are so cheap now that the art of reading aloud to the family winter evenings should be cultivated. What more side-splitting fun and enjoyment can be found than in the reading of the trial of Bardell vs. Pickwick at the family fireside on a winter evening?

From such peaceful domestic reflections Father's attention was now again turned for a season to the retrospective study in detail of the most outstanding episode of his army life, the assault on Vicksburg. It pleased him to be assigned to this service and he approached the undertaking with pride and enthusiasm. He was to fix landmarks for the historian. It was a duty he owed to his comrades and to posterity. This call to Vicksburg grew out of the appeal already mentioned that was made about the time of the G. A. R. National Encampment of 1901 in Cleveland to veterans of that campaign, including the survivors of the Forty-second Ohio, to lend their narratives, diaries, letters, etc., and thus aid the National Military Park Commission there to fix the positions and trace the movements of their commands.

So many of the responses of soldiers in the same brigade with Father had suggested that he be invited to come and give his testimony upon the very ground trod by him forty years before, that, after he had carefully written out (February 13) his story of the May 22d assault and sent it to Captain W. P. Gault, secretary of the Ohio Vicksburg Battlefield Commission, the latter got Captain William T. Rigby, chairman of the National Commission, to make his successful request (April 3-10) to the War Department for a travel order to Captain C. E. Henry, Cleveland to Vicksburg and return. The closing paragraph of Father's letter to Captain Gault has already been quoted herein. All together it gives the clearest and most detailed account extant of the precise route and limits of that day's advance by his brigade. A further extract follows:



We charged up a narrow valley permitting only company front. I was lieutenant in command of Co. A, Captain Olds having been killed at Port Gibson. I was therefore at the head of the column. We lost several killed and wounded from an oblique or flank fire on our right in running about sixty or eighty rods. We reached a steep bluff say twenty or thirty feet high and I scrambled up among the locust brush that had been cut partly off and bent over, and at the top I saw the rebel fort only a few rods in front. I looked down and saw the flags of 42d Ohio and 22d Kentucky at foot of bluff. The brigade, I learned afterwards, was halted by Colonel Lindsay to reform. At foot of bluff the brigade was still exposed to fire from our right. Just then I was wounded, and one of my boys crept up to me through the fallen brush and offered to help me down. I replied that I could slide down under the brush and to tell the boys to remain with the regiment.

I saw to the right, about eighty rods towards the railroad, Burbridge's brigade charge quite close to the rebel works, and thought it was rather balky team work that the 13th Corps did not charge at the same time. As I lay there just under the comb of the little bluff I saw the 14th [7th] Kentucky charge over a small ridge to our left. They got a terrible fire in running over perhaps five or six rods on the ridge. Some got ahead to lower ground and some fell back to more safe ground. I heard the cries of wounded ten or twelve rods to our left and when the smoke cleared I saw the wounded and dead like bundles of wheat in a wheat field.

I lay near the edge of the bluff, looking to right and left and glancing at the fort near by at intervals. As I lay flat I was only in danger, I thought, of deflected bullets striking the locust brush on the crest. I saw that Burbridge's brigade failed to carry the works. In a little while (perhaps an hour) the hail of fire let up and I wormed down on my back to the brigade. That night a trench was dug along the crest where I was wounded and from then on the 42d held it till reinforcements came down the river and the 9th Division was ordered to Black River to face Johnston.

The visit to Vicksburg was finally made June 1 to 11, and from Father's story of it, "On Going Back," liberal extracts have already been set out herein. The official contour map of the battlefield and park discloses the location, one-third mile south of the Alabama and Vicksburg Railway, of two granite markers, No. 619 in the gully where the head of the column was halted some 350 feet from the enemy's outer works and No. 620 where "Lieutenant Henry was wounded" at the crest of the south bank, distant about 175 feet from the works. From the Carroll Hotel in Vicksburg Father wrote to me (June 6) how these points were established.

I was asked to locate the head of the three charging columns of the 9th Division, 13th Army Corps—in short, where they halted near the rebel works. I said, "Drive to where we started the charge up the several gullies." With engineers and iron stakes we drove out four or five miles in dust and heat. Land is all on edge. Ten acres for miles about Vicksburg, if flat, would make fifty or sixty—you would say a hundred—acres. Well, we drove to starting point and I said, "Whoa! here's where we started, just out there. Let me out"—for it was interminable gulches and gullies. I started up and remarked that the 42d Ohio and 22d Kentucky agreed, by the soldierly instincts [and suggestion] of Pardee to Colonel Monroe, that the two regiments should



charge company front up as far as they could see. Orders were that the 22d should lead and 42d follow.

We started even up, Co. A leading 42d. Both regiments of course scattered by reason of flank fire from our right front, but we kept on the keen run till the gully was not wide enough for small company front. The brigade slammed down at foot of a little bluff thirty or forty feet high. I scrambled up amid the brush slashed over like a brush fence and heard no command to halt and reform. Hence I scrambled and crawled up. At the top I saw a few rods ahead a huge angled fort with bare fresh earth sides and port-holes. I looked down and back and saw no one but scattered men running towards the bluff—some running back. The brigade had halted to reform.

Captain Rigby [interposing here] asked, "Why do you think or know this is the place?" "Because I have four places *beat into my memory*. Eighty rods north I saw one of our flags on the parapet of rebel works near the Jackson and Vicksburg Railway. 2d. I saw just in front of me an angled fort. 3d. This is the slope in the tangled locust brush I lay in for three hours and prayed to God for another brigade or division to help out that flag on the parapet to the north. 4th. Just over there to our left I saw the 7th Kentucky go over that ridge fifteen or twenty minutes after our charge and they lay like bundles of wheat. Some ran forward into a little gulch and the rest ran back into another little gulch." . . . Now comes final.

He [Captain Rigby] said, "Captain, you have untangled and explained a trouble we have had in locating the three columns in the charge of the 9th Division. Some have located the charge of 7th Kentucky much farther to our left. *I* am quite sure you are right from the reliable information we have." After a little talk with engineer they drove gas-pipe stake and marked on map the head of Osterhaus's column, 9th Division, May 22d. He then said to engineer, "Come up this hill." He said, "Captain, will you come?" I replied, "No, unless you wish me. I told you about the angled fort"—we had spent a half hour where I lay wounded—"and the landmarks of how I saw our flag on the parapet at railroad, and other facts." He directed engineer to "put a marker where Captain Henry was wounded." Markers are of granite. I remained in rear in gully. I saw them drive the stake and duly record the location. I merely mention this, as you bother some about grandfathers.

On the same day he wrote to "Dear Cheechee and Brother" about seeing again the same "big fort," that he had come so close to long ago and imaged now as something "built to kill all the ganpas and great-ganpas you ever had, so you would have only ganmas." Remarking upon the preponderance of negroes in the population there, he said, "White folks here don't think colored people are folks. Your papa and ganpa think they *are* folks." Here in Vicksburg, though, they seemed more foxy than folksy. "Ganpa has learned that a colored waiter in hotels down here can count more than a crow. Colored waiter can count two. If you give him twenty-five cents, waiter can count three. If you give him twenty-five cents more, he can count four." Of the Mississippi he wrote, "You never saw such a monstrous river as this is—a thousand times bigger than Chagrin, one-fifth as large as the Amazon as Ganpa saw the Amazon. Ganpa slept along the banks of this monstrous river



for months and fought many battles to make colored people folks, and bother the life of your ganpa and your dear papa forty years after.”<sup>1</sup>

He had hoped to run down to New Orleans and see Judge Pardee, but since the Judge might by now have returned to Atlanta and anyhow would soon be coming North again, Father, tired out with his trip, came directly home. One of the reasons for the four months' delay before he had started South and for his not being on the ground in time to celebrate there the fortieth anniversary of the grand assault, was the sudden resurgence of the oil and gas boom at home. On April 22 he had finally signed a lease to the Geauga Lake Gas, Oil and Fuel Company, the name under which the Trumbull wildcatters, Taylor, Archer et al., had now got about four thousand acres in the south of Bainbridge under lease, including the lands of Father's cousin, King Henry, next east and south of the Russ Place. The latter had cannily stipulated that drilling in this field should start on his own property; and to this the promoters acceded, for their hopes seemed to center in this vicinity where the Chagrin valley cuts through the long conglomerate ridge that extends for miles southwest and northeast. Father was inclined now to lease his land and he referred the men to me, but I wanted him still to wait and see. He wrote to me (April 24) that the

company got down sixty feet on King's and struck a boulder, then quit and started to move several miles. I told them I would lease the Russ farm on the same terms as King. They then moved tools down. . . . They wanted the other two farms. I declined for the present but told them we would give them first chance against others on equal terms.

Soon afterwards drilling was begun on the Russ Place close to the east bank of the Chagrin and about five hundred feet north of the highway. He wrote me next from Geauga Lake on a Monday (May 18):

I guess they have really struck gas at four hundred feet, or over, down. Mamma can hear buzzing or whistling from here to well. It burst out yesterday when men were gone to Warren. Mamma and Miss Phelps went down and smelled the gas all around. I guess it wasn't a skunk cabbage.

The following day he wrote further:

The driller was gone to Warren over Sunday. Returned Monday evening. Tuesday plugged up hole tighter—or appeared to—took derrick down and, like the Arab, silently stole away. Last night about nine o'clock a blaze lighted the valley for a mile from a bright flame that came from the hole.

The driller told me he had no more rope, and [would] pull out and go home to Warren—bosh! They either want to lease more farms up and down the valley or it is a fake. They have fine gilt-edged stock to sell. . . . There appeared in the *Mining Journal* a few weeks ago [a statement] that coal and gas was discovered at Geauga Lake. I knew no one here would publish such

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<sup>1</sup>I had recently (May 6) discussed, at the annual banquet of the Loyal Legion in Cincinnati, a pronouncement of the U. S. Supreme Court on Negro Suffrage in the South.

a fool thing about coal. Much was also said about an expert at fifty dollars a day here.

The flame persisted until the June flood drowned it out. At the same time erosion of the river bank left the pipe sticking up in the stream when the high water subsided. Later somebody relighted the gas and it continued to blaze until quenched by another freshet. Intermittently for a year or two it feebly bubbled and burned until entirely smothered. Of course it was only shale gas, and for quantity production, if any, the well would have had to be eight or ten times as deep. But why, even as a mere stock speculation, the project was at this stage so abruptly dropped remained a mystery. Like the Shipherd boys' Geauga Lake Dairy Company, as well as the quarry, the railroad, and the trolley project, The Geauga Lake Gas, Oil and Fuel Company faded away. So, in the lugubrious words with which Father closed his letter, "it would seem that great business enterprises fail here."



## 52. *Failing Sight and Thronging Memories*

A FORTNIGHT after his return from Vicksburg, the schedule of Commencement week took him to Hiram to attend the annual meeting (June 24) of the College board of trustees. President Beattie's resignation had already been agreed upon, but the trustees, wary of immediately calling another president on mere testimonials, however strong, wisely temporized by choosing the respected and popular Professor Wakefield to be chairman of the faculty and acting president of the College for the ensuing year. Aside, however, from its internal troubles, the institution had suffered in the previous winter and spring from other afflictions hardly less vexing to the judicious majority of its board. Father wrote sarcastically to me (February 21) how one of its veteran clerical members scandalized his colleagues by peddling Klondike gold mining stock among his confiding church brethren, and how at the same time a preacher-alumnus of Hiram, with an organized evangelistic troupe, was huckstering wild-cat oil shares by day and gospel salvation by night. Humiliated and indignant, Judge Henry C. White, a member of the College board, published in the *Cleveland Leader* a scathing rebuke of those who thus made the Father's house an house of merchandise and stole the livery of the court of Heaven to serve the Devil in. To Father's congratulations he replied (March 21) that "the incongruity of uniting religious work with such schemes seemed to me to show great degeneration, moral and spiritual. Your parodies upon the old hymns are exceedingly apt and forceful." Farther on in his letter the Judge, in mock soberness, repeated his preposterous legend of my infancy with which Father for years had been making merry at my expense:

I shall never forget a visit which your good wife made to our humble home on the West Side when Fred was a little boy. On going up to his chamber in the morning, I found that he was squaring the cube root by counting the rungs on the bedstead. I took occasion to say to his mother that a boy whose intellectual manifestations were such as his had a great future before him. I knew it was not juvenile precosity.

Father sent this letter to Lou, with his comment endorsed that "little Fred, the precocious four-year-old boy who could 'square the cube root' with bedstead rungs thirty years ago, should be able to square the circle now, or generalize the Königsburg problem of seven bridges," etc.

Soon after the Hiram trustees' provisional action regarding the vacancy in the office of president of the College, Father sent to me (July 5) certain letters written twenty years before, when Hinsdale was succeeded by Laughlin in the same position, one of which disclosed, as he sardonically summarized it,

that "Bro. Bowler" had the help of "Bro. Beaman" and "Bro. Young," members of the board, to get rid of "Bro. Hinsdale" and build up Hiram to a great college. Bro. Bowler and Bro. Hinsdale have gone to their reward. Bro. Beaman and Bro. Young still live to correct and improve our morals.

Frequently alluded to herein is that certain association of ideas—Hiram, "the brethren" (often jocosely), and the Forty-second—a trinity which environed Father's life and which arose because the colonel of that regiment, later known to all the world, together with those in its ranks who had been his pupils in the Eclectic Institute, formed thus an eternal comradeship, and because, apart from the direct Hiram influence, many voluntary enlistments therein, especially of minors, from the Disciples' brotherhood grew out of and gained parental countenance through its commander's religious fellowship with them.

Father finally got his "Roster of Survivors" finished and printed (July 22), with his songs included, and distributed copies at their reunion (August 26) held this year in Leroy. He and Uncle Joe Rudolph went from Cleveland together. It was forty-two years since they had enlisted and this was the thirty-fifth reunion. The cost of the little booklet was more than had been expected and was not yet wholly defrayed. After so many years and with all who had died in war from wounds and disease, it hardly seemed possible that so great a number still survived. There were 361 listed, and of course the roll was very incomplete in spite of persistent effort and correspondence by the committee. Explaining its length Father wrote (September 15) to Judge Pardee:

I tell folks that the brethren put their 16, 17, and 18-year old sons in "Bro. Garfield's regiment." Garfield left soon, and "Old P" made good soldiers of the boys. The 42d had a larger per cent of boys than the average regiments. The two companies from Medina County and Companies F and A of Portage and Geauga prove this. Bro. Garfield was promoted and left hundreds of young boys to the care of Captain Barber for deportment, Captain Willard for ejaculations to mule teams, and Chaplain Jones for religious life. The chaplain was generally elsewhere and left the dear boys to "Old P" to make soldiers of them. He made them soldiers if not Christians.

Under the Act of June 27, 1890, and as of course from the executive order fixing age presumptions of disability, Father received (September 24) a new pension certificate dated August 28, 1903, granting him, from the 19th of March preceding, ten instead of six dollars a month for "partial disability to earn support by manual labor." The presumption was more than justified, for he was far from well and was wholly disabled to perform manual labor.



Originally he was pensioned because of his wounds in the Vicksburg campaign. That was a dignity rather than a dole. But the blurring of the distinction was nothing to get disagreeable about or even to mind at all. If all alike were now entitled, he at least was doubly so. And here already were his children's children who years hence would know and take pride in his army record. Outstanding among his extant papers of 1903 are the letters he wrote to and about his grandchildren. He wrote to me (February 17) of expecting "Lou and babes tomorrow."

It is lovely here in this snow storm. I want the grandchildren to feel a delight in Grandpa's, even in winter. A dozen eggs or more a day, a lot of fat young roosters to sacrifice for chicken pies, cords of wood, everlasting milk and cream, hams smoked with green hickory that smell delicious, apples in cellar. We will keep the babies snug and warm. My notion is for Lou to stay, and you and Cheechee and Brother to come Saturday, either direct or via the Falls and sleigh-ride to Grandpa's. If Marcia can sneak away from her zoo Saturday evening it will help out. We will get Frank Fuller [Mrs. Light] to fix up the chicken sacrifice. . . . Grandpa desires the continuity of home and the love of it by the grandchildren.

Cheechee and Brother were eager always to go to Geauga Lake. Both spring and fall, before and after our summer at the "lower house," or Brewster Place, where little Charlotte played in her sand-pile and baby Rhoda was still the fond charge of Annie Phelps, the two older children spent a good many week ends with Grandma and Grandpa at the upper house. During the spring vacation the last week in March, Mother visited her daughters in Mineral Ridge and Hiram and took nine-year-old Marcia Louise with her—a mutual treat. As the season advanced Father kept busy at the farm and now more than ever relied on me to collect his milk bills and care for his other affairs in town. On April 20 he wrote to me:

Yours with enclosures is received. Please accept thanks of an exacting, growling, but appreciative father. I have been over on the forty acres and Russ Place today, also on east of the home farm by the river, to see fences repaired by English Combes and the irascible Dane. . . . You see I boss two nationalities in person, and study character. But I get rather tired. The wild vines and flowers, however, are beautiful. What memories they recall! Only a few years ago I worked and toiled in the briers and brush to the far side of the forty acres for four or five days to make a new fence. It was December, cold and chill. . . .

He remembered how, at Christmas ten years before, "with scratched and rough hands," he had just embarked for Rio Janeiro. On April 24 he wrote again:

We are getting fences fixed all around. Probably three or four miles repaired. Marcia will be home Sunday evening or Monday, I guess. Cows give 36 gallons a day. Hens two dozen eggs a day, and 50 or 60 or 70 little chicks. I will be in with a basket of eggs so Lou and children can keep the wolf from the door. Tell Cheechee and Brother that the robins are now setting each on three



green eggs. All four turkeys are setting on more or less eggs—two of them on same nest, head and tail, like two M. C.'s and contesting politicians for one office, only the turkeys look and act wiser.

To his "dear Little Dorrit" he wrote (May 8) to assure her that "Cheechee and Brother are delighted with the violets, birds, and chickens," and that "Ganpa has some nice fish-poles and lines for them tomorrow and will go with them to river to fish." On August 14 he addressed a postal card to "Miss Marcia Louise Henry, East Smithfield, Pa.," announcing to her and Charles that "We are about done haying and cutting oats," and warning them to hurry home to the farm to prevent "Other folks getting your blackberries." When they were in Cleveland at school again a month later he wrote:

Home, Oct. 5, 1903.

Dear Cheechee and Brother: Ganpa reports that it is your duty to look after your interests and obligations here on Saturday. Big chestnut tree bursts out with most a bushel of open burrs for you and two sisters. Ganpa and Neltz [Nils Jorgensen] and Ralph will watch and jaw, like Hanna and Johnson, to keep folks off till Saturday, but Ganpa and Ganma, aided by Neltz and wife, cannot jaw and keep folks off more than three or four days. You must come and get them. Ganpa thinks there is half a bushel. Ganma, Aunty Marcia, and dear Mamma would say a *million* bushels, but Ganpa thinks a half-bushel or bushel if you come by Saturday.

Old hen asks, "Where is Cheechee and Brother? I've got nine little chicks for them." Old gobbler comes at night with fourteen great nice turks and says, "Where is Cheechee, Brother, and Charlotte? I bring over 300 lbs. of splendid turks to offer for Thanksgiving. I gobble and spread my tail feathers thirty inches wide. I can beat a mayor, candidate for governor, or even a senator spreading my tail feathers. Johnson and Hanna are *nowhere* with me. Come and see me and hear me gobble, and then hear them." Old hen turk also comes around at night, with seven young 'uns, and offers a sacrifice for Thanksgiving, like early Christians for duty and principle.

Roosters also quarrel and fight, like lawyers in court, and then go off and lunch together on wheatfield. We have five or six young roosters that would make good lawyers if they could only go to law college. Young squirrels also wish to thank Cheechee and Brother for leaving hickory nuts for them in woodshed, and, like Oliver Twist, ask for more. Like candidates for governor, they want other folks to pay taxes that they should pay. They want Cheechee and Brother to gather more nuts for them for winter store. The hens cackle and say to Brother, "We have got more than 200 eggs hid for Brother where Neltz and Ralph can't find them. Come and see what we have for you. We do not care for Neltz and Ralph; so we hide our eggs for you. Come Saturday and bring Margaret [Charlotte] and Miss Phelps and Baby. Please invite Margaret to get up first class rampage, and you and Cheechee aid her all you can to come out Saturday." Hens and turkeys say this. Five or six robins say this. Cows and calves say this, and even a brindle cat mews and calls for you all. Long ago Ganpa and Ganma carried your papa in basket Sunday afternoon to big chestnut tree for chestnuts. After that your papa trotted after, and we carried Aunty Marcia in basket. Yet further as time passed, your papa and Aunty Marcia toddled on behind us



and we carried Aunty Babe in basket. Sentiment demands that you bring little sister this year to bring in basket.

Get up much feelings and tantrums and finally much rampage to accomplish a duty. Turkeys, chickens, birds, cats, cows, and calves all send urgent requests to come, and please do not give them the cold respect of a passing glance.

Ganpa

Three days later he wrote them again that "Showers and high winds are knocking off chestnuts," and they must all come Saturday. "Ganpa thinks that little Charlotte is the best rampager among you. Get her to make big fuss and come." There was always an emergency that made it imperative for them to visit the farm. When the threshers were expected he wrote (September 15) that "Brother must smooth off measures of wheat and oats and let man know when a bushel runs out." Of course the ironic counsels to filial rebellion, the nostalgic reminiscences, and especially the slighting references to reigning politicians were intended less for the children than for their elders. As for politics, Ohio, notwithstanding the recent McKinley tragedy, still held the center of the national stage. And this year's stars all belonged to our corner of the State. Orth's *History of Cleveland* (p. 289) recites:

In 1903 both candidates for governor, Myron T. Herrick, Republican, and Tom L. Johnson, Democrat, were citizens of Cleveland, and Senator Hanna, candidate for reelection, was opposed by John H. Clarke, of Cleveland. Thus the two leading candidates of both parties were residents of this city, a coincidence that is unique in Ohio's political history.

Though defeated for governor, Tom Johnson kept his post as reform mayor of Cleveland, to which (1901-1909) he was again and again elected. I should undoubtedly have been in the list of his beaten opponents had I not, at the last minute (March 17) and rather to Father's relief, declined the invitation of U. S. Marshal Frank Chandler, the local Republican leader, to contest the 1903 mayoralty election. Of the other State candidates, John Clarke, though failing of the senatorship, was later appointed by President Wilson to the Supreme Court, Myron Herrick, who won the governorship, afterward became our World War ambassador to France.

Besides these, the State chairman on either side in 1903 were Congressman Charles Dick, who was soon to succeed Hanna as senator from Ohio, and County Clerk Charles P. Salen, both of them genial and wily politicians. Father had but slight acquaintance with most of these relatively new men and was inclined to depreciate them in comparison with their predecessors whom he had known and liked. He did, however, commend Chairman Dick's reply (September 27) to Chairman Salen's challenge for a debate between their respective candidates for senator, a letter that not only helped to win the election but afterwards to put its author into the shoes of Hanna dead. Although the latter had by now become a first-rate campaign speaker, he might in joint debate have been overmatched on the stump by his rival, Clarke, the

brilliant and eloquent corporation lawyer. But Clarke's printed briefs which asserted that Ohio railroads were overtaxed, his sound money stand in the Bryan campaigns, and his past record on other current issues were wholly at odds with the 1903 platform of the Democratic State Convention. All these were dextrously and scathingly marshalled in Dick's ingenious refusal, which mockingly adjured Clarke to "debate with himself." Father sent me a clipping of this letter, with his penciled note, "A good reply—as amended"—for he had deleted the weakening words, "somewhat," "I regret that," "rather," "I fear," "just exactly," etc., and had added, "I don't believe General Dick wrote it."

Father's literary instinct was mainly sound and he had an enviable force and facility of expression. But to become a finished writer he lacked sufficient schooling in English composition and criticism. He did, however, keep to the point of whatever he was driving at in speech or action, although, then as now, many idols of hustings and pulpit ranged wide of their proper texts in party principles or religious faith in order to beguile their hearers with spicy platform entertainment. On this tendency in the ministry Father had previously (January 16) written me about the dry comment of an old Hiram worthy:

I see by the topics announced in the Saturday papers that the preachers of Cleveland don't preach any more, but, as Uncle Newcomb said, give "purty good lectur's."

Father's notion of straightforward homiletics appears from the parable of his four-year-old grandson, Freddie Webb, which he related in a letter to me (December 9) with enclosure of a New York *Tribune* clipping about the newest stupid heresy hunt.

Little Frederick came in one day with his panties down, exposing him behind. He asked Mary to button him up. She replied that he was big enough to button himself. He went around a while in that fix and thought up a new tenet in theology. He gravely informed Mary that Jesus would not love her if she refused to button him up and not show his behind. Enclosed is slip on Dr. Bowne, or rather on the preachers. The preachers should ask the Brethren to button them up behind, and give the same reason little Fred did to Mary. It equals Uncle Newton's theology when seven or eight years old, that *his* Uncle Newton didn't have religion because he had heard him break wind.

To Father the humor of everyday life never failed. Even the most annoying incidents had their ludicrous side. The following letter is typical of this trait in him.

Home, Nov. 21st, [1903].

Dear Fred: "A. B. C." came yesterday to rent Russ farm. I listened for twenty minutes to his statement of resources and ability to pay rent. He made out that he was far ahead of Carnegie or Rockefeller in safety and reliability. I couldn't but believe him. What I wanted was to get at the steam injector he "borrowed" of me last year and never informed me about it. It cost fifteen dollars. A. B. C. is more honest than Rogue Riderhood, getting



a "livin' by sweat of his brow." I listened for twenty minutes to perhaps three or four hundred smooth lies. I was like an austere judge, silent and immovable in face. I then turned on him about the injector. He said he got it off the boiler and the wicked liar of a Dutchman on the place never put it back when he brought it back.

A — is really honest and fair. He left the boiler and chimney stack. He is maligned and slandered by a heartless and cold world, for everybody says he will steal everything he can get his hands on. I can testify that he had his hands on brick chimney, sixty feet high, and 6000-lb. boiler, and only "took" the injector of twenty pounds. I told him to replace the injector within a week or report to you and the court for criminal offence. He said he would. He left with not only a flea in his ear but a swarm of fleas in both ears and all over him. A funny incident shows that our Dane, Neltz, is not a Russian. Some twenty turkeys flew high in the trees while A — was here. As A — left, Neltz asked, "Why the turks up in trees so high?" I replied, "You call turks fool birds; they *wise*." I pointed to disappearing form of honest gentleman in elegant dress and said, "Turks see him come." Neltz waited ten seconds and burst into laughter at a poor joke.

C. E. Henry

I cannot guess what Father would have said had he been alive thirty-six years later when Boy Scouts camping on the Russ Place did "borrow" the sixty-foot chimney, brick by brick, to make outdoor fireplaces withal! The good Doctor Watts clearly erred in denying to the young of the civilized human species the innate destructiveness of the predatory beasts to which he contrasted them. In either case the ill they do must be extenuated, "For 'tis their nature to." And however it may be with adult trespassers or even with other people's brats, there evidently should be and generally is advance amnesty for one's own grandchildren. But the four youngsters in my home now made a houseful, and during the winter of 1903-4 their grandparents found that they enjoyed more "kam" by remaining a good part of the time at Geauga Lake as they had done the winter before.

They came to town, however, for several extended visits not only at our house but at the one on the next street belonging to Mrs. Gerould, which the Webbs had rented furnished when they came up from Mineral Ridge to Cleveland for the winter. My sister Marcia, too, had come to Cleveland and was now teaching English and Greek in Central High School. For her this meant advancement, but she was sadly missed in Hiram. Professor Wakefield, thrust into the tough job of acting president and burdened by the compulsions of coeducational administration, could not but "wish Marcia was here this year." Now he must needs be a precisian, though not to the manner born. Father had written (January 22) to inspirit him, "I wish to commend your record at Hiram so far. I hear good report of your management. Be not weary in well doing, especially for Hiram and the brethren."

With the letter he sent a Cleveland *Leader* clipping (January 5) titled "General Longstreet Malignd by the Southern 'Chivalry'" which he had written just after the Confederate warrior's death. Since the surrender, the

General had become too thoroughly "reconstructed" to suit the parol-breaking chivalry of the Lost Cause, who must now hypocritically refuse "to put a wreath on his grave because, they say, he disobeyed Lee's order at Gettysburg." Father's article pointed out that Lee himself not only denied that Longstreet was disobedient but trusted him to the utmost ever after. To Wakefield—Union soldier, Christian minister, and too indulgent teacher—Father continued, "Do you know that anger and indignation are good for the most religious men? That is why I became angry towards 'chivalry' and defended Longstreet. Very pious men should get angry now days about some things." So much to nerve this acting president against super-leniency. But there is, after all, Father mused, a beatitude for the merciful:

When a boy, I used to hear sermons about an angry God. I never liked [to think] even when a boy that God is ever an angry God. I used to hear of the wrath of an angry God, the burning lake of torment for sinners, and so on. I always liked you, for you preached a God of love. I believe with you that death is not a dreamless sleep. I abhor the teaching that death ends all. I want to meet Garfield, Burke, John Atwater, Everest, Dunshee, Rhodes, and hundreds of old brave soldiers—my comrades. Love, God, presided at the creation of all the whirling globes and center suns in the universe. Something of its divinity is given to us, to use this life as altruists. There is far too much *ego* in this life. . . . I won't preach to you who can preach better than I can. As Columbus said, "Sail on, sail on," and found a new world, so I say to you, Keep on, keep on, in your good work of altruism. For I love you for your good work.

In spite of the uneasiness of its head, the College was really, as he said, in good condition, "doing solid work," "honestly looking into a bright future," and "in a better spirit" than during the year before. As for Father, though his letter to Judge Pardee, written at my office the day before the one to Wakefield, reflected like thoughts on life here and hereafter, his mind was by no means obsessed with other-worldliness. His recent *Leader* article closed characteristically with a "good story about Longstreet's grim humor."

General Wheeler, a younger graduate at West Point, dressed in the uniform of a major general, met the sturdy old fighter at the outbreak of the Spanish-American war. He greeted Wheeler pleasantly and, with a jocular look at the "Yankee uniform," as Chivalry still calls it, said:

"Wheeler, I want to die a few minutes before you do."

"Why?" asked Wheeler.

"Because I want to hear old Jube Early swear when he sees you in a Yankee uniform."

Though Father was now again a contributor to the *Leader*, he had missed for some time past at its old office across from the Weddell House in Cleveland the cordial greetings of its former editor-in-chief, James B. Morrow, who had launched forth in Washington as an independent newspaper correspondent after the manner of his more famous forerunner, George Alfred Townsend, "Gath," to whom in point of style Father had often likened him. This old



friend, responding (January 13) to the "cheerful words" which Father had addressed to him, wrote, "It was much like a chat with you, and like all your talks with me was full of wit, entertainment, and instruction."

The early weeks of the new year 1904 brought to Father letters from sundry other old friends, some of which were prompted by his Vicksburg and Longstreet articles. One (January 26) from John E. Bruce, Cincinnati counsel for the American Surety Company, conveyed "the best wishes, love, and affection" of himself and of their colleague Warner Opes in the service of the same company. He commended the Longstreet article, urged Father to read the Confederate General John B. Gordon's book of *Reminiscences*, deprecated the opposition of prominent Republicans to the renomination of the party's "one preeminently honest man," Theodore Roosevelt, and declared that he and Opes were emphatically not of the Bryan faith.

Another letter (January 25) was from Captain Enos Pierson of Wooster, who with his company, in the second assault on Vicksburg, had lain on a ridge next to where Father was wounded, and who now wrote, "The location of the 42d as marked on the map is as near right as could be made after forty years." Such in fact was the general verdict on Father's determination of its position. His "Memories of the Siege of Vicksburg," from which I have already quoted liberal extracts, was written in Cleveland in February, I think, and was published in the *Ohio Farmer* in four weekly installments beginning on March 12, 1904. On March 5 he and Mother returned to Geauga Lake. She would gladly have stayed in Cleveland longer, but he had been cooped up in town for a month or more, with nothing to do but read and write, or wander around the food markets, or perhaps call at the offices—Grant's and mine, and others—where he was always welcome. He must see how his ice was put up, and how the sugaring was going on, and "It was time things were thawed out a little." Besides, I was not well; and guests, he argued, should depart. My symptoms came to nothing, but Marcia Louise suddenly fell ill, whereupon Father wrote to me as follows:

Home, Monday evening, March 7th, [1904].

Dear Fred: Your kind letter received tonight. We worried about you. We can now worry about Cheechee and "yaller janders." Any one of her great-grandmothers would fetch her out in a week with their herb remedies. Doctors in the city know nothing about the janders.

Well, Mamma and I—or me too—arrived all right, soon had two good wood fires, and warmed the house up—very soon. We found things all right. Frank Light came the next day and slicked up. She will come two days each week, tell us all the news and keep the house clean. Cheerful, happy, and helpful, I really think she averages up life in this world as the most Christian woman in several towns about.

No milk check yet, but it will come in a day or two. Every shipper gets only 13 cts. now, about here. Everybody fairly well. Delos, King, and the Deacon left for Chardon today to testify for Horton to save his farm from bogus mortgage, so I hear.



Our ice-house filled with 14-inch ice. Hens doing their best at six and eight eggs a day, but Nelts says "Two dozen a day soon." No fuss among neighbors—weather been too cold. I find Ackley has three or four dogs of his own and is boarding six or eight other long-eared dogs for Cleveland gentlemen. So we will have a doggoned [dog-owned] farm of the Russ Place. Dave Shipherd has returned and rented their farm. We dare not inquire what disposition he made of the woman he ran off with, leaving his wife to mourn his loss in the gloom of sorrow and half widowhood. Mamma, however, has confidence that Frank will find out and inform us. You see, all this for two dollars a week, and more work done in a day than a first class hired girl in the city will do in a week. You see we are lucky, and should be happy.

Robins and bluebirds not come yet but will soon. Crows caw and turkeys begin to wander. We have two toms and four hens. I have a desire to sacrifice one tom—a fine one—for a feast for you all. We will be in soon, but I love the view from windows. Enclosed is a lullaby song for Cheechee to sing to baby.

C. E. H.

Note.—Tuesday Morning, 3d, 8th.—Frank is cleaning our house again at intervals and in sections. Mamma is happy and helps, and enjoys Frank's cheerful temper and a world of information not published in the local papers. As A. Ward says about his mother and Betsey Jane's mother, "A bootiful sight in spring to see them, with dresses fastened up behind, makin' soap, cleanin' house and aboozin' the nabors."

A week later, on returning from a Sunday in town, they found that the robins and bluebirds were this time on hand "to greet them," and that the old Maple Farm, with its sugar bush "just on the edge of a big run of sap," was by way of being "a very sweet home." It was that, anyhow. In every direction he could look out "over the rolling land on a lovely view." He wrote to me of "old memories" thus revived; as "when, with a yoke of oxen and stoneboat, I had you, two or three years old, in a little box on the end of the boat, chattering and asking, 'Papa, what is this? and that? What bird is that?' while I worked on, getting the stumps and chunks in heaps to burn. I love to think of those days." In a birthday letter to his grandson and namesake, then eight years old, he wrote (March 29):

My dear little Charles Adams Henry: You are so good a boy and try so hard to get rid of tantrums that Ganpa is moved to send you ten dollars for birthday present. Ganpa and Carnegie believe in giving away in this world. Please keep the ten dollars in savings bank for ninety years till you are as old as Uncle Huron [Webb] or Mr. Lick, and see how much it will earn at compound interest—for somebody else in the year 2001. Ganpa hopes that his dear boy will *try* to earn his own living and not live on what other folks work for. He and Cheechee must, however, first take care of Ganpa and Ganma, the colts, hens, cows, birds, woodchucks, and frogs on the farm. Ganpa wants you to warm your bare feet in frosty mornings in October where the cows slept, when you drive them up for Ganpa and Ganma to have some milk, as Ganpa did for your great-ganpa and ganma. . . .

Father's favorite daily paper had long been the Cleveland *Leader*, with its evening edition, the *News and Herald*. It had printed many things that



he wrote, as well as frequent interviews with him, and he had often furnished it with novel disclosures of news and pithy suggestions for editorials. Most of the time through forty years the men at its head had been his friends—Cowles, Mason, Covert, Perdue, Morrow. These now were gone, and, to make matters worse, their pillar of Republicanism was succumbing to dry-rot, while its old time rival, the *Plain Dealer*, with new-found life and vigor, forged rapidly ahead. Though he could not stomach the latter's politics, he now found occasion to concede a modicum of merit to the Democratic sheet. In a whimsical letter to me (March 16) he wrote:

I find a good picture of you in the *Plain Dealer* of today. I think the P. D. is a splendid first-class paper—dollar and a half a year for the daily, and goes all over the country towns. . . . As A. Ward said to the P. D., over forty-five years ago, about his “grate moral show of snaix and wax figgers,” “You scratch my back and I’ll scratch yours.”

When I sent to Mother the original photograph, enlarged and framed, she wrote to me (March 31) that he wanted it hung where he could see it. He had sent word to Marcia Louise and Charles (March 15) that he would fix up “a nice little boiling place of a few trees for them, so they will drive their dear mamma crazy to let them come out and run it”; and Mother now wrote, “The children are very happy with their sugar camp consisting of nine trees.” As for Father (who, to judge only from his own letters, was sharing their high spirits) she added, “Papa is very bad, has sat up but very little for a week, and does not eat anything except porridge and broth.”

By April 15, with “buckets gathered, as buds are starting,” he could write me, “We are well,” though probably with mental reservations about his own health, of which indeed he hardly ever complained. I was about to attend a hearing in Columbus, and he wanted me while there to offer the Neil House “ten, twenty, or thirty gallons of sirup at \$1.25 per gallon. It is first run and very fine.” A month later his old comrade, Dr. P. M. Cowles, once their regimental color-bearer and now pension examiner in Chardon, replying to Father's letter of May 11, was “sorry to hear you were in such poor health”; outlined the procedure for “an examination at home”; and added that, at age sixty-eight under the new rule of presumption, “a very slight disability will give you the limit of twelve dollars” a month.

In fact no presumption was needed. Without much pain, he yet could seldom escape or long conceal the weakness and discomfort which increasingly he felt. Wholly unfit for work though he was, his ill health was slow to declare itself as mortal disease, and at times he still seemed fairly well. Certainly there was no waning of his interest in public affairs. In a letter (March 15) to Judge Pardee, enclosing clippings of his Vicksburg “Memories,” he expressed solicitude lest his friend should be confronted with the awkward duty (or perhaps incur Attorney General Knox's pricking by mandamus) to decide some Chinese deportation case the unpopular way. Nearly every such case involved perplexities legal and practical. The impending expiry this year



of the treaty provision forbidding the immigration of Chinese laborers revived the old clamor of Pacific coast agitators that "We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor"; while, on the other hand, professional philanthropists loudly denounced the official habit (and judicial duty) of presuming *prima facie* that incoming Chinese, whatever their apparent station, were "laborers." Citing with playful irony the Eatanswill election uproar as depicted by Dickens, Father characteristically concluded that "we must do as Pickwick said about two mobs, 'Shout with the biggest mob'—just before a national convention."

The same letter discussed another disturbing situation, especially for the Republican party in the approaching presidential campaign, namely, the Bristow report on the dealings of members of Congress with the post office department. This high postal official, regardless of the feelings and political fortunes of the legislative gentlemen involved, had exposed, with names, dates, and details, their demands, too often unconscionable, for political and personal favors from the department. Father deplored this manner of dealing with an undeniable abuse:

We are near a national convention, and the P. O. D. must "kick a beehive over," as Lincoln said when Blair accused Chase of corruption. Bristow, in a fool report to the press, that should have been given to the department of justice—with evidence—has let loose a hundred and ninety-one hornets'-nests in the lower House. . . . Roosevelt is a good man and will be re-nominated without fuss but for fool friends who may prevent it.

From New Orleans the Judge replied on March 21st:

Of course I have read the papers and noticed how the big place held by Hanna has been filled promptly by Major-general Charles F. Dick; and I have noticed the kick of the post office department that [hit] those congressmen who are all the while howling extravagance and bad management, posing as incorruptible, etc., and, outside of its political effect at the time, am rather pleased at the report of Bristow. The fact is that the post office department is continually demoralized at the demands of representatives and senators who seek special favors for special henchmen.

I have noticed the demand for a mandamus to Judge Wing, but see nothing in it unusual. Judge Wing's view, in which he is probably correct, being that no appeal would lie from his decision, took no steps to make a record for an appeal. Applying for a mandamus is a sort of a way of taking an appeal in spite of a judge. I think the course of this country with regard to the Chinese, which has always been in deference to the Irish labor vote, is simply outrageous, contrary to fundamental principles, Declaration of Independence, etc. But those Chinese cases very seldom come before me, and when they do, if the Chinese man has any kind of a case, he is very apt to get the benefit of my decision.

I take it that, as a matter of course, Roosevelt is going to be nominated, but not as a matter of course that he is going to be elected. It is a great many years since common sense struck the Democratic party as a whole, and it may now be their turn to exercise a little wisdom. The Republican party over the country is half drunk with power, and is rotten with political rivalries, squabbles, and jealousies, all tending to make trouble after this cam-



paign opens;—for instance, the alleged intent on the part of Mark Antony Herrick and Octavius Caesar Dick to carry into effect the political testament of Caesar Hanna. The last telegram that I saw from Cleveland noted a knock down and drag out fight in the Republican convention in the Beidler district—quarrelling over delegates, all alleged to be for the same man, Roosevelt; and the papers announce a publicly declared intention of Dick and Herrick to wipe out Foraker. In the meantime it seems that the great State of Ohio has again caught the contagious lynching disease and shown it in a Republican stronghold, resulting in the demoralization of the African Republican vote as well as perpetrating the most outrageous violation of the law of the land.

I read your article in the *Ohio Farmer* with considerable interest, showing the part that related to me to Mrs. Pardee so that she might forget for a minute or two that I am, as she says, “a Democrat and Episcopalian by marriage.”

Passing this letter on to me with his note thereon that “The old delightful humor can be read between the lines,” Father asked derisively if, more than forty years hence, “These valiant fighters” in politics will idolize their leaders as the boys who fought that long ago under dear “Old Pardee” (age 26) have ever since loved him. “We should be proud indeed of our statesmen!” But he must have thought that, after all, Senator Dick (late major general!) was likable, and a warrior not now to be sneezed at. And why berate even the belligerent Beidler? So Father hedged, “No poison in this letter and none in my comments; but are we improving from the old Ben Wade and Garfield methods?”

My family had occupied Father’s Brewster house in the summer of 1903, and now again in 1904 we spent the long school vacation there while I commuted to and from my office in Cleveland. He often drove through the doorway and frequently stopped to talk with Lou and the children. Towards the end of the summer she observed that he took less notice of the latter and that, without apparent provocation, he spoke rather impatiently to eight-year-old Charles. From my observation of him I suspected that his sight was not good. He had said nothing to me about it, nor, so far as I ever learned, to anyone else. But when I asked him, he owned that his vision was very bad. Its decline had come on fast and he evidently felt that he might soon be totally blind. When we moved back to town he wrote to me:

Sunday Evening, [September 18, 1904].

Dear Fred:

Enclosed mem. to Dr. Smith I enclose to you to hand to him—if you think best. An oculist should be aided by information from patient in such cases where no pain or disease is apparent. Still further, I thought best to let *you* know what I know. I can tell Nels and John, and the Ackleys’ wigwag walk, as far as the barn, but not other folks. This is a sort of feeling letter.

C. E. H.

A fortnight later he wrote to me again:

Sunday Evening, [October 2, 1904].

Dear Fred:

Enclosed is story for *Ohio Farmer*. I was obliged to write rapidly, with eyes six inches from page, and dared not stop if I retained continuity of narrative, you know. The Bro. Freehold's real name is Freeburn. A better name, I think, would be Bro. Pangborn. Please change, if you think best, and make other changes as seem proper. It is a true tale of facts that occurred twenty years ago.

We are doing well—15 or 16 acres of wheat in, fine, and corn cut tomorrow; 50 cords of wood to haul and shelter. Have wheat, oats, potatoes, turkeys, fat cows, to sell, &c., &c., and farms to give away. So we can keep wolf from door for a while. No crooked people to bother just now, and hope you enjoy the same blessing.

C. E. H.

We soon learned that he had cataracts in both eyes, but neither was yet ripe for surgery. The facts of his story, styled "The Judge and Bro. Freehold," have already been outlined herein to explain allusions in his correspondence with Judge Pardee. Father had published the substance of it once before, and therefore the MS. had to be returned.

For several months now, until he could no longer see to guide his indelible pencil, writing continued to be his chief recreation. In September, shortly after my nomination for circuit judge in the appellate district which then comprised the counties of Cuyahoga, Summit, Lorain, and Medina, he wrote for my instruction a series of papers entitled "Rules for a Callow Judge." They combined some interesting practical hints with a great deal of raillery and burlesque humor, and of course needed revision which he could not supply. The mention above of "farms to give away" refers to his recent conveyance to me of the Brewster Place, a gift which, with others planned for his daughters, he had talked about at intervals for two years past while my family were using the house and curtilage as a summer home. After our departure he suddenly brought the subject to a head (September 27) by the following letter from Geauga Lake:

Dear Fred and Lou: Make deed, with consideration of a dollar or small amount, and execute a life lease for Mamma and "me too." You ask, "Why?" First.—I want to make you secure and safe. The only string tied to it is a life lease. Second.—Like Mrs. Gamp, I don't want to be "worrited" by solicitation to rent, from shiftless crooked applicants. I desire to tell the truth, and I tell them that I turned it over to my son and they must go to him. They can worrit you all they please. All Mamma and I want is what Sam Tilden called in his letter of acceptance, "the usufruct thereof." Third.—You will need some exercise during the summer months, so you hire a man to slick up and fix up on your *own* farm. Mamma and I are only tenants for a very few years.

I want Lou and children to feel a sense of ownership and call it Willow Farm. Some little things should be done, not expensive—trees to be grafted,



trees to be trimmed. I have no farms to sell, but have plenty of farms to give away and not be worried any more. I talked it over with Mamma and she thinks as I do. The [Squires Place] cost me some years of toil and saving, about \$5000, and I think it is worth it. I am determined not to be worried any more than I can help. I will have my way in this. My father chose to give me a deed and take life lease on forty-three acres and stop all fooling by three other sons after he was dead. I have no such bother, but it is the correct and sure way to do. No farms to sell but plenty to give away is my rule.

C. E. H.

In a separate note to Lou he wrote, "This is no crazy freak" but the result of "mature deliberation." To Mother's query, "What about Marcia?" his answer was, "I will take good care of Marcia during her life, especially if she marries some shiftless spendthrift." In the same quizzical vein he told Lou, "I dare not say that you and Grant are my best children. It would make too much fuss." Unable to read and but barely able to write, he sighed, "Oh! for only a homely typewriter in these idle hours." The next day I replied, "I have always been reluctant to follow your suggestions about making deeds, because I hated to think of your letting go of any of the land you mentioned; but I now heed your wish and enclose deed as you direct, . . . earnestly hoping that you will long continue to possess and occupy the lands, which I am sure none of your children covets. . . . I hope you and Mother will come in soon to stay all winter or as long as you have a mind to. We can read to you better here than there. I can't get out as often as I should like to." Receipting for the last of my summer's rent he had written to me (September 10):

Your check for \$61.60 came this morning. It is really more than I thought fair on balance of account, but I will balance the reckoning and pay off as Babe told me when a grave little girl of six or seven years old and wanted something that cost a bit of money, and I replied, "I haven't got the money to spare." The dear little girl replied calmly, "Borrow some money and wait till after you are dead." Did Adam Smith on "The Wealth of Nations," and all the wise and fool writers on finance since, speak more wisely? I desire to keep things going on the old home, so I keep buildings up, build silos, add a little year by year to the wealth of nations, and especially of children. I have given ample proof, I think, of saving something, by hard earnings, from thieves, poor friends, and relatives. One proud satisfaction—my children are able to earn their keep.

It was indeed no light achievement, though perhaps not altogether profitable, to have erected, reconstructed, or enlarged more than a score of frame buildings large and small upon his land, and to have kept them painted and in sound repair. Furthermore he was free from debt; had seen his children through college and started on their own; had contributed as his means warranted to his church, to Hiram College, and to other useful public agencies; had never denied worthy relatives or friends in need; had always maintained

his family in modest comfort; and had seen to it that Mother was not without some property and a little income of her own. In August she conveyed her house that had been Aunt Mary's in Hiram to Ella M. Hertzog, the wife of O. G. Hertzog, who was then the financial agent of the College and who had been occupying the property under a lease with a six months' option to purchase it for two thousand dollars cash, less the rent meanwhile paid.



## 53. *Cheerful and Uncomplaining*

ALTHOUGH Father's earning days were now over, he and Mother were left in fairly comfortable circumstances. Besides their several investments, he had his soldier's pension, the rents in cash or in kind from two farms, the net proceeds of the sugar bush, and his share of the produce of the Home Place, including, besides crops, the proceeds of sale of about forty-five gallons of milk daily. In a note on "Home Affairs" appended to the above letter, he mentions having just "threshed 225 bushels of fine oats" besides 75 of wheat. He hoped "to get in twelve acres of wheat by 23d, but can't tell. Have enough of good help at moderate price." His farmer, Nils Jorgensen, and wife Ida were of good Scandinavian stock, Norwegian and Danish respectively. She was naturally affable and sympathetic, but he, after a few years over here, grew grouchy, so that, as Father's letter went on to say, "I have been bothered beyond measure by him for two years. He is honest in small things but not in work. With a college education he would be a dangerous man, communistic."

The man was disappointed in his hope to win wealth quickly in this country, and often snapped, "Rich rob the poor." When the neighbors in sufficient number came as usual to help with his recent threshing and in Father's presence derided Nils's complaint that he was still short-handed, he threw up his job in a rage, as at critical junctures he had done before; and this time Father took him at his word. The break-up was inconvenient for both, but it had become inevitable through Nils's increasingly disrespectful reaction to Father's supposed bossiness, in its disconcerting contrast to his earlier non-interference while an absentee landlord. The Jorgensens were, after all, above the average of farm tenants, and their genuine grief over the death of Jim, who through his vacations had worked with Nils, side by side, was suggestive of an old-world sort of fealty to his patron's farm and family that might with cultivation have taken deep root.

Father's faculty of friendliness ranged the whole social gamut, and with high or low it was only flagrant breaches of courtesy or common decency, or of the fidelity justly due in business dealings and in personal or public relations, that he could not tolerate. In every walk of life he found many whom he liked and who liked him. True he was not very forgiving of his enemies, though he never sought to get even, but only to keep them entirely out of his own life. Nor was humility characteristic of him. But none could deny that he dealt justly and loved mercy. His judgment of human nature and

his insight into individual character were almost unerring. Witness the following letter from Mr. Lyman:

Prospect House, Mt. Holyoke,  
Northampton, Mass., Sept. 24, 1904.

Dear Captain:

Thanks for your letter of the 20th instant with clipping about Uhl. You diagnosed his case correctly and long before anyone else. He seems to have completely disappeared.

I am sorry to learn of your impaired eyesight and hope to hear later that you are much better. I shall not return to New York before about the 7th prox. Am traveling in New England here and there on a much needed vacation. With regards and remembrances to Mrs. Henry and hoping to hear of Fred's election,

Sincerely yours,  
H. D. Lyman

Capt. C. E. Henry,  
Geauga Lake, Ohio.

Father sent this letter to me with the penciled endorsement: "Hal Garfield declared to Lyman for months that Uhl was good and honest—almost too good. I reported Uhl a rascal." Lyman's confirming of the accuracy of that appraisal was consoling to Father at a stage of life when impending blindness and hastening bereavements kept emphasizing for him the toll of time upon himself and his world. At the thirty-sixth reunion of his regiment on the last Wednesday (and last day) of August he had reported as secretary the death in Alliance on May 23 of their old chaplain, the Reverend Harrison Jones, aged 91; and, in Auburn on April 24, that of Perry Stafford of his own Company A. And now, on September 23, death, coming yet closer to him, took his oldest sister, Maria Goodsell. She was towards seven years his senior, and no sister or brother of theirs surpassed her in his affections. In the letter of condolence to her daughters Jennie and Kate from which I have already quoted, he wrote (September 25):

She had a woman's tongue that sometimes cut like a Damascus blade when *something* should be said. Her keen words, however, were always given with pleasantry, and sarcasm that gave no evidence of poison. She was far above the level of a termagant or common scold. With her Henry and Hanchet blood it was not possible for any human being to boss her. . . .

After your mother was forty years old I never looked at her without thinking of the face of Harriet Beecher Stowe. Please compare Mrs. Stowe's best pictures with your mother's and *see*. My dear sister was a sharp quick-witted woman, with great natural ability, and, above all, high-minded and noble. She hated humbug like all the Henrys. I remember well of hearing afterwards how she came home to [your] grandpa's—her husband in the army. Grandma sent for her to come, and soon a dear little girl baby was born. No murmurs, no complaint; for it was the common way of life in those days of war. The baby was named Jennie. Grandma wove and spun, and Grandpa, feeble and cheerful, gathered what wood he could to keep them warm. All of them cheerful and happy through the long cold winter. Help? My dear sister,



just passed to the other shore to meet Grandpa and Grandma—all scorned the thought of help! . . .

My dear sister—

So to my heart her memory clings,  
So rich, so pure, so delicate,  
Eternal summer-time it brings  
Defying all the storms of fate,

A power to turn the darkness bright  
Till life with matchless beauty glows,  
Each moment touched with tender light  
And every thought of her—a rose!

Farewell—but Hail! over the river.

C. E. Henry

From now on Father's main pastime was to note down with indelible pencil whatever of interest he happened to recall out of a lifetime of unusually varied experience. He wrote to me (October 5) "I will not make other people miserable with my infirmities of age if I can help it." Again (October 12) when the seven or eight installments of his humorous code of "Rules for a Callow Judge" gave place to another series entitled "Log House Days," already largely reproduced herein, he wrote: "I can not read a word, is my only excuse for this stuff." But, he adds, "If a story interests a dozen average people it will interest a thousand"; hence this "may possibly do for a second-class magazine."

He could still see to walk about unattended, especially in the familiar surroundings of home and farm. But his sight was already far gone, and his hearing only less so. Fortunately he liked to write his "stuff" almost as well as to tell it orally, and the next year, after such writing became impossible for him, he still "loved to let his mind dwell" on men and things of other days. He thus not only kept cheerful but began to conceive a kindlier feeling for some who had spitefully used him. On October 31, writing of the Henry soldiers in their country's different wars, he proudly cited the heroism of that younger brother from whom he had long been estranged:

Edward, the youngest son of John, ran away in the spring of 1861 at the age of seventeen, and enlisted as his father did fifty years before at the same age. The boy was in many engagements and generally on the skirmish line. At the extreme front in what was called the "bloody cornfield" at Antietam [September 16-17, 1862] he was hit in the head by a musket ball that broke his skull. He was left for dead through the night till near dawn the next morning, when the enemy found him as they occupied that part of the line. They heard him groan and found that he was not dead. They gathered him up as a prisoner and carried him back to their lines and, the day after, paroled him, with other wounded, before they retreated. Under the rules of war he was carried to a parole camp in Maryland.

In a few weeks he was able to totter about. Like other paroled prisoners on honor, he wanted to get home to Mother in Ohio. With two other comrades, failing to get leave to go home, he sneaked off, and kind-hearted train-

men smuggled them over their road to Ohio. The rigid rules of war reported them as deserters. His kind mother nursed him back to strength in a few weeks—sooner than an army hospital could. The boy left for the front again to join his regiment before he was able for duty. He found that he was reported as a deserter. Col. Hayes, however, of the 23d Ohio, afterwards president, with the aid of certificates from [surgeons], soon cut the red tape of army regulations. The boy served his term of enlistment for the war as a good soldier. Like a true Henry, however, he treated the charge of desertion as a huge joke. He was always known among his comrades as one of the bravest and most careless soldiers in battle. Like a true scion of his father and grandfather, he never bragged about his valor, but let others brag for him, polish his record, and keep it bright for many years after the War.

Though none could cavil because trainmen deadheaded captive wounded soldiers home from the seat of war, free passes given to civil servants by railroad executives were coming now to be viewed askance. Father having written to me (October 6) that it was silly of judges on receipt of passes to boast of returning them, I pertly answered him that they ought certainly to refuse favors from any whose cases they might have to decide. He rejoined that a “potential, callow, unfledged” judge had “failed to understand.” Like A. Ward explaining “This is sarkassum,” he, too, must be explicit if his correspondent, afflicted with the simples, was to get his point. He was not slurring judges for merely rejecting passes, but berating those who claimed credit for doing so. His precept was, Do not, by advertising your own judicial purity, incur the hatred of fellow public officials who accept railroad passes as common courtesies and openly use them. To illustrate the importance of eschewing all branches of the gentle art of making enemies, he cited the practice of Lincoln and Garfield in contrast to that of Sherman and Blaine. The two former, whose height of fame the others vainly sought,

had no time to turn and spurn and kick heel-biting curs. Blaine would now and then turn and spank and kick and throw them out of the window like cats. “Old Resumption” lost the nomination because of his grudges. He made mortal enemies out of ten delegates from Ohio years before the National Convention of 1880. The ten aggrieved delegates were there from Ohio and paid Uncle John back with interest in his own political coin. . . . I heard Garfield one evening tell Blaine that he made a mistake in lashing both Dawes and Hoar in the Senate. Blaine replied, quick and sharp, “The people of the whole country will understand that Massachusetts, through Dawes and Hoar, will *now have* a grievance. They had none at Cincinnati when Hayes was nominated four years ago.” Garfield thought otherwise. He replied, “You had a sure thing at the coming convention in Chicago till you made your speech today.” Blaine and Sherman [in 1880 thus] lost all possible chance.

Of Father’s own use of personalities—rarely harsh and generally relieved by the saving grace of his humor—some traces may be detected in the letter written with groping pencil (October 23) to the older of his two daughters in Cleveland, where both were now, so to say, becoming reurbanized after spending in Hiram and Geauga Lake or Mineral Ridge the years since they



were young girls, and where I had already acquired the footing of a dozen years of practicing and teaching law, to be presently followed by seven years on the bench of the old Eighth Circuit of Ohio. Visiting now in Cleveland, her old home, was Father's niece Florence Brown, "sweet Afton," who for five years past had been the wife of Edward Nichols, Quaker lawyer, banker, and leading citizen, of Leesburg, Virginia. With Babe's new electric "pleasure vehicle"—a nameless and marvellous luxury—these young women did considerable "flourishing," to use Lincoln's expression, about the town. The letter, with its blind ramblings, follows:

Home, Oct. 23, 1904.

My dear L. M.:

I am [glad] to hear that two rays of sunshine will be here Friday eve. to cheer us in the gloom and clouds and falling leaves of autumn. I am cheered also to hear that Babe is making strenuous exertions to keep up with society. I also am much rejoiced to hear that my "third daughter" is devoting herself to toil to hold a humble place among the Daughters of the Confederacy. If they should sneer and jeer [at] her, she can mildly inform them, with modest dignity, that one of her great-uncles, of whom she had a dozen, leveled his gun and made several of their fathers and grandfathers kneel and ask God to forgive them for swearing about the "damned Yankees" in Kansas.

In the hurry to finish fall work I had to employ two more men for a few days. Kind neighbors informed me that I had two thieves at work. I discharged one, and will the other soon, as I do not feel quite good enough yet to be crucified between them.

I had the old house of my boyhood built over new a few years ago. I knew Mamma would devote herself to toil and unhappiness in keeping our own house tidy. My old home, however, I had fondly hoped to hand over to my dear L. M. if she happened with her big heart to marry some shiftless man.

Of course we know that our gentle Flo—sweet Afton—cannot enforce respect from the Daughters of the Confederacy by the same means that her great-uncle did from their grandfathers. Come and cheer us.

Pawpaw

P. S.—I am glad that Babe has not run over with her thing old people, cripples, and babies. Advise her to [have] an extra figure for the [license plate] and take out one figure and put in another, and in case of damage suit they will sue somebody else. It took the toil of many yokes of oxen and many crops of wheat to earn money for *that thing*. I am not informed as yet that Uncle Huron or any of the ancestors have yet turned in their graves. We will welcome you and Afton as streaks of sunshine among the clouds.

In a bantering "Note," in which Marcia was enjoined to curb the "irascible" spouse of Friend Edward, he cited the experience of the Henry pioneer who avowed that "the neater the wife the greater the scold." When "the tidy and tired wife" sought to impress her philosopher husband with a due sense of his slackness, "no stenographer could keep up" with her, "who for half an hour was a rapid gun in ejaculations" while he "calmly smoked his pipe and read Josephus." When at last she was out of breath her "husband would coolly remark, 'I care nothing for a woman's clack.'"



No doubt something of the family philosophy of male stoicism served to sustain Father in the "gloom and clouds" of his fast failing vision. Seeing him always cheerful and uncomplaining, few could appreciate how utterly his lack of sight and hearing cut him off from the world without. Now I realize that he escaped despondency mainly by virtue of his retentive memory and his quenchless humor. From Atlanta (October 29) Judge Pardee wrote:

When you left Vacation Ridge last September I was in hopes that the difficulty with your eyes would yield to treatment, and that soon you would be able to enjoy yourself as of old in seeing, and particularly in reading good old books and current newspapers. But I infer from your letter that the treatment did not improve your eyes very much, therefore I the more appreciate your letter of October 26th written in your own hand.

At unwonted length, perhaps because of sympathy, the Judge goes on to discuss his own affairs and the topics broached by Father almost as if they were conversing together. Reverting to politics, in regard to which his ideas were always interesting as being those of a Northern Republican ingratiated with Southern Democrats by forty years of residence among them, he observed:

Down this way the country's vote will all be for Parker, and Roosevelt has not much show. Of course if he had not dined with Booker Washington we would not have had any race issue and if we had not had any race issue then the brethren down here would all have voted the Republican ticket. I have heard so much of that lately that I had to speak my mind the other evening at a dinner. I informed the brethren that all that talk about Roosevelt raising the race issue was the merest rot; he appointed no more Negroes and entertained no more Negroes than all the presidents preceding him—not so much as McKinley; that the exploiting of the race issue here was for the purpose of keeping the South united for the Democratic party, and for no other purpose.

The general hope here is that Parker may possibly be elected, though no man with any information thinks he will unless the great silent vote is all thrown for him and produces a landslide such as occurred in '92. The paper this morning points out with satisfaction that in 1892 the betting just before the election was slightly in favor of Harrison, yet Cleveland was elected with a tremendous majority in the electoral college. I suppose that the Republicans are at work in the North, and with regard to carrying elections we have, as Mr. Emory Storrs once told me, "some eminent artists on our side." I have not seen any prediction yet that Parker would carry Ohio, but you will recollect that Cleveland got one electoral vote in Ohio in '92, so there may be some danger in that State.

A week later Father wrote back, "Your letter gave me much comfort." It must have been the remembrance of this and the next sentence that prompted Judge Pardee some years afterwards to send me not only these two letters but all those he had saved from a quarter century of writing to and fro. "For years," Father continued, "I have given all your letters, with Garfield's



to me, for Fred to keep." In tracing the course of his life, it has of course been a godsend to me to have both sides of his lively correspondence, first with General Garfield for a dozen years before the tragedy of 1881, and from that time on with Judge Pardee. Doubtless he felt that, with his fast failing sight, this might be the last letter he would be able to write to his friend, and he therefore made him the subject of a sort of summary panegyric. To tell the tale anew he sets in fresh perspective the oft-repeated war stories about his army idol, along with a further anecdote or two acquired from others in after years. One of these, fathered by Captain W. H. Starr of Company C, runs thus:

Old P at the battle of Port Gibson, if Starr is truthful, gave evidence that he was a Calvinist when, Starr said, "Old P got on top of the ridge and asked, 'Boys, come up; do you want to live forever?'" The proper thing just then would have been for Old P to sing that good old hymn,

"'I would not live alway; I ask not to stay'—

Forty-second boys, come up here!"

Concerning "Home matters" a postscript adds:

You beat me on yield of oats—800 bushels on ten or eleven acres. I got only 350 bushels from eight or nine acres. I want you to "enjoy your farm" as Judge Cartter admonished you when he administered the oath to you and "me too." Steiner is a good man. I told him two or three years ago to look after your interests as his own, and added, "The Judge will take care of *you* if you care for *him*."

The seed-thought thus sown duly brought forth its twin fruitage: Vacation Ridge faithfully farmed for the Judge through his last years, and the land bestowed then by his will on Farmer Steiner for his guerdon. Father, however, with Nils gone, was without a farmer. The latter's wife had begged of Mother that they be taken back, and some weeks later also she wrote to me asking that Father rent the Russ Place to them. But he was not to be teased into trying Nils again so soon. It was really too bad that they had to go. He had John Geddes to finish the fall work and do the chores, and he hired two extra hands to stow away his farm tools and equipment and get everything snug to leave there alone until spring. But John, disabled by a severe rupture, had to leave, and the others, as foreshadowed in Father's recent letter to Marcia, turned out to be rascals deliberately planning to put away whatever they coveted or could turn into money where they could easily steal it when his back was turned.

On realizing this, he grew reluctant to leave his farm chattels protected only by padlocks through the winter months. Obligated of course to dispose of his horses and cattle unless someone stayed there to look after them, he was ready by the end of September to think of having another clearance auction. During October the notion crystallized into a set purpose. Accordingly Grant Webb and I, at the conclusion of the Roosevelt-Parker presidential campaign wherein our preoccupation with my local candidacy was a

minor incident, made a complete inventory at Geauga Lake of Father's farm effects for a vendue to be held there on November 30. Including sundry items which he had jealously withheld from his former "closing-out sale" six years before, and a multitude of others acquired afterwards, we found about twenty-three hundred dollars' worth in all. On the second day after our scheduling, a letter from him led me to suspect another lamentable cooling of his ardor to sell out.

Home, Nov. 10th.

Dear Fred: I think best to have sale of stuff before middle of Dec. Will save shovels, hoes, iron bars, and things, for our own use. Also best young cow, for Brewster to care for while we are absent, but for home use when we are here.

Mamma worried very much the night of election day and made much fuss. Had no faith in my assurance of ten or fifteen thousand majority for you. Next day she read *Penny Press* and George Robertson's report and slept well and was her dear old self.

C. E. H.

In a postscript he mentioned seeing his article "Something about Coffee" in the *Ohio Farmer* of the same date and (paraphrasing "the grave and polite phrase of General Grumer, the Austrian count," who in Texas once bade him cast his drilled nickel into a fare box) he urged, "'put heem in *scrapbook*' and send five or six copies to me." Eight issues of this weekly farm paper in 1904 contained articles by him, each of about fifteen hundred words, and this last one told interestingly of how coffee is grown in Brazil as he had seen it under cultivation there eleven years before.

I do not know why we were not observing this date as a family feastday, since it was the fortieth anniversary of Father's and Mother's wedding. Though "she was her dear old self" again, his letter is silent about the day's significance, remarking merely that "Mamma has two women today cleaning for the third time since spring what she alleges is 'a very dirty house.'" There were indeed distractions a plenty, even besides the feats of authorship and housewifery above noted. The letters that are quoted from below disclose his preoccupation with such absorbing themes as the national Republican victory, my election to the circuit court, further chronicles of the two thieves, a new farm tenant, and the coming auction sale.

The day after election, Father, exulting in the three-to-two Republican victory for president, pictured to me the plight of "our dear Democratic friends" like Virgil P. Kline, "Mr. Shack" Spaulding, and Judge E. J. Blandin, whose misfortune it was "to be educated in the faith of that party," and "who split their pants in twain many times in trying" to stand "on the widely separating planks" of Bryan's devotion to silver at "16 to 1" and Alton B. Parker's homage to gold. "It would be very easy," he continued, "to prove that Bryan and Parker have done more for good government than Roosevelt." They indeed cleft the Democracy asunder; but it remained for "Teddy" to disembowel his own party eight years later. In regard to my



status now as a judge-elect Father wrote me again a week later that an inspector from his fire underwriters

appeared last evening near dark. I saw at once that he was an able man in insurance. He said he was sent out by *Judge* Henry to inspect our buildings. That made me, and especially Mamma, *very, very* proud. As I am noted for modesty I meekly replied, "Was it our Fred, an attorney?" "Yes, I think it is your son; but Judge Henry asked me to inspect your buildings," and he measured a few houses and barns rapidly to return on the next train. Mamma was very sorry after he left that she failed to broil a tender chicken for him for supper, simply for his calling her darling son "*Judge* Henry."

Our failure to observe home anniversaries this fall may have been owing partly also to engrossing interest in the "sleuthing" by which Father brought to a dramatic end the stealing of his farm belongings. For several weeks before the middle of November his letters had been alluding at intervals to the depredations of

two thieves whom kind neighbors informed me were among my hired help. I let the worst one go, and he never knew why. I am rather blind and I knew both would soon steal me stone blind. Tonight I caught the other dead to rights, with a confession of stealing our carriage pole, and evidence against him and his older brother. It was really a nice piece of work—the neighbors all knowing them [to be] thieves, but no legal evidence. I got it tonight, and some of the stolen property, with confession from the thief. I would have given ten dollars if you had been here just after dark when I was through with him in the sweat-box. Result—the family, not quite "Forty Thieves," will go hence, ten or fifteen miles, and

Fold their tents, like the Arabs,  
And as silently *steal* away.

Mother was "all torn up" when she learned that this hardened young thief was no other than "the sweet, silver-voiced boy Leo whom she loved" and whom, after the death in Rome of the thirteenth Leo, Father had styled Leo XIV, as befitting his age, name, and grace. Now in disgrace, he lost all favor with his employer, who exulted, "Henceforth they will leave me alone and my turkeys will not be obliged to roost so high." The cleaning out of this den of thieves in mid-November would of itself have gone a long way towards solving the problem, which for weeks had troubled him, of leaving his home and farm unoccupied while he and Mother spent the winter in Cleveland where they would be more comfortable and his eyes could have better attention. Clinching his riddance of such worries was the turn recounted in his letter to me (November 13) whereby one

Schisler and wife came from Northfield, Summit Co., to rent the farm today. He was highly recommended, and a nice wife pleased Mamma very much. That settled it. He has sixteen cows and two teams, and farm tools galore. I liked him especially for a side remark he made, that he must get consent to leave before April 1st—on a cash-rent farm. I never had a tenant except Miner who felt that obligation on himself. Witness—McClain, Souda, Nye,



Kennedy, Short, and Eames, good old Uncle Tom Marshall, and Morris. They all seemed to be free on their part to leave at any time, but [whatever their own defaults] to hold me.

With all this in mind I was at considerable pains to write up at his request a lease of three and a half typewritten pages, explicit and fair to both parties, and with all the many reservations and conditions on which they had agreed. He replied ironically (November 19):

I could perhaps write on one page of legal cap a contract to cover the same ground, but do not care to. It is, however, a splendid legal paper. I recall to mind two things—Cleveland's messages to Congress "in abundant sufficiency" vetoing little ten-dollar acts of Congress on pension bills, and also a legal paper I saw when I was a boy.

The letter then goes on to quote from the pompous pleading in the suit already described between rival constables over the possession of Grandfather Henry's three or four head of cattle. I could not boil the lease down to a single page. But Father could and did. After a fortnight's reflection he sent me his abridgment to be typed with any little verbal changes that might be needed. He was leasing around two hundred acres for a term of years at four hundred dollars a year. But I gave in, trusting to Schisler's evident decency to take no advantage from our omission of covenants the lack of which had been a cause of so much former friction. Though his new tenant stayed but one year instead of three as agreed, Father made no objection to his leaving, but in his stead got Frank Budniak, a good faithful farmer who paid for the same land \$360 the first year and \$400 for each of the next two years.

It being orally understood that Schisler was to come to Maple Farm as soon as he could get loose where he was, Father had now but to "close up" at Geauga Lake "to live on relatives for a few weeks" in town unworried. Meanwhile, however, with all of his hired men either crippled or criminated, he was not yet quite out of the woods. Hank Ackley was still hobbling over from the Russ Place twice a day to milk, when Father wrote to me (November 20) that he had got Mother to hunt up a man in Aurora who would "begin in the morning to curry horses and fix things for sale the 30th, Wed." Young H. K. Kent, who lived three miles away, was already bespoken for auctioneer, and Father's cousins, King Henry and Delos Root (who knew when not to give credit), and perhaps Martin Miner were to be clerks of the sale.

But after all this preparation he contrived again as at his former auction to smuggle out of the way much of the junk that Mother wanted most to be rid of. Whether he merely disliked rummage sales or sorely hated to part with all his raggedy treasures, I do not know. But he wrote to me (November 18) that "all ten and fifteen-cent bunches of hoes and other stuff will be elsewhere. I want a clean, decent sale." Meanwhile he disposed of the unstolen remainder of his barnyard flock "except a nice fat turkey and six hens for Thanksgiving" dinner on the Thursday before the sale, for he must have



plenty of drumsticks then to satiate six ravenous grandchildren. In a post-script appended two days later to the same letter he wrote:

Mamma will have Thanksgiving to the "queen's taste"; but please send Anna out a day or two before, as we can not have Frank. Send a good girl with her if you can, for I want a good old-fashioned Thanksgiving once more.

It was certainly his due that the day be made memorable for him, and the rest of us had cause enough for thanksgiving to have arranged a grand family reunion in his honor at the old home. But in other respects the conditions were not propitious. It happened that everybody was unusually hurried. Annie Phelps, whom he was summoning to Mother's aid, was busily preparing to close her two years' stay with us, in order to qualify by study in Oberlin for the position of assistant to President Tracy of Anatolia College in Asia Minor. Marcia was cumbered with her school work in Cleveland. There also the Webbs were astir getting settled in their attractive town house at 733 Genessee Street while reluctantly quitting Grant's ancestral farm home in Mahoning County, and he himself was engaged further in planning the organization of a timber corporation in West Virginia to supplement The Advance Lumber Company which he and Henry Christy of Warren and Cleveland were operating in the latter place.

In like manner I was preoccupied with trying to clean up by the end of November my part in the business of my law firm, so as to be wholly free from professional connections upon assuming my duties as circuit judge a few weeks later. All these irons in the fire, together with the impending auction, conspired to forestall any outstanding family observance of the day. Nor was there any great excitement the next week at the vendue with Auctioneer Kent there under instructions to "make whoopee" decorously; so Father had his "clean, decent sale" and realized from what he wanted to part with about the results he had expected. Writing the day before to Judge Pardee about going soon "into the city" and there trying "a third skilled oculist," he added, "Am selling at public sale tomorrow all stealable things, but still keep my home, with plenty of fuel and stuff to keep two-legged wolves from the door." He had begun this letter on November 28:

Tomorrow is my birthday—just a few months older than you. Both have made our records under our environments and conditions. Of course we have both made mistakes of judgment now and then, but I know that your life has always been manly and noble. You, like Garfield, have lived the life of an altruist—always the helping hand. I have tried to [do likewise] in my humble and curious path [which] conditions forced me to follow in daily life. I [have] often wished that I had known you when we were boys. Also that Garfield had been a boy with you. But conditions and "happy chance" brought us together in time.

Soon after the final settlements with purchasers at the public sale, Father and Mother came to Cleveland for the rest of the winter and divided their time between the Webbs' home and ours. In December the sudden resigna-

tion of U. S. District Judge Wing led Father to conceive that perhaps I might win the appointment to the vacancy, especially as our friend Jim Garfield, besides being Federal commissioner of corporations, was deemed to be a member also of "T. R.'s tennis cabinet" and hence on very intimate terms with the President. With "Uncle Joe" Cannon, too, who, as the new speaker of the House of Representatives, was occupying the most influential position in the Government next to the presidency itself, Father while marshal of the District of Columbia had enjoyed friendly relations.

He now (December 28) sought the aid of both Garfield and Cannon, and had he been sure that he really wanted me to be named, he might well have applied also to Senator Foraker, who while governor of Ohio had voluntarily offered him (as already noticed) the appointment of State railroad commissioner. After some hesitancy as between Judge Doyle of Toledo, whom Secretary Taft favored, and Representative Robert W. Taylor of Lisbon, who was Foraker's preference and who had won celebrity as the destroyer of Mormon polygamy, President Roosevelt very properly appointed the latter. On New Year's Day, 1905, while the matter was still unsettled, Father told me that, after all, he thought it would be better if I was not appointed, saying,

In two or three years you can resign from the circuit bench and head a firm of your own, with a practice three or four times a judge's salary and without having to carry the butt end of the log as you have been doing.

My comment was:

Perhaps he is right, though the Federal judgeship is a place of greater dignity than the State judgeship. At all events I have not made and shall not make any unseemly efforts to get the appointment.

The same day after church we all dined at the Webbs'. Father, Mother, the two Annies, Marcia, Webb's family, and mine filled one table with a round dozen and left three little folks to make up a table by themselves. Annie Adams, my wife's sister, had two novel experiences—playing the pianola and riding in an automobile, inventions then hardly less new to any of the rest of us. At my home between the holidays Father had scribbled a seven page greeting to his grandchildren—"Grandpa's story of Christmas and New Year's" in the retrospect of his own life—boasting—in the third person—that "He has had seventy of each of them, and knows about every kind of Christmas and New Year's." Much of this I have already used in narrating various episodes, sober and merry, of his career. Probably a third of his year-end holidays had been spent away from his farm home, sometimes afar from his family, in Kawkawling, Bridge Creek, Hiram, the Sandy Valley, Chickasaw, Baton Rouge, Cleveland, Texas, en route to Brazil, or in Central America. With such fitting reminiscence he enlivened this joyous New Year's gathering of all his house.

The next day Father and I went out to Geauga Lake. The weather was warm and the ground bare till after we arrived. Later the fog and rain



changed to soft clinging snow that turned our overcoats into white robes. For my own pleasure as well as to report to Father the condition of his property I visited all four of the houses and wandered over a good part of the farm. Of the change in the weather he said:

I am glad we came out today, when the ground was bare. I have enjoyed exceedingly seeing the snow blanket the earth. It reminds me always of the time twenty years ago when we were watching for you and Chris Hirschman to come home at night from the Russ Place where you had been at work. It was just such a snow as this. Jim was a little fellow, and I can see him now, dancing about and saying, "Dutch'n comin'" as we caught sight of your forms coming up from the river through the falling snow.

I cooked our luncheon of mutton chops which I had carried out, and just before we left I washed the dishes and left everything in shipshape. At the station in the evening while we waited for the train someone told Father about felling a bee-tree that day and getting two water-pails full of honey. Father then told the story, already set forth herein, of the delusive bee-tree at Bridge Creek nearly fifty years before. When I left him in town on the street car he said "We have had a good time."

Both he and Mother remained at the Webbs' for more than a week after the holidays, and on Sunday their old Hiram schoolmate Mary Buckingham Patterson with her daughter Esther came to see them and they all had a glorious visit together. He then returned to my home, a few blocks away, so that during the month before my new duties were to begin I could not only read to him from the current newspapers and magazines but get him to tell without interruption while I noted down much that I wanted to learn about his early life. But first of all, he must write (January 10) to this laughter-loving friend Mary of the old Eclectic days, "We had such a delightful call from you and your daughter that I want you to cheer us a week or two—the longer the better—at the farm." He listed a series of absurd interrogatories for her to answer about quaint Hiram worthies of the long ago, and concluded by quoting at length from memory my serious Junior Ex verses, in which I had sought by a sort of poetic metempsychosis to revivify in my time the Hiram of my parents' day.

The *Ohio Farmer* published in January the two short stories of his (told above in Chapter 3)—"My First Circus" and the tale of how he dispatched an opossum which then mysteriously vanished. In February it printed two more articles entitled "Pure Milk for the People" and "Reminiscences of James A. Garfield." During the next two months the same paper ran as a serial in eight weekly instalments his "Hunting a Fugitive" in Brazil. Meanwhile, besides these printed pieces, for all of which he was paid two cents a line or about thirty cents a hundred words, he wrote with his own hand or narrated for me to record a good part of the data on which this book is built.

While he was thus engaged, Mother, still at the Webbs' with her daughters, had to postpone her promised trip South because of a severe attack of the



prevalent influenza, or *la grippe* as people called it then, which kept her abed the last ten days of January. But on February 9 she wrote to him from Leesburg, Virginia, where she was visiting his niece Florence:

Dear Charley: I received your good letter yesterday and was glad to hear you were feeling stronger than when I came away and are still able to write and thus while away many lonely hours. Florence and I laughed over your funny letter to her. She speaks of you often and very affectionately. She has a beautiful home, with everything heart can wish, and seems quite well and happy.

It is cold and very snowy—I think they say about ten inches on the level, and drifted so that on each side of the road it is as high as the horses' backs for miles. Florence has a beautiful sleigh, two-seated, with a fine span of horses and a colored coachman, which I am sure must strike envy to many a Confederate woman's heart. It is by far the finest turnout I have seen.

A great many ladies have called on me, all with an impediment in their speech—unable to sound their r's correctly and pronouncing g's in a funny rolling way, calling girl ghe-irl. One song which I heard Sunday, "Ghe-ide me, O ghe-ide me," etc. All are connected with the Lees or the Washingtons or the Harrison family or some other distinguished person. The Harrisons, who live very near here, are friends of ex-President Cleveland, and the son, having run through a fortune, married a "ghe-irl" whose father is rich and had to pay twenty-five hundred dollars to keep his son-in-law out of the penitentiary for shooting a young man who said something derogatory about him. She is somewhat deformed, having but one eye; but money covers a multitude of defects.

All these people are very friendly with Florence, though she is the grand-niece of Old John Brown who swung from a gibbet just over the hills at Harpers Ferry, but whose soul is marching on.

Well, I know if a letter is too long it is not always read to the end, so I will stop, fearing you may be discouraged. Mr. Nichols, whom I admire greatly—more and more every day—has asked me urgently to stay with Florence several weeks, but I will be home by the first of March or thereabouts. I suppose Fred or Lou will read this to you, so I hope they will consider it partly for themselves.

Very affectionately and lovingly,

Mamma.

Love to all, especially my sweetheart Marcia Louise.

The sudden death of Judge Henry C. White on January 15 in Cleveland deeply affected the whole community which he had long served as probate judge and as personal friend of its widowed and its orphaned. To Father and Mother it spelled keen personal bereavement. Nearly fifty years had passed since she had introduced her Hiram beau, Henry White (not meaning literally to present him), to Sabrina Capron, whom he married; and it was he in turn who introduced Charlie Henry to Sophia Williams. Through all the years between, these two couples had enjoyed one another's friendship and frequent hospitality. In Cleveland the public funeral services, the bar meeting, and the newspaper articles all evinced a depth and extent of mourning for the dead quite unprecedented in the case of any except those of national



reputation. On behalf of the Hiram College board Father, as chairman of the select committee, which included also C. B. Lockwood and O. G. Kent, to report resolutions on the death of their colleague, wrote, "His life was that of a pure Christian gentleman." Mr. Lockwood added, "He more nearly obeyed the high Scripture injunction, 'in honor preferring one another,' than any man among us."

At this time, too, others of the Hiram trustees were trying to hit upon a suitable person to head the institution. It was then presumed that he must be a Disciple minister and of course it was also deemed requisite that he have a scholarly mind and a liberal culture. Dr. Herbert L. Willett of Chicago University happened then to be giving courses of lectures in Hiram and in Cleveland and the committee naturally sought his counsel. William G. Dietz led in arranging a conference on the subject over the luncheon table at the University Club on January 20. Besides Dr. Willett, there were present five trustees, Dietz, Hayden, Wood, Robbins, and myself, and to all these the Rev. Carlos C. Rowlison of Kenton, Ohio, appeared to be the best qualified of those who seemed eligible and available for the presidency. When with the board's approval and his acceptance the College had announced the "call of Rowlison," Father, having nothing more diverting to do and feeling that now Hiram was surely on the forward move, gleefully extemporized several stanzas of "this charming college song" and "mellow college yell":

*Tenor*—Roll us on. *Bass*—Roll us on. *Tenor*—Roll us on. *Bass*—Roll us on.  
*Both*—Roll us on, roll us on, roll us on, roll us on,  
 And at sound of college bell, we'll set up the college yell,  
 Roll us on, roll us on, roll us on, roll us on.

Second stanza. (Repeat refrain)—  
 And we'll all meet in the Hall and start the rolling ball,  
 Roll us on, roll us on, etc.

He sent the lines with a note (April 21) to Marcia:

You see the beauty of the enclosed, cast off in five or ten minutes by your POF [poor old father]. Verses can be added by any stupid blockhead. Here is a couplet to illustrate:

And we'll meet at Bowler Hall when the girls want us to call,  
 Roll us on, etc.

Another:

We'll seek Big Hollow dell with our best girl for a spell,  
 But—give no college yell, roll us on, roll us on.

Milton, Dante, Byron, Scott, and Silas Wegg are nowhere beside your POF in casting off rapid and classic college poetry.

Having shared the responsibility of selecting the new president, I wasn't to be amused by any burlesque of his administration that might hinder its success, though in Father's condition it was reason enough for his scrawled

rhymes that he himself extracted fun from them. I marvel now, as I realize it more than ever, how cheerful he kept and how resourcefully he diverted himself and others too. "Every member of the Morrow family," his newspaper friend wrote (February 24) from Washington, has "read your circus article with very great interest. It's bully." And President Lyman, writing (May 8) from New York to thank him for the "interesting" chapters of his South American serial in the *Ohio Farmer*, which were "being filed in the Helm case," begged him to continue the stories of his pursuits "until we have a complete novel on the record of the American Surety Company."

The new regime in Hiram evolved a riddle which to this day I have not solved; namely, why the accession of Rowlison did not set the ball a-rolling as suggested in Father's punning paean and as the College trustees had confidently expected. He was an agreeable companion and a man of discernment and culture; but almost from the outset the faculty were cold to him and, despite the board's support, he stood the former's chilliness for only three years. Being perforce less active of late in Hiram affairs, Father could little apprehend how transient the new prexy's tenure was fast becoming, and he thus was spared the distress of other trustees, especially those who had been most instrumental in calling him.

The disaffection of faculty members towards the man thus selected to preside over them may indeed have been owing less to the quality of his personality than to the seeming malapertness of the "kid trustees," his sponsors. For were not these callow alumni assuming virtual control of the institution; usurping the very province of the faculty in regard to the courses of instruction; and seeking, in concert with the new president, to effect far-reaching changes in the foundational, administrative, and educational status of the College? It was of course true that, inspired by the counsels of the Carnegie Foundation and the General Education Board in their great work for the uplift of American institutions of higher learning, these young men were formulating the program under which in the next few years Hiram College would do away with its stock corporation status; make its board of trustees self-perpetuating (except the members to be elected by the alumni); maintain its freedom from ecclesiastical domination; build up a substantial endowment of invested funds; abolish its preparatory department; enlarge and improve its physical plant and equipment; provide for itself an ample and competent teaching staff; enforce standard entrance requirements; confer honorary degrees but sparingly; and in all respects meet the rising requirements of the recognized accrediting associations. Self-sacrificingly President Rowlison, despite the brevity of his tenure and the apathy of some of his faculty, was able to make at least a beginning of this reformation. Since then the successive administrations of three great presidents—Miner Lee Bates, Kenneth Irving Brown, and Paul Henry Fall—have step by step realized for Hiram College its present prosperity, distinction, and enviable educational standing.



Father's optimism about the future of Hiram seldom slackened, and though he did not live to see these great advances, his faith and confidence made them possible when he was the first to urge that "the kids" be elected to the College board. Even as to the cataracts in his eyes, he looked forward hopefully to the operations which in the fall might restore his sight, and he was conscious of little else to worry about. His pecuniary affairs were comfortably disposed, with ready money enough to meet amply his own and Mother's modest needs. Besides the proceeds of his auction he had the usual income from his farms and investments, with a little from his writings; his army pension was now increased to twelve dollars per month; a small old claim was allowed for the expense of his travel to be mustered out; and in mid-winter he completed the sale of matured oak timber from his west woods for over six hundred dollars. A conversation with him (February 12) at my home, as I noted it down at the time, suggests how stout and hale his mind and spirit were.

The wind came up tonight and Father referred to the noise in the chimney of the room where he sleeps. He says it is in minor key and melancholy but he enjoys it. He added that he sometimes thought the moaning of the wind was intended by Providence to make men's minds recur to the solemnities of life. I asked him if he had ever conceived that minor chords in music were associated with sadness in the human mind because in the savagery and barbarism of the race the sound of the wind was deemed, like death, one of the dread mysteries of nature. Darwin has shown that many of Paley's and Butler's ideas concerning special providences in the order of nature were really a putting of the cart before the horse. Father thought the melancholy of the wind was an innate perception, not secondary or derived, and added that, anyhow, the providences were merely deeper than Paley supposed.

For his grandchildren he wrote (February 2) about "Grandpa's Weather Bureau," where he keeps "from two hundred to three hundred faithful and loving weather prophets in his employ—about as many as Uncle Sam, and far wiser than Uncle Sam's weather fellows in long guesses about the weather two or three months ahead."

They do it in this way. In November when snow-storms begin, they go to their clean nice homes in subways below frost line and every one rolls himself up in a nice ball of dry soft grass and goes to sleep for three months, night and day. He dreams all the time about the cold winter and feels so sorry for poor children who play and fool around and catch cold and have doctors. Grandpa's weather prophets never take cold. They know enough to take care of themselves. They have thought the thing over and on a certain day in mid-winter they all come out. . . . If the sun shines that day, they retire to their judicial chambers for three more months. . . . Grandpa leaves you to guess who these wise weather prophets are.

## 54. *Whither the World Must Follow*

ONCE after I began my new work he came briefly to the circuit court room and mingled with the onlookers to see in dim outline his son sitting in judicial dignity with Judges Marvin and Winch on the circuit bench. I felt as if I ought to change places with him. Always the judicial office had awed him. With its incumbents off the bench he could and did joke and fraternize. Then they were as other men. He himself had held court in the provost marshal's office in Baton Rouge, and he had also, as United States marshal and stout arm of the district court in Washington, been close to the judges there, and well understood how human and kindly they were. But the same persons when officiating became for him stern symbols of the might and majesty that holds society together. Here he beheld the very citadel of government; here the state incarnate.

Before Judge Pardee, presiding on the full bench in New Orleans, he had felt himself "afraid" with a sort of reverent dread akin to the fear of God; but with the judges' dais vacated, gowns doffed, and aura dissolved, there emerged always the friend and comrade of the old intimate days in Baton Rouge. To him Father wrote (January 27) from my home in Cleveland that he had been somewhat exercised over a speech made the week before in Congress by the thunderous Bourke Cochran of New York, denouncing the former's letter to Representative Charles H. Grosvenor of Ohio in defence of District Judge Charles Swayne of Florida whom the Democrats were seeking to impeach for alleged padding of his expense accounts, an accusation which turned on the true construction of the governing act of Congress.

I was a little worried, but not much, at the attack on you by a leather-lunged blatherskite and voluble orator in the House as published in the *New York World* but in no other paper so far as I know. Like nearly all the old reformers among our Democratic statesmen he is horrified and stands astonished, humiliated, and aghast at the perfidy of one gentleman writing to another gentleman about a third gentleman whom I hear is an honest and able jurist. The letter you wrote to General Grosvenor is worthy of your good sense and noble heart. Grosvenor, however, is rather old and dramatic, and should have told Uncle Joe Cannon and a few others in the House instead of spreading it on the Congressional Record.

After reviewing his own observation and experience in respect to travel-expense laws and regulations for the post office department, he opines that "The blatherskites will not find a Lord Bacon in Don Pardee nor Fred." It is a peculiar fact (already noticed in Chapter 17) that ambiguity seems always



to have lurked in the phraseology of provisions of acts of Congress for paying the expenses of Federal officials while on duty away from home. Such legislation has usually provided that a traveling official shall be paid besides his salary a sum not to exceed so many dollars per diem for his actual and necessary expenses while required to be absent from his place of residence in the performance of the duties of his office. The word "for" is obviously the key to controversy here, and it was this sort of verbiage that applied to the judges. Judge Pardee replied from New Orleans (March 25):

It seems the Swayne case turned out all right, to the great relief of the judges over the country; for nearly every last one of them, only excepting myself and one or two others, had been giving Swayne's construction to the law and drawing ten dollars a day on a four dollar expenditure, while, for myself, I had not found it necessary to construe the law, because my expenses are always fourteen dollars a day, leaving the Government indebted to me if there is any balancing business. I think my letter helped Judge Swayne out of his difficulty, and I am very glad of it because, while I am not personally very much attached to Judge Swayne, I didn't care to spend the balance of my judicial career in explaining to the ignorant how it came that a Southern carpet-bag judge down here was impeached for all sorts of rascalities; and not having to explain will be a great relief to me.

Their lengthening letters marked now the deep concern of either writer for the other's wellbeing, although with an understanding reticence about their cureless ills they said nothing of the affliction which Father's handwriting increasingly revealed. He and Mother had been planning to return to the country as usual by the first of April. Punctually on that date they took the Saturday afternoon train to Geauga Lake, where Franc Light, as Mother had requested, was on hand to receive them, with the house all ready for occupancy; and the next day John Geddes, who was now able to work again, came to resume, if only temporarily, his former job. Father wrote a postal card to me from "Home, Monday morning" (Apr. 3):

John will fix Mamma's flower beds and [do] other little jobs in a few days. Frank brought four dozen eggs and other truck, and gave the news. Birds greet us with joyful notes.

Writing again (April 14) he told of having found a veritable "man of all work," Steve, "a first class honest man, clean and tidy," who knows all about ordinary house work, gardening, etc., and who had "worked two summers for Daniel Giles at picnics and suited our Uncle Daniel." On the same day he wrote to Marcia:

Mamma and I have completed our roll of domestics for the summer. Our chef, twenty dollars a month. He "beats the Dutch" and French chefs. They are back numbers in cooking. Our payroll consists of twenty servants, all twenty dollars a month. Flower gardener, coachman, stable man, chambermaid, kitchen girl, farm hand, company for Mamma; also a reader, general agent, butler—in all about twenty employes at a cost of *less* than \$500 a month. We will see that Stephen is not stoned to death about the Lake. He

has gone to Grant's farm for a very rapid coach horse to match the white mare, when Mamma takes a ride to Aurora or Solon, for style. The old mare will have a colt by her side on the road. Mamma sets the fashion out here. Grant says the splendid coach horse is the most rapid horse to stop at the word "Whoa!" Babe with her auto when she meets Mamma on a calling trip will speedily get off on by-roads, humiliated.

Soon after his arrival at the farm Father began to bestir himself about the things he had all winter been planning to do there. On April 14 he wrote to me:

I wish you would enquire about sewer pipe of second quality, about four inch and six inch especially. Cities get only straight pipe; but much to sell is a little bent but just as good for underdrain on farm. About forty or fifty rods of most fertile land on Willow Farm can be redeemed cheap—ditch all dug.

"Willow Farm" was his new name for the Brewster or Squires Place which he had conveyed to me. He wanted the new name and the new owner to stick to this land of his, and with it so styled, he got for my summer use there a supply of letterhead bearing my name, and another for himself at his Home Place with the imprint "Maple Farm."

On May-day he started the rough draft of a will to divide among his children the lands he had not yet apportioned, but he never finished or executed this or any such instrument. At the end of the month he rented to Joe Reed for a year at seventy-five dollars the "Forty Acres" on the east side of the Russ Place. Naturally he felt restless for the want of something more to busy himself with. Marcia went often to Geauga Lake over week ends and she and Mother read to him all they could, but his hearing was so bad that it was hard for them to satisfy him. Now and then he spoke of employing a reader. Mindful of this and always considerate of his interests, Miss Harriet Mason, of the *Ohio Farmer* staff, wrote to him (June 12) recommending a young woman for such service; but nothing came of it, presumably because it was not feasible for her to board at the Lake or to commute from Cleveland. He looked eagerly forward to the coming of my family for the summer to Willow Farm as soon as the long court vacation should begin about the middle of June, and he wrote to me on the 12th with groping pencil:

Monday, 11 A. M.

Dear Fred: Frank came and I gave her your paint. She paints today. Your garden nearly weeded and ready for some man with a hoe. Schisler gets about six cans a day at a dollar ten cents a can. He gets about [three fourths, after freight and feed], leaving him over five dollars a day income. Crops all in—twenty acres—and up. I now count the hours to see you all. Every prospect pleases and only man is vile—except Steve, Schisler, and Frank Light. I paid fifteen dollars for feed for cow for four months and got twelve pounds of butter for my share. Good bargain somewhere. I said nothing, but got cow home, and we have plenty. Marcia is sunshine Saturdays and Sundays. I



want a type machine; I leave you to select one—a good one. Piano no use, books no use, and money no use.

We'll cut grass in your yard tomorrow. Everyone busy, and all reasonably contented, except Emma Brewster and Joe Reed. Emma and Ackley's daughter called on Joe's wife, whose temper is hair trigger. Emma wanted to play Mrs. Nation, and told Joe's wife to "bust the barrel" of cider. Joe's wife did so. Joe returned and felt unhappy. He told Emma and Ackley's daughter to "clear out." King had a barrel also, but Emma did not tell Rose to smash it. When a woman wears the breeches she wears them all worn and torn behind, and never mends them.

C. E. H.

That he kept well abreast of world affairs, as well as of neighborhood news, appears from his postscript allusion to the Czar's just published promise, after four centuries of absolutism, to convoke a representative National Assembly—"Mr. Boffin can now ask to read 'Fall off Rooshan Empire' in six 'wollumes.'" Though uneasy in mind and body, he was, as the letter shows, uncomplaining and even jovial, but restless and capricious. Of course, with no one to operate a typewriter if he had one, that fancied boon would be of even less use to him than the piano that he already had.

I finished my genealogical *Henry Family Record* about the middle of July, and through August supervised the printing of this and the bringing out in book form also of Mother's serial story, *A Texas Pilgrimage*, already quoted from herein. Meanwhile I read aloud to Father, "chewing off large chunks of Macaulay," and drove about with him, discussing farm affairs, especially the work he wanted done. In September I helped Steve sack and ship the newly threshed grain and get everything in good order to leave for the winter.

Both of Father's eyes were now almost sightless. At the Henry Family Reunion on Independence Day it was only by their voices that he had been able to recognize any of his kindred; but as they came to where he sat in his rocking chair on the broad front porch and, clasping the hand of "Cousin Charles" or "Uncle Charley," identified themselves by name, he greeted them smilingly and almost always with some reminiscent quip. For the Forty-second reunion at Chippewa Lake the last week in August he sent out the usual printed notices, but could not himself attend it. Except the time when their colonel lay dying in 1881, and once or twice while Father was in Texas, this was the only meeting he had ever missed. His comrade in Company A, Aaron Teeple of Akron, wrote to him (August 17):

I scarcely know how to express my sympathy to you in your sad affliction. Trust the hopeful views of the doctors may be fully realized and that you may again recover sight. Then yours is not the only loss. Think of having a 42d reunion without Captain Henry present! It never has been and I trust never may be. Think you will have no trouble in finding a friend who will pilot and care for you should you conclude to attend. If none other be convenient, please advise your old comrade and we will see that your steps are

protected and wants provided. . . . Have my article about ready that was assigned me at our last reunion. Should you have any personal recollections—that you have not repeated more than, say, twenty times—I would be pleased to make room for them. You know, dear Captain, that I always made it a point to swear by you. As I was not with the regiment to Pound Gap, my diary and old letters contain nothing of that part of the campaign, and I will be obliged to supply it from other sources.

A day or two before the reunion and too late to have it read there, Father received from another Company A comrade, the Reverend W. H. H. Monroe, of Shamburg, Pennsylvania, a letter which is of historical import in confirming the groundlessness of General Sherman's ascription of the blame for his failure at Chickasaw to the alleged shirking of Col. DeCourcy's brigade in the charge upon the bluffs.

As I can not be at the reunion, there is one thing which I wish you, Charley, would do. Ever since reading Sherman's *Memoirs* when it was published in serial form in the *National Tribune* it has been a burden on my mind that some action ought to be taken, something done, to leave to posterity a vindication of the good name of DeCourcy's brigade against the charge made by Sherman. . . . It was not true that DeCourcy's brigade stopped under cover of the bank of the bayou and refused to go forward; but [the truth is] that three regiments of that brigade—the 16th O. V. I., 22d Ky., and 54th Ind.—charged beyond the bank into the field and were cut to pieces by the enfilading fire of the enemy's artillery and musketry; that the 16th Ohio reached a point within a few yards of the enemy's guns, and only the 42d Ohio stopped at the bank—and that by the order of Gen. DeCourcy himself to protect the retreat of all who could get off from the field. Also that the statistics of losses show that DeCourcy's brigade lost more men than Blair's brigade, which could not have occurred if Sherman's statement had been correct. . . . Why could not a sworn statement of some of the officers of the 16th, 22d, and 54th who were with their regiments in that field be gotten, and supplemented by your sworn statement that Sherman personally told you that he would correct that error, but died before he had done so?

It was voted at the reunion that,

Whereas, in the wise disposition of Almighty God it hath pleased Him to afflict our beloved comrade, Capt. C. E. Henry, with the loss of his sight, which we pray may not be a permanent affliction. Therefore, be it resolved that we extend to Capt. Henry our heartfelt sympathy in this sore calamity which has befallen him, and will ever number him as the most faithful of officers of the 42d Regt. O. V. I.

A report of the meeting, with the original draft of the foregoing resolution, was transmitted to Father by Teeple, who had acted as secretary in his absence. Teeple's letter (August 31) to the friend whom he had "always made it a point to swear by" and could, it seemed, swear to be even impeccable, poked fun at the phrasing of their comrades' sincere message of sympathy to a righteous man as really insinuating guilt after the manner of Job's comforters.



You will notice that it is not very sound "Campbellite doctrine"; as *they* preach that affliction and death come as the result of sin. I trust you may not in your sore affliction charge God with punishing, as the committee saw fit to state, but lay the charge made in the resolution to a prevalent belief existing among a certain class of orthodox believers.

Among others who came to see Father and Mother during the summer was Mrs. Patterson, with whom they had another session of humorous reminiscence—this time largely of Father's pre-Hiram days and the laughable characters among Bainbridge pioneers. Throughout July Marcia was gone on a trip abroad, and her letters from Western Europe, with those of Annie Phelps to us from the Near East, afforded Father and all of us refreshing glimpses of the world overseas. For the latter half of July, I followed my family to East Smithfield and went thence with Lou to New York and Boston. We moved back into Cleveland about September 8, to be ready for the opening of school on the 11th, and, as soon as we should be settled with proper service, Father and Mother were to come to our home again to stay through the winter. She wrote to Lou (September 21) asking that I have a carriage at the station for them so they would not have to wait, and added:

I feel terribly worried about Papa every morning, he seems so weak and short-breathed; but along toward evening he seems so smart I think he will go through with the operation all right; but I don't know. Fred Brewster has finished your work and is here today. It has rained so much that the farmers are all discouraged about filling their silos. The meadow west of the house is simply a lake. Hope your girl will prove a success. You are so kind; Papa and I both feel it very much.

In a postscript written the same afternoon she added, "Papa not so well today." They came to town the last week in September. His sight was now so impaired that he could barely distinguish light from darkness. On Sunday, October 29, Grant came over and drove him to Dr. Palmer's sanitarium on Republic Street, where it had been arranged that Dr. Edwin G. Rust, a leading oculist of Cleveland, should the next day perform the preliminary operation for the removal of the cataract from one of his eyes. Hopeful but not too sanguine, he was in very good spirits, and to keep him so I spent four hours with him there that Sunday reading *Pickwick* and conversing. One of the nurses said that she had attended Aunt Maria in her last sickness. Another told Father that her name was Miss Moon, to which he replied that he would not say of her as Juliet admonished Romeo, "Swear not by the moon, th' inconstant moon!" His mind at least was lively, and Dr. Rust said that he was much better than when he had seen him before. His heart condition, however, was such as perhaps to carry him off at any time, though he might live for years. Mother stayed that night at Aunt Mollie Kennedy's, the first real respite she had had from constant attendance upon Father for many weeks.

He remained some days at the sanitarium, then returned to my home, and on Christmas went again to the same place for the second or complemental operation. This at first promised to be a success, but his general condition was so poor that the surgical wound in his eye failed to heal properly. An ulceration of the iris developed which permanently beclouded it and the eyeball threatened for a time to slough away. He remained a month at the hospital before coming back to my home, and every day for more than five months his eye was treated for an hour or two with hot packs, so that it finally healed. A minor operation early in May was designed to give him some sight in it, though it could never enable him to read again; but it proved to be of little if any benefit. Dr. Rust felt that to remove the cataract from the other eye would give no better results, both because of Father's low state of health and because the eye refused to dilate properly when atropin was administered. His birthday November 29 had fulfilled for him the Psalmist's span of life.

Through the winter and spring he grew very weak and emaciated, though with the growth of a full beard instead of only the mustache and chin whiskers he had worn ever since the Civil War, his face showed no hollows. His mind was clear and vigorous, and generally he had no ache or pain to speak of. His spirits kept up most remarkably under his affliction. Mother cared for him and fed him and we all read and talked to him. His diet was very simple and a slight variation from his ordinary food made him ill. In the winter he had two or three spells at my home which alarmed us. Now and then at night or even in the daytime, he would get lost and confused and be found in some unusual place in the house, especially when his health was worse. He and Mother moved over to the Webbs' on Genessee Street about the 11th of April.

On Sunday, May 13, Grant brought him over to my home in the afternoon and I read to him the Washington dispatches about the Rate Bill controversy in the Senate and the issue of veracity between President Roosevelt and former Senator Chandler of New Hampshire. This led Father to relate how, a day or two after his removal from the marshalship of the District of Columbia, Chandler, who was then in President Arthur's cabinet, came to his office and said that he had stood out against the rest of the cabinet and opposed the removal not only of Father, but of Helm, the public printer, and Ainger, the postmaster of Washington. Father said he never understood why Chandler came to him with this story, and he suspected its truth, for Chandler had the reputation of being a sort of "Slippery Dick."

Returning by the middle of May to Geauga Lake with health somewhat improved, Father was there soon overtaken by the disquieting news that a high point in the same railroad-tariff debate was a fierce criticism of Judge Pardee, and that lurking mysteriously behind his denouncer was the same William H. Chandler. On May 3 "Pitchfork Ben" Tillman of South Carolina had charged that the judge "ought to be impeached," for "enjoining the Florida



Railroad Commission from instituting suit to compel the Louisville and Nashville Railroad to reduce its fares in that State, and declared that "so long as there were such men as McCormick, Pardee, and Swayne on the bench, the criticism of individual members of the judiciary was justified." A month and a half earlier when another wild man, Senator Bailey of Texas, had made the same case the basis of a similar attack upon him, the Judge called his hand and silenced him with a letter, which the *Atlanta News* of May 5 now reprinted as a complete answer to Tillman's tirade also. The court's decision, which these senators had denounced and which is reported in 123 Federal Reporter 946, follows the precedent set in 87 Federal Reporter 22, and is in accord with the Supreme Court's holdings in the *Reagan* case, 154 U. S. 302, and *Smyth v. Ames*, 169 U. S. 517. The same paper printed an interview with Judge Pardee, in which he pointed out that the

Florida commission has had nearly three years in which to pursue its remedy if the temporary injunction which I granted was wrongfully allowed. They could have had a hearing by the circuit court of appeals within five months, and from there could have gone to the Supreme Court of the United States long ago. But from the time the injunction was issued no attempt has been made to bring the case to a new hearing. Besides, I did in this case a thing never before done by any Federal judge under like circumstances. I compelled the Louisville and Nashville Railroad Company to give a good and sufficient bond, payable to the railroad commission of Florida, for any damages resulting from the injunction should it be declared to have been wrongfully issued. In fact, I inaugurated that practice and recommended to Senator Bacon its incorporation in any national rate bill that Congress may pass.

Enclosing newspaper clippings of these statements, together with an editorial on "Ex-Senator Chandler," Judge Pardee wrote from Atlanta (May 18) a letter which proved to be the last Father ever received from him:

Dear Captain: It is some time since I have heard from you, and I am frequently wondering how you are getting on. I trust your eyesight has been improved by the operations that Fred wrote about, and that you are otherwise enjoying good health. The failure of your eyes must have been a terrible calamity, but I know the stuff you are made of well enough to know that you bear up with fortitude.

Twenty-five years ago today I put my commission as circuit judge on record in the city of New Orleans and there held my first court under it; since then I have been doing my best to enforce the laws of the United States and do justice generally to all individuals. Soon after entering upon my duties I came here to Atlanta and about the first thing I did was to *habeas corpus* a revenue officer out of the custody of the State courts wherein he was charged with murder for killing a moonshiner in a fight above here. I held him for trial in the Federal court and he was subsequently acquitted; but at the time the newspapers of this vicinity, headed by the *Atlanta Constitution*, denounced me for usurpation and tyranny and all the other offences usually charged against obnoxious judges. That I have kept the faith and held full jurisdiction during my twenty-five years you can see by the enclosed clipping from an Atlanta paper quite recently published. Of course I have been through many experi-



ences, and if I could recollect everything could give a pretty good account of myself. There is one thing that may interest you as an old post office official and which I have noted with great satisfaction: during this whole period of twenty-five years the Government has paid me monthly and my check forwarded from Washington through the mails has never once been delayed or miscarried.

I have been here about five weeks and will probably stay some weeks longer, though I am contemplating a visit to Ohio to my farm as soon as I can bring it around. The death of my brother was a great blow to me, and among other things it has made it necessary for me to consider my Ohio properties and what to do with them. He was my agent and caretaker so long that without him I am at sea. I shall endeavor to hunt you up when I do reach Ohio. My present health is about as usual, and yet I am beginning to feel my age in many ways. Next March I shall have attained the age under which I can retire under the law. I heard from Judge McCormick yesterday; he is very well in health, better than for some considerable time. He has given up the notion of retiring, although he is several years past the requisite age.

I hope that you keep up in some ways with public affairs, and if you do you must be interested in the imbroglio between the strenuous Teddy and the Democratic filibusters, Bailey and Tillman; and it must interest you to know that the whole thing was brought about by that old-time busybody and intriguer, Ex-senator Chandler.

Give my warm regards to your wife. Let me hear from you if you are doing any letter-writing at all; otherwise through some member of the family, and believe me as for a long time, Your sincere friend,

Don A. Pardee

Father's sight being now practically nil and all hope of restoring it gone, Senator Dick at my request introduced a bill (May 17) to increase his pension to seventy-five dollars a month so that he might employ a secretary to read to him, write his letters, etc. With the amount cut in committee to thirty dollars, this bill passed the Senate on June 25, just before Congress adjourned, and too late for the House to act upon it. It did not much matter, though I had hoped to surprise and gratify Father by the passage of an act of Congress in his behalf. As soon as my court duties were finished for the summer, my family on June 16 moved out to the Brewster house for the next three months. Except for my short trip up the lakes to see Father's brother Newton in Minnesota and Mother's sister Annis in Wisconsin, and the annual journey of my own family to visit "t'other grandpa's" in Pennsylvania, during which the Webbs occupied our house at Geauga Lake, I was able to spend considerable time with Father, reading aloud, conversing, and checking his farm accounts.

His new tenant, Frank Budniak, with several stout sons, pleased him greatly by farming the Home and Brewster Places like clockwork, while W. S. Fertig on the Russ Place inflicted on him none of the troubles with which he had often been annoyed there. Father plainly experienced deep satisfaction and a kind of stoic contentment in the familiar home surroundings, which, though he was no longer able actually to see, he could still clearly



visualize. Sitting in his rocking chair on the broad veranda in the grateful shade of the old maples, or perhaps feeling his way among them with his cane or led by a grandchild's hand, he was not unhappy.

Mrs. Bodifield was there part of the summer and read to him from Macaulay or Bob Ingersoll or beguiled his monotonous hours by lively discussions with him of current topics. In June Marcia visited Cousin Florence Nichols in Leesburg; but most of the summer she too spent at home, now and then assuming for him the rôle of amanuensis. There were other guests in these vacation weeks, including especially Marcia's Mrs. Brandau from Cambridge, Massachusetts, and the landscape artist, Hugh Howard, with his wife Fannie, revisiting the scenes along the Chagrin which he had mimicked with his brush in previous years. Accompanying Mrs. Howard to Cleveland one day, Mother there seized a vacant hour to answer (August 2) a letter from twelve-year old Marcia Louise who was then with the rest of my family in Pennsylvania:

Mr. Howard and Aunt Babe went fishing this morning after bringing us to the station. Uncle Grant said he would give them five cents for every fish they caught, if they would give him a dollar if they didn't catch any. Mrs. Howard is making a raffia basket like Aunt Marcia's big one. We all hated to have Mrs. Brandau go. Grandpa is not as well as when you left, though I think he is a little better than at the first of the week. Isabel and Frederick wish you all were there. Aunt Babe and Mrs. Howard went in swimming day before yesterday and said they had a great time. Aunt B says she can swim quite well.

Home letters of course give the best and clearest picture of Father's doings and surroundings through his last summer at the farm, and so I quote at length without comment two each from him and Mother—three of them written to Louise and myself while we were in East Smithfield, and the fourth to Judge Pardee in Wadsworth.

Geauga Lake, August 6th, 1906.

Dearest Fred: We have had a downpour of rain and a regular fusillade of thunder and lightning this morning in quick, sharp, snapping reports like, I imagine, the bursting of shells and roar of artillery, though now the sun is shining brightly again and the birds are trying to tell us in their loudest notes that we will have some more of it pretty soon. Plenty of rain, and the grass looking green and beautiful. Your postals and letters have been a god-send to us and we have been traveling and enjoying it all with you. I hope you found Aunt Annis and all about the old *great-great* who was thoughtful enough to change her name before betaking herself to the home for the friendless. Friendless! what a sad word. Well, I certainly hope I won't outlast *you-alls*.

Papa was quite bad for a few days, his feet and ankles swelling so it seemed they might burst, but we sent in by Grant and got some medicine of the old doctor and he is now much better and quite careful what and how much he eats, which (overeating) was, I think, the source of all his trouble.

Grant and Babe seem to be having a very good time indeed. Walter keeps very busy and has kept the lawn and everything as slick as a button. He sleeps on a cot in the barn. Nora has been rather homesick but I guess will





Mrs. Sophia M. Henry, Widow of Captain Charles E. Henry  
(last photograph, 1910)





manage to live through it. The berries are swollen to their utmost and are luscious. The corn is just beginning to be big enough and they are feasting on it. I hope there will be some left for you.

The children were a little lonesome without their cousins until I gave them the old cat with her six kittens. Since then they have spent most of their time hanging over the basket in an adoring attitude. Tell Charles that his arithmetic is at fault. I crawled into the depths of the haymow and fished out five, the number he reported, and sent them and the old cat down. In two or three days we heard a dismal mewing and Marcia scaled the mow but soon reappeared saying that it spat at her and she did not dare touch it. But finally she screwed up her courage to the sticking point and brought it down. She has been reading *Lorna Doon* to Papa, so we named the kitten Forlorna Doon. I tied a green ribbon around its neck and sent it after its brothers and sisters, a reunited family.

This letter will probably interest Charlotte and Rhoda more than you. Babe and Mr. Howard have been fishing twice—spent hours and never a bite. I received a very sweet letter from Marcia Louise and Lou yesterday which did us good. Remember me to all.

Yours lovingly,

Mamma.

I forgot to say that Judge Pardee visited Papa one day last week and they seemed to have a delightful time. The Judge said to me when Papa was out that he had not spoken once of his blindness or ill health, which he thought very surprising.

The other three letters all bear date two days later, on Friday of the same week. The first was penned by Marcia at Father's dictation when they had driven in the "long buggy" or the decrepit phaeton, propelled by the gray mare or by the Webbs' "quick stopping" Dick, down to the Brewster house to see Babe and her children who, with Grant, their housemaid Nora, and their colored yard-man Walter, were rustivating there during my family's absence.

At Your Home, Willow Farm,  
Geauga Lake, Ohio, August 10, 1906.

Dear Fred: Much rain; river high; all well, woodchucks and all—only their sleeping rooms flooded. A thing worth a thousand dollars came to me the other day—Judge Pardee with a splendid visit. You and family come home will be worth another thousand—especially Lou and the children.

It seems the negroes in some places South talk of joining the Democrats in districts where we have a chance. A Democrat preacher called on a negro to work the thing up. He gave the negro a dollar to buy some chickens for a potpie for the negro children. He left. The negro's wife said, "Gib' me dat dollah and go get de chicken in de nach'al way."

The street car fuss: Judge Kennedy held Springborn for contempt and let Mayor Tom go. Judge Sanders and other first-class lawyers are earning big fees arguing the case in which the car company claim there is no money in the franchise! Rather contemptible all around.



Mr. Howard is working hard and doing good work. These [are] rainy days. All join in regards to Grandma and Grandpa No. 2.

Pawpaw  
(Per M. on the front porch)

From his letter to Judge Pardee, written by the same hand, at the same time and place, I quote, omitting repetition of the chicken story.

My dear Judge: Your visit to me was worth a thousand dollars. Your visits always gave me much comfort—bright sunshine along the pathway of life. Many things I forgot to tell you; but let it go. . . .

My kindest regards to Mrs. Pardee, and say to her that if every Forty-second Georgia soldier had been born in the State where every Forty-second Ohio boy was born they would have been soldiers in the Union army. Also, if every Forty-second Ohio soldier had been born in the homes of the Forty-second Georgia they would have borne the Confederate flag and been called "the bloody Forty-second Georgia." We therefore thank God for our birth-place. Probably they do too.

Your friend,  
C. E. Henry

On August 28 and 29 of this year the thirty-eighth annual reunion of the Forty-second Ohio was held in Barnesville, Belmont county, the home town of its first vice-president, E. T. Petty of Company D, one of the regiment's "lost tribes." The call was signed by him officially because, a quarter century after its first colonel's death, the presidency which he had filled was still kept vacant to honor the name of Garfield. In view of Father's disability to perform his duties as permanent secretary, his signature, now first missing from the yearly notices, was replaced by that of A. Teeple as assistant secretary. Too sanguinely the invitation recited that Colonel Pardee, Major William H. Williams, and the regimental historian F. H. Mason "are expected to be present," for only Williams came. Among other letters read were the greetings and regrets of Judge Pardee and Father. It was to escape hero-worshippers that the former so seldom attended; but for Father it was a grievous thing to be unable to go.

The next week, on Labor Day, the Henry Family Reunion convened as usual at his home. Again he welcomed the kinsfolk from his rocking chair on the porch. It was good to have him shake hands and chat briefly with his cousin Nelt, both of them quietly ignoring their estrangement of thirty years. To the same gathering Father's brother Newton, nearly fourteen years his senior, addressed through him a letter remarkable for its good style and pleasantries, its kindliness and implicit faith. It closed prophetically, for he died at his home in Champlin, Minnesota, less than three months afterwards:

My love to you all, coupled with the wish that you may have many more happy reunions until they are transferred to "that land that is fairer than day." Then and not till then I may possibly be with you.

From the oldest living descendant of Simon and Rhoda (Parsons) Henry. I hardly expect to be on earth to greet you next year, so I bid all a final farewell.

After Labor Day Marcia and the Webbs as well as my family all returned to Cleveland for the opening of school, but Father and Mother were not left long alone at Geauga Lake, for there came from Wisconsin to visit them Mother's sister, Aunt Annis Newton, accompanied by her daughter Sophie, who in her 'teens had lived in Father's family in Cleveland for three years from 1878 to 1881 while attending school. Aunt Annis at the age of seventy-seven was very like her mother, Grandma Williams, at the same time of life, and Father found her the same congenial company and helpful unobtrusive guest that his mother-in-law in the same house many years before had proved herself to be. Sophie too was ready always to talk with or read to him or do any little chore that his need or his fancy suggested. Mother of course was overjoyed to have them once again in her home.

On September 29 I went out to Geauga Lake, where the closing of the house until spring was quickly finished and we all went back to town together. At Babe's earnest invitation Father and Mother went first to her home, but planned to spend the last half of the winter at mine, where for the previous eleven years with few exceptions they had spent most of their time from late fall to early spring. Though he now suffered no acute pain he often felt considerable physical discomfort. Before and after he came to town he had a good deal of trouble with his breathing, and two or three spells of swelling of his feet and legs. He stood the trip well and said he enjoyed feeling the motion and hearing the noise of the train.

For the next five weeks Mother took the sole care of him and was devotion itself. Most of the time he enjoyed conversation and having people read to him and there were more now to render him such service. Marcia read Franklin's *Autobiography* and I Scott's *Kenilworth* and *Guy Mannering*. We all read him the magazines and newspapers. I spent a half hour or more with him at the Webbs' home nearly every day I was in town, and I was there the entire afternoon of October 20 having a delightful visit with him while Mother had a little rest and change.

During the next fortnight he grew so weak as occasionally to be a bit confused, thinking sometimes that he was at Geauga Lake or that something he dreamed had actually happened. But usually his memory and understanding were perfect, and he kept up with the news of the day and family affairs better than any of the rest of us. Until the first of November he sat up a good deal of the time. We expected his death soon but could not know just when or how it would come. He sat up for a while the day before he died and was out of bed once or twice on the very day of his death, November 3. Mother, Grant, the nurse, and I were there at the end. I had come but ten minutes before and he was then unconscious. He quit his life in perfect peace. He had not realized, I think, how hopeless his condition was, though in a



bad spell the night before he died he said to Mother "My course is run." His almost total blindness and serious deafness had kept him from many sources of enjoyment for more than a year, so when great weakness and some bodily discomfort came upon him in this time of the falling of the leaves, life held less and less attractiveness save in the unfailing love of those near to him.

His funeral was at Grant's home. Professor E. B. Wakefield of Hiram College conducted the services assisted by the Reverend J. H. Goldner, minister of the Euclid Avenue Christian Church. Mrs. Goldner and Miss O'Connor sang. The Loyal Legion sent a flag to drape his casket and it was buried with him. The flowers were many and beautiful. A great concourse of people attended the services, and there were many others waiting at the cemetery in Chagrin Falls, whither we journeyed the same afternoon by funeral car on the trolley line. We should have had his funeral at Geauga Lake, but the country roads were too bad. Among the messages of sympathy that poured in upon all the family there were two with which I may fitly close this narrative. The first was telegraphed from Texas:

Ft. Worth, Nov. 5.

To Judge Henry, Circuit Court,  
Cleveland, O.

News of father's death just received. All my old friends are passing. Your father was the oldest, staunchest, and truest. Love and sympathy to mother and family.

Don A. Pardee

Also absent from his native State and in those years for the most part living with wife and sister in California, Joseph Rudolph, known always to the children of Father's household as "Uncle Joe," sent this perfect word of sorrow and solace:

So. Pasadena, Nov. 11th, '06.

My dear Fred:

I hope you will forgive me for not sooner replying to your telegram. I could, of course, have sat down at any time and written you a formal letter of condolence, but I didn't feel like doing that, but rather like thinking over our loss for a while before writing. Your own immediate family must of course feel the keenest grief, but your father's going affects me in a way that even you can scarcely realize. Blood is thicker than water, but it is not so warm as *fire*. Charlie was the last in life of my really old time intimate friends, and he was my friend in more ways than any other. I tell you, Fred, it begins to make a fellow feel lonesome. I shall never get another quite such welcome as when I used to come up to the little old farmhouse and hear Charlie call, "Mama! Mama, Joe has come."

Now I have been sitting here quite a while, Fred, thinking what more to say. I suppose that if I were to write out half the thoughts that come up

to me you would think me a foolish old man. May be I am. We old fellows have less to look forward to and more to look back upon than you young men.

Your mother and all the family will know that you have my sympathy and best wishes.

Uncle Joe

Judge F. A. Henry,  
Cleveland, O.





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